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# Collier's

JULY 5, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

REA IRVIN

A New Novel

## ADVANCE AGENT BY JOHN AUGUST

## LONG VOYAGE TO WAR BY FRAN

CABLED

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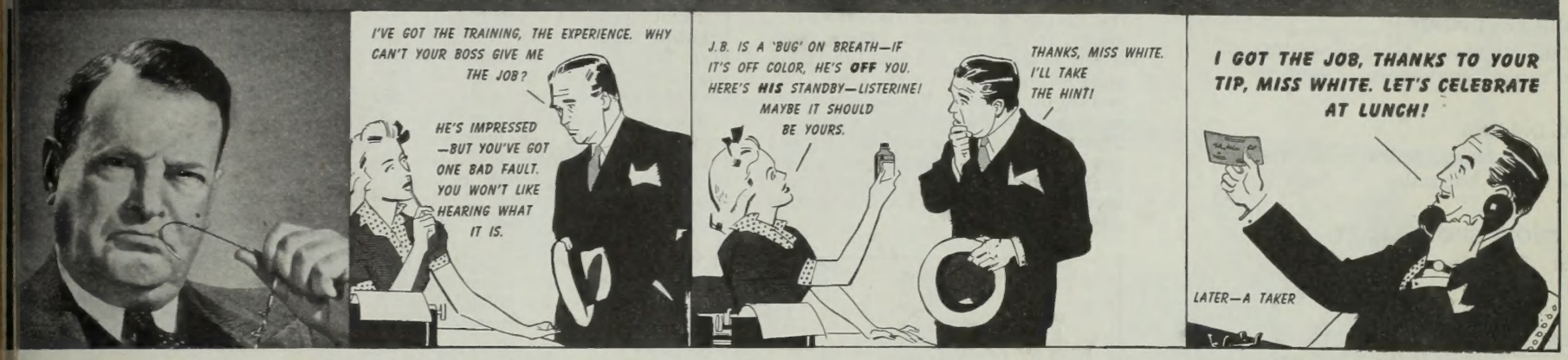
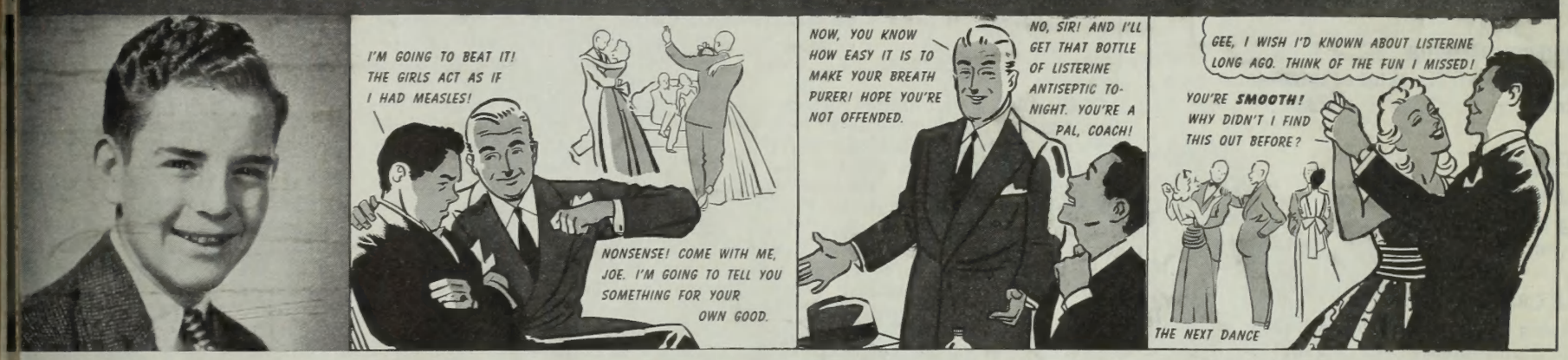
## I CAME WITHIN A HAIR'S BREADTH OF LOSING HIM

## I HAD WHAT IT TAKES... BUT COULDN'T FIND A TAKER




## WE HIGH SCHOOL KIDS HAVE PROBLEMS, TOO!




## EVEN OLDER FOLKS HAVE TO "KEEP LOVABLE!"

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

# WANT OTHERS TO LIKE YOU?

sixty, we don't want to lose out on halitosis (bad breath)...not when, for most c such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep breath s r—*the Listerine Antiseptic way!*

For, while son f bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. *Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes.* That's why, when you rinse your mouth morning and night with full strength Listerine, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Antiseptic—it pays!

**...Let LISTERINE look after your breath**

# Collier's

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JULY 5, 1941


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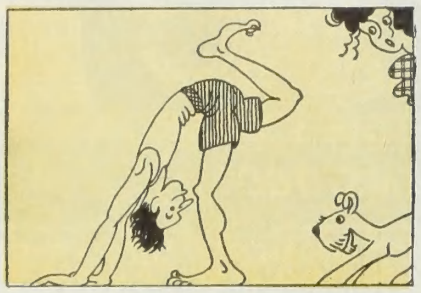
COVER REA IRVIN


# ANY WEEK

THAT recent editorial in this magazine about the common cold provoked quite a freshet of letter writing. You'll remember, of course, that it spoke of the great reward that will be his who discovers the specific for the common cold. We have acted on one of the letters—from Mr. W. J. Evans of Dallas, Texas—and will report later. "So," writes Mr. Evans, "you don't know that we have a specific for colds. Here it is: Immediately after the first sneeze, stand up. Bend over. Place both hands on the floor. Let your head bend straight down between the arms. Lift one leg up in the air behind you as far as it will go. Hold it half a minute. Then straighten up swiftly. Repeat two or three times and your cold's gone. Don't ask me why. I have cured myself of hundreds of colds by this simple expedient."



ACCORDING to our limited information, a great deal of unnecessary fears for our future were flourishing in Camp Devens, Massachusetts, and the concentration of aviation mechanics at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. From the former roundup we hear that winter clothing, including underwoollies, were issued. At Chicopee Falls they inoculated the lads against yellow fever. The weather being what it is at Devens and there being a curious absence of yellow fever in Chicopee Falls, some of the men became interested. We may not, of course, mention names. At Devens one of them asked his lieutenant about the rumor—that the wool issue meant Greenland, maybe Iceland. The lieutenant bawled him out, telling him that all rumors were unpatriotic and some downright seditious and that he would report the matter to the commanding officer. Bearing up as well as possible under a severe pain in the neck, the fellow saluted, slunk off. But at Chicopee Falls, one of our correspondents was foolish enough to tell his lieutenant that he had written to his parents that rumor had it that he was booked for the tropics, citing the yellow-fever serum as substantiation. Up to our latest report the man has not been shot, although he was given a stiff reprimand for fifth-columning. To us, silly old gaffer that we are, it sounds just like 1917. With Richard Connell, the short-story writer, we were individually called to headquarters and ordered to report all rumors and other seditious talk we overheard along the company street. Our instructions were simple—merely drop in upon groups of our fellow warriors with ears alert. Then back to our tents, write our reports, sign with our number and send it off to headquarters. The fun we had. What we heard was pretty dull stuff, not to be compared with what we thought a good rumor should sound like. So we manufactured our own rumors, attributing them to each other, and got fired. We never did find out who took our places on the espionage list. But we helped our successors all we could with some very elegant gossip. It's all very unimportant now, but we're setting it down just to suggest to the lads at Chicopee and Devens that even nice, new energetic lieutenants shouldn't be taken too seriously.

NOR may we give you the names of the principals in this one either. But it seems to prove something, although we're not quite sure what it is—two of America's better-known writers, upon whose written word many thousands hang, swear and otherwise depend, having equipped themselves with lady psychiatrists. The ladies are sisters, the men boon companions. Wherever they go, go their psychiatrists. As each fact presents itself to them its effect is noted by the psychiatrists. As each thought blooms in their brains it is laid out for inspection by the ladies. Occasionally they go to the theater, the movies, ball games, the track. Their private psychiatrists totter along, forever on their alert against unhealthy manifestation. We got to talking about it to the wife of one of these gentlemen. "The only thing that worries me," she said, "is that my husband may be spending money to find out whether he's crazy or not. But I guess it's all right. What this country needs is a good five-cent psychiatrist."

AND Mr. L. D. Baun of Yuba City, California, wants to know: "Why does Stalin have to have his vodka? Why did Mussolini order vineyards uprooted, planted in wheat, then furnish his soldiers with wine? Where did Hitler and his gang, though he is reputedly a teetotaler, hold meetings to plan to seize the German government? What part did alcohol play in the collapse of France? Why does friend Churchill have to have his regular whisky and soda?" For some reason several other readers of this magazine have written to us lately about the part hard liquor has contributed to the mess we're in. All of them are sturdy prohibitionists. One of them, Mr. Elias Bonethrow of Dubuque, Iowa, says he will buy no government defense bonds until prohibition is re-enacted into law and he is thus assured that "my money will not be thrown away to suit the whims of besotted militarists." And Mrs. Johanna Woodbine of Chicago, Illinc where if we remember correctly the used to be a guy named Capone, sa that she prays for the return of t "pre-Roosevelt days when our you men and women were not break their parents' hearts by hanging drur enly over bars in a manner which ma even Christian policemen blush shame." Mrs. Woodbine admits t the prohibition laws of the twent were broken "in some of the big cit but alcoholic liquor was very hard get in the truly Christian parts of country."

THE first three words of Mr. I phin D. Bister of Concord, New Ha shire, ring. "Shame, shame, shar writes he. "The American people the American government are strike. We as a nation are on a st against England and democr While we sit idly by, the dictator vours all that is beautiful, holy, w while. Who will bare his breast me? Who will march unarmed, afraid into the cannon's mouth defy Hitler to his teeth? Prob nobody. We are on strike against mocracy. We refuse to make s fices. I am hoping to set an exam Instead of turning in my last y car for a new model, I am paying full price and giving my old ca Britain. It is not much but it is gesture. Can you say the same?"

FROM his offices in Roaring G 22½ East First South Trail, N Level, Romantic Alta, Utah, the I orable George H. Watson, mayo Romantic Alta, emerges with a "Resolved," roars Mr. Watson wit preamble, "that Congress place u sound money. Coin gold and silv a ratio of fourteen to one for at one hundred years. There will b idle men, factories, farms or m Particularly mines. Hitler will f Hess. The rose will bloom in the ert and you, sir, will not be exp from the Great American Prospe Association, as is highly immine this writing. Let's get on with the If this letter makes no sense blame me. I've been reading the r papers too steadily, particularly proceedings of Congress. The fireside chatter smells like someth burning."

MEET you in Dakar, buddy. . . .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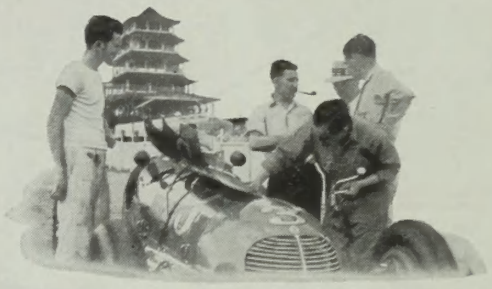
# CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

## In 17TH Victory At Indianapolis 500 Mile Race

Floyd Davis and Mauri Rose drove to a sensational victory in the 1941 Indianapolis Memorial Day Classic, using dependable Champion Spark Plugs. Thus once again Champions demonstrated in an outstanding manner that they make every engine a better performing engine—for the Indianapolis race is generally recognized as the supreme test for spark plugs. It is significant that year after year the victors and the majority of money winners choose Champions.

*Again, as in 16 previous years, Champion Spark Plugs equipped the winning car in the 1941 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race. 10 of the 12 cars to finish were also Champion-equipped.*

Floyd Davis and Mauri Rose wired "We won the Indianapolis 500 Mile Race today stop You couldn't ask for more perfect, more dependable performance than we received from Champion Spark Plugs stop They certainly were a big help in our victory."



Typical pit activity before the race, where cars are serviced and races sometimes won or lost. Here the precise spark plugs for each engine, with maximum heat range so necessary to peak performance and dependability, are selected with great care.

You can be sure of championship engine performance in your own car by making sure your spark plugs are Champions. Outstanding among Champion's many patented features is the Sillment seal which eliminates troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Since leaky spark plugs overheat, causing pre-ignition, rough, wasteful and sluggish engine operation, it will pay you to insist on Champions.

*You're always ahead with Champion!*
SPARK PLUGS

"4 JOBS AT ONCE?
—nothin' to it when you know how!"

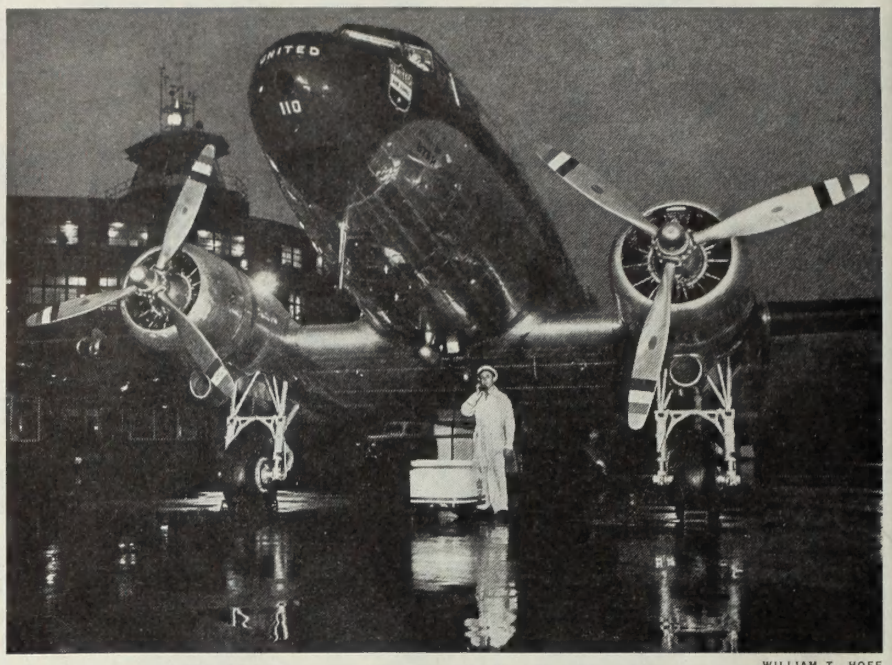
"I MOVE AND NO FOOLIN'! The second you step on your starter I begin doin' *4 jobs at once!*" says "Goldie."

1. **"COOL.** I soak up heat your engine puts out when you 'let 'er rip'... keep it cool, mates, keep it cool.
2. **"CLEAN.** I help clean up the dirt and grit and take it away from vital parts and bearings.
3. **"SEAL.** I seal up that little space between your pistons and cylinder walls to prevent power leaks.
4. **"OIL.** I spread out all over the inside of your engine and cover every one of the movin' parts to prevent friction.

"That's a balancing act if you ever saw one! And the Shell Engineers are mighty pleased about me bein' a motor oil that's really in balance. An' incidentally, I'm one of the biggest oil values there is at only a quarter a quart!"

SHELL

**THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS**



WILLIAM T. HOFF

# WING TALK

**The pilot gets a field man's okay. The portable battery under the plane is used on the ground to save the ship's batteries**

SOME time ago we promised to take you three million airline passengers up into the pilot's compartment of a DC-3 and let you watch all the operations the boys have to perform for the take-off and climb before they settle down to cruising altitude and speed. Fundamentally the cockpit procedure is the same on all lines, but in detail it varies, so don't you airline pilots write in and say we're all wrong.

This take-off is going to be made at night and the flight originates at our airport—not just passing through. So the first thing the pilots do when they take their places in the nose of the ship about ten minutes before departure is to get comfortable—they adjust the seats, which move up and down, forward or backward and likewise the rudder pedals, forward and backward. Pilots come both long and short. On go the safety belts.

To save the ship's batteries for engine-starting, one is wheeled under the plane on a little dolly and plugged into a socket between the landing gear. The boys then go to work flipping switches for the cabin lights, individual seat lights, the navigational red and green wing-tip and white taillights, the "Fasten Seat Belt" electric sign, and the instrument panel lights, adjustable by rheostats.

The master ignition switch, which governs all electrically operated instruments, is turned on and the plane's batteries are tested. Then comes the master radio switch which heats the tubes in the transmitter and turns on two of the four receivers, one for communication with the airline operations office and one for the federal radio beam reception. Additional switches turn on an auxiliary receiver for all wave bands utilized and another receiver for ultrashort-wave airways marker beacons.

At this point there is a little testing with the company's ground station which gives the crew the altimeter setting for the exact altitude above sea level of our airport and the correct time. While on the air the pilot talks to the airport control tower on another frequency and receives the wind velocity, direction, his order of clearance, the altitude at which he shall cruise and the amount and location of traffic on the airway.

Meanwhile, the copilot has turned on the gasoline cocks, set the propeller pitch controls into low pitch (low gear), satisfied himself with the heat controls for the carburetors and placed the hydraulic levers for operating the landing gear and wing flaps into a neutral position.

Passengers are coming aboard now and at a signal from the dispatcher, the copilot operates a wobble pump which builds up initial gasoline pressure and adjusts the carburetor mixture controls for the take-off.

To start his engines, the captain goes through an exercise of finger dexterity surpassing an organist in a cathedral. The engine opposite to the side of the cabin entrance door is started first to avoid blowing a late-arriving passenger. With one hand on the throttle, the thumb and fingers of the other hold down a starter switch, a booster switch and an electrical button for priming the engine. Drawing on current from the battery plugged into the underside of the ship, the propeller churns and the engine bursts into a roar. This operation is then repeated for the second engine.

With both engines idling and with the departing salute from the dispatcher, the captain picks up his microphone and asks the control tower for permission to leave the loading ramp. En route to the end of the runway, two airmen engage in a cross-examination somewhat along the lines of the fireman and engineer checking each other on the color and character of lights and signals along the rails ahead. Here's how it goes:

Question: Gasoline? Answer. 520 gallons. Q. Flaps? A. Up. Q. Stabilizer? A. Set for take-off. Q. Carburetor heat controls? A. Full cold. Q. Propeller controls? A. Forward (meaning low pitch). Q. Mixture controls? A. Full rich. Q. Tank selector switch? A. Left main and right main (meaning left engine drawing from left main tank, etc.). Q. Deicers? A. Off. Q. Cross feed (the gasoline tank cross feed valve enabling the right engine to draw out of the left tank)? A. Off. (Two complete sets of gasoline line plumbing are available so that any one tank can feed either or both engines.)

*(Continued on page 57)*

**Not posed — but poised.** This informal picture was taken on Agfa Film—because the photographer *knew* Agfa would get all the light and shadow, all the variations of tone in the subject. Agfa Film, with its famous *extra* margin of quality, is the only film guaranteed, "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

There's an Agfa Film for every photographic need, in a size to fit your camera. For sparkling, outdoor pictures, use Agfa *Plenachrome*. Look for the orange-and-blue box. ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, New York.***

**Agfa Film**

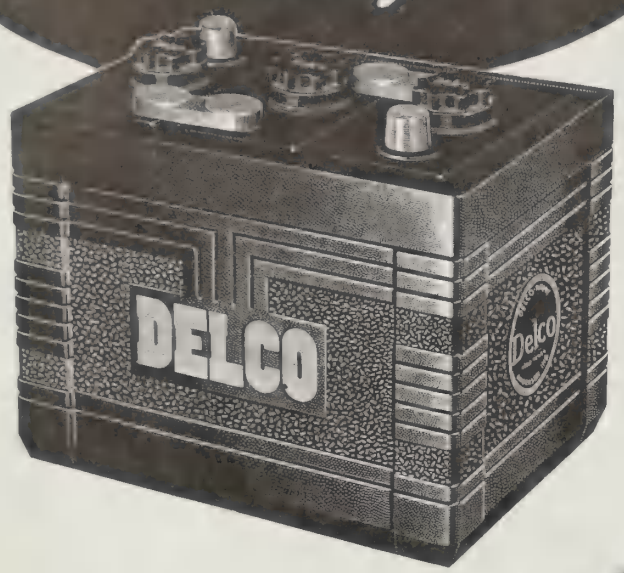
MADE IN U. S. A

The only film that is guaranteed, "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Replace with a

DELCO

Battery




## Let's get technical

To the technically-minded, Delco batteries can present these evidences of dependability: Every material that is used in the manufacture of Delco batteries must pass exacting tests and inspection in the great Delco laboratories; no inferior material can find its way to the Delco assembly line. During assembly each Delco battery is inspected at every stage, and given a final test when completed that leaves no room for doubt that it is worthy of the name DELCO.

## Let's get practical

For those who care only about practical proof, there is the convincing fact that more than *five million* cars on the road today depend on Delco batteries. Moreover, Delco batteries are original equipment in 43 per cent of all new cars sold, bringing to millions of owners each year the satisfaction of Delco dependability and long life. You're sure to be satisfied with a Delco battery.

*Delco batteries for every make and model of automotive vehicle are available through 30,000 Delco battery dealers in every section of the United States. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.*

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy

*World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment*

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Anthropometric* measurements made during the past century show that American men have steadily increased in height and weight, while the women, although undergoing no loss in height, have decreased their weight through changes in their figures, chiefly in the reduction of their hips and legs. —*By Mary Isabel Sheehan, Seattle, Washington.*

*The* cathedral in Seville, Spain, has two great organs; St. Nicholas Church in Bristol, England, has a large tower clock with a hand for marking seconds; and St. Catherine's Church in Honfleur, France, has its steeple on a building across the street.—*By Mrs. Richard E. Johnston, Lake City, Iowa.*

*Some* drugs have a strange effect on the eyes. A certain quantity of wood alcohol destroys the optic nerve without doing comparable injury to any other delicate part of the body and a poisoning dose of santonin in certain persons makes everything appear either all green or all yellow for several days.

*The* water flea, *Daphnia,* propagates nearly all year through unfertilized "summer eggs" and fertilized "winter eggs," the latter kind having so much vitality that they have been known to hatch after lying dormant for ten years.

*Dan Rice* (1822-1900), the most famous clown in the history of the American circus, was a friend of most of the celebrated men of his time, made and lost several fortunes, ran for Congress and was even considered as a presidential candidate. During the Civil War, he earned $1,000 a week, or twice as much as Abraham Lincoln.

*Ramie* is the most durable, lightest, strongest and most water-resistant of all textiles and, consequently, it has been adapted to more uses than cotton, silk, flax or hemp. Yet it is neither grown nor processed to any extent outside of China and Japan, chiefly because there is no satisfactory machine that can remove the bark and separate its fibers on a paying basis.

*The Dinoflagellata,* an order of minute marine animals, are so phosphorescent that great floating masses of them, when about fifty acres in area, can be seen, on a moonless night, for more than five miles.

*Of* the hundreds of American standard-gauge railroads the shortest is the Valley Railroad in Westline, Pennsylvania, which was incorporated in 1901. It is one mile long and has one rented locomotive, eight employees and grosses about $10,000 a year.

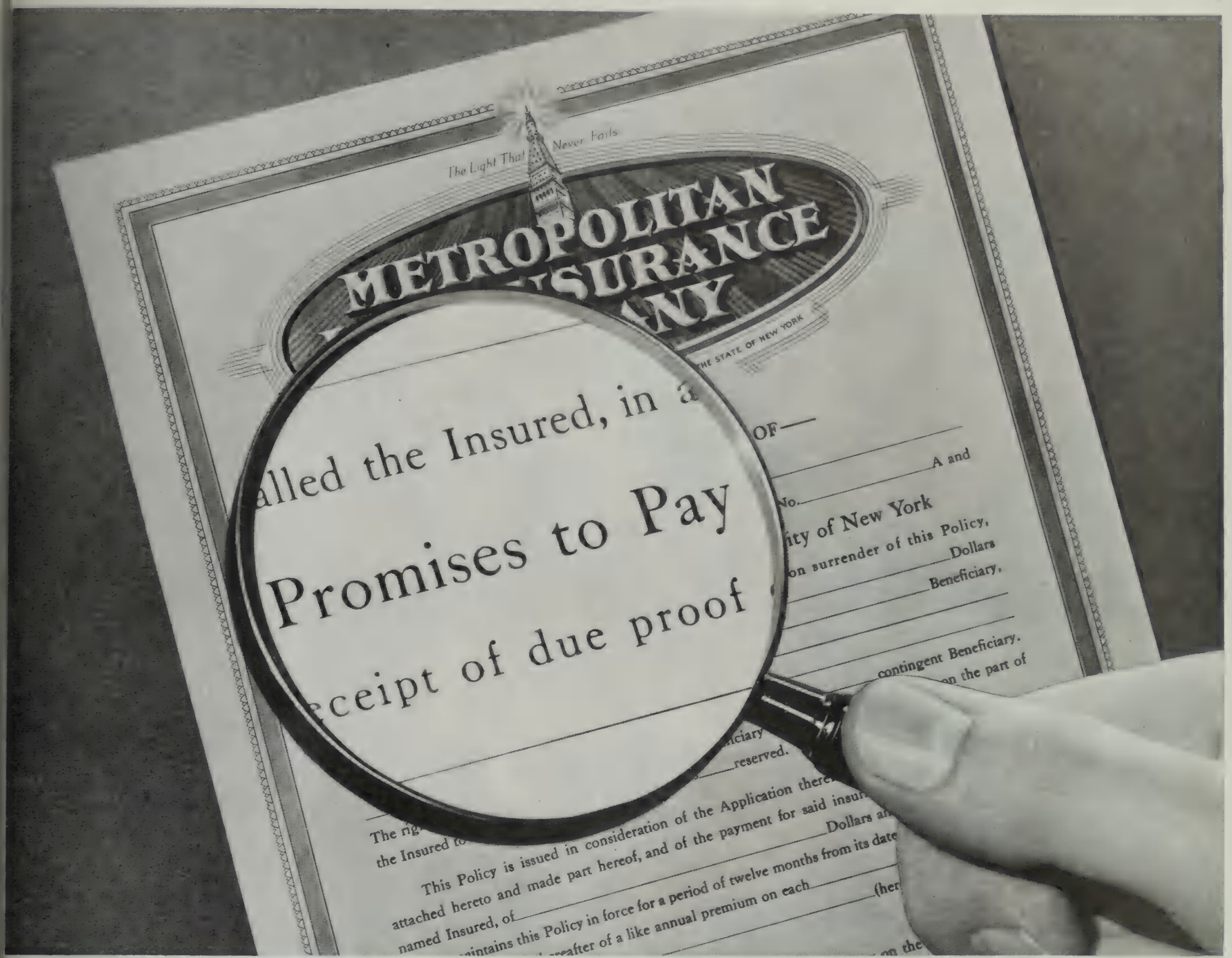
*Since* the Norman conquest of England in 1066, enemy troops have landed in Britain and attempted to conquer it fifty-five different times. The last invasion was the landing of a small French force on the coast of Ireland in 1798.

*In* Manhattan, three quarters of all telephone calls originate or terminate in private switchboards, which require ten times as many operators as are employed by the New York Telephone Company itself in this borough.

*Since* June, 1940, our national banks have been legally permitted to make contributions to the Red Cross and similar charitable organizations, except in states in which state banks are forbidden to do it.—*By Joe Parker, Hollywood, California.*

*The* most interesting of the fourteen recent cases in which "frozen sleep" has been used experimentally on insane persons was that of a girl who, suffering from schizophrenia, had not spoken a word for more than two years. Twice in two months, while her temperature was lowered to 88 degrees, she was able to talk clearly and logically to her father for four hours. Even at 93 degrees, her conversation was unintelligible.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**




# The business that is built on faith

**THE LIFE INSURANCE BUSINESS**, like all American enterprise, is built upon faith . . . faith in a business that has kept its promises.

In a life insurance policy, the company promises to pay a certain sum of money to the policyholder or his beneficiary when certain specified events occur. In the case of Metropolitan, the Company has made such promises to about 29,000,000 policyholders who have *faith* in Metropolitan's ability to do what their policies contract to do.

In the 73 years of its existence, Metropolitan has paid every obligation in full when due. In 1940, for example, Metropolitan policyholders and their beneficiaries received almost $609,000,000 in benefit payments.

Just as Metropolitan policyholders have faith in the Company, so Metropolitan has faith in the strength and stability of American business, agriculture, and industry. To help meet the cost of life insurance, we invest policyholders' dollars in the promises of responsible people . . . people who promise to pay Metropolitan certain amounts at stated times.

These investments must be selected with the utmost care. Whether the investment is a government, municipal, or corporate security or a real estate mortgage, it must be backed by real property, such as plants, mills, factories, fertile farm lands, office buildings, modern homes, and other soundly valued assets, or the taxing power of government. In addition these investments must be of such a type that past record of performance, present available resources, and future ability to pay, make it virtually certain that the promises to Metropolitan will be kept.

People buy life insurance to help them fulfill their most sacred obligations to their families, and they want to be as certain as they humanly can be that those obligations *will* be fulfilled. They confidently expect the Company to invest *safely* and *soundly* the money they have entrusted to it. In order to merit this confidence, Metropolitan must and does make *safety* its *first* requirement in all its investments.

Second, and *always* second, to safety, is the effort to earn the best possible rate of interest to help meet the cost of your life insurance.

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*This is Number 39 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker,*
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

*Leroy A. Lincoln,*
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE

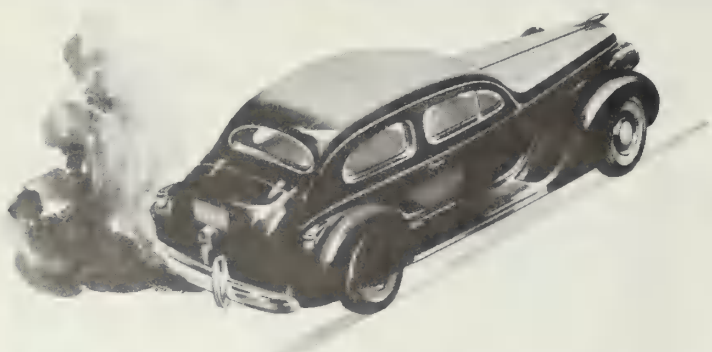
THE fellow who smokes in the movies is soon reminded that he's headed for trouble unless he stops. But he's not so lucky if he drives a car with a smoking exhaust—he's probably in trouble *already!*

For a smoking exhaust is a common sign that something is wrong; and the trouble is often excessive engine wear that calls for expensive repairs.

Act *now* before your car may become a costly "smoker"—a waster of gas, oil and power. Change *now* to the oil that prevents needless wear. Change *now* to Insulated Havoline.

For here is the extra protection of an oil that's *insulated* against heat—against those high engine temperatures that break down ordinary oils. And it's distilled to remove harmful, carbon-forming impurities.

Here, indeed, is the oil for finer performance, safety and economy. Change to Insulated Havoline now at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.



## DON'T WAIT TILL IT'S TOO LATE!

There are 3,000,000 "smokers" on the roads in America today. You don't want your car to join the parade. Help reduce needless engine wear—change *now* to Insulated Havoline.

*You're Welcome*
AT TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN: All star radio program every Wednesday night, Columbia Broadcasting System, 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

The lieutenant hated them. It would have been pleasant to yell and scare them stiff

# Advance Agent

## By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

**Beginning a powerful and vivid novel of our troubled times—a story of secret war against the stealthy invasion of America's frontiers**

AT NEW ORLEANS a man whose passport said that he was Arthur H. Field got off the plane from Mexico City, went through the customs, and, after wiring for a reservation to Detroit, took the seat he had reserved in the St. Louis plane. At St. Louis, during the wait between planes, he heard the loud-speaker calling his name. He turned and an attendant said, "Mr. Field? Long-distance call, sir." He followed the attendant to a small office. When he closed the door, two men who had been standing behind it placed themselves on either side of him. One of them said, "It won't be necessary for you to go to Detroit."

And in New York, at a bar on lower Tenth Avenue, an oiler from a Portuguese freighter that had docked a few hours before sipped his beer and watched the clock. It was exactly nine o'clock when a stevedore opened conversation with him, and they had finished a beer together when the oiler wiped his lips with a green silk handkerchief. The stevedore said, "Looks like that might have come from Polly's in Caracas." He took the handkerchief and idly loosened a knot that had been tied in one corner of it. They decided to go to another bar.

The oiler produced a ten-dollar bill but the stevedore pushed it aside and slid some change across the bar. On the sidewalk, he said, "Bills like that are hot. Gold certificates—called in years ago. If you got any more, take 'em to a bank. Say you got them in South America—they still turn up there."

They went down a side street past dark warehouses. The oiler reached under his blouse, brought out a long manila envelope and handed it to the stevedore. At the next corner they separated.

And in eastern Ontario dusk found a freight train laboring through hilly country. Lights went on in two ancient passenger coaches just ahead of the caboose, and a Canadian sergeant of infantry watched two privates distribute beef sandwiches and paper cups of coffee to the German prisoners of war who filled them. The prisoners had been quiet for an hour, but supper made them cheerful and they began to sing again. The sergeant stood in the door of the second car, watching them distastefully. He didn't like the prisoners, didn't like singing, didn't like the train, didn't like this job. Well, by six tomorrow morning they would reach the concentration camp in the North Woods where he was to deliver them, and he wouldn't have to hear any more singing. Maybe he could get a couple of hours in Montreal, coming back.

The Jerries had sung *"Ach du lieber Augustin"* some fifty times this afternoon. Now they were singing *"Krambambuli,"* which the sergeant didn't like any better. He had an idea that the blasted flying lieutenant halfway down the car knew that it annoyed him. But the flying lieutenant was asleep. The rest of them sang hoarsely, pounding the rhythm with their feet, *"Trink' ich mein Glas Krambambuli—"* When his own foot began to pound, the sergeant went into the other car.

The small man in prison work clothes beside the flying lieutenant muttered under cover of the song, *"Der schweinhund Sergeant ist fort."*

The lieutenant opened his eyes and joined in, *"Kram-bim-bam-bambuli, Krambambuli!"* prodding the t[illegible] in the

**Connie doubled her tanned fists. "Gail, it's all wrong," she said. "He isn't up to you—you mustn't—it's a mistake you must not make"**

opposite seat to make them sing also. They looked scared. The sentinel at the far end of the car was yawning—he couldn't see the nearer one, but neither could be as tired as the lieutenant. The chorus began again, "*Krambambuli, das ist der Tietel, Des Trankes der sich bei uns bewahrt . . .*" The lieutenant said softly but commandingly, "*Nun, wenn die beiden uns nicht ansehen.*" He had instructed the little man to watch one sentinel and the big man opposite to watch the other, and all of them were scared—they assumed they would be blamed and punished. "*Achtung!*" he muttered warningly. The sentinel he could see yawned and turned to gaze into the darkness outside the car. The lieutenant tensed his leg muscles.

"*Jezt,*" the little man grunted. The lieutenant started to stand up but immediately lolled back, singing, for the big man said, a little loudly, "*Nein, ein Moment,*" and his seat mate said, "*Augenblick.*" The lieutenant saw dark woods sliding by as the train slowed to a grade, the chorus was roaring "*Krambambuli!*" and the little man's "*Also Jezt*" was almost a wail, and the two others said, "*Gut,*" together.

The lieutenant stood up. He threw the window up, managed to get one leg through it, seesawed desperately, wriggled through and hung by his hands for a long moment while the car swayed and the wind sang in his ears, shoved hard, twisting away, and dropped into the dark.

Beyond the ditch, woods sloped upward and he ran toward them—heavily, for his head spun, his knees were crippled, and his left wrist was a fiery pain. He clung to a tree, panting, and watched the lighted cars swing out of sight around a curve. They hadn't stopped yet! He found the North Star, took a bearing on the crest of a hill, and started southward through the woods. His knees were usable.

He thought it must be about half past nine when he came up a tarred road toward a cluster of lights which a road sign told him meant a town called Glen Nevis. He took to the woods again, circled to the railroad and walked warily up the track, his senses taut as a bent spring. He dodged behind a section house, heard two men inside it speaking French, wondered with swift dismay if this could be Quebec after all, assured himself that it must be Ontario. To avoid an electric light he went up an alley behind some buildings.

Suddenly a fire whistle wailed near by and he dived into some weeds back of a garage. But it was really a fire, for, lying there, he heard automobiles drive up, a series of shouted orders, finally a truck rumbling down the road with its siren going. Someone at the front of the garage said, "One-one, that's down at the four corners." The weeds made as good a place as any to do some necessary thinking in, and he had had this much luck, that his knees were not sprained nor his wrist broken. A clock struck ten, the big front door of the garage rolled down, and the light went out. Someone went whistling down the road, and in another minute the lieutenant had the rear window open and was inside the garage.

FIVE minutes later he was out again. He was wearing a mechanic's brown grease suit, his cheeks and hands were daubed with oil, his uniform was rolled up under his arm, and he had three dollars and fifty cents in Canadian money and a road map. He had won the first round!

He thrust the uniform into an empty freight car at the crossing and walked up the single street of Glen Nevis. A milk truck lumbered by and he hailed it but it did not stop. Some men came out of a soda fountain and then were suddenly running toward a lighted corner, where soldiers were getting out of an automobile and two Royal Canadian policemen were talking to them. The lieutenant kept on walking toward them and heard excited questions and confused answers. A sergeant ordered the soldiers back into the automobile and it went east, up the road. The policemen mounted their motorcycles and took off down the southern fork.

"What's up, Mac?" a latecomer asked a man who was turning away.

"They think maybe a Jerry went through town. A prisoner. They were taking him to camp and he got out a window."

They glanced without curiosity at the lieutenant, who said, "He won't get very far," and went on.

A bus labeled "Gordon" was parked at the curb, ready for its last trip. He took a seat, two other passengers got in, and it lumbered off. Almost at once the driver was shaking him awake, saying that this was Gordon, the end of the trip, and Gordon could not be far from Glen Nevis, for the fare was only twenty cents. It was a small place and had been shut up for the night. A sign said "Rooms" at a dingy second floor, but all rooming *(Continued on page 29)*

# Long Voyage to War

## By Frank Gervasi

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

**If you want to get from England to Egypt today you go around the Cape of Good Hope. From Cape Town, Frank Gervasi cables this vivid story of the first leg of the trip—through mine fields and (you hope) past submarines. It's also the story of Britannia's fight to rule the waves**

**All the passengers were ordered to boat stations for lifeboat drill. They gave us life preservers. I looked skeptical, and the boat mate said, "They blinkin' well ain't much good"**

OUR ship was an old hooker with a scrofulous black hull and bluntly utilitarian superstructure, daubed brown. Her bridge sagged and she looked her thirty sea-weary years. She was headed for the scrap pile when the war came and she, with hundreds like her, was mobilized for the Battle of the Atlantic. I asked the first mate what she'd do in the way of speed. He said she'd average nine knots. He smiled. He knew what I was thinking. The kind of long-range German submarines that lay between us and Cape Town could do fifteen knots on the surface and nine submerged. That's fast enough to catch convoy stragglers or lone oldsters that run Capeward and beyond to Australia and New Zealand with goods from the mills of Manchester for Brisbane's shops and Auckland's stores or with tools of war for fronts in the Middle East.

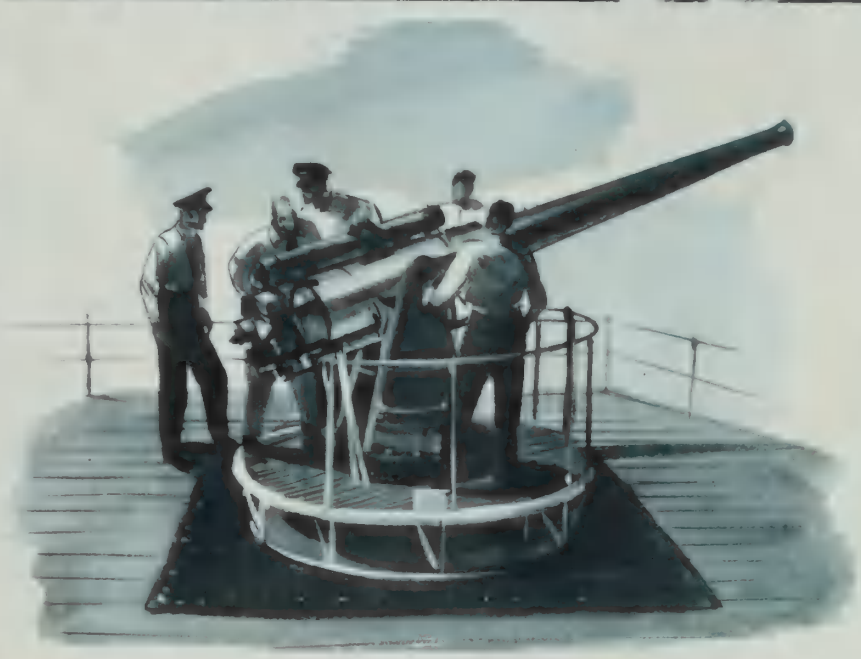
"But don't worry," the officer said, flicking imaginary dust from his lapel. "We've an extra quarter knot up our sleeve."

That was his way of saying only luck and seamanship would see us through without the protection that speed would give us. The extra quarter knot was as much good as an extra mile an hour would be to an airplane when fifty were needed.

"This ship," he said, "was built in 1911. She'd have been junked if only the numskulls in the government had listened to Churchill—"

If they had, there wouldn't be the tragic Battle of the Atlantic—a battle that must be won before any other, for it's that particular struggle that will decide whether the guns, tanks and airplanes from democracy's arsenal will reach the hands of the soldiers at the battle fronts. It's a battle for the maintenance of the transport lanes, without which production would be futile. Seven or eight years ago Churchill pleaded for the construction of fast cruisers and destroyers to sweep the seas of enemy submarines and raiders in wartime. But they didn't listen and this is what has happened.

Lacking warships, the British converted their newer merchant ships into armed vessels mounting six-inch guns and carrying depth charges and anti-aircraft guns. They've done their duty competently. But unarmored hulls, which are as effective as cigar-box wood against the enemy's shells, torpedoes and bombs, make them no match for the enemy's warships. A baker's dozen have gone down since war began. Some have died fighting like the Rawalpindi and Jervis Bay, but many of them have been ambushed and killed before they could aim their guns.



**Now we were on our own, and the crew manned the four-incher**

Most of these armed merchantmen are modern ships of ten thousand to seventeen thousand tons built since 1925. They were designed for the Mediterranean service to India via Gibraltar and Suez, or the Cape run to Australia and New Zealand, carrying freight and passengers on Royal Mail schedules calling for speeds up to seventeen knots with as much as five knots reserve. They're great ships, such ships as only England seems able to build. These are vessels that should be delivering Britain's goods at high speed and instead they're carrying a large share of the burden of fighting because a few lack-vision men refused to listen to a wise old seaman named Churchill.

The burden of the supremely important job of transports has fallen upon the slow old three- to five-thousand tonners that plow the seas laboriously in convoys, fall behind in heavy weather and are sniped by submarines.

### But Britain Delivers the Goods

Most of the 4,000,000 tons of shipping that Britain has lost since the outbreak of hostilities consist of ships too slow to keep up with their escorts. Great vessels like the Empress of Britain and the Lancastria have gone down, too, but they're the exception rather than the rule. Most of the dead soldiers in the Battle of the Atlantic were ships such as ours.

Her name does not matter and, moreover, to print it would be to betray a friend to the enemy. It's just as well the Germans should not know what steamer ran the gantlet 6,000 miles to the Cape. They might lay for her on the way back. Anyhow, she might have been any old tramp as she lay glued to the dockside by a sulphurous fog in Liverpool harbor while coal thundered into her bunkers and cargo came overside.

Her deck machinery moved with noisy senility. Hooks pivoted rheumatically on the Samson posts. Cones of steam spat into the Mersey mist from leaky gaskets on the winches. Blocks complained with rust.

On the packing cases, drums and barrels that plunged into the hatches in rope-net slings were visibly stenciled the words: "Britain Delivers the Goods." I leaned over the forward rail of the boat deck, watching the organized confusion of loading and wondering what a Broadway bookie would lay we would deliver the goods. If mines didn't get us and if we missed torpedoes and bombs there'd be raiders and against them we carried a four-incher which poked a futile finger from our poop.

At nightfall, our ports blackened, we moved to midriver and took our place at the head of the convoy. The night before we sailed there was a full moon blurred by the lifting mist. I could barely see the outlines of the taller buildings and the long black shadows of the docks. I heard Liverpool's sirens roll across the Mersey like the distant cries of a woman in labor, rising, falling, growing in volume. From the boat deck, where fat lifeboats were swung outward ready to be released, I saw blue bursts of bombs and heard their concussions

*(Continued on page [illegible])*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

**An avid reader, Eddie Albert has collected books by the thousands. He doesn't believe in bookcases, so the books are stacked all over the house**

# Amazing Albert

## By Kyle Crichton

**You wouldn't expect anyone who looks like one of the Dead End kids to play a flock of musical instruments, have his house hazardously loaded with books and still find time to act in the movies**

MR. EDDIE ALBERT lives in a house in Hollywood that was built by a man who had perfect faith that God would eventually create Mr. Eddie Albert. The house is situated on a mountain, eighty-four miles above sea level, and can be reached only by eagles, demented guests mounted on llamas and Mr. Eddie Albert.

In addition to being remote, Mr. Albert's home is unique in design, having fifteen different levels on the first floor. This is dangerous enough but there is a special hazard created by Mr. Albert's love of culture. He has collected books by the thousands, has never heard of bookcases and, consequently, the books are stacked on the staircases of the fifteen levels. Anybody desiring to move about the house has to read his way from level to level.

When Mr. Albert is not reading, he is playing his violin. He buys phonograph records that have the violin parts missing. Mr. Albert purchases the violin score, sits in front of the machine and plays stoutly away while the mountain witches scream and the lions stand at the windows, purring gratefully.

Betweentimes Mr. Albert acts in motion pictures for Warner Brothers, who have only one fear in regard to Mr. Albert: rain. In his behalf they engage an astronomer, two weather experts and a man named Nostradamus. These gentlemen scan the skies. They delve into black magic. At the first sign of downpour an air-raid siren shrieks at Warners' and men rush forth with grappling hooks, alpine stocks and great Danes wearing casks of rum.

"Get Albert off that mountain!" is the frenzied cry.

For with moisture Mr. Albert's Shangri-La becomes inaccessible even to goats. It is a question of getting Mr. Albert to sea level or having him picked to bits by irate macaws. Just what the rush is about in Mr. Albert's case is not apparent because when he reaches Burbank, he is hurled into another picture in which he plays a modification of his first success, Brother Rat.

There have been strange individuals in Hollywood antedating Mr. Albert but none of his fine texture. There are friends by the hundreds to tell you that Mr. Albert is the swellest kid that ever struck the place, the smartest, the kindest, the wackiest. When Mr. Albert comes home from work at night, he sticks his head in the door and then waits a minute or two before entering.

"Hello?" he says in a tentative voice and almost invariably he is answered by a strange echo. This is almost certainly a new guest who has dropped in to spend a few months. His house is a haven for geniuses who are temporarily embarrassed in a financial way. Chemists using the bathroom for explosive experiments are no novelty to Mr. Albert. Old prospectors who dig out the underpinnings of the front terrace in search of pelf have Mr. Albert's personal endorsement.

"Worst crime in the world—squelching a man's individuality," maintains Mr. Albert stoutly.

Starting with an education that was

*(Continued on page 53)*

# ut verything!

y Joel Reeve
ISTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

**oo many coaches spoil the ten-is, but Polly knew her own eart and she recognized a good ep talk when she heard one**

**"Turn on the heat, baby," I said. "It's supposed to be fun, you know. That's tennis—a game!"**

I TOOK a room in New York because I didn't want to get too close to things out at Forest Hills. It was ive o'clock before I called Polly.

I said, "How does it feel to be into he finals, baby? How would you like a steak at O'Malley's? Steak is great tuff the night before you have to play a gal like that Waring."

Polly said, "Hello, Joe. I was afraid you couldn't make it."

"I couldn't—almost. Seven people are going nuts back home because I didn't stay to wind up a will case. How about that steak—with French fries?"

Polly said in her slow, even voice, "It would be fine, except I have a date with Red."

The voice sounded all right, but there was something in it. Sort of like a minor. It hadn't been in her at Kaycee, at the clay-courts championships. I said, "I have bought steaks for Red before. I can do it again. I'll meet you there, at eight."

Polly said, "It'll be good to see you, Joe."

It wasn't nervousness in her voice. That couldn't be it, because she was never nervous, even in the beginning, back home in our little club.

She was only about fourteen when I first knew how good Polly Harkness could be. Mrs. Addison had been the club champ for ten years, with that old, soft-balling back-court game, steady and sure. Polly was a leggy, solemn kid with auburn braids and freckles.

I had taught her the Western game, and she turned it loose on poor Mrs. Addison. It wasn't that Polly won love and love that excited me, either. It was the relentless, unapologetic way she did it, blasting that full, swinging service in there, almost careless with the natural backhand which was the best I ever saw. Polly had class, even then.

That backhand was the bulwark. I taught her the rest, but that she always had. When I got licked in my last nationals, Polly had only one thing to say to me: "I wish I could have loaned you my backhand."

Polly grew up straight and pretty as a picture, and without any of the phony business that goes with so many a tennis player. I guess she wouldn't have stuck to the game if I hadn't insisted and people hadn't pushed her along.

But tennis gets into your blood. I could not quit entirely when I left big-time play for law business. I ran our home club and worked out with Polly and sent her to the proper tournaments. Polly did the rest, and here she was, at twenty-one, in the national finals against Waring.

Polly was an orphan, and my firm handled the estate. It wasn't a big one, though it gave her freedom to play tennis. I had insisted on her playing for fun, which lessened the strain and got her around the country and gave her a chance to see the world.

I took a cab up to O'Malley's restaurant and wished all the way that I could say I had coached her into this finals at Forest Hills. I had sent her a long way. Still, that was one thing I couldn't claim, and I had known it since the clay courts, at Kaycee, when I first saw her with Red Anson.

The big, redheaded number two player had noticed Polly first at Tampa, during the Dixie. After that he kept on noticing her. The papers had been full of it, complete with Red's reputed glamor and Polly's undeniable beauty.

He had taught Polly things, all right. Little stratagems which had kept Red up there for years. Like delays when your opponent is all set; like the deliberate pause at the net, ignoring the polite smile of your adversary, drinking the cold water, or pretending to, when you know she does not dare swallow it for fear of cramps.

Then, when you have her on the run—the kill. The speeding up, the quick service, if possible before she gets set. Nothing unfair about it, of course. Polly did it at Kaycee and won.

Red and Polly won the mixed doubles, indoor and out. Only Martha Waring beat Polly all during the long summer. They were booming Polly now, making her the favorite in this match tomorrow. Red Anson got much credit for it all.

They came into O'Malley's, Red shoving Polly ahead, yelling loudly, "There he is! Good old Joe! Hello, Joe! You made it, eh, pal?"

That was so everyone would look and their names would run around the tables where Broadway sat and ate O'Malley's fine steaks. They were a good-looking couple, at that. Polly was tall, but Red was six-two, lean, suntanned. Polly's hair was golden now, and carefully arranged. It made her look very feminine.

RED seated Polly with a flourish and went right on in that loud voice: "Ain't she cute? Don't she look wonderful? She's going to cream that Waring—but *cream* her! We got it all figured, Joe. You know Waring's style. We got it faded. We're gonna take that first set while Waring warms up slow, like she does. Then we're gonna out-steady her. Her own game, Joe. Polly's gotten steady. We'll cream Waring!"

Polly said, "How are tricks, Joe?"

Her eyes were hazel and stared straight at me. I said, "*But* good, baby!" and winked at her. She did not wink back. She sighed and there were tiny lines around her eyes. She was tired!

Polly had never been tired before. I mean, not before a match. I did not listen to Red's voice running on. I said, "What's wrong, Polly?"

She said, "Red wants me to marry him. Tomorrow—after the match."

Red cut in with a square-toothed smile: "I want you to be best man, Joe. I want you to stand up there with us! You gave her the start. I made her champ! It's appropriate! Get it, Joe? Appropriate!"

The mule kicked me in the stomach very hard. I managed to say, "Well—of course—if you want me . . ."

We even shook hands, awkwardly, across the table. Red clung to me and said, "See? Ole Joe Woolcott—always comes through. I told you he would! This is but wonderful!"

Polly did not seem to be eating her steak. I said, "Eat hearty, Polly. Steak the night before—Waring wants that title, too, you know."

"But wonderful!" Red kept saying. He was ebullient. He was gay all over the place, stuffing the steak into him.

*(Continued on page 47)*

# How Do You Want to Pay for Defense?

FROM THE KITCHEN: Elise Kleier: "No use putting it off—if we have to start it had better be now"

FROM THE PARLOR: Albert Arnheim and daughter: "The more important a bill the more need to meet it early"

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

FROM THE SUPPER TABLE: The Mewshaws and Martinos: "Taxes ... but not so bad if you keep them down to a little at a time"

## Dr. Link's Poll Gives this Answer:

**13%** of us prefer to pay a lump sum after the year end. (The income tax, figured for a calendar year, is psychologically a lump-sum proposition.)

**22%** prefer deductions from wages.

**60%** prefer a sales tax on current purchases.

**5%** have their own ideas, not classified.

## Over 6 to 1 for paying now rather than a year from now

### By John C. Lloyd

DR. HENRY C. LINK of the Psychological Corporation set out a few weeks ago to find out how the people of this country want to pay their defense bill. In forty-seven states his 450 trained investigators knocked on the doors of some ten thousand families seeking this information. The investigators interviewed laborers and bankers, families of $10,000 annual income and families earning only a thousand. Here are the questions which brought the answers shown in the box above:

"To help pay for the Defense Program, taxes are going to be much higher. How would you rather pay these higher taxes: in a lump sum at the end of the year—or as a sales tax on the things you buy as you go along—or as a tax deducted from wages like the Social Security Tax?"

There are many surprises concealed in the figures. The survey just completed is the 51st in a series originated in 1932 by Dr. Link—the oldest nation-wide public-opinion poll based entirely on personal interviews now in existence. Interviewers have been taught, among other things, to rate each family according to income level. When you are asking questions about taxes and buying habits it is important to know where your man's personal interests lie.

Well, it is obvious that a rich family would prefer a sales tax. That hits all citizens most nearly alike, therefore eases the relative burden on high incomes.

Likewise, the less prosperous family should vote to raise money for defense by means of income taxes concentrated on the wealthier individuals.

But for some reason American citizens are overlooking their opportunity to push the burden onto the other fellow.

It is true that rich and poor taken together favor a sales tax most of all. The distinction between the two groups is that the wealthier households like the income tax relatively better than the average, while the poorer families shy definitely away from the income tax and toward deductions from wages. Each man mistrusts the tax he knows least about. His objection is not to paying his share but to uncertainty and mystery.

A good stunt to increase your respect for the $10,000-a-year family and the $1,000-a-year alike is to walk in and ask this question of each, just as the interviewers did. How do you want to meet your new obligation?

The man of the house is likely to an swer first. He has done more thinkin about it and has his answer ready. Bu watch his wife back him up. She hear billions talked over the radio. She know someone has to pay to keep bombs ou of her chimney.

Perhaps that is why women, mor than men are ready to start paying to day, and paying where it hurts thei household budgets worst. Here is th breakdown:

| | *Men* | *Wome* |
|---|---|---|
| Favoring a lump sum (Income tax) | 13% | 12% |
| Favoring wage deductions | 24% | 20% |
| Favoring a sales tax | 58% | 63% |

And the men, who theoretically ge first and best chance at the pay en velopes, are more willing to make thei sacrifice there, in the shape of wage de ductions!

Texas, Maine, Oregon and Georgi think alike on this question. There ar no sectional differences. If the farmer were included—with their greater inde pendence from the stores and dail purchases—their vote would hardly di minish the majority for immediate pay ments. Backed by the experience c 258,000 previous family interviews, it accuracy calculated within 1 per cent fc its scope, the poll indicates a remark able step toward national unity.

None of the young psychologists wh did the actual footwork could have sus pected their composite answer, or coul have hoped that all other parts of th country were confirming the readines of their own territories to walk into th problem unafraid.

Taxpayers have just given an exam ple of discipline at its peak, self-impose by free men who hope to stay that wa How this discipline would stand u against slack pursuit of the aim that in spires it—that's another question. Th trends in men's thinking change silentl and suddenly, as the psychologists wh handled this poll can tell you.

If you doubt that, consider the cas of the California lady who came to university co-operating in these su veys, looking for the psychologist i charge. "One of your men called on m yesterday," she explained, "and I ar swered a question for him. Now I'v come to tell you that I've changed m mind."

Her privilege; our chief danger. ★★

# Don't Throw It Away

## BY J. D. RATCLIFF

**The farmer's rubbish heap—peanut shells, straw, stalks and leaves—provides source material from which the chemist creates new wonders—fabrics, plastics, paper and gasoline**

TODAY'S chemist is the wonder boy of the twentieth century. He can make sheer underwear out of cigarette smoke, TNT out of potatoes and air and potable gin alcohol out of salt water and natural gas. Making a silk purse out of a sow's ear may be difficult for the sociologist, but the chemist can—and has done it.

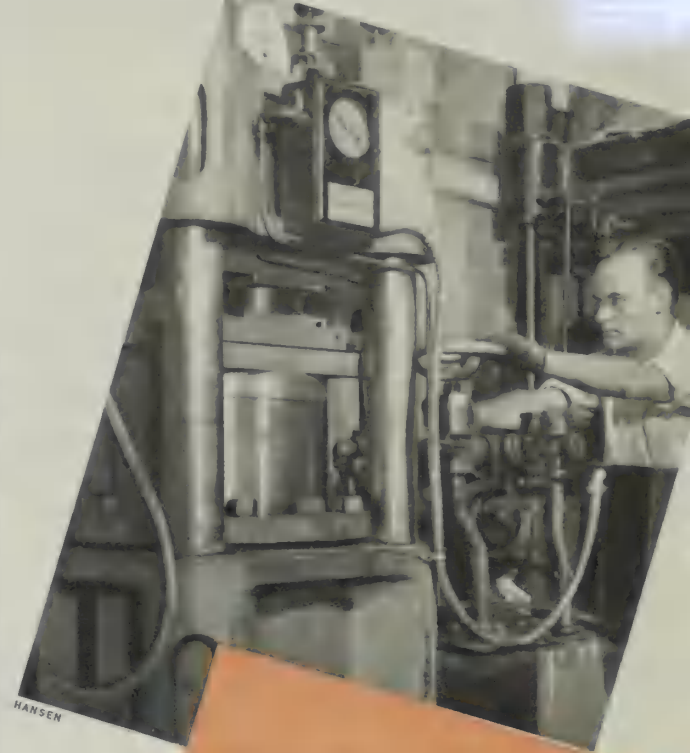
For the chemist the ideal world is a world where everything is completely used up; a world with no slag piles, chimney wastes or refuse heaps. The very mention of the word waste gives him the willies. He is starting a large-scale attack on the world's largest mountain of debris—the agricultural wastes produced by American farms. In the pile there are, among other things, 85 million tons of various straws, and 100 million tons of cornstalks and leaves. It contains 240,000 tons of peanut shells and 25,000 tons of walnut shells. If we include United States insular possessions, three million tons of bagasse—stalk left after sugar has been pressed from cane—must be added to the heap.

The farmer, to be sure, makes a few ineffectual licks at this mass of rubbish. He turns his pigs in fields and lets them "hog down" fodder. He uses some cobs for kindling and burns others to charcoal to supplement diet for his stock. Baled straw—to be used for animal and human bedding—brings him barely enough to pay for his trouble; and bagasse left from his cane goes chiefly to fire boilers in sugar mills.

Such goings-on make the chemist shudder. He looks on these leavings as source material for brilliant new fabrics, plastics and lacquers. He would convert them into gasoline, paper and valuable chemicals.

Until about fifty years ago cotton seeds were thrown into rivers or allowed to rot in fields. Oil squeezed from them goes to make an annual $100,000,000 worth of soap, oleomargarine and cooking flat. Over 100,000 tons of Louisiana bagasse go to feed that lusty baby—the new wallboard industry; and out in Hawaii they're about to start making artificial silk from the same material. There are forty United States plants that convert thousands of tons of straw into gray chipboard—used to line egg crates and keep freshly laundered shirts from wrinkling. Carbon made from refuse nut shells is used for gas masks and even licorice root, from which flavoring has been extracted, is processed into building board. These things barely scratch the surface, though they do represent industry totaling millions of dollars. The chemist wants to sick his new magic on wastes and build industries worth billions.

If this idea has a prophet, that prophet is Dr. Orland R. Sweeney, head of the chemical engineering department at Iowa State College—agriculture's Harvard. Dr. Sweeney, 58, is white-haired, cherubic. With the enthusiasm of a cypress-swamp evangelist, he has been preaching utilization *(Continued on page 44)*



HANSEN

**From assorted debris—corncobs, stalks, straw, bagasse—Iowa State scientists make a molding powder which, in this hydraulic press, is formed into test bars. From this experimentation has come a new, low-priced, many-purpose plastic**

**To the farmer, corn husks and cobs were once simply something to get rid of. Now, thanks to scientific agricultural research, such leavings are providing a rich new source of plastics, fabrics, chemicals, paper and many other new products**

KABEL

Sgt. Sinew Riley explains workings of gun he says belonged to famed Geronimo

Traditionally stolid are William Major, Andrews Paxson and Sgt. Ri

Scout Kessay Y-32 marvels as Pvt. Albert P. Barnes, HQ Company, operates radio

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES W. HERBERT

A machine-gun belt holding 200 cartridges interests Scout William Ma

**LAST OF THE SCOUTS. In the 1870's hostile Indian raiding parties caused so much damage and loss of life to new settlers west of the Pecos that the Army had to establish a ring of forts along the Apache stronghold on the Mexican border. One is Arizona's Fort Huachuca (Collier's, March 8th), which boasts the only remaining detachment of Indian Scouts—eight men who live in adobe houses the themselves and who act as fire guards, game wardens, trail and fence re All are proud members of the 25th Infantry, all would be valuable in trouble in the mountainous country. Negroes are fellow members of the re**

# OUR NEW ARMY

### WASHINGTON

9TH CORPS AREA

FORT LAWTON. During the Spanish-American War, when everybody was jittery about "The Yellow Peril," Seattle citizens scraped together $40,000, bought 640 acres of real estate and turned it over to the government for a dollar. Fort Lawton, promptly built on the site, as promptly dropped off into a light doze from which it has just awakened. In the interim, successive Seattle Park Boards have ogled the two miles of desirable shore line with some idea of turning the site into a city park, but the Army wouldn't give in. Everybody agrees it's just as well now. The Quartermaster Corps wants to use part of the area as a replacement station for Alaska-bound troops; and the Air Corps intends to establish an Interceptor Command headquarters, where officers would handle planes assigned to near-by Snohomish County Airport.

FORT FLAGLER, Port Townsend. The drinking problem is keeping this island post down to pint size. The Army would like to add 450 men to the garrison of 150 now in command, because Flagler is one of three forts guarding the Bremerton Navy Yard and the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, but engineers will have to pipe additional drinking water from the mainland first. They poked a hole in the bottom of the well and went down 400 feet in an effort to increase the supply but all they got was sea water.

FORT WORDEN. Up in a corner of the Olympic Peninsula lies this northernmost post of the U. S., so far from so-called civilization that the Army provides a free boat trip to Seattle every Saturday for 400 of the 2,000 men. The four-hour trip is made on a veteran, 115-foot excursion boat, which also serves to link Worden with Forts Casey and Flagler. Worden adjoins the town of Port Townsend, which used to have a full-time Barbary Coast in the windjammer days; now has a few beer parlors, a hopper full of defense orders, a population of 4,000 and not much night life.

ARMY mascots run the gamut from ardvaarks to zebras. A refreshing variation from the misfit mongrels, goats, skunks, pigs, rabbits and monkeys is the mascot of C Battery, 248th C.A. at Fort Worden—the five-year-old son of Lieut. Pat Gamble, battery executive officer. Mascot Mike was made a colonel when the National Guard outfit was federalized and the personnel chipped in to have a tailor-made uniform run up for the lad. Colonel Gamble may not appreciate his commission but he gets a big wallop out of his soldier suit. All he needs now is an .05-cal. automatic, bu don't tell him we made the suggestion

41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Seattle. With out much fanfare the 9t Army Corps moved 35,00 troops and equipment 1,10 miles to the California war games, usin 3,400 autos, twenty-seven troop train and a seventy-three-car freight full c attendant stuff including tanks an heavy artillery. Observation pilot acted as aerial traffic cops. Lads i trucks tried their hands at unofficial re cruiting every time they passed a grou of farm hands at work. "Why wait fc your draft number to come up?" they' yell. "Come on, get aboard." No volun teers were reported. The trucks sprawle out for miles as they wound down th coast and turned normal traffic into shambles. Toughest job was that of th "vacuum cleaner crew," which followe behind with a wrecker, a spare part truck and a mobile machine sho equipped with $30,000 worth of gadget During the whole trip only one ma

*(Continued on page 46)*

# Dina Cashman

## By Kathleen Norris

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TO CONTRIBUTE to the support of her family, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman works in a grocery store. Her home at Railway Flats south of San Francisco, is a dilapidated shanty.

Many of her evenings she spends at Cotta's, a cheap restaurant-dance hall. And it is there that she meets Vere Holland, a young Yale law student who belongs to the smartest society crowd on the coast. Fascinated by her extraordinary beauty, Holland soon realizes that she means more to him than anyone he has ever known before. Then, during an outing he and Dina take together at Paradise Valley in the Sierras, he tells her that he loves her. And Dina? There is no question in her mind—she adores Vere Holland. . . .

The outing over, Dina goes back to her family; and Vere, vowing eternal devotion, returns to Yale. Then, several weeks later, Dina awakens to the dreadful realization that she is going to become a mother!

Strangely, it is a boy who—loving her, longing to marry her—gives her the wise counsel she so badly needs. That boy is Tom O'Connor. When, for the third or fourth time, he begs her to become his wife, she takes him into her confidence, tells him everything. And the young fellow—kindly, sympathetic, understanding—urges her to go east, have a frank talk with Vere Holland and insist on an instant marriage. He offers to pay her fare to New Haven; he offers to do anything in his power to help and protect her.

Dina is not convinced that she should go to Vere Holland. While debating the matter with herself, she suddenly remembers that Vere had once spoken of a wealthy uncle—a generous man who, at regular intervals, sends him money. Suspecting that Vere's mother (a spoiled divorcée who flits hither and yon in search of pleasure) will be hostile, if she hears the story, Dina decides to get in touch with that uncle. His name? Robert? No. Roger? No. Rogers! Right—*Rogers Holland*. But (and the thought terrifies her) *how can she find him?*

### III

IS MR. HOLLAND in? Miss Cashman. By—by appointment."

Dina rather faltered the last words. For the butler was a dark and formidable creature, and the atmosphere of the house itself was enough to daunt the stoutest heart.

She had had great difficulty in finding it, for it was not among the accessible country homes of Burlingame. The winding, beautiful roads and the great iron gates ended two miles below the old lane that wound up above the fashionable regions of Hillsborough and San Mateo. But for a friendly man driving a laundry wagon, Dina felt that she never would have reached it at all, for the bus left her far down in the village, and the gas-station operators and workingmen of whom she inquired the way had never heard of the old Holland house.

When she did reach it, it was to discover an approach of a half-mile lane of dreary eucalyptus and poplar trees and a bare old garden presenting its wintriest aspect. By this time she was so tired and so discouraged, so utterly depressed by the nature of her mission, that it took great courage to mount peeling, ornate entrance steps toward its bay windows, columns, turrets and cupolas and present herself at all.

Inside it was exactly what the exterior promised. A heavy, old-fashioned house filled, if the hallways were any indication, with heavy, old-fashioned furniture: Fringed curtains, dark carpets from baseboard to baseboard, cornices, tapestry papers in dark grays and browns. From the north side of the entrance hall, which in itself was larger than the Cashmans' entire dwelling, an angled stairway some ten feet wide rose imposingly; stained-glass windows rising with it contributed to the floor spots of crimson that looked like pools of blood. Everything smelled of carpets, furniture polish, staleness. Two clothy palms in pots as large as beer barrels did little to suggest springtime and greenery.

Mr. Holland was in his library, seated at a large flat-top desk. Dina, for no reason whatsoever, had expected to see a spare, scholarly old man. Instead she found herself in the presence of a person not more than thirty-eight or forty years of age, a smiling, eye-glassed man with thinning fair hair, who gave the impression of rolling in his chair. He had been working at a stamp collection; stamps, pale pink, faint green, orange, were segregated in little groups all about him; a plethoric album was open on a side wing of the desk.

"A spider and an owl and a frog," Dina thought.

He half rose from his chair as she appeared; sank back.

"You'd like to do secretarial work and you've had no experience but you could learn?" he asked, and the girl felt that her suspicion of something faintly mischievous, something perhaps actually malicious in the first impression she had had of his smile was confirmed.

"No. No," she said, sitting down opposite him. "I don't think, when I telephoned, that I said anything like that?"

"What *did* you say? Hinz—that's the old feller who let you in, gave me the message. Who told you I wanted a secretary, anyway? Ever see a stamp collection before? Anyone who wanted to help me would have to know something about

**"She's by way of being a ward of mine," Rogers said. "A ward? Staying with you? But how very nice," Aline commented**

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

stamps. See that feller? Two hundred in the world like him, no more. That little bit of paper's worth ten thousand smacks."

"I'd no idea that any one stamp was worth ten thousand dollars," Dina said, impressed in spite of herself.

"Man offered a million for a stamp once!" Rogers answered, narrowing his eyes triumphantly as he looked up from his magnifying glass. "Well, well, well!" he said, sitting back, "let's have it. What's it all about?"

"It's about Vere," Dina said faintly.

"Vere?" He looked up sharply, taken unawares. "What's Vere been up to? You mean my nephew?"

"He and I were friends," she said, "and then—before Christmas, he went away, and I don't think he knows—I've had no answer to my letters for more than a month. And I *have* to find him!"

THE inflection on the last phrase told the story. Rogers Holland looked steadily at his caller for a silent minute when Dina had finished speaking, and then commented only with a brief "Ha!" But he laid aside his magnifying glass and settled back in his chair with an air of sudden attention.

He asked a few short questions. How long had they known each other? Where was the boy now? Back at Yale, hey?

"That's his father's doing," he commented. "Van can't wait to get the boy into his New York office, partly to get him away from Caroline. You know Caroline, my brother Van's wife?"

"No. I don't know who she is."

"Vere's mother; she's my sister-in-law, or was, when they were together. Proudest woman God ever made, just as his father is the proudest man. Caroline is cold as stone; moves over everybody and everything, but she will have her way! What does she think of all this?"

"She doesn't know," Dina said, beginning to feel cold and frightened.

"Oh, she doesn't know? I can't see Caroline feeling exactly pleased when she does," the man said, with his sinister smile, speaking as if thinking aloud. "And you want—what? Is the proposition that you marry the boy? That will be a pretty stiff pill for Caroline to swallow. However," he ended dryly, "I can bear that."

"I've written Vere; I *had* to!" Dina said. "I feel—oh, *terrible* about it, but what can I do?"

"And he answered?"

"He hasn't answered at all! I don't even know that he had my letter. The last was from Palm Springs, he was there at Christmastime with his mother, and he just talked about the hotel and the tennis, and said he was going back to Yale."

"What makes you think that he will fall in with this arrangement?"

"What—what else can I think?"

"It's not going to help him much with his father, you know."

"I suppose not." She fell miserably silent. "I thought," she presently began again, "that I'd go away—go off somewhere—earn my own living—if I just had enough money to start with."

"I might loan you money enough to go and join him," Rogers said with a twisted smile. "I'd like to be there when you meet Caroline. I suppose she's gone on with him?"

"He didn't say." Dina was beginning to be frightened again of this smiling man, lifting stamps in delicate scissor-like tongs, looking at them with squinted, bulging eyes behind strong glasses.

"Suppose," Rogers said, "you give him time to answer you. Then, if you don't hear in a week or two, come back here again. If your story is true it would give me a certain satisfaction," he added, drawing out the words slowly, as if they gave him satisfaction too, "to have a hand in separating Caroline and her ewe lamb. She's spoiled him; she's given him his way ever since he was born. To have him faced with one of those little realities that life is continually handing us, Miss—" He looked down at her name scribbled on a pad of paper before him. "Miss Cashman," he went on, "would help to settle an old score. I have always despised her," he added, on a hard note. "I don't envy you your mother-in-law! Yes, I'll help you. Oh, and by the way, in his letters from the South," Rogers said, an odd expression taking possession of his round face, as he looked critically at a stamp, "did Vere happen to mention the bride and groom?"

"The—the bride and groom?" she stammered.

"The Andrew Havenses," the man said briefly.

"No. No; he said that his mother had lots of friends down there. But he didn't mention any names." Dina was completely bewildered.

"Mrs. Havens was Aline Pierpont; we were all kids here together," Rogers explained. "I was always crazy about her. Her first husband was a man named Pollock and she has a couple of kids by him. I wasn't married until after she was, although I'm a few years older. I suppose I sort of hoped that she—" He paused, began again. "Well, anyway, after some years she divorced Pollock and married an awfully clever doctor in New York, Rosenstirn," he went on. "My wife, Anna, was an invalid then; I didn't see anything of Aline for some time. But after my wife's death she came back here to divorce Rosenstirn, and last summer we began to go around together. In November we told our friends we were going to be married—two weeks from today, as it happens."

"Ah!" Dina exclaimed involuntarily, her lips parted and her eyes wide.

"Just a month ago," Rogers said unemotionally, lifting a stamp in his tweezers to peer at it, putting it gently down again, "she changed her mind and married Andrew Havens, the artist. I'm entertaining them a week from tonight."

He leaned back in his chair, clasped his fingers on his chest, looked across at her amiably.

"I wouldn't do that!" Dina said indignantly.

"You wouldn't? Well, she asked me to," Rogers went on. "She made a point of it. I've invited quite a group of old friends to come here and share the delightful domestic picture of bliss she and Havens will present. She wants us all to like her new husband; she says he and I are to be great friends."

HE STOPPED short, making a wry mouth, investigating a desk drawer. Dina breathed hard.

"I wouldn't do it!" she said again, red-cheeked.

"Well, I'm going to. I wish I knew some perfectly stunning woman, say around forty," Rogers added ruminatingly. "An actress—someone who could wear an evening gown—who wasn't too obviously ungrammatical—wait a minute!"

He was studying her now through narrowed eyes. A strange hint of a smile broadened his mouth.

"Take off your hat, will you?" he asked. "Thank you. Wait just a minute."

He leaned over and rang a bell three times. Dina watched him in bewilderment. Neither spoke again until a middle-aged, trim, stout woman entered the room.

"Did you ring, Mr. Holland?" the newcomer asked.

"I did. Will you look at Miss Cashman, Mrs. Bucket? I want to ask you something."

The woman obeyed with a friendly smile. The smile in its own lenience seemed to ask Dina's indulgence too.

"How would she look in an evening dress with her hair done correctly?"

The woman smiled again toward Dina, after a dubious look at her employer, and said in a faintly reproachful and faintly amused tone:

"She'd look very lovely, with that hair, and her eyes being so blue. Is it your cousin Mary's daughter, Mr. Holland?"

"No; no relation," he answered briefly. And then, in a businesslike tone: "Do you think you could take her into San Francisco tomorrow and buy her that sort of a dress?"

"Why, certainly," the woman said, after a keen glance at him to see if he was joking.

"I'd like," he said, "to introduce her to Mrs. Pollock—to Mrs. Havens, rather, on Thursday night."

A GREAT light came into Mrs. Bucket's eyes, and a certain grim, satisfied tightening to her mouth.

"I see, sir," she said.

"You'd do that, wouldn't you?" Rogers said to Dina, with his characteristic grin.

"Do what?" Dina asked, looking from one to the other.

"Come to my dinner party on Thursday night," he told her. "Be dressed, be quiet, be a mystery to them all. Steal her thunder. I'll introduce you—what did you say your first name is?"

"Dina. Geraldine," she said.

"Geraldine, ah, that's better! Miss Geraldine Cashman, a friend of mine. Look," Rogers said persuasively, in the pleasantest and most sympathetic manner she had yet seen him use, "I'm doing something for you. You'll do this for me?"

"But—but I couldn't talk to those people!" Dina protested.

"You wouldn't have to talk. None of them's ever seen you. None of them knows a thing about you. All you have to do when anyone speaks to you is either say 'Yes' or 'No', or look over at me and smile. I'll do the talking. I'll send the car for you, and Mrs. Bucket here will go home with you, won't you, Mrs. Bucket, when the party is over?"

"I couldn't dress at my house," Dina further objected. "We haven't—we haven't even a bathroom."

"You can dress here."

"If you think I could do it," Dina said, hesitating.

"There would be nothing to do. You would be simply one more guest at my dinner, and when Hall drives you home I hand you a check for—well, whatever we decide. Thanks, Mrs. Bucket," Rogers said, with a careless nod. He picked up his magnifying glass, studied a stamp attentively. "There's only one thing I'd want you to do, Geraldine," he went on when they were alone, "and that's to get Mrs. Pollock—Mrs. Havens she is now—wondering about you. That's all. I want her to ask herself, 'Who's this girl Rogers seems to know so well?' Just be easy, just refer anything that stumps you to me. She's thirty-four—Aline is—and she's jealous as the devil. She's always wanted to know everything, wanted to be first. And by the way, you mustn't mention Vere. You're my friend that night."

"I'll not mention Vere," Dina agreed somberly.

"Meanwhile I'll write Caroline—Vere's mother. I'll stir her up a little, see what's going on. It won't accomplish anything, though."

"And you think," she said anxiously, "that I might go on to New Haven and see him? You think that's what I ought to do?"

He looked thoughtful for a moment,

*(Continued on page 49)*

**Cape Cod sailing suit of blue with contrasting color slide fas On his feet, blue canvas slipper rubber soles. Next, tan knitted trunks and long-sleeved white shirt with contrasting color a new version of the old swea**

# Just for Fun

**By Henry L. Jacks**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE MO

**: at Florida resorts last winter, the yellow long-shirt jacket worn with blue slacks and blue suède led moccasins. This is for general informal lounge cation wear. Next, a light tan shirt-and-slack out-rating the new shirt jacket with long sleeves and ckets. A favorite for play purposes, it is generally ith a colorful silk scarf. Norwegian peasant shoes**

**For cooler weather, a yellow loafer coat made in shirt style and worn with rust-color slacks and three-tone crew-neck cotton lisle shirt. Also popular are the chamois-color California slippers and the colorful string belt. Skipping the girl, a beach shirt of terrycloth with pull-over collar and short tan gabardine boxer-type swimming trunks**

**The California influence on beach styles grows stronger each season, the newest style from Palm Springs this season being the two-tone trunks of rubberized fabric, meant for active swimming. Another fashion which spread from the West Coast, although originally from Hawaii, is the Hawaiian swimming trunks in this season's boxer-type model**

WHEREVER you go this summer you're likely to need dark glasses, because the average beach or mountain resort is going to look like an explosion in a paint store. Color's the thing for 1941's summer vacationers.

Take bathing suits: Out in Hawaii for years the surf boys have been wearing red, yellow, blue and green flower-patterned swim trunks. Returning tourists brought the idea to the Pacific Coast; from there it hopped eastward to beaches from Maine to Florida. Fancy pants decorate the sands from Diamond Head to Cape Cod.

Any color or combination is good—the more violent the better. Styles? form-fitting trunks of rubberized fabric, or wool. If you're not proud of your physique, better stick to the cut-and-sewn fabric type. Tans and blues are good colors. For serious swimmers, there is the boxer trunks, like those worn by prize fighters: Shirred waistband, brief legs—ideal for freedom in the water.

For beach wear, toweling shirts are swell—light, absorbent, good-looking. Newest is the California-type pull-over. Easy on the feet are rope-soled beach shoes, which are adapted from those worn by French peasants. For around formal pools, rubber sandals—they won't skid and they come in various

That fixes you for the beach. For golf, cycling, fishing, sailing or just lounging, shirt and slacks make almost a uniform. Tan's a favorite color; so are blue and green. Or you can let yourself go with contrasts—blue slacks and yellow shirt. It's quite all right.

If you golf or fish, you'll probably like two sorts of sports shirts: Short-sleeved ones for some occasions; long sleeves for sun protection. Or you may want to join the S.O.Y.S. club—Shirt Outside Your Slacks. You'll find shirts of many colors and materials, finished off with pockets instead of tails. In slightly heavier material this becomes a loafer jacket, worn loosely, often over a cotton lisle crew-neck half-sleeved shirt. Solid colors or checks for the coat, as you wish.

On the New England Coast the denim suit is popular. Originally it was for sailing; now it's for general wear, made into the familiar shirt and slacks. In blue, mostly, like farm overalls.

Most slacks come with a matching belt—and a great many men discard the belt and wear something more contrastive. Just a matter of taste. Along with the slacks go Norwegian peasant shoes, or something equally comfortable.

When you pick your summer vacation clothes, get them light in weight, comfortable in cut, colorful—and still more colorful. If you can't find what you want, write to us. We'll help. ★★★

# Night Engagement

By Margery Sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"But that's my Doris down there," I say, "and this lady's Arthur"

THE trouble with this shelter life (said Mrs. Catchpole) is that a girl doesn't get a chance to make steady friends. All the regulars bringing their wives and families, nice young fellows just passing through on leave, here today and gone tomorrow, a girl doesn't know where to turn.

Take my Doris: time and again she's come back to our corner and said, "Mum, there's ever such a nice young fellow just been chatting to me, but he isn't a regular." "Bring him over," I say, "and let's have a look at him." So she brings him over, and we pass a pleasant evening together, and then the minute the All Clear goes he says, "It's been a great pleasure meeting you, now I'm off to Aberdeen," and a fat lot of good that is to a girl that lives in South London.

"Take heart, Doris," I say, "there's a Mr. Right somewhere for you." "Not in *this* shelter," says Doris, "not for a girl that respects herself. I think I'll try the Tube." So the next night, soon as she's seen me settled, off she goes with half the sandwiches and a bottle of tea.

Well, I don't see her again till next morning when I find her at home in the scullery having a wash before she goes to work. "Well, Doris," I say, "how's the Tube?" "Well, Mum," she says, "I really can't tell. I met ever such a nice young fellow, works in the post office, stood me a cup of coffee and everything, only then a warden butted in, said I better look out, he had quite a name in the shelter and no companion for a girl that respects herself; so I can't tell."

"Will he be there tonight?" I ask. "Oh, yes," says Doris, "we made a date after the warden cleared off." "Then you better take me along with you," I say, "and let me have a look at him." So that night off we trek, bed and bedding, and there, sure enough, is Doris' new friend—ever such a nice young fellow, though not so young at that, and not what you'd call delighted to see me.

"Harry," says Doris, "this is Mum." "Pleased to meet you," I say, "perhaps we may offer you a sandwich?" "Thank you very much," says he, "perhaps in return I may offer you a coffee?" And off he goes to fetch it, and we never see him again. Well, Doris blames me, of course, says I oughtn't to have come in my curlers. Then she tells me she thinks she'll go along to the Fire Station and see if they want a mascot.

Well, she never got there, lucky as it turned out; they'd an Alsatian dog already; but what did happen was the blitz got something fierce, Doris popped into a cellar and down came the whole place on top of her. Well, I know nothing about it till she doesn't turn up in the morning. So round I trot to the Fire Station—that's when I found out about the dog—but they hadn't seen her. So then I went round and about, and I don't mind telling you I was worried to a rind, and at last I find a whole demolition squad digging Doris out. I know it's Doris because I can hear her voice faint through the ventilator.

"Are you all right, Doris?" I call. "Oh, yes, Mum," she says, "there's ever such a nice young fellow down here with me, works on the railway, and would you believe it, he knows Auntie Flo." "You bring him along," I say, "and let's have a word with him." So along he comes to the ventilator, and I call down again. "That's my daughter Doris," I say. "I'm her Mum, and when you get out I'll be pleased to meet you." "Mrs. Catchpole," he says, "that goes for me, too."

As I can't do anything, off I go to my sister Flo's. "Do you know any young fellow," I ask, "works on the railway?" "What name?" she asks. "I don't know his name," I say, "but he works on the railway and he's buried at this minute along of my Doris." "Well, that's either Ted Parker," she says, "married and three kids, or Arthur Greenway, nice young fellow lives with his mum." "Well, let's hope and pray it's Arthur," I tell her, and just in case, I think it would be a kind and neighborly act to go and have a word with Mrs. Greenway in case she doesn't know what's happened to him. And, sure enough, she doesn't, worried to a rind she was, and ever so glad to hear he was safe.

We had a cup of tea together, and I took a good look over the house, you could see there was steady money coming in, and Mrs. Greenway said the same. She said Arthur was one of the steadiest young fellows out, didn't go with the girls because he liked them steady and said that to find a girl that was steady was like getting a camel through the eye of a needle.

SO I tell her a bit more about Doris, how she was a girl that always respected herself and then off we go together to where they're still digging Doris and Arthur out. It's a different squad by this time, and a different officer, not a patch on the first, kept telling us to stand back because it was near black-out and if the blitz started there was no knowing what might happen.

"That's all very well," I say, "but that's my Doris down there, and this lady's Arthur, and we want to have a word with them." "You stand back and have a word with your Maker," he says, really hardly polite, "that's the best *you* can do." Well, I don't know about Mrs. Greenway, but as a matter of fact, I did do a bit of praying, it seemed so cruel on Doris if anything should happen to her just as things were looking up, and it may have been that or it may not, but just as the first Jerries came over one of the men crawled in through a hole and crawled out again dragging Doris after. And after them out crawled Arthur Greenway, and I dare say Mrs. Greenway was as glad as I was. They hadn't been hurt at all, so we went to the Greenways' and made some tea.

Well, by this time the blitz was in full swing, so I say to Doris, "Well, Doris, is it to be the Tube or the Shelter?" "Oh, no," says young Arthur, "we've got an Anderson in the yard; you must stay with us." "That's right," says Mrs. Greenway—I could tell she was a lady from the first; "you must stay with us like Arthur says." "Well, if we don't intrude," I say, "we're very grateful."

"You must come to us regular," says Arthur, "for I don't like to think of Miss Catchpole out in the blitz, or in a public shelter either, you never know who you may meet." "Oh, *I've* never met anyone," says Doris—and that was true enough, though not for want of trying. "Until last night," says Arthur, with a meaning look; and though maybe he didn't know his fate, I and Doris and his mum did all right, and it's lucky Mrs Greenway and me get on so well so the young people can have the place to themselves.

# WE SAW THE CIRCUS AT SUNRISE AND DISCOVERED THIS *NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!*

**1 HAVE YOU EVER SEEN** the circus come to town? We did last week. Nancy, Johnnie and I got up early in the morning and watched the circus train unload. We saw elephants pushing big, colorful wagons. Cages full of ferocious lions and tigers! Camels, giraffes, zebras. *My* . . . it was thrilling! You should have seen the children. Their eyes were as big as saucers . . .

**2 AS THE BIG TENTS** went up all around us, Johnnie complained he was hungry. You see, we hadn't had breakfast. I was about to tell him we would eat soon at home, when the nicest man stepped up and asked us to have breakfast with him. He was the Chef in charge of the circus dining tent, and had overheard Johnnie's remark about being hungry. I didn't know what to say. But Johnnie did . . . "Oh, boy," he exclaimed. "I'd *love* to eat with the circus . . ."

**3 WHAT A BREAKFAST** we had! Crisp Post Toasties, swimming in milk. M-m-m, they tasted *delicious*. The Chef said, "Lady, Post Toasties are more than swell-tasting corn flakes. They're mighty *easy* to digest, and packed with food values that give us circus people the quick-energy we need to start the day off right . . . More than that," he continued, "Post Toasties have got a lot of Vitamin $B_1$ in 'em that's so necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite. W-h-y-y, food experts say it's the 'missing vitamin' in America's diet. 3 out of every 4 people *don't get enough of it* in the food they eat daily. And Post Toasties are generously enriched with Vitamin $B_1$!"

**4 THINGS HAPPENED** at our house when we got back from the circus! The children got up a circus of their own. And *I* quickly got a package of the *new* Post Toasties. And, believe me, we've been enjoying Post Toasties ever since. Johnnie and Nancy *love* the rich corn flakes flavor. I'm crazy about Post Toasties, too. They give my family *real* nourishment, *plus* precious Vitamin $B_1$ . . . yet they cost surprisingly little!

A Post Cereal made by General Foods

## ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

**FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!**

• *Actual color photograph—Andrew Wright shows a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.*

# "I keep track of who pays what—

**"—and I know Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter, milder tobaccos!" says Andrew Wright, independent leaf buyer of Kernersville, N. C.**

"I'm right in the front row at the tobacco auctions—and I can tell you it's Luckies that go after the lighter, milder leaf and pay the price to get it. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, like most other buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen!"

Everybody knows you get what you pay for . . . and Luckies consistently pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike!

LUCKY STRIKE "IT'S TOASTED" CIGARETTES

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

# Po-Chile No More

## ly Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

**hat one little weddin' present did to Po-Chile, no decided he wanted to git married up with a gal**

FOR more than ten years, now, Po-Chile Albright had been a problem to Giles. The foreman of Little Bee nd plantation, however, had accepted lad's shortcomings with a light, tolnt indulgence not characteristic of attitude toward others. Giles knew t Po-Chile had to be treated as a cial case even by the man who had to ervise the work of sixty-odd famiof cotton croppers.

Po-Chile, a huge, gawky, slow-gaited th of eighteen, encountered the foren in the wagon shed. It was dead of nmer, the plowing was done and evbody was waiting for cotton to open. es was readying the wagons that uld haul it to the gin.

'Mist' Giles," Po-Chile said without amble, "I wants to git married up."

The foreman grinned. "Well, Poile, you don't want to git married up me, does you?"

Po-Chile looked solemnly around. awsuh," he said. "I wants to git mard up wid a gal."

'Dat's diff'unt," Giles said. "You kin rry up wid any gal you wants to, for er me. Whyn't you ax her?"

'I did. But she won't."

Giles laughed. "Who she?"

'Grant's Little Livvy," Po-Chile told n. "I axed her and she tole me naw."

'And what must I do?"

'You pass de word," Po-Chile sugsted. "You make Grant make Little vvy—"

'Nawp, Po-Chile," the foreman said. don't mind he'pin' you over de rough ces. But you got to be man enough git yo' own gal."

'I'm is a man," Po-Chile said uncernly. "I'm bigger'n some mens."

'In de body, yes," Giles admitted. ut, Po-Chile, sometimes I b'lieves u stayed wid de chilluns in yo' mind."

Po-Chile studied that a few minutes. assuh," he said, but he didn't underand what the foreman meant. "Efn u ain't gonter he'p me git married up, u might gimme a little somethin' for weddin' present."

Giles chuckled as he reached into his cket. "Hyar," he offered. "Hyar's o bits for you."

Po-Chile looked disappointed.

"Boy, dat's a special kind er quarter," les told him. "Hit's lucky. You put in yo' pocket and keep hit and long you got dat two bits, you always got oney. Now, git along."

"Thanky, Mist' Giles," Po-Chile said.

Giles momentarily dismissed the boy om his mind, but for the last ten ars Po-Chile had not been out of the reman's mind for long. From the first, les knew Po-Chile was a mistake, but e Widow Duck had outtalked him.

It was during the low price of cotton hen times got too tight up in the hills, d a number of children were taken in the river-bottom croppers. There s a long, involved tale of relationship tached to Po-Chile: he was the cousin the aunt of somebody who had died f, and he needed a home.

The Widow Duck explained it to the reman.

"Times is too tight to take in strays," les had ruled. "We ain't hardly got enough to feed we's own. Let alone dem hongry hill niggers."

The Widow Duck squinted her eyes at the foreman. "Giles," she told him, "you got a haid like a rock and a heart like a marble stone. De Book say, 'A soft heart keepeth down grass but a stingy soul—' "

"I ain't stingy," Giles denied.

"Nor neither Ole Rich Man Dives wa'n't *raley* stingy," she pointed out. "Ole Rich Man Dives gave might' nigh all de crumbs dat fell offn his table to Ole Laz'us—'cept what de dogs et."

"A hill nigger," Giles argued, "will do half as much work and twice as much eatin' as a river-bottom man."

"But dis is sech a *po'* chile," she pleaded.

"De hills is full er po' chiles," Giles reminded her. "You jest git out and yell 'Po' chile!' and you'll git run over wid 'em."

"Dis po' chile comed f'm up around Albright," the Widow Duck calmly went on. "Le's name him Po-Chile Albright and gi' him to Reub and Sugar. Dey ain't got no chilluns."

"Nawp," Giles disagreed. "We'll gi' him to Grant and Livvy. Dey got twenty-six head er young'uns and one mo' won't be no skin offn dey back."

TROUBLE started at once. Grant complained that Po-Chile was puny about his food. "But I kotched him eatin' dirt outn de chimney jam. And I won't have no dirt eater round my house."

"Feed him fish, you fool," Giles said. "You knows eatin' plenty er dem gars outn de bayou will cyore any dirt eater dat's ever been bawn."

"I ain't got time outn my crop to go fishin' jest now," Grant objected.

"Den git him a bottle er cod-liver oil," Giles suggested. "I hyared tell dat'll cyore a dirt eater might' nigh good as fish will."

"Who gonter pay for dat cod-liver oil?"

Giles considered. Four-cent cotton had left every family in debt. The bossman was having trouble with the man at the bank and the rule was: nothing but necessities, and not many of those.

"Po-Chile was brang hyar by de Widow Duck," Giles said, "and she in debt same as ev'ybody else. But Mis' Duck is de Big Lady I-Am over at Ole Ship er Zion Church. Maybe I kin saw hit off on de church."

He rode over to the blacksmith shop and called the one-legged preacher from the forge. "Charlie," he asked, "how much money you got laid by in de church treasury?"

B'r Charlie wrinkled his brow. "Lemme see," he ruminated. "I b'lieve us got 'bout eighty-six cents. Maybe eighty-seven. I drapped a copper on de flo' and hit rolled under de—"

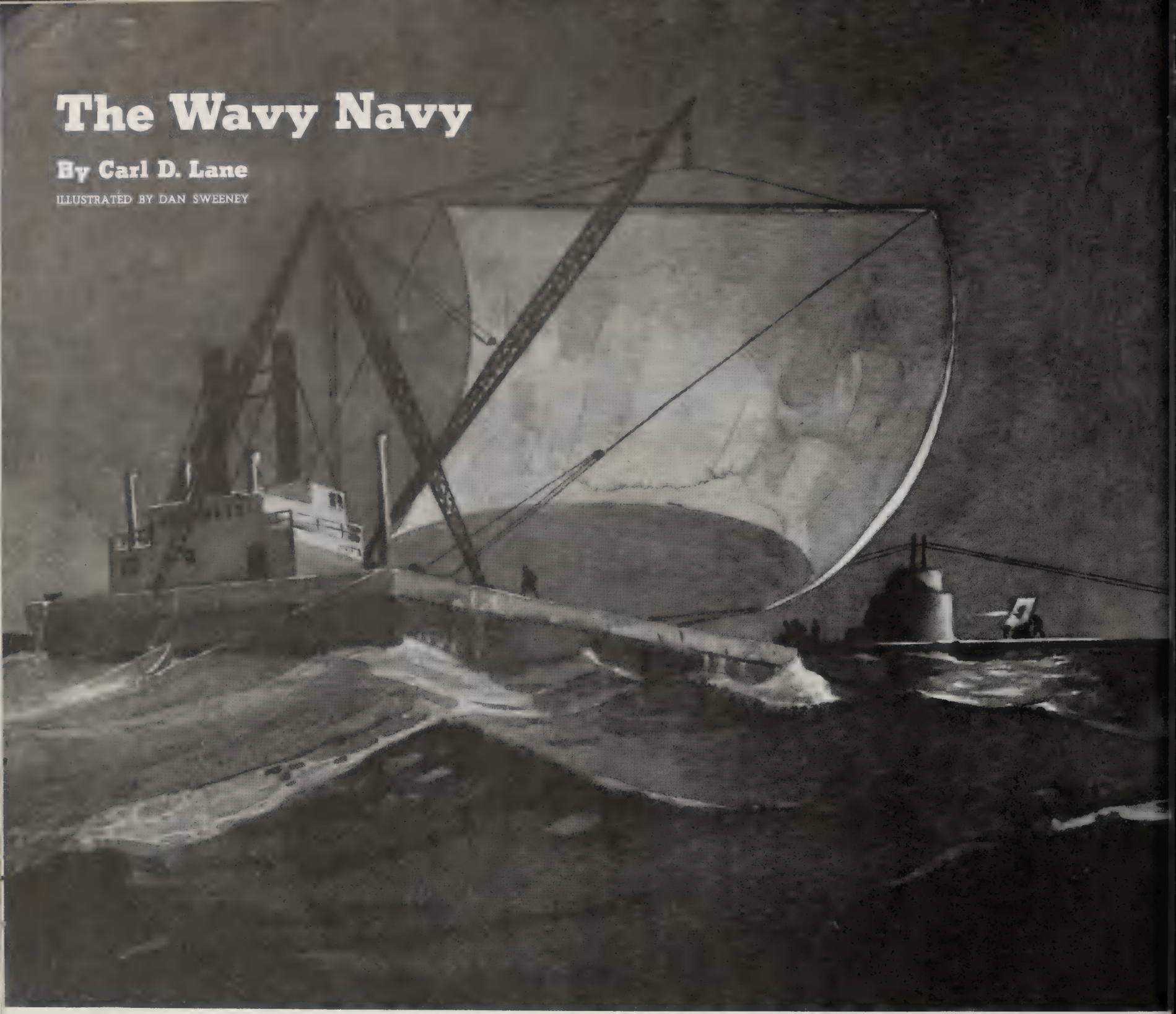
*(Continued on page 36)*

**Po-Chile felt a glow of self-importance. He walked over to the bar. "Gimme a pint er wine," he said with what he hoped was casual gruffness**

# The Wavy Navy

By Carl D. Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



**The scow bore down on the sea-rolled sub. Figures ran from her decks answering the cry of the dive alarm. But it was too late for the submarine to dive**

**They were only amateur seamen in the service of Britain, but they beat the best professionals that the enemy sent against them**

THE British derrick scow Utility 116, in tow, Yarmouth to an unknown port in war-torn England, wallowed in the wake of the tug at a dreary five knots an hour. The North Atlantic skies were sullen and leaden. Harry Fenton's noon dead reckoning had placed them well south of the spring ice, just touching 15 West. 15 West meant the opening of the tug's sealed orders. And submarines. A man could be pretty certain of that.

Fenton stood hawser watch forward, his chin buried in his reefer. Above him the plain Red Duster of the merchant navy hung in frozen folds, two-blocked in the trusswork of the shear legs, for the scow was being towed backward, her giant steel boom, now lashed to deck horses, trailing a hundred feet over her sluggish wake.

"Tug's making signals, sir," the lookout called.

Fenton could see the code hoist in the Diesel smudge over the blunt bow. In the lever-bristling winch house that they'd come to think of as the bridge, Sid Colby, the signal warrant, stirred, clapping his glasses on the hoist.

"Will it be a convoy, sir?" the lookout asked. "Below has been speculating."

Below was bookkeepers and shop clerks and salesmen and college youngsters who'd sailed small-class boats and fussed with outboard motors at pleasant yacht clubs. They were yachtsmen, the Royal Volunteer Naval Reserve; wearing the distinguishing wavy insignia braid instead of the straight stripe of the regular service. "The Wavy Navy," Fenton had excused them, not thinking much of them. Perhaps for this ignoble detail, freeing real seamen, they'd pass but he'd hate to have them on a fighting ship, facing gunfire.

Fenton, like the Old Man, was a full reserve officer with a chevron from the last war, proud of his service under the White Ensign and his reserve years under the Blue. He didn't believe that a social group could be much use to the Royal Navy. But he wouldn't have said that to the Old Man.

"We're getting orders now," Fenton told the lookout. "Scared?"

"Oh, no, sir," the boy said. "But . . . but five knots in this crate . . . it's not much in the sub zone, sir."

"Not much," Fenton agreed grimly, "but England needs this scow. They might even need us enough to send a convoy."

Fenton hoped so. He wanted only to reach England and a real ship.

The Old Man's mess stood suddenly at his side, saluting awkwardly. "Nate wants you, sir," the boy said.

"Did he send his message that way?" Fenton demanded.

"No, sir," mess said, and flushed. "Skipper's compliments, sir," he amended. "Staff officers to attend at once, sir."

"That's better," Fenton growled. "You're in the real navy now, lad. My respects to Commander Elliot; I'll be there."

THAT was the trouble with 'em, Fenton thought. They still thought they were sailing yachts, all good fellows, with a pleasant run to log and not a thing to stop them. And the Old Man was just like them in some ways, forgetting what he'd learned the last time, remembering always that these untried chaps were neighbors and club members and racing crews.

Fenton went aft. Or was it forward? No man could make bow or stern out of this outlandish box which Nate Elliot commanded. Colby was already in the winch house, leaning over the decoding book with the Old Man, worry creasing their faces. Convoy or not, they'd need fool's luck to land this thing in Britain.

The Old Man's mild blue eyes traveled the decoded message hungrily, with a strange expectancy. But his eyes suddenly welled with disappointment. Silently he handed Fenton the message.

"It's Bristol," he said after a moment, "to the basin for general utility. I was hoping"—the Old Man didn't look directly at them—"I was hoping we'd take on a gun and go on Q duty."

Colby gasped. Even Fenton, ten years older and tougher, stared. Q service! A hidden gun on that scow and a twenty-to-one chance of living while a U-boat sniffed you out with test fire. If you were alive and afloat when she stole in and opened hatches, leaving herself vulnerable, you might get in a few shots.

*(Continued on page 40)*

# Step into this New Chrysler and Fluid Drive away for the motoring thrill of a lifetime!

Do yourself a favor... try Chrysler's *Fluid Drive.* See how much easier it is... how much smoother it is... how much simpler, safer, pleasanter! Why shift gears? Why pump a clutch? Why buy a new car and still have to drive the old-fashioned way? A Chrysler dealer near you is eager to give you a test. Please phone him! **BE MODERN**

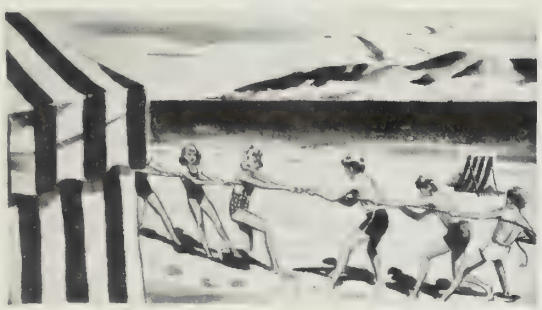
**Buy Chrysler!**

**WITH FLUID DRIVE AND VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION**

# Safest under the Sun

***TIRES DON'T SUNBURN. THEY HEAT-BURN***

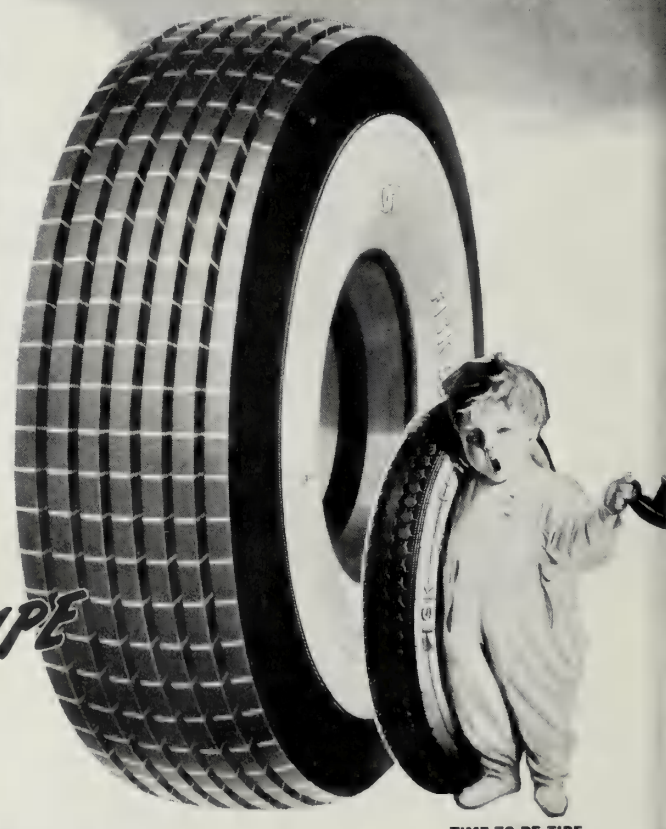
It's *heat* that "burns up" rubber, that causes tires to wear nearly twice as fast in the summer as they do in the winter. It's *heat* that causes more blowouts and tire troubles during the summer, too. The new Fisk Safti-Flight is built to *resist heat,* to give you more anti-skid mileage, more blowout protection.



**GRIP!** Each of the seven ribs of the Fisk *Safety Stripe Tread* is actually an endless, anti-skid chain of individual tread blocks linked together by white strips of flexible cushion rubber (inlaid to the full depth of the ribs). As you step on the brake these tread blocks pile up against each other in a continuous wedging action—grip the road, stop you quicker.

**HEAT PROTECTION!** Outside heat from sun-baked roads plus inside heat generated by constant flexing may cause ply-separation and blowouts. In the new Fisk Safti-Flight tire, the anti-friction cotton cords are safety-sealed in pure latex to resist this destructive heat! (The Safti-Flight Super Rayon tire, at extra cost, runs even cooler, gives greater blowout protection—especially at high speeds.)

**A SMOOTH, FLOATING RIDE!** The independent spring action of each tread block in the *Safety Stripe Tread absorbs* road bumps, gives you a noiseless, floating ride that's as smooth as flying. And this wide, flat tread of tough wear-resisting compound, puts more rubber on the road, adds thousands of miles of service.



LOOK FOR THE SAFETY STRIPE TREAD

TIME TO RE-TIRE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"GET A FISK"

# The New FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT

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FISK TIRES, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. • DIVISION OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

# Advance Agent

Continued from page 12

uses would be searched. He found a d sign which said, "Cornwall 22 les," and he walked southwestward. e fields were dark, the stars dim, the rking of farm dogs was melancholy. thought that this would be a pleas- t walk for a man who wasn't risking liberty on it. And a man who was s sleepy.

A car passed. Five minutes later the hts of another one found him; it wed down and while his skin crawled cast a swift glance at the roadside; driver said, "Want a lift?" He said, o, thanks—just going to the next use." He didn't like the pounding of heart—above all he must be calm. the next patch of woods he left the d, hoping there would be no dogs— d, for that matter, no cows. A hun- d yards in, he lay down behind some derbrush. He heard a truck going by, wrists throbbed, and he fell asleep.

He woke at dawn cold to the very nes, his clothes sodden with dew. To- y would settle it—and at dawn, with- t breakfast, the hours ahead looked inous with the chance of disaster. muttered, "You've been lucky so far keep going," and could at last ex- ine himself. His legs were bruised dely, his forearms were pitted with avel, his knees stiff, his bad wrist ollen. He found Gordon on his road ap; if it was twenty-two miles from rnwall then he must be seventeen or hteen. But the St. Lawrence looked ry wide at Cornwall. To the westward narrowed, but the farther west he nt, the more time he would consume. thought hard, measuring distances th a fingernail. He would try to get a place called Prescott. What if he nd a welcoming committee? He rugged. Think fast and trust your k.

He got coffee, doughnuts and ciga- tes at a roadside stand at half past ven. Half an hour later a surly French *bitant* gave him a lift in a market ck for some miles. Then for an hour one wanted to pick him up.

The sun was intolerable, he had had o little food and sleep and too much tchfulness; his eyes swam and his gs trembled. A truck disregarded his umb. Another one, a succession of rs, two more trucks. A girl driving a adster honked him out of the way. hen an ancient touring car stopped.

"I'm goin' as far as Cornwall," the hiskered driver said. "If that's any lp to you get in."

ND in the town of Windham, Berk- shire County, Massachusetts . . .

It had been an eventful summer for bigail Heath Armstrong, the most ventful, most troubled time since she d come back here, a widow, five years go. She had been swept out of her iet way of life into turbulent emo- ons, she had put away inconspicuous- ess to touch the edge of notoriety, and e peace of mind she had known for ve years had gone down before a di- mma that was nearing crisis. Was she love with Lynn Scovil? Was she go- g to marry him? Were her emotions ghting a losing battle with her good ense? In the war summer was it pos- ble to know herself?

Five years ago Gerald Armstrong had ied of alcoholism after running through is estate, and Gail had used his insur- nce—all that was left—to buy an old hite house back from the common in e town where she was born. She had tarted a bookstore whose principal pa- rons were the girls of Martha Case Col- ege for Women, two or three miles out from Windham. A couple of years later she had added a sweater and lingerie shop, and both enterprises had pros- pered moderately. Everything was moderate with Gail Armstrong now, and the hope was that, in the little Berk- shire town, everything would be mod- erate for the rest of her life.

BUT that expectation had left out of account the war, and Lynn Scovil, and Lynn Scovil's daughter. Six months ago it had become clear that he was falling in love with her. There had been exhilaration in that, for he was a na- tional figure, his face familiar in roto- gravures and on movie screens, his voice challenging on the radio, a firebrand, a rebel and a friend of rebels—fanatically admired by many, denounced and hated by hundreds of thousands. Before long it was clear that she might easily fall in love with him, and with that possibility her quiet ended and turmoil began.

**"—and, in closing this round-table discussion, I believe we agree that this war—as others before it—will be followed by a period of peace"**

JOHN RUGE

How could she know? The emotions that centered on him were too complex. There was the glamor of his public life, the crowds that hailed him, the vigor of his causes and the vehemence of his life. And there was the far greater ap- peal to Gail Armstrong that she could be a private strength to a man who swam against the current, was envied by the weak and small, was neither dis- mayed nor turned aside by the fury of his enemies. Gail hated many of his causes, and was terrified by some of them, but clearly she could not hate him.

For instance, a mass meeting in Springfield, ten days ago: Gail sat in a box, by turns appalled, spellbound, ap- prehensive and proud—while the big audience roared and swirled to his ora- tory, broke into frenzies of applause, or hissed and booed so violently that you expected them to swarm over the footlights after him. It took great cour- age to stand before any audience, this summer, and make such a speech—to de- nounce the war and argue for peace and isolation. Some years ago he had been called a Red, now the term Isolationist did the same duty, and both words car- ried a curse. Gail watched and listened, her fists doubled, her pulses hammer- ing, her whole body tense—and was chilled by the fear that he might be mobbed, and warmed by the knowledge that he had made love to her and wanted to marry her, that her five years' drought might end in his arms. Dark and ath- letic, his eyes flashing, his voice dy- namic, he stood there defying the boos, disdaining the applause, working his way toward a tremendous climax. Be- fore he finished there were disturbances in the audience, even fist fights, and at the end the police had to escort him to his car and clear a path for it through a yelling crowd that seemed on the point of stoning it.

Gail joined him at an appointed ren- dezvous; he sent his chauffeur back to Windham by train and drove her home. He was exultant, borne up on a gale of excitement, his voice vibrant. But Gail was caught in the dilemma that the summer had made habitual. She was exalted and she was scared; she re- sponded to his magnetism and some- thing withheld her from surrendering to it. That heroic figure in the foot- lights defying the world roused her admiration, her loyalty, her protective- ness. And something in his love of those same footlights, some preening pride in notoriety, repelled her. He talked in a great flood of words, oratory running on even in the car—and she was with- drawn, critical, cold. But he stopped the car and swept her into his arms— and doubt left her, her lips clung to his, her pulses drummed, and she was near surrender. Nearer than he knew— nearer, a last atom of caution insisted on telling her, than she must let him know.

SHE was wary. "Why, yes, Lynn," she said, with forced calm. "It's known that you're expert at making love. All the newspapers have said so. You've proved it to me before now. But it's easy to make love to a woman who has lived alone for five years."

He was also expert in knowing Gail Armstrong. He knew when gentleness was best and he knew when urgency would stir her more. So now he let his exultation fade into a calm, grave con- fidence. "If that's all," he said quietly, "what's wrong with your pulse at this moment?"

"You've made many pulses flutter. It's not so simple!"

"It's as simple as stretching out your hand."

That was a skillful phrase. But it reminded her that skillful phrases were his profession, and when he reached for her again she moved away. So an equally skillful mockery touched his voice: "It's true, you've lived alone too long, Gail. You're spinsterish—you're as scared of your emotions as a young girl."

She would take that taunt to bed with her tonight, for it echoed her own doubts and self-derision. But she said, "Or maybe I just shrink from your career, Lynn. You're spectacular as a martyr, and women have the feeblest defense against martyrs. But most of what you said tonight I hate with all my heart."

Instantly he was making a speech, a fine, exalted speech, but still a formal oration: "What have you and I got to do with the war? We should find refuge from it in each other. We should be a high peak above it—a distant island which it cannot touch. That's what I want from you, Gail—security of soul, the war shut out, the quiet of us two alone and all the world forgotten."

Words! Still, they echoed her hope— and her dilemma. She was eager to be- lieve him, she instinctively rejected him, she scorned his rhetoric, she re- membered the ardor of his lips, she resented what he stood for, she longed to protect him. It had been that way all spring and all summer—and slowly her resistance was ebbing away. She divined how it would end—and strug- gled to postpone the end.

SHE should have heard the talk in another automobile, in which his daughter Constance was driving home from that mass meeting with Bill Jay, the New York newspaperman who had come to Windham to recuperate from pneumonia. . . . It was Connie Scovil, in fact, who had precipitated the turbu- lence of this summer. Till a little before Christmas Gail had known Connie only as a freshman at Martha Case College, one of many who liked to spend late afternoons or evenings in the bookshop, talking with Gail, with one another, with members of the faculty who also used the shop as a kind of club. Then one day Connie had appeared there, flying a high color in her cheeks, and said, "I've got to have a job. You've got to give me one." She had quarreled with her father, the climax of many quarrels, and would no longer accept support from him. Years ago her mother had di- vorced him; when she died, Connie had gone back to live with him; now she would live with him no more. She would have a scholarship at Martha Case next year and Gail could give her a job. So Gail had hired her, and when summer came Connie had come to live in the bookshop, still rebellious, still refusing to lead the life of a rich man's daughter.

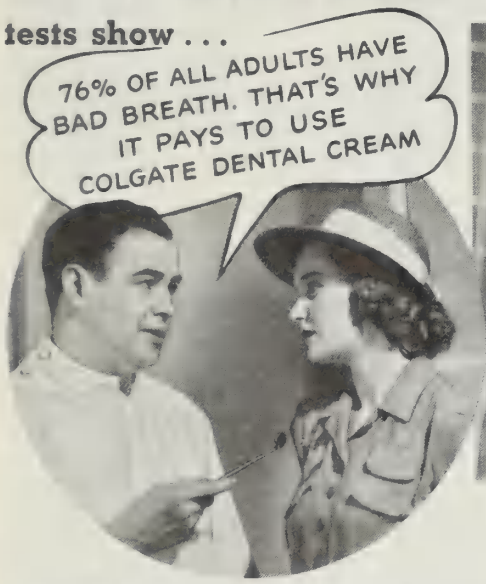
It was that rebellion that had led to the intimacy between Gail and Lynn Scovil. Before that she had had only the slightest acquaintance with him— he had merely been one of the rich men who owned the big estates near Wind- ham. Now he was a man trying hard, if ineffectively, to understand his daugh- ter, and she was the woman who had taken her in—and presently Gail Arm- strong had been swept out of the peaceful shallows into the full turbu- lence. . . .

So now, driving back from the Spring- field mass meeting, Connie was tense and scornful. "Why don't they clap him into jail? How long is America going to sit back and let guys like him make speeches like that? Why don't they do something?"

Bill just grinned—she had never been

**BAD BREATH NEVER TELEGRAPHS ITS PUNCHES!**

**It just up and flattens your pride when you least suspect it. So take good care your friends can't say that YOU have bad breath! Remember, recent tests show . . .**



"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

See for yourself how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive, smile! Enjoy its flavor . . . its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

able to make him see that her father was dangerous. "He ain't important, Toots. Just a ham actor that missed his destiny. He'd wow Broadway. Still better, he'd make a swell tenor. Give him an orchestra and a Pagliacci suit and he'd lay them in the aisles. He'd be happier too—more mash notes and fewer Bronx cheers in his press notices."

Connie pounded her fist on the cushion. "That's what you think—and it's a terrible mistake! He's as dangerous as possible. All those red, pink and pale rose societies he used to run with. Weren't they dangerous? Wasn't he dangerous as a fellow traveler? Isn't he dangerous now, sowing confusion and disorder? I tell you—"

"No," Bill said, "to be dangerous he'd have to be bright—and he isn't bright, Connie. Your pa is just a dumb cluck with a voice like a bull fiddle. Just a beautiful ham with a beautiful voice. He's just in the spotlight business. Let him sing his song—he won't hurt anyone."

"And," she wailed, taking another tack, "it's fifty to one Gail will fall for that voice and marry him. I can't take it!"

"You don't issue the marriage licenses in Berkshire County or write balm for lonely hearts," he pointed out. "If Gail wants to marry into the headlines, just be thankful you've got a pretty stepmother."

For a moment Connie almost hated him. It was bad enough for Bill Jay not to take her father seriously. But it was far worse that she hadn't been able to make Bill take her seriously. . . .

Gail had been amusedly watching that one-sided romance ever since Bill Jay arrived in Windham. She had known him casually in New York; he liked to loaf at the bookshop, and Connie had been assailing him with every weapon in her formidable armament, flaunting and flinging herself at him, tempting, taunting, inviting and scorning him. Bill showed no sign of weakening under the assault. He treated Connie with amiable impersonality, swam and played tennis with her, let her divert his convalescence and infuriated her by remaining completely uninflammable.

IT WAS chiefly in Bill Jay's presence that Connie dared to discuss openly the problem of Gail and Lynn Scovil which was, Gail well knew, disturbing her almost as much as it disturbed Gail. "When an act of God widows a woman out of the parasitic class," Connie would say, stretched prone on a rug or a counter, her blond curls falling over her forehead, "well, wouldn't you think she'd try to stay out of it? But no! Here's a guy who loves the poor on a hundred thousand a year, who never did a day's honest work—and this brown-eyed limp-brain is thinking of marrying him!"

Bill grinned at Gail. "You're a parasite, see? They pick up words like that at college. It's pretty easy not to be a parasite."

"All right!" Connie said explosively. "She's not a parasite—she sells books and corsets. Put it this way. She's twenty-eight and universally admired. She's got a figure like one of her own corset ads. Men love to drown in her eyes. She gives off that high-voltage come-hither that is exactly what we unfortunates haven't got at all. She could marry anybody. So she picks a man who would be a traitor if he had just a little more nerve."

Gail's prompt anger rose to that word, which she had heard plenty of others apply to Lynn Scovil. "It's not treason to think more calmly than you do, Connie," she said. "Be tiresome if you will, but don't be a fool."

"Don't take my word for it!" Connie took a book from the shelves and flourished it at Gail.

It was Bill Jay's book. A year ago he had done a series of articles for the New York Globe on subversive movements. Now, as "The Enemy within Our Gates," they had been reprinted as a book, and Gail knew by heart the chapter which was the one note of comedy in it. For Bill Jay had treated all other topics with deadly seriousness but when he came to Lynn Scovil he had called the chapter, "Christopher Robin and Winnie the Red," and had treated Lynn as a character of farce. Lynn Scovil, Bill said, was anybody's fellow traveler who could make the headlines, a setup and a fall guy, a rich man who loved Russia on space rates and would love any other Utopia that could get publicity—a sucker who would pay big money for any new letterhead and any chance to make a speech in public. Bill Jay could not number him among the national dangers; rather, he was one of the national side shows and should be exhibited between the living skeleton and the tattooed lady. . . . It was viciously unfair journalism but beneath the caricature was just enough truth to sharpen Gail's conflict.

SHE was angry at Connie for appealing to the book now, but Bill Jay moved to relieve her. "Toots," he said, "if I bought a skirt for you, would you stop wearing pants?"

Connie forsook treason to take up a theme much nearer her heart: "Are you beginning to think of me as fragile and feminine? Giving me presents would be going pretty far, Bill. It would commit you."

"Just to improving Windham. Like planting flowers."

"I must be getting somewhere at last." Connie pulled her gray flannel slacks tight over hips that were conspicuously without a flaw.

But Bill just grinned. "The left one falls two full inches lower than the right, like a step. A skirt would cover up deformities like that. Only your best friends would know how knock-kneed you are."

"Don't you think that's compromising, Gail? When they start talking about your legs, I mean. Bill is an extremely moral reporter—he must have marriage in mind. It's the mating instinct."

"It's the instinct that makes a man paint the back porch."

"That's right, struggle hard—you're going down for the third time, the second time, anyway. Skirts!—Bill, that's either very, very personal or else it's downright lewd. . . . He takes things so hard," she explained to Gail. "The poor lamb keeps trying to get a commission somewhere. No dice—he's twenty pounds underweight. So he keeps trying to enlist. But he's still underweight. Naturally he turns to me and the softer emotions. Isn't he sweet?"

It was an outrageous foray against Bill's deepest humiliation—Gail knew how intensely he wanted to get into the Army. He scowled, and Connie was delighted. "Somebody has to be the civilization that gets saved," she pointed out. "Preserve America's family life and you save America. Go on, Bill, be patriotic—we could be a marvelous family."

"No sale. Ask the boss if you can play a set of tennis."

"Gail loves to give our romance a helping hand. . . . If you get mad when I beat you, it will be a dead giveaway."

"Put on one of Gail's skirts."

"No, I'm shy about showing my legs. I'll wear some shorts."

Connie went upstairs—the lower floor of the old house was occupied by the two stores and a kitchen. Alone with Bill, Gail came back to Connie's slu

She yielded to an impulse: "Bill, what do you really think about Lynn?"

Bill Jay was tall and skinny, narrow-faced, homely, hard to read. "Peace, it's wonderful," he said flippantly. "And doesn't a peace offensive bring together the darnedest bedfellows? There's serious money in it for some, power for others and great big headlines for orators. I can't prescribe for your heart, Gail. I'm quite sure he's incapable of doing anything dangerous. But I don't know how much longer this country can afford to let rich clowns enjoy their fun."

It was a hard, cold judgment to offset Connie's—the clown or the traitor. And there were other elements in Gail's indecision and Connie's anxiety. One evening Connie wandered into Gail's room and talked too hopefully and a little desperately—talked round and round the subject till she dared walk straight up to it. "It's swell to live with you," she said, "it's swell to have you around, but I'm darned if I want you for a stepmother." She doubled her tanned fists. "Gail, it's all wrong, he isn't up to you—you mustn't—it's a mistake you simply must not make."

Gail faced her coldly, but her own conflict was riotous within. "Why is it all wrong?"

Connie turned hard too: "His ego is just short of screwy—and you're mad too, if you don't admit it. He stands for everything you hate—how can you be in love with him? Well, say we don't mention that. All right, then—" she paused before taking the hurdle. "Still, how can you bear to be the successor of . . . oh, nuts, who do I think I am? The pastor of the First Church?" Half heartbroken, she stalked away to her own room.

"How can you bear to be the successor of . . . ?" Gail had no trouble finishing the question Connie had broken off. How can you bear to be the successor of Mathilde Winkler? Connie's mother had divorced Lynn Scovil, but all the rotogravure sections that printed Mathilde Winkler's picture and all the gossip columns that chronicled her activities knew that Mathilde had not even married him. Mathilde Winkler belonged to the strange and dying world of the international rich, that other world which Lynn moved in as naturally as he moved among the radicals who hated it. The curious group without meaning or place or even nationality, who had only Palm Beach left now, and Nassau, and Long Island, and Fifty-second Street.

BLOND, cosmopolitan, beautiful, Mathilde was indeed part of Gail's uncertainty. Before this summer she would have been just as incredulous as Connie that she could calmly contemplate succeeding such a woman.

So one night, a week or so after the Springfield mass meeting, Lynn himself finished the question that Connie had left unfinished. As if the time had come to force the issue. As if her hoped-for summer of forgetfulness and companionship must be finally disposed of. As if he would no longer be put off with subterfuges but would force her to make up her mind.

"Be honest, Gail," he said, when, as usual, they had advanced, retreated and evaded till she was half angry and half frustrated. "If you weren't in love with me, you wouldn't have to deny it to yourself so frantically. What is it that holds you back? Is it Mathilde?"

Nothing was so simple as that, and how could she possibly know? She had as many doubts of herself as of him. Maybe her unhappy marriage had made her afraid of any marriage. Maybe he was right in calling her spinsterish—maybe she was timorous, virginal, cold. But certainly she was no prude!

"I'm not a child, Lynn. Nor a schoolgirl. Nor a . . . nun."

"I haven't so much as seen her all year. We haven't—she hasn't meant anything to me for a long time. You know that. You know you've made me forget there is such a woman."

NO DOUBT she wanted to believe that—but it did not come near the real conflict. Not hoping to say it better now than many times before, she said, "I'd marry you, Lynn. Or I'd—not marry you, I'd simply live with you. Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"I've known you a little for years. I've known you better for six or eight months. And the rock-bottom truth is that I don't know anything about you. I don't trust you and a good part of you scares me."

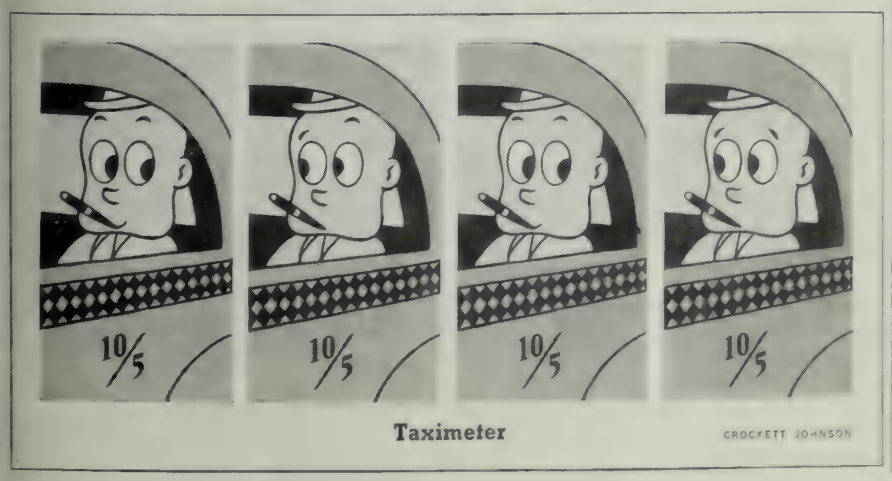
She roused in him the bewildering and compelling energy she had often seen before. "What you mean is that I have thousands of enemies!" She saw all too clearly that he was proud of the thousands. "You're too honest to let them sway your mind," he swept on. "None of them can show that anything I've done is illegal—unpatriotic—call it what you will. I don't have to answer to them, Gail—and you don't have to, either. My guilt is that I've kept my head in a world gone mad. My crime is that I've stayed sane while America has betrayed its heritage. My job is to fight a battle already lost. Well, they must take me for what I am—and so must you. This is a time when a man must be a man, Gail."

No. It was false, it was windy rhetoric, and it repelled her. One of Connie's barbed questions came into her mind: "Can you take it when he gets himself mixed up with God?" Gail said coldly, "I'm not a public meeting, Lynn."

He saw his mistake and his voice grew quiet and grave: "I say these things badly, Gail—how can I think clearly this near to you? And what has any of it got to do with you and me?"

"Oh, a great deal," she said unhappily. "We were talking about whether I'm in love with you or just hypnotized by shiny words. Whether I'm afraid to marry you or just don't want to. When do we ever talk about anything else?"

Still more quietly: "I don't advise you

Taximeter

CROCKETT JOHNSON

## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Beckhoff

**Mary Jr:** Oh! Hello, Mother . . . I didn't expect you.

**Mary Sr:** Obviously, darling! But why didn't you *ask* to use my perfume?

**Mary Jr:** I guess it was the name on the bottle that got me: *"Fatal Evening"!* I'm sick of being a wallflower. A girl's *got* to have a *little* appeal—or *something.*

**Mary Sr:** You don't know how right you are! And the "something" *you* need doesn't come in pretty glass bottles! The way you've been eating lately! What can you expect if you don't get your vitamins? Vitamins for pep! A little *"pep appeal"* will do more for you than all the perfumes in the world!

**Mary Sr:** And right here's where you make a start toward getting your vitamins. You must have them *all*, you know, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones, $B_1$ and D.

**Mary Jr:** Hey! This is the best cereal I ever tasted! If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch what a change there's going to be in me!

**Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!**

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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WAVEMAGNET

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AT HOME OR AWAY, THE YEAR 'ROUND COMPANION

A most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

Works on Light Socket or Battery

If you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC.

Earphones Solve Privacy Problem

Storage space for earphones . . . (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights, or while travelling; for privacy in reception without loudspeaker. Listen with superior *Zenith* earphones or Hushatone. A boon to the hard of hearing, too.

Under No Other Name But Zenith

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

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Regular edition in a choice of four attractive covers:
1. Brown Airplane Fabric.
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AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

ZENITH •LONG DISTANCE• RADIO

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME


to—if your blood is cold. Scorn, injustice, public contempt—no woman of cold wisdom would choose them for a marriage portion. No woman whose blood is cold would take such a risk." His handsome, dark face had a melancholy smile. "But if a woman were warm and loyal, they could be shut out and ignored. If sharing meant more to her than the applause of fools."

She was no more able now than before to decide whether the deep response she felt was a response to oratory or to the courage of a man she was in love with. How much simpler if she could remain a tranquil widow selling books! But every month she had grown less tranquil, had come nearer surrender. "If we could forget the war!" she said passionately. "You always say it should be just you and I. It never is! The war always comes in between."

"It will always come back. And if you married me, you would be marrying great trouble, my dear," he said. "No careful woman, no woman who is shrewd and calculating, would consider it." He paused for a long while. Finally, "We're telling the truth tonight. And the truth is—you would be marrying a man who might have to write to you once a month for twenty years from a federal penitentiary."

"What do you mean?" Her breath caught.

Aloofly, "No one has ever proved anything I've done illegal. It will be easier now. I'm telling you what must not be repeated, Gail. That mass meeting in Springfield will have more important successors. On September first—on Labor Day—those of us who have kept our heads will hold peace meetings in many places. We'll go on holding them. To preach peace may be a crime now. Be sure they'll do their best to get me. I think their best won't be enough—but it may be. If it is . . ." He shrugged.

Part of her mind protested that this was merely theatrical, that he was in love with spotlighted martyrdom, that the fire in his eyes was only play-acting. But it was only a small part of her mind—and he had summoned up the terrible symbols, the angry crowd, the thrown missiles, the terrible dark row of cells. He was talking about final things—terrible, urgent things—things that had broken through to touch her. Quite suddenly she had begun to tremble with the realization that her defenses were down at last. The war could not be shut out beyond the Berkshire Hills, no more delay was possible, and she must make her choice.

He whispered, "I'm a very lonely man, Gail."

Blindly, she put out a hand. He had loosed the arrow that must pierce any defense. Loneliness was what had always dramatized him to her, the one lone figure against the world and the wolf pack. And now the lonely fighter and the lonely cell. She could not bear for him to be alone. "What is it you want, Lynn?" she said.

SHE knew that he knew she had surrendered, and she saw the triumph in his eyes—and no matter. "Three weeks of letting the world go hang!" he said. "Let's seize our hour before it's gone. Let's take what we can before the war snatches everything from us."

Yes, the small, calm part of her mind asserted, it would be a war marriage. Her second marriage would be different from anything that could have been foretold. Calmness flickered out . . . There was no choice. When it came to the point, there never was a choice. Widowhood was behind her and her own lonely years—and don't forget Connie's shocked eyes, don't forget all the doubts and fears and ugly facts she had gone over till she was dizzy with them. Don't forget—but she had forgotten. They didn't exist any more. She said, with a long sigh, "Things shouldn't come out this way, Lynn! You shouldn't stampede me—we should be deliberate, we should know what we're doing—"

He silenced her, "Will you always be deliberate, Gail? Look—on Friday I'm to give this vast party for the orchestra." His lips curled a little. "The summer patriots being gracious to the arts! Well, if my friends could come to my house and find you there! If they could meet not Gail Armstrong but Gail Scovil. The rest of August will be ours—quiet, peace, the war obliterated. After that we can run our chances. But neither of us will ever be alone again."

While it was still possible to question anything, she wondered if this also might not be only the power of a skillful orator to drown out her sense in pretty words. "Friday?" she said. "So soon as that, Lynn?"

"Sooner! You're going to that ball at Manchester on Wednesday—everyone will be there—the same crowd, the same emptiness . . . We can quietly leave the dance and be married, there in Vermont. Then on Friday you will welcome our guests to our house."

He had everything planned; he had counted on her. Well, why not? He had been right to count on her; she had made her choice, no other choice was possible. So much for Connie's fears and Bill Jay's ridicule—so much for her own virginal foreboding! Tenderness overwhelmed her and she walked into his arms. "I'll marry you at Manchester," she said, and there was no more conflict, she was altogether happy.

Or . . . was she?

THE lieutenant came out of the movie at Cornwall toward six o'clock and bought a newspaper. In a little park he hunted through it till he found a short item. A German prisoner of war, it said, had contrived to escape from a train that was taking a detachment to a concentration camp. The escape had occurred near Glen Nevis and it was assumed that the prisoner would try to reach the United States. Military patrols were looking for him, all the proper authorities had been notified, and a description of him had been broadcast. He was identified as Senior Lieutenant (Oberleutnant, they meant) Friedrich Römer.

Oberleutnant Römer would have liked a copy of that description. But he felt exhilarated and renewed. Up to now he had been in flight—he had felt like an animal on the run. But now he was a man taking the offensive after a long retreat. . . . The United States, which it was assumed he would try to reach, was something like a half mile away. An old song came into his mind "There's one more river to cross." He felt confident, sure of his luck—he was going to finish the job! The odds had been enormously long but they were a good deal shorter now. "*Achtung, Römer, und vorwärts!*" There was also an old poem: "Let us be up and doing."

He began to make a survey of the town and in a few minutes had found an international bridge. How very simple, he thought, whistling a chorus which he abruptly broke off, realizing that it was "*Krambambuli*." As simple as possible. All he had to do was swing on to a truck that was going across that bridge. That would have been perfect except that there were sentries at this end of the bridge, a patrol marching across it and unquestionably Canadian and American customs officers and American patrols as well. Superman, he thought enviously, Superman would clear them all with one leap.

IT WAS also a railroad bridge, and Oberleutnant Römer stood where track crossed a Cornwall street and could have swung aboard a freight train that bumped past—except that there were soldiers on top of the cars and on the platform of the caboose. Still, here was an idea, he made for the freight yards. There were guards where the track came through the fence and it was a ten foot fence surmounted by barbed wire. He followed it all around the yards and the two other gaps were guarded, and there were plenty of floodlights that would be switched on at night. "Get out of here!" a guard yelled, brandishing a club. The lieutenant got out. Report on railroad: not a chance.

Yes, he reflected, it would be no problem at all for Superman. Clearly, he would have to have a boat—it was impossible to exaggerate his loathing of boats. A quarter of a mile above the bridge he got down to the riverside. He could see the back yards of a pulp mill and a chemical factory. Several gay boats were moored a few yards out from shore—a most attractive idea, but one could not invade the United States at night with an outboard motor. Still, the owners must have a rowboat, a skiff, a canoe—there must be some way of getting to them. He went closer.

"Hey!"

A man came running toward him. The lieutenant had a sudden vivid realization of how beautiful this calm evening sky would seem if he ended up in jail.

It was a little man, furiously angry, shockingly profane, an automatic pistol in a holster at his belt. He stopped ten feet away. And, the lieutenant mused, even if he had come closer there would

"Mrs. Bristow, won't you just leave us to our own devices?"

RICHARD TAYLOR

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T IS A FACT, WE BELIEVE, that no name in the utomobile business tells you as much about he car that bears it as the name Ford.

If you knew nothing about cars, you could uy a Ford on faith, with full assurance that ou had bought great value. Or you could now all about cars, and buy a Ford because f the great mechanical quality that goes into it.

This has been true of Ford cars now for nore than thirty-eight years. It is true because of the very nature and beliefs of this company.

Henry Ford did not start the Ford business just to compete, but to create. Good low-cost cars were needed and did not exist. He saw a way to make them, and he did it.

And our main purpose today at Ford is not just to make a car that we can sell, but to make cars that will keep on bringing better things to buyers in the low-price field.

In that purpose, we are helped by a motor car plant which has no equal, and by the fact that as a company we do not need and do not take big profits on our work. Although we produce more of our own Ford parts and materials now than ever, the only profit that we take is still the small one on the finished car.

This year we invite you to drive the finest Ford we've ever made. At many points its quality is greater than its price buys elsewhere simply because it *is* a Ford.

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**NEW ROOMINESS.** Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

**SOFT, QUIET RIDE.** A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

**POWER WITH ECONOMY.** This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

**BIG WINDOWS.** Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

**LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES** in the Ford price field give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

Ford

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# The Glorious Fourth

*An Old American Institution*

WILL YOU ever forget the sounds and sights, and most of all, the very special smells of the Fourth of July, years ago . . . the sputter of "sons o' guns" set off with a whirl of your heel against the paving . . . the fragrance of dew-wet clover lawns, mingling with the sharp, burned-powder smoke of firecrackers?

THE day was usually hot . . . and sultry. A powdery dust sifted softly over your Sunday shoes as you marched in the parade. And the band played Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever".

PEOPLE called out to you as they sat and watched from their hospitable shady verandas. The porch swings had fresh-starched covers tied with tapes. And the rockers wore decorous "tidies". Around the banisters, bunting twined. There was a potato hung by the string—stuck with a dozen penny flags—remember?

IN THE afternoon, you had a picnic in the grove—beyond a hay-shorn stubble meadow and a fence where elderberries bloomed. You sat in little groups on the ground and *ate* of tawny-crusted "fryers" and potato salad just touched with onion; sweet little pickled gherkins and fat, pale dills; smoky country ham and homemade bread, fine-grained and white as Silver Cake.

SUCH memories—poignant and homely—are the stuff that patriotism is made of. Memories of friendly gatherings; small-town festivities; good food. These make up the pattern of American living—a pattern in which H. J. Heinz Company has had its part for more than seventy years.

THROUGH these years, Heinz has helped to keep alive interest and pride in old-fashioned customs—old-fashioned American food. Among the 57 Varieties you will find, at their best, many of the notable culinary specialties of our country. There are the lusty chowders of the Atlantic coast . . . gumbos of the Deep South . . . New England' glorious baked beans . . . even the traditional Seven Sweets and Sours—like jellies, pickles, chow chow, chili sauce and tomato ketchup—without which no table was complete in those rich farmlands of Pennsylvania, where the House of Heinz began.

WE, AT HEINZ, believe that good foods are as much a part of the American heritage as our language and our laws. We hope to go on in the future, as we have for 72 years in the past, helping to set a fine table for American families—with the best of American foods.

57

## H. J. Heinz Company

*An Old American Institution*

ave been nothing whatever to do: What in hell are you doing here?" the ttle man roared.

"Looking for a plank."

"Looking for a plank!" The little ıan discharged a star shell of sparkling aths. Get out of here. Go back where ou belong before I get mad. Get going!"

The lieutenant got going—and he ɔved the peppery little man as a friend nd brother. When he was out of sight, e leaned against a tree and laughed till e was weak. But he was more condent than ever—clearly luck was on ıe side of the offensive. Clearly also, e would do better outside of town—and ɔ he sought the highway again and eaded west. When the highway curved way from the river he grew anxious nd turned down the first dirt road that ɜd off toward the left. It ended at a oint of land that jutted into the river, here in a little cove boys and young ıen were swimming. He stretched out t the edge of a fringe of trees, smoked cigarette and watched them in the rowing darkness. There was a little ock, and a rowboat was moored to it. o this was the place! Suddenly his reath caught, his knees shook and he as weak with the need to rush down nd get that boat. He clasped his arms ɔund his knees. Careful! Remember uperman!

Downriver he could see the lights of ornwall, but the whole length of the merican shore was black; that meant stretch of forest, and a forest would e bad going after dark. The lieutenant huckled—he had reached a point where e could be fastidious about the aveues of escape! A small freighter moved pstream with a great clanking of mahinery, and ten minutes later there was nother one. They would be carrying umber or pulpwood or oil. Another oat made a strong impression on him, swift patrol launch that swept by, assing a searchlight along the bank.

T WAS discourteous to find fault with the Dominion of Canada, which had reated him so hospitably, but it did eem a leisurely place—they swam late. Little by little the shouting and the plashing diminished, by twos and hrees the boys came in and dressed and vandered off, but it must have been ine-thirty or later when they were all one. It was completely dark, altogether silent except for the swish of the urrent, and he made himself wait for nany minutes in the deep shadow beore he went down to the boat.

He stood up, cursing—shocked and larmed. There were no oars! But here had to be oars! They must be hidden under the little dock—and what if hey weren't? He stretched out on the planking and groped underneath. There hey were, neatly stowed on the crosspieces . . . and his swift satisfaction perished, for someone was coming down he sandy beach! He rolled off the edge, ducked between the two piles and stood up to his waist in water, his head almost touching the under side of the dock. Slow steps reached the dock, there was a giggle and a kind of scuffle. Two pairs of legs dangled over the edge, not a yard from his face.

His feet settled in the mud, he leaned against a pile, and the invasion of the United States was halted by the most appallingly vapid conversation he had ever heard. In Canada love scenes were inconclusive and even more leisurely than swimming. They had the most limited ideas, they expressed them in the most saccharine language, and the girl was not going to let herself be kissed more than once or twice. The lieutenant hated them and his legs grew stiff and his teeth chattered. It would have been pleasant to yell and scare them stiff.

They went at last, with more giggles and scuffling. He flexed his leaden arms and legs, moved out to the edge of the dock and watched their dim figures disappear in the darkness. He pulled out the oars, cast off the rope, climbed into the boat and rowed out into the current. Next stop, the United States!

The stars were partly overcast. The river was lighter than the sky and the current strong. His left wrist was sore, but rowing warmed him up. And relief broke over him in a great wave. He had done it! In something like twenty-seven hours, from train to boat, he had beaten the odds, shown his heels to the British empire and held his luck. If the rowboat had had a deck he would have danced on it. He rowed steadily and comfortably, his satisfaction growing.

IT WAS a wide river. A half hour must have passed when the current slacked off; he saw the deeper blackness of trees over his shoulder, the boat grounded on sand, and he could step out. End of the voyage—this was the United States. At that moment the beam of a searchlight, no doubt from the patrol boat he had seen, passed down the bank. He stood transfixed, but no Canadian patrol could touch him now. He thumbed his nose at the beam, but it swept over him and on down the river. He could not see the North Star—and did not care. Away from the river would be south, and it didn't matter in the least where he came out. He shoved the boat into the current. It slid away downstream.

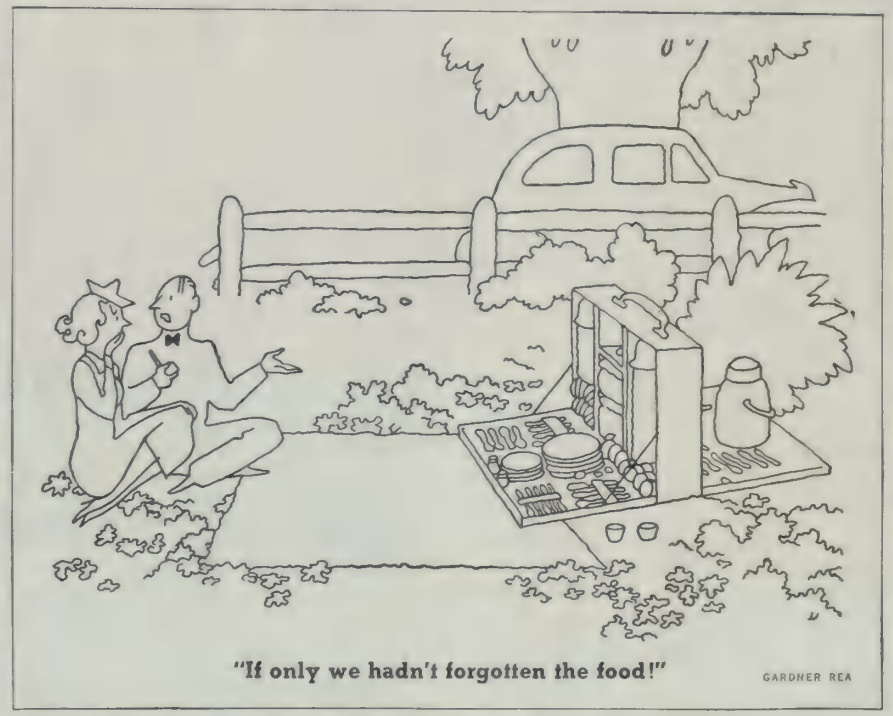
The bridge was to the east—at his left—and he had better give it a wide miss. Slanting to the right, he went into the woods, moving with the greatest caution, straining to see in the impenetrable blackness. Underbrush caught at him, gouging his cheeks and forearms. A root tripped him and he went down heavily. He waded through a swamp to his waist. There were intervals of tall grass where the going was only less difficult, and beyond them was always some further clump of brush. Till at last he saw an opening beyond the trees. He came into it—and there was a rocky beach and, beyond it, a flowing river.

He had not reached the American shore. He had landed on an island.

His overcharged nerves exploded in a sudden fury. He ran down the edge of the woods with some crazed notion of getting the boat he had abandoned. He stopped short, struggling for self-control, realizing that the boat was gone for good. And the short run had done the final damage. Someone yelled "Halt" from the trees. The lieutenant dashed into the river, fell forward and began to swim. There was a long jet of flame against the night, someone was shooting from the edge of the woods, the island was patrolled, and the current had him by the throat.

A sandbar rose black against the water. He let down his feet and stood up. He stripped off the canvas grease suit, fought to untie his shoelaces, tied the shoes around his neck and dived in. Voices were yelling on the island. Several guns were shooting—but not in his direction.

The river rolled a great wall against him and there were ominous flecks of white. Alone in an immensity of water, he became a machine of thrusting arms and legs and his consciousness diminished to a mere point. He could see nothing but dim water, feel nothing but the drive of his muscles, hear nothing but the pounding that was not the river but his heart. His strength ebbed; he buried his head deeper and struggled on. His arms were lead, then wood, then nothing. He could hardly turn his head to breathe and lassitude began to spread over him. He floundered, he shook his mind awake, grew drowsier. Keep going! A crazy thought struck him: how preposterous to be licked by a river after he had licked the Dominion of Canada. Keep going! Suddenly he had the clearest picture of himself asleep. His mouth opened in a yawn; he swallowed water, gagging. Just let your feet drop and go to sleep! No, don't argue foolishly, stick to a good idea and keep going. The shoes were going to pull his head under. Well, why not? What was the point?



"If only we hadn't forgotten the food!" GARDNER REA

HE BEGAN to thresh aimlessly. Simply stop swimming. Simply go to sleep. He rolled over, and water covered his head and he struck something solid. He raised an arm and his fingers gripped something, slid off, caught a root. He rolled into a shallow and lay face down, strangling. He stood up and fell again. He heard a loud voice say, "Superman would never go to sleep, keep going." He thought, why, that's me talking—and talking like a fool. He stood up, fell, crawled, pulled himself up on a driftwood-littered bank and fainted.

Then it was still dark and he was putting on his sodden shoes. He had shoes, he had underdrawers, and he must keep going. . . .

Then it was nine o'clock the next morning when Oberleutnant Römer rode into the town of Malone, New York, on a dairy truck that had brought him the last ten miles. He had walked all night and he had committed two more burglaries. He had got another suit of canvas overalls from a filling station and, finding no money in its cash drawer, he had smashed a window in the crossroads lunch counter across from it and emptied the till of seven dollars. Then he had run in blind panic down the road till he could run no farther.

A fair criticism would be that his nerves had not been too good since the time he left that island. Still, there was some reason for that sudden panic—the burglary had not been planned for, was extremely risky and might still cause some trouble. But the proprietor of the filling station was going to be puzzled when he found a pair of water-soaked shorts on his floor.

He needed more tranquil nerves—he was going to need as much nerve as possible from now on. Most of all he needed sleep. But the town of Malone was too near his burglaries, and there remained one vital job that must be done at once. He went into the cheapest-looking store he could find and bought overalls, a work shirt, underwear, a pair of socks, a cheap razor and a canvas hat. His battered shoes would have to do. In the washroom of the railroad station he shaved and put on the clothes. There was a small square of mirror. Children would not love the face that looked out of it at him, he thought, and it would be no help in thumbing rides. His eyes were rimmed and sunken, his cheeks had no color, there were creases and wrinkles he had not had the day before yesterday.

HE DROPPED his stolen clothes in a trash barrel outside the station. How to get better clothes, how to get money, remained to be worked out. Those burglaries bothered him—he had not planned them and much could go wrong because of them. Well, what do you do when you enter a country with only a pair of drawers? You take a chance.

He had had to take a chance. So, though Malone, New York was the most beautiful town he had ever seen in all his life, though it sparkled with freedom and success against the odds, he had better get out of it fast. Too near the border, too near the scene of the crime and too far from his destination. He had another journey to begin.

He found the telegraph office—then decided not to go in. He changed his remaining dollar bill and found a telephone booth in a drugstore. There he phoned a telegram. It was addressed to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company, on Vesey Street, New York. It read:

WE ARE ABLE TO RESUME SHIPMENT OF THE INTERRUPTED CONSIGNMENT OF JULY TWENTY-SIXTH. PLEASE NOTIFY YOUR DETROIT OFFICE TO EXPECT DELIVERY WITHIN FOUR DAYS. SOME FINANCIAL ADJUSTMENT WILL BE NECESSARY AND WE WILL INFORM YOU PRESENTLY WHERE PAYMENT MAY BE MADE. HOPE FOR CONTACT WITH NEW ORLEANS REPRESENTATIVE. PHILIP GARFIELD,
FOR TRANSOCEANIC SERVICE

He came out of the drugstore—and the thing was done. Or started . . . and at once he knew that, no matter how necessary it might be to get out of this town, he was not going till he had had some sleep. Had he not earned some sleep? Without overvaluing the job he had done so far, he could confidently say that he had. There must be a park. There was a park. He stretched out on the grass.

So that was done—or rather, that much was done. Yes. The slighter hazards of his undertaking were now behind him. So the real dangers could now begin. He went to sleep.

*(To be continued next week)*

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*3 ways at same time!*

**Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way**

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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST for

**GAUZTEX *Band-me-Quick***


## Po-Chile No More

Continued from page 25

"Gimme eighty-six," Giles demanded. "Efn you kin find de copper, you still got money in de treasury."

"But, Mist' Giles!" the preacher protested. "Us savin' up to buy a stove for next winter. Dat ole stove fallin' down!"

"Gimme," Giles said. And the money was dug up and delivered. Giles added fourteen cents and bought a pint of cod-liver oil from the drugstore in Benton.

In three days Grant had come back for more oil.

"Is Po-Chile done drunk up dat bottle, already?" Giles wanted to know.

"Yassuh," Grant said. "Him, and my young'uns, too. I gi'ed 'em all a little taste."

The thought of providing cod-liver oil for Grant's brood of twenty-six brought a quick decision. "Grant," Giles said, "you take Po-Chile and gi' him to Reub and Sugar."

Later, Giles delivered to Po-Chile's new foster parents a case of cod-liver oil which he'd persuaded the druggist to sell him on credit.

"I don't know how come I'm takin' all dis patience wid dat young'un," he said to Sugar. "He ain't no weary er mine." He could not explain why then, and he never tried to explain later on.

With everybody else on the plantation, he was ever the big, roaring, short-patienced foreman, but with Po-Chile he always took time to help him along.

Giles had watched the orphan grow from a rickety "dirt-eatin' " little soul to a husky, healthy youth.

BUT when Po-Chile grew big enough to plow, he displayed no talent for the job. He could do it well enough when he put his whole mind as well as his body to it, but Po-Chile was usually mentally relaxed, and the best he had ever done was barely good enough.

And now, Po-Chile was smitten with pure love. It hit him suddenly as he was walking down the turnrow toward the barn, minding his own business and thinking about nothing. Then he looked up and there stood Grant's Little Livvy.

Little Livvy was digging yams with a hoe. Po-Chile had seen her a thousand times and had felt no emotion. This time she looked different, swinging her hoe and picking up sweet potatoes.

"Hy-dy, Little Livvy!" Po-Chile greeted.

"And you, Po-Chile?" she responded.

"You looks mighty good, diggin' dem yams," he told her. "I c'd marry up wid a gal like you."

"You's a fool," Little Livvy snorted.

Po-Chile wandered on. He was filled up with love for Little Livvy and, naturally, he went to Giles. But he had drawn small comfort from the foreman.

"Two bitses for a weddin' present!" he mumbled to himself. "And talk about bein' man enough to do my own cou'tin'!" The least the all-powerful foreman might have done, Po-Chile thought, was to have compelled the girl to marry him. It was all discouraging.

He thought as he walked: "I'm got to ack like a man. Giles say I got to do dat."

He hurried back to the sweet-potato patch. Little Livvy's pail was nearly filled.

"I kin th'ow you," Po-Chile stated. "I c'd jest grab you and chunk you right on de ground—"

Little Livvy stepped back and raised her hoe. "You tetch me," she challenged, "and I'll bat yo' brains out." From the way she wielded the implement, Po-Chile knew she could and would.

He backed out of reach, shook his head, and walked away. Love, he thought, was a strange business. "Giles claim," he told himself, "she want me to ack mannish, and den when I does she try to knock my haid off."

He walked back to the barn, still mixed up in his mind but his heart still overflowing with love. At the lot, he learned that the ration truck was about to leave for Shreveport, and Po-Chile climbed into the truck. He had no business in the city, but he had no business in the country, either, and the solitude of a stranger in town appealed to him.

The crowds of people along the levee in Shreveport served to distract the mind of Po-Chile from the pangs of love. After a while he left the levee and, for no better reason than that he happened to be walking in that direction, went into the Elite Club.

Po-Chile had heard vague talk of people going to the Elite Club. Some of the wildest young men on Little Bee Bend claimed even to have visited it, and they spun weird tales of sin and gambling there.

There was a bar—a fine one with a big mirror—much finer than the little one at the dago's over at Benton. There were pool tables and dice tables and a long row of slot machines against one wall. Po-Chile gazed around until his eyes grew accustomed to the cool, dim light. There was a man shooting pool balls across the green table, and a bartender in a white apron dozed at one end of the bar. Po-Chile walked to the slot machines and stared at each little glass box filled with coins. He had seen slot machines but never so many at one time. He was awe-struck.

"Hey, Country," the bartender said, "what you up to? Either play de Chiefs or git goin'."

"I'm jest lookin'," Po-Chile said.

"Yeah? You's lookin' at a two-bits Chief. You might be country or you might be casin' dis place, but efn you wants to hang around, le's see you put two bits in de slots."

"I'm jest lookin'," Po-Chile repeated.

"You ain't got two bits," the bartender challenged.

"I'm is, too, got two bits."

"Den feed de machine wid hit."

Po-Chile hated to part with his money, but the man had spoken with authority and Po-Chile never was one to go against authority. So he put the twenty-five-cent piece into the machine and pulled the lever. The disks spun and, right before Po-Chile's eyes, it seemed that the machine began to fall apart and quarters poured out.

"He hit de jacks pot!" the pool player shouted. "And on a two-bits machine!"

"Not on dat one!" the bartender yelled as he started around the bar. "Dat machine is s'posed to be plugged!"

Po-Chile, dazed but pleased, began to rake in his quarters.

"Smart guy!" said the bartender. "Dressed up like a fiel' hand and jimmy-jackin' my two-bits machine!"

"I bet he jest lucky," offered the pool player. "Boy, lemme rub yo' haid."

"Take away!" Po-Chile jerked back. "I'm tetchous about my haid." He straightened to his full height and looked menacingly at the pool player. The bartender noticed Po-Chile's size and belligerent voice simultaneously.

"Aw, hard guy," said the bartender. "Wants to fight." He went back to the bar and reached beneath it. "I'm sendin' for de po-lice to handle you."

AT THE mention of police the pool player laid a large pistol on the table near Po-Chile, and, muttering something about " 'leven months and twenty-nine days gittin' kotched wid dis," left hurriedly.

Po-Chile picked up the pistol and scooped the rest of the quarters into his pocket.

"Don't shoot me, please," begged the bartender. "I ain't raley rung for no po-lice. Jest take yo' money and git on out, please, suh."

Understanding no part of it, Po-Chile felt a glow of self-importance at the bartender's plea. He walked over to the bar.

"Gimme a pint er wine," said Po-Chile with what he hoped was casual gruffness.

The bartender shoved a bottle into Po-Chile's hand.

Po-Chile put a quarter on the bar. "Gimme a nickel change," he said.

The bartender looked at his cash till and had visions of being slugged and robbed as soon as he turned his back. "Looky," he pleaded, "I ain't fixin' to

**"Joan of Arc was a woman! Madame Curie was a woman! Sarah Bernhardt was a woman!"** WILLIAM STEIG

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arge you for no wine. You take hit d yo' two bits and all de yuther two ses, please, suh, and go haid and ave me be."

"You mean," asked Po-Chile, "you's in' to gimme dis wine, free?"

"Sho. Now, please, suh—"

"Thanky kindly," said Po-Chile, put-g the pistol in his overalls bib.

Back on Texas Street, Po-Chile be-n to get a vague feeling that some-ing wrong had taken place in the Elite ub. He was uneasy about it and leav-g Texas Street hurriedly, he returned the friendly levee.

Soon, the levee tired him, too, and his nd went back to his sweet love, Little vvy. Thinking of her, and of how angely she had acted when his heart s bursting with pure love added to his neral bewilderment. All of it was tax-g his brain and he sought out the plan-tion truck, climbed into the cab and ent to sleep.

He woke when Doc came to back up e truck to the platform. He heard the rter talking to Doc while the rations ere being loaded. "He broke up all de ots machines and tuck de money," the rter was saying, "and den dared de rtender to speak a word."

"In de E-lite Club?" Doc was in-edulous. "What did he look like?"

"Looked bad. He was dressed up in a ir er overhalls over his spo'tin' clothes d he come walkin' in jest like a fiel' nd. But quick as he got inside he abbed a pint er wine offn de bar and lled his pistol f'm under his over-lls bib. Den he tuck a drink er wine d one hand and shot his pistol off wid yuther. Den he drawed back his el-ws and yowled like a wildcat and arted struttin' about de place, archin' s back and liftin' his lef' foot high and istin' de slots machines and all."

"Mankind!" Doc exclaimed. "He sho und rocky. What did ev'ybody else do hilst he was doin' like dat?"

WHAT did dey do?" the porter re-peated. "Dey jest natchally stood d shivered. Ev'ybody dat was smart ne dat. But one fool tried to run out d dis bully shot him right in de back de haid, and den tuck a big drink er ne, and laughed."

"Did hit kill de man?"

"Sho," said the porter. "Only he was nnin' so fas' when he got shot, dat he t plumb 'cross de bridge befo' he apped."

"Lawd, Lawd," Doc said. "Dat must been a bad man."

"Bad don't even start tellin' hit," the rter told him. "Ev'ybody say he de addest man hit dis town since Little hn cut his way f'm Milam Street to river."

On the way home, neither Doc nor Po-hile did much talking. Doc was study-g his mind over the big story he would ve to tell when he got home. The le was already taking on improve-ents in Doc's imagination.

When the truck turned from the ncrete highway into the bumpy plan-tion road, the first jar bounced quar-rs from Po-Chile's pockets. Doc, eyes the road, heard the clink of coins.

"Boy," he said, "you jest droolin' ange! Whar'd you git all dat money?"

"Outn de slots machine at de E-lite lub in Shrevepo't," Po-Chile said sim-y.

Doc wondered briefly, and dismissed e thought as fantastic. "Well, hold money in de pockets wid yo' hands," suggested. "Hit's plenty er bumps twixt hyar and home."

"I can't," said Po-Chile. "I ain't got ut two hands and I got to hold my pint wine wid one hand and my pistol wid yuther."

Doc gulped. "You ain't raley got no nt er wine and a pistol, is you?" he emanded.

Po-Chile drew the bottle from his hip pocket and the pistol from his overalls bib and exhibited them. Doc swallowed hard and pressed the accelerator to the floor. He glued his eyes to the road ahead and concentrated on getting home.

At the commissary, Po-Chile slipped from the cab and started to thank Doc for the ride, but Doc was gone.

"Now!" said Po-Chile, puzzled. "What did he do like dat for?"

Doc found Giles passing the cool of the afternoon on the Widow Duck's front gallery.

"You onloaded mighty quick," Giles said. "I seen you pass jest now—"

"I ain't onloaded," Doc panted; "nothin', 'cept Po-Chile. He onloaded befo' he kilt somebody else. You better git de bossman quick and de law—"

"Take yo' time, Doc," the Widow Duck said. "You's all in a swivit and you's talkin' in chunks. Start at de bottom and work up."

Doc related his version of the porter's story.

"And you didn't had time to onload cause you got to come and spread de news to me, hunh?" Giles demanded. "How many times I got to tell you I ain't intrusted in doin's over in town? What take place in Shrevepo't is dey business, but gittin' dat truck onloaded is my business."

"But wait," Doc protested. "You ain't hyared what dat buck-steppin', pant'er-squallin' bad man is name!"

"And I don't keer," stated Giles.

Then curiosity overcame him. "Hit wa'n't ole bad Little John agin, was hit?"

"Naw," said Doc. "Hit was ole pokey Po-Chile!"

"Po-Chile?" Giles repeated.

"He ain't got hit in him," the Widow Duck sniffed.

"He tole me he done hit," Doc said.

Giles was worried. "I ain't never kotched Po-Chile in no lie," he said. "He tole you—jest like dat?"

"Naw, I axed him," Doc said. "He had de bottle and de pistol right in de truck wid me. De money drooled outn his pockets when de truck bounced, and dar was Po-Chile lookin' sleepy like always and I wa'n't studdin' 'bout him. De pistol was p'intin' right at me and de wine was a-joshlin' and de money was a-rattlin' all over de seat. 'Whar'd you git all dat money?' I axed him and he say, 'I robbed hit outn de E-lite Club. Now, you jest drive dis truck and leave me be.' And, mankind! I mashed my foot down and prayed hard and I almost got hit up to fawty."

"H'mm," Giles pondered. "You ain't been drinkin' wine yo'se'f?"

"Not me," said Doc. "You knows I don't like hit."

"Don't never let me ketch you drinkin' and drivin'. Now, you git on back and onload, and I'll tend to Po-Chile."

When Doc left, the Widow Duck turned to Giles. "You leave Po-Chile be. I don't b'lieve a word of hit."

**BUTCH** By Larry Reynolds

"I feel like Cindereller"

"Doc ain't no reg'lar lie," Giles said. "Cou'se he c'd he'p out de facks a little, when he git skeered. But he ain't gonter make up no lie jest to keep f'm onloadin' de truck. And, anyhow, Po-Chile comed f'm up in de hills. And hit's been some bad people come f'm dar. Dey gits hongry and mean."

"Humph!" the Widow Duck said crossly. "Po-Chile ain't hongry nor neither mean. He slow and friendly and you ain't hyared him wantin' money bad enough to go robbin' and killin'."

"Nawp," Giles said. "He ain't got no need for money, only—" the foreman's brow furrowed.

"Only which?"

"Only he was wantin' to git married up wid some gal and she wouldn't have him. Maybe—"

"'Twon't do," the Widow Duck snapped. "Even efn Po-Chile was all bad, he ain't got no pistol. He ain't got no money to buy one and he ain't rogue enough to steal one."

"Dat's a fack, Mis' Duck," Giles admitted. "Hit couldn't 'a' been Po-Chile, cause he ain't got no pistol."

At that moment, a shot roared into the stillness of late afternoon, followed by a frightening: "Ye-wow! I'm a bad turkey gobbler and I'm struttin' about!"

Giles and the Widow Duck exchanged glances. "Po-Chile!" they said together.

Grant came racing up the path, yelling hysterically for help. "Po-Chile gone wild!" he gasped. "And he's killin' off my chilluns. Git de owl gun, Mist' Giles, and cut 'im down f'm behime! He drunk and wild and wadin' in blood, and he's tearin' down creation!"

The pistol roared again, followed by Po-Chile's yell.

"Shet up, Grant," said the Widow Duck. "Come on, Giles, le's see." But the foreman was already on his way to the scene of carnage.

A turn in the bayou path revealed all. In front of Grant's house, Po-Chile was rampaging up and down, his pistol in one hand, the wine in the other. He was stepping high and wide, swigging his bottle, firing his pistol and shouting.

"Wait behime dis stump," Giles told the Widow Duck. "I'll slip up and grab him."

Po-Chile turned and saw Giles and grinned happily. "Hit's doin' some sort er good, Mist' Giles," he confided.

Giles grabbed the pistol and slapped the bottle from Po-Chile's hand. "Drunk and raisin' a ruckus!" yelled Giles. "What got into you, you fool?"

Po-Chile was surprised. "Ain't nothin'. I was jest—"

"I'm gonter beat yo' years offn you," Giles promised, but before he could do anything about it, a door in Grant's house opened and Little Livvy came running out. "You let Mistuh Po-Chile alone!" she screamed at Giles. "You put a hand on my man and you got to do de same to me!"

GILES grabbed Little Livvy by the wrist and held her off. "What in de name er fool is all dis?" he demanded to know. "Is I'm gone crazy or is ev'y-body else in de world gone crazy?"

"You is crazy," Little Livvy told him. "Po-Chile wa'n't doin' a thing but chunkin' sweet love at me and I was in de house, chunkin' hit right back at him. And hyar come you, makin' him stop."

The Widow Duck came up. "Look, Po-Chile," she said. "You ain't got much sense but you's smart enough to tell me. Whar'd dis all come f'm? What did you did at de E-lite Club and all? Now talk slow, son, and think as hard as you kin wid what de Lawd gi'ed you to think wid."

"Well, I'm gonter tell you, Mis' Duck," Po-Chile began. "I'm got good love for Little Livvy, but she won't have me onless I kin ack like a man."

"And you kin ack, Po-Chile," Little Livvy put in warmly. "You was bendin' way back!"

"Shet up," said the Widow Duck. "Now go on."

"So Giles, he gi'ed me a lucky two-bits piece. So I drapped my lucky two-bits piece in de slots machine at de E-lite Club and hit de jacks pot and got my pockets filled up wid change. But dat ain't all how lucky dat two bits was. A man come and gi'ed me a pistol and an-other man come and gi'ed me a pint er wine and tole me to come and git my gal."

"And you done jest dat!" Little Livvy said.

"Only," Po-Chile admitted, "de wine was too bitter to drink, so I jest made out like I was drinkin' hit."

The Widow Duck picked up the bot-tle. "I'll bring dis to de church for de Fo'th Sunday," she said.

"And Mist' Giles, you better take de pistol," Little Livvy suggested, "'cause when ole Po-Chile git to goin' on like dat hit make me too skeered."

Po-Chile was agreeable, but he still was puzzled. "What must I do wid all dis money?"

"I'll take keer er dat, darlin'," said Little Livvy.

# The Wavy Navy

Continued from page 26

Fenton had heard it called the suicide service and he'd always thought the Old Man had had enough of it.

"Well," the Old Man said, standing up, "a man can't expect to reach back and catch his past. That other story is finished." He straightened suddenly, all officer again. "We meet a destroyer convoy at dusk tomorrow. Meantime, it's extreme caution, gentlemen. We'll be in the U-boat zone by midnight."

Fenton went about his sub-attack preparations. He couldn't help thinking about the Old Man's story. It went way back to '17 when Nate Elliot had skippered a Dover Q and to his retirement from the navy under a slight cloud and the long years in Canada from which he emerged a rich man and one of the foremost yachtsmen of the Western Atlantic.

It went back all those years of false peace, with the story scarcely remembered and the Old Man, skirting the fifties, resigned to never finishing it. And it picked up now, in 1941, with the empire in a death struggle and Nathaniel Elliot, a mere name dredged from the reserve lists, suddenly in command of one of the strangest of the lowly noncombatant fleet which backed up the navy.

His scow was without power or armament or decent quarters and her port of hail was in Nova Scotia. When the empire needed her she became the Utility 116, still under the Red Ensign of the merchant service, and a deep-sea tug with a rapid-fire gun on her foredeck and a lot of courage in her wheelhouse sent her a steel hawser and one fog-ridden night dragged her eastward from blacked-out Fundy.

To Fenton it was a far cry from the Q service and Jutland and the Great Surrender and he couldn't then see any connection between this wallowing Wavy-Navy command and that unfinished story of 1917.

FENTON doubled his lookouts and checked the hastily shipped banks dories and then weighted the codes and log—the regulation U-boat precautions. But he didn't know what good these things would do. They were still an unarmed, helpless scow.

Colby came aft, dun-colored oilers over his reefer. He was a top Canadian star sailor and had a picture of his little boat tacked over his berth where most men tacked pictures of their sweethearts. Fenton liked him as a man but he wouldn't have wanted him as a warrant on a real ship. He was too jittery.

Colby checked the straining hawser and the clearing axes, then doused the Red Duster without ceremony. "Make 'em come in and find out who we are," he said.

Fenton nodded. They'd meet subs; even Colby was realist enough to understand that. The convoy would be but little protection at their speed. Still . . . a month ago a floating dry dock had made it from Halifax in tow. The important thing was to try. If ten started and one got through it helped and that was all that mattered.

They turned toward the winch house for their usual two-bells ceremony of naval tea. Fenton approved of that. It was a tradition of a service he knew and respected. Halfway along the waterway Colby brought him up with a quick tug on his arm.

"Look, Harry," Colby said, his face furrowed deeply, "perhaps it's none of my business . . . but we can't let the Old Man talk of Q arming."

"With what?" Fenton demanded. "Outside of side arms, we haven't a weapon on board."

"I know," Colby said shortly, "but I know Nate Elliot. He'd attack a Kraut U with a bow and arrow if he had half a chance. It's that past. He might try to reach for it."

"Rot!" Fenton growled.

But he wasn't so sure. For twenty years the Old Man had chafed under the deuces the last war had dealt him. His Q had been a herring smack. He'd stood the German test fire until only he and his gunner were left alive and at forty yards he'd dropped his false bulwarks and sunk the sub with six perfect shots.

WHEN the Dover patrol happened on him next morning his gunner was dead and there wasn't a bit of evidence that he'd drawn oil. In a way, because he was young and proud and submarine credit counted for so much in those days, he'd carried his fight to the Admiralty Board. He'd made some hotheaded charges that he was sorry for, and the whole episode became a slight mark against his record. Not too bad, not too serious, but enough to sting in the delicate adjustments of Royal Navy traditions. Fenton could understand that it would be a natural thing for him to try to vindicate himself.

But that was impossible now. Orders were for colorless derrick duty at Bristol station and Fenton could understand the Old Man's bitter disappointment. And he could feel sorry for him, for, as he served naval tea, which isn't tea at all but a beverage much more pleasantly potent, Fenton saw something that perhaps he wasn't supposed to see.

Under the spread ocean charts on the desk was a folded Blue Duster, the ensign of the Royal Naval Reserve. It was the Old Man's rightful flag and if his crew had been anything but the Wavy Navy it would have flown where the lesser Red had until a few minutes ago. Now, it would take distinguished service and an admiral's order, recognizing the Wavy Navy as part of the regular service, to two-block it on such a vessel as the 116. The Old Man flushed, watching Fenton; then grinned sheepishly.

"I was so sure we'd be given a gun," he said. "This scow would make perfect Q bait. I could have flown it then."

"But the Blue!" Fenton said almost in awe. It was an ensign as honorable as his own White one. Naval tradition placed a slight stigma on the Red, as it did upon the volunteer service, and it was these things that bothered Fenton.

"It was a balmy hope, Harry," the Old Man said, looking at Fenton keenly, "After all, we're only the Wavy Navy." He touched the wavy sleeve braid on Colby's jacket. "I've had this rag since '16, kind of hoping."

That's all the Old Man said about the Q's and his dreams.

Dawn was just breaking, calm and bleak, when the general alarm rang over the scow. Fenton stumbled to the deck, only half awake. He heard the muffled roar of the torpedo, seeing as in a dream the geyser ahead which exploded sea water and bits of top hamper from the tug. The 116 rolled drunkenly and helpless for Colby had already cut the hawser. "Without warning," Colby muttered, ashen.

"The tug was armed," Fenton shrugged, "this is war, man, not yachting. We're next!"

THE submarine lay surfaced, green and reptilian, a half mile to windward. Her big deck gun was trained on the scow, but she made no move to come into torpedo range. Not a bit of wreckage, not a struggling swimmer showed on the ocean where the tug had been. Fenton strode to the bridge.

"It's our turn next," he said. "Shall we abandon, skipper?"

The Old Man's eyes narrowed, his face drawn and white under the iron-gray hair. "If I could only Q 'em," he whispered. "If I had only one two-incher . . . Fenton, *what I owe 'e*

"Steady," Fenton said. "Do we ab don, sir?"

"No," the Old Man said quietly, torpedo wasted on a tug." He talke himself, his knuckles white: "It's wr It's not German efficiency. Fento think we've got time . . . we won't sunk yet."

The U-boat circled suspiciously, ke ing well off. Fenton waited tensely the shelling that would test out scow.

But nothing happened. The s marine lay against the rising sun, decks deserted, and at noon she b her air and submerged. She w straight down, without the telltale p scope feather that would indicate had way on. The Old Man swore. swore angrily and savagely.

"I've had my wish," he said bitte "I'm in the Q service! For the ene That German knows we're expectin convoy and we're the bait. Fen we're the lure for our own convoy!"

FENTON could never remember be so dog-weary as he was by sund that evening. The calm had picked u a shifty southerly, rolling the scow sc pers under and making what had to done doubly tiring. The Old Man al seemed indefatigable. He had no re He was Nate and he was everywh cheery, encouraging and a friend— ting results.

All the afternoon the men had b sewing a heavy bolt rope to the mon midship tarpaulin, turning in cring lashing a short edge to a quickly alte ridgepole that was to serve as a y Palms were pricked raw and manila wire splinters burned under torn fir nails. But nobody complained. N needed a sail and some rigging; that' that mattered. At four bells t climbed into damp berths for brief sl eye before the night's work commen

Fenton, taking his supper with the Man and Colby, almost slept at table. He was too tired to marve what had been done.

"Everything good so far," the Man said. "That convoy's looking us right now. Failing, she'll steam v and be here by midnight. But by time we'll be on the way to Iceland."

"If we can slip by Adolf," Colby drearily, "and the wind holds."

The submarine had been up o leaving no doubt that she waited whatever came to take the 116 thro the blockade. She lay to the northw and eastward about two miles, drift well clear of the only path the s could hope to sail with her freak squ sail.

"She'll stay there," the Old Man s "And she'll be up, with lookouts pos charging her batteries. Fenton, v swamp a dory for a rudder; lash her to our stern and rig tackles from her to our quarters . . . you manage it, you? By eleven o'clock we'll be m to north'ard and not even our con will find us. Q bait . . . hah!"

The Old Man went out, slipping night shields over his glasses. " westward puffs are getting stronger, announced, closing the sliding door.

Fenton, leaning against the bulkh achieved fitful troubled sleep, wan not to think. He didn't believe thought transference particularly, bu wanted his thoughts stifled now; wanting to give the Old Man ideas. C he'd heard of a Brixham trawler r ming a threatening submarine. Not the scow had a chance of makin course to the waiting submarine.

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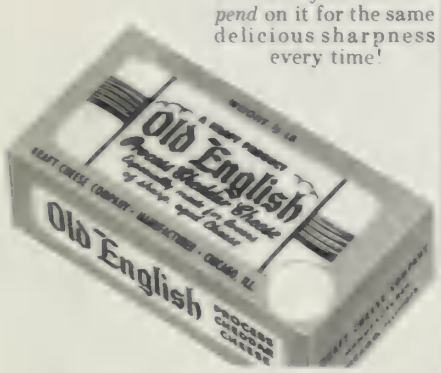


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the Old Man owed that U more than a mere escape. He'd sounded oddly satisfied, announcing the strengthening of those westerly puffs that alone could send them to it.

"If that U ever discovers us," Colby whispered, "he'll shell us without mercy. It would make it personal, Harry. God help anybody when a German is crossed. He . . . he hates then."

"You've never seen a destroyer torpedoed without warning, have you?" Fenton said, not opening his eyes. "Superheated steam, burning oil . . . a magazine explosion for the lucky ones. Colby, I don't know much about sail but I'm trying this stunt a hundred per cent back of the Old Man."

Colby shuddered, his face white. It was funny, Fenton thought, trying to make a man believe in something you didn't believe in yourself.

The southerly had piped up to a fresh breeze . . . a good L racing breeze, the Old Man chuckled, looking in. It smelled of pleasant weather down under 65, with a whiff of floe ice when it hauled westward in the puffs. It was hard to understand that a murder-spawned reptile lay in the darkness off there, breathing the same good-smelling wind. Eight bells struck dully when the Old Man whispered orders came, but Fenton was alert at once.

"All hands!" he whispered hoarsely. "Make sail, lads! Harry, you're going yachting with my Wavy Navy."

Fenton didn't think it was funny. Yachting was one thing . . . these men might be under fire if something miscarried. It would be different then.

They raised the great trussed steel boom by hand, using the winch cranks, not daring to risk the rumble of machinery. It towered over the scow almost two hundred feet, extending over the bow, snapping at preventer tackles and the blocks that held it to the shear legs. With the tremendous weight aloft the roll increased to a mad lunge and staggering recovery. Icy sea water came to torment the crew as it struggled with the stiff tarpaulin sail and the heavy wooden yard that was to spread it. They hooked tackles from the boom into the readied slings, hoisting it slowly into the night sky on slushed blocks; taming the wild thrash of the free corners, the clews to all but Fenton, by quickly rove braces to the scow itself.

ODDLY, it was Colby who took charge of the sail management; no hint of doubt in his orders or his voice. "Sheet in the weather clew," Colby sang out. "Come on, chappies . . . we'll walk 'em in and roll downwind, hey-ho!"

The rudder tackles kept Fenton busy, feeling for steerage way, but he could take a second to cheer silently. Colby was all right . . just another one he'd gotten wrong.

Under the bluff forefoot a gentle gurgling commenced, the slight song of a bow wave. Fenton tested his rudder, leading both tackles to a belaying cleat amidships. With care . . . and luck . . . the thing would steer a straight downwind course. And that was all right; clear of the submarine. Almost, Fenton could believe in what he was doing.

"Three miles an hour," the Old Man said, "about what a good L would do in a calm. Wind's still shifty, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Fenton carefully, "but it's still south. I can keep her clear."

"If it was west now," the Old Man said . . . "um! But it isn't. That U's only a half mile away, Fenton. Don't get caught aback."

In the darkness he could see the flash of the Old Man's teeth. Great guns! . . . Fenton thought, he's officer enough to make his escape but as a man he's praying for the chance to mix with her.

From someplace in the eastward came a long, weary sigh, like an exhaled breath. It might be the sub, blowing ballast. Or it might be whales broaching.

"Wind's making to westward," Colby chirped. Without an order, sensing the shift, he eased his weather clew, keeping the sail filled and quiet. Fenton put his dory rudder over, fighting for a straight northward course to escape. If she ever broached to, sheered from her course, she'd be down on that sub in minutes. Fenton didn't know about ramming. That was only an unexpressed hope of the Old Man's . . . his bow and arrow. Even now the scow, with that boom and sail high aloft, was drunken and unsteady. If she accomplished the fantastic, found that low black sub in the inky night, she'd kill herself too, rolling over and sinking like a stone.

Fenton heard that restless sigh again, almost abeam now. Another mile and they'd be safe to leeward, off for the protection of the horizon. After that it didn't matter. Iceland, maybe a lucky patrol or plane. The convoy was all that mattered, racing to them at this minute, not suspecting the trap.

"Fenton!" It was Colby's muffled yell, "Bear up!"

Fenton tore his fingers, hauling his rudder tackle. He heard the wind shift coming. First it was calm; a second later the wind was down on the staggering scow with a triumphant wail . . . straight from the west, holding there, steady and freshening! The rudder became useless. The big sail hung back winded, stiff and lifeless and the song under the bows ceased abruptly.

Time waited for the slowly yawing vessel. Time waited while she made up her sullen mind to remain hove to, windbound and defeated or to fill again and race eastward to where the nightbound enemy blocked the only path to escape. Only the wind could decide. Only the wind and the Wavy Navy, poised at her limp braces. And perhaps the Old Man.

He stood forward of Fenton, a wraith against the winch drum, and Fenton could sense the impending events that waited but for his word. It was the Old Man's opportunity to chance reaching back, to make a last desperate try for vindication. Time and place had stopped so that he could decide.

"There was a Brixham trawler once," the Old Man said, "a lucky ship, some say. They killed half her crew before she rammed. It—it would finish the story."

Fenton shuddered. As a navigator, he knew there wasn't a chance of chasing down the sub. To meet her, on their only possible course, would be utt coincidence.

"No," the Old Man said quietly, "n It's a personal matter. I haven't th right to do that to them either. M Fenton," he said. "Mr. Fenton, prepa to abandon ship."

Fenton sighed, approving. It was hard, bitter decision for the proud ol man to make but a right one for a king officer. They could still save the co voy, scuttling the scow and taking the dories. The thing to leeward had been alarmed and she'd never torped that destroyer unless she slowed up take the scow in tow.

"Very good, sir." Fenton nodded.

BUT he never gave that order. Tim suddenly moved again and with moved the elements of cause and effe and there was no decision, no choice be followed but one. And curiously, Fenton, it was Sid Colby and the Wa Navy that made the deciding move.

The braces whined suddenly in th well-deck gloom. Four men at eac they were being handed in, giving li to the sail.

"Sailors can sail," Colby muttered. "Home with the clews, lads! Put h before the wind! We—we shipped fight, chappies; not run!"

"Aye, we shipped to fight, sir!" can a mumbled chorus.

"Colby!" Fenton cried. "Belay it. there's no chance of ramming. W haven't a chance of contacting and can't steer . . ."

But it was too late. The Wavy Na had decided. Fenton could feel th courage and will of them: almost li an odor as fear is said to be. Fento knew it from Jutland and the first li and it was strange finding it here agai But, oddly, he could approve of it a what was happening now.

Colby's sail whispered and rustle reaching for life and power, as exp hands presented it to the stern win Then with the crack of a turret gun suddenly filled, shivering the great st boom to its tip far over the bow. T 116 growled angrily under her forefo and plunged forward, snarling at t black ominous east.

Fenton dashed to his rudder tackl cursing. The crack of that sail had be lubberly, revealing their nearness to sub. But it was still silent ahead. A then suddenly the braces whined aga the scow stumbled and once more t great thunder of the filled sail boom in the night. Colby, it flashed to Fe

"When he's thoroughly trained I'm going to offer his services to the War Department" WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

was doing it deliberately, making t sub reveal herself!

Almost immediately, this time, the l of an alarm siren stabbed the darks. Ahead and slightly to north'ard! ntically Fenton put over the dory der, aiming for the sound.

Cover! All who can." It was the Man, his voice steady and clear, ing charge. "Clew men, remain at r stations. Fenton, there'll be gun hes . . . bear on 'em!"

he scow veered, attempting to sail ourse that a square rigger couldn't . Fenton's rudder could do no more. y'd miss that submarine, unable to , but having to stand her fire. Off the darkness tiny spurts of flame hed and tracer came, searching for t sudden sound on the sea, the un- something that charged down- d. Fenton could hear the shells, ing angrily into the steelwork above head. The heavy deck gun spoke , sharply, firing low. There came a d crash on the port quarter, hardly ering the scow. But Fenton heard angry hiss of steel splinters; then ream. The German had found them.

Bring axes!" It was the Old Man, ing.

Axes!" Fenton groaned, "axes and arms against her!"

heavy shell bored into the truss- k of the shear legs. It sounded like aking glass and Fenton found him- laughing crazily. He couldn't say , because Colby was coughing at his , clutching his belly.

Ease off, weather clew!" Fenton had jobs now. And not much help. The beat a withering fire across the deck, big gun pounding the hull, low n. Each burst from her brought ams. Mess brought axes, handing one. "I've got my Scottie," Fenton mbled, patting his holster.

Take the ax!" the Old Man said. re was a blotch on his service jacket, wing in spurts. "Splinter," he said. thing. Q stuff. Sail her, Fenton!"

HE scow bore down on the sea-rolled ub. Figures ran from her decks an- ring the cry of the dive alarm deep in steel heart. But it was too late for to dive. In seconds the derrick would , crash her tons into the plating of U. Then they'd both disappear into sea, the scow capsizing over her vic- That weight aloft, that great heavy m and the tugging sail. . . . Fenton ok his fist at it crazily. It would be y for those helpless wounded men. y and quick. He and the Old Man a few others would linger . . . strug- g, floating, freezing. . . .

Let her sail now," the Old Man said etly. "Fenton, your ax!"

enton abandoned his rudder. She ldn't miss now.

Cut!"

enton swung his ax, following the Man, not knowing what he was g. He felt it bite into steel, making pid sparks. He was striking at the ch drum—at its stored wire cable.

Now! Together!" the Old Man aned and the dark spot on his jacket w suddenly larger, damper. "Now, ton!"

enton gave a last powerful stroke. cable shrieked, its severed end ing up and out, into the night sky. ominous rumble commenced. The became suddenly helpless and slack, ng, and the great steel boom fell n the heavens like a plummet. ight for the sounding submarine it hed, bridging the narrow span of Fenton closed his eyes.

hen he opened them the boom was p into the submarine, like a stick cked into dough. The scow had oped, her still-rolling bow wave lap- g the cold scales of the speared steel ile. The conning tower was a nest of metallic wreckage. A man struggled in its coils, clutching at the collapsing sail. At the water line there was a deathly gurgle. Oil oozed from the wound, quieting the sea.

And then the submarine slowly settled, leaving the boom, freeing the twisted figure to the sea, and disappeared, retching, into the ocean's blackness.

"Nate!" Fenton whispered, "skipper. . . ."

But the Old Man lay at Fenton's feet, the dark spot spreading to the cold deck beneath him.

"Reporting for duty, sir." It was Jim Somethingorother, his awkward salute suddenly frozen at what he saw. Fenton looked up, haggard. There were six of them—six out of fifteen.

"The . . . Wavy Navy," Fenton muttered bitterly and cried.

THE blockade and the torpedoed Canadian troop ship and the Irish coast mine fields were behind them. The convoy broke up north of Lough Swilly and an admiralty tug took the Utility 116 from her destroyer, plunging southward through the Irish Sea.

It was past dawn, striking eight bells, and Fenton raised the Red Duster, two-blocking it in the riddled shear legs. Bristol lay ahead, the early smoke of her munitions works mingling with the screen of barrage balloons.

"Tug's making signals, sir," Jim said at his side.

"Take 'em," Fenton said.

"I'm not as good as . . . as Mr. Colby was, sir," Jim said.

"Try," Fenton said. "You chaps can do anything."

Fenton went forward. Or was it aft? He still didn't know. But now it didn't matter. It wasn't these things that made ships. He knew that now. There were two sullen Germans below to be questioned, all that they'd yanked from the oily waters that night. It was the little things . . . information, an insignificant derrick scow, the forgotten art of sailing . . . that England needed as much as her first-line ships. Fenton understood that now. Jim came again, handing him a message.

Fenton glanced at it. Then he went aloft. The Old Man lay in his berth, borrowed surgeon's mate at his side. Fenton rummaged under the charts.

"He's pretty bad, sir," the surgeon's mate said.

Fenton didn't answer. He took something from under the charts and strode to the Old Man's berthside.

"Request permission to fly it, sir," he said huskily. In his hands was a spread Blue Duster.

The Old Man looked at him, not moving. "No orders," he whispered.

"Yes," Fenton said. "Yes, they came just now. Relayed from the tug, sir, direct from the Admiralty Board."

The Old Man smiled thinly. Fenton thought he looked young and terribly eager to live under the pallor—a man he could serve with pride for the rest of his navy days. "Long time, Harry," the Old Man said. "Since '16. Fly it, boy!"

So Fenton two-blocked the Blue Duster, making the Old Man's outlandish box an honored ship in the empire's honorable navy. Fenton had grown wise and tough beyond imagination since that foggy night in Fundy yet he wasn't ashamed of the tears now. He'd been wrong, with those others, so dead wrong. He would like to have had the Old Man know that before. . . .

The surgeon's mate came to him. There was respect in his smart service salute.

"Commander Elliot's compliments, sir," he said. "Will you take tea with a Wavy Navy man at two bells, sir? . . . God, sir, I never saw a man pick up so. He'll be at sea again in a month!"


# PITCHES SHUTOUT TWO GAMES IN A ROW—

## but couldn't lick the "bite zone" in his pipe!

# Five Different Tobaccos Cut Five Different Ways—

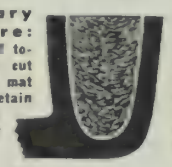
end "bite zone" with Revelation!

YOU taste the *tremendous difference* with your first pipeful of REVELATION! . . . sweet, cool, no-bite mildness coupled with rich, spicy flavor! . . . extra pleasure *you can't get* in *so-called* "mixtures" containing only *one* or *two* tobaccos!

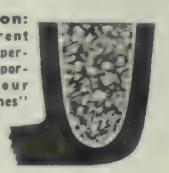
*Five* superb tobaccos, in *balanced* blend, make REVELATION sensationally *finer!* Each tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each tobacco is cut separately to the special size and shape that makes ALL FIVE *blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

*Try* a tin of REVELATION and see what it means to enjoy your pipe right down to the last puff!

**Ordinary mixture:** Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down — retain heat—often cause soggy heel.



**Revelation:** Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes" — burns more evenly, coolly.



***YOUR OWN EYES*** show you five finer tobaccos in REVELATION: **Burley** (cool burning) • **Carolina** (adds sparkle) • **Virginia** (rich flavor) • **Perique** (champagne of tobaccos) • **Latakia** (spicily aromatic).

15¢ POCKET TIN

# REVELATION
PIPE MIXTURE

*A Product of PHILIP MORRIS*

# You'll like yeast this new way

**WINNIE:** Vitamins! Well, you're not far ahead of me. Somebody just told me that YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX. Right?
**JUNE:** Better than that! Did you know that yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, *natural* sources of the Vitamin B Complex? And it's a group of vitamins that lots of us don't get enough of . . . Say, maybe *you* don't get enough of 'em!

**WINNIE:** You could be right. I was a faithful yeast-eater once, and I felt 100% tops, too. But I never learned to like the taste.
**JUNE:** Well, you'll love it in tomato juice. Has a flavor like oven-fresh bread. Twice a day, and stay with it, is my rule. Why not lay in a week's supply of Fleischmann's Yeast and get started? Get these vitamins this *natural* way. Maybe you'll get that "feeling-you're-flying," again.

**MASH** . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork

**STIR** . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

**DRINK** your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

**Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast**

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast... the household favorite of four generations.


# Don't Throw It Away

Continued from page 17

since early this century. Converted to the cause of conservation by Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt, he went them one step better. Why not save other things besides trees? he asked. Agricultural wastes, for example.

Sweeney, then a youngster teaching chemistry at Ohio State, listed twenty wastes that he thought could be processed into a board suitable for partitions, insulation and plaster base. Strangest waste product: refuse removed from cow stomachs at packing houses. Proud of his little intellectual exercise, Sweeney marched into the office of the university president. He was cold-shouldered out with directions to come back when his ideas were past the talk stage.

Back in his laboratory, Sweeney puttered and stewed and finally produced a board made out of bagasse. His researches hadn't got beyond this when the last war started and he was assigned to work on poison gasses.

### Hoover Takes a Hand

At the end of the war he took a job on the faculty of Iowa State and got down to work in earnest. Result of these early investigations was a chemical called furfural, derived from oat hulls and corncobs. This substance is used in the plastics industry and thousands of pounds are required to remove sludge from motor oil. Largely as a result of Sweeney's work, one of the biggest breakfast-foods manufacturers added a furfural-extracting plant to consume the mountains of oat hulls produced at its Cedar Rapids plant.

Sweeney next turned to a cornstalk building board. He shredded, boiled and pressed stalks and leaves until he had a board that satisfied him. Result here was a plant at Dubuque whose huge tonnage goes chiefly to one of the big mail-order houses. After this success Sweeney decided he needed help. The refuse pile was too big for a one-man attack.

He told his story to his friend, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. Why couldn't the government participate in this business? he asked. Use up a lot of waste, give the farmer more income and bring industry to the corn belt? A lot of little industries sprinkled through rural regions would help even out the bumps that came when farm prices slumped. Mr. Hoover listened attentively, and said he would see what he could do. The idea appealed to his engineering mind and he got a $50,000 appropriation to be spent jointly by Iowa State College and the Bureau of Standards.

Benefits from this feeler expenditure were great enough for the Department of Agriculture to take over in 1931. In 1935, money was forthcoming for a compact little brick building, the Agricultural By-Products Research Laboratory, which was located on the campus at Ames. A dozen chemists were turned loose inside and told to see what they could fish out of their test tubes that could be translated into more dollars for the farmer. The big assault on the farm junk heap began.

Already the Ames chemists have developed a number of new products and are working on a host of others. Step into the workroom of T. R. McElhinney to see how things go. Tom McElhinney is a lanky, jut-jawed Iowa farm boy who hails from Waterloo. He took chemistry at Iowa State, got a job in the laboratory when he graduated and was assigned to work with plastics.

Trucks dumped assorted debris corncobs, stalks, straw, bagasse—in M Elhinney's barnlike lab and he flew in them. He chopped them up and treat them in pressure cookers with vario chemicals. In powerful presses he'd p the resultant messes under pressures to 3,500 pounds to the square inch. Li as not they'd stick in molds and have be removed with a cold chisel. Oth times they would be runny and goo Finally, he made a plastic out of bagas that looked good. It was hard witho being brittle, satisfactorily water-resis ant and had the luster of a piece highly polished marble.

The plastic was all right, but wh about costs? McElhinney started o with one thing in his favor here: b gasse, unlike most other farm wastes, fers no particular problem of collectio Cane is hauled to mills and refuse m terial from thousands of acres is aut matically collected in one neat pile. be well over on the conservative side figured cost of bagasse at $8 a t whereas board mills are able to get they can use from $4 to $5 a ton.

After totaling up all material cos the finished powder, which is press into various shapes, figured out at 5 ce a pound—half the price of the cheap molding powder on the market at pr ent. Cheapness of the new mater opens up vast new fields denied prese plastics because of cost. It can pressed into tiles for kitchens and bat rooms that are cheap enough to co pete with better grades of lumber. D frames, wall panels, baseboard and ev roof tiles are other possibilities. Two the three largest motor makers are ready at work with the new materi testing its adaptability to single s dashboards, steering wheels, and forth. A small plant in Louisiana, in conjunction with a sugar mill, about ready to go into production w molding powder which it will sell manufacturers of ash trays, electri goods, portable radio cabinets and oth such objects.

All this, understand, has taken pl quite recently. Whether McElhinn has struck on an idea that can be tra lated into more dollars for the su farmer, and cheaper products for home, remains to be seen. Meanwh he is busy in his noisy laboratory—fil with the huge presses and hissing pr sure cookers—trying to see what he make out of straw and corncobs.

### Iron Out

Upstairs from the plastics lab I G. H. Nelson, chemist, and Rob Straka, bacteriologist, cut out anot project. At the outset they decide would be nice if they could find b teria, molds or fungi which would away unwanted materials in stalks straws and leave pure cellulose papermaking. Following their mic scopic hounds, they went far afield the project originally outlined.

Lignin, which accounts for about per cent of all pulpy vegetable mat offered greatest difficulties. No crobes would touch it. Nelson, hadn't the slightest idea about why t turned up noses at this food, star out on a long-range study of the s stance.

Very little is known of the chemis of lignin beyond the fact that it appe to be the glue that binds cellulose gether to make trees, cornstalk, ho hocks and other such vegetable mat

Wanting to see how it reacted various metals, he stirred pure lig

a solution which contained some of ommon salts of iron. When he fil- the solution, the filter paper was ed with a blackish substance! n had precipitated about 98 per of the iron out of the solution.

alize the role iron plays in water you'll catch the significance of this ening. Iron, which imparts an evil and color to water, is disastrous xtile, paper, ice and laundry indus- It discolors bath fixtures, clogs ; and is otherwise an expensive nce in municipal water systems. to the suppression of bacteria, it s the biggest problem in the life of water company.

ousands of tons of the mineral zeo- lime, soda ash and other iron re- ers are used annually in the United s. From advance data so far avail- lignin does the job more cheaply more efficiently than any of these rials.

gnin can be extracted from corn- stalk and straw, and is also avail- in paper-mill wastes. At present s only two uses. Since it extracts ture from the air it is utilized to a l extent to keep down dust on coun- oads. A minute amount goes to e synthetic vanilla extract. Nel- work opens up an enormous new t.

hile Nelson was making this dis- ry Dr. Straka kept at the problem rmentation. Scores of jars contain- grim-looking black mash made of stalks and other debris bubbled . When no cultures were found wanted to eat lignin, Straka began alyze gases given off by fermenta- Most of the bottles were giving ydrogen, a small amount of carbon de and a large amount of methane lammable marsh gas. An idea k. Why couldn't farmers use e straw and cornstalk to manu- ire their own fuel gas? Use it in cookstoves and light their homes it?

raka weighed bottle charges of ped stalk, and metered the gas pro- d. Resulting figures indicated that n of fodder would produce 10,000 feet of gas. Since domestic con- ers of manufactured gas pay an age of $1.18 a thousand for this fuel, ka's fodder has an indicated gas e of $11.80 a ton.

### Factory at Home

r the average home, Straka figures it would be necessary for the er to fork 50 pounds of fodder into ermenter each day. The tank, which d be about eight feet in diameter six feet deep, would require clean- every four or five months. Scores rinkles have yet to be ironed out re such a system can be made com- ly foolproof. At the moment, find- a satisfactory tank is giving trouble. als seem to inhibit bacterial action, ork now is progressing with tile and k containers.

raka is also thinking in terms of r units to supply the gas require- ts of small, farm-belt towns. Carbon ide produced by the fermentation d be compressed into dry ice, residuary mash could be pressed board. Then the chemist's ideal d be achieved. Nothing would be ed.

own the corridor from Straka's lab- ory another man, Dr. Nandor Por- made microbes jump through s. He sets them to work on corn r, watched results. This sugar isn't, urse, an agricultural waste. Rather an agricultural by-product. But uses for corn sugar can be trans- d into more farm income, and more stry for towns and cities. That, all, is the chief aim of the labora- tory. Dr. Porges, smiling and rotund, has made his microbes perform astonishing tricks. Money-making tricks. Setting them to work under various conditions of pressure, vacuum and heat, he has produced a large array of new chemicals.

He has devised a radical, new method of producing calcium gluconate—used in tanning, metallurgy, toothpaste, human and veterinary medicine. In medicine this chemical is used to supply quickly the calcium that the body may need. Although the material is getting clinical trials for a host of human ills, most of this work is still in an experimental stage. Best results to date have come in cow medicine. Due to the drain on body calcium imposed by calf bearing, cows frequently topple over after delivering their young. Calcium gluconate is assimilated so rapidly that a single shot will revive them in a few minutes. Until a few years ago this substance fetched $150 a pound. Now, since Porges has tamed microbes and put them to work, a small commercial plant in Missouri is producing the material for 50 cents a pound.

### Paper Profits

A similar project—again using microbes to do the work of men and machinery—had reduced the price of a chemical curiosity called sorbose from $450 a pound to $11 a pound. This is the parent substance from which Vitamin C (anti-scurvy) is derived.

The ideal of by-products chemists is successfully to make paper out of agricultural refuse. Reasons for this are obvious. The United States consumes over 12,000,000 tons of paper a year. If cellulose for this production were derived from farm wastes, it would make a handsome hole in the waste pile and save countless trees.

There are numerous catches to achievement of this goal at the moment. For one thing, papermaking demands cheap power—something not available in the farm belt where the wastes are produced. For another, pulp prices have been so depressed that few pulp mills operated profitably. These twin factors rule out utilization of farm wastes only insofar as present paper-mill processes and methods are used. At Ames, chemists are seeking radical new methods of production. They know that they *can* make excellent paper out of nearly any of the wastes they work with. Hawaii has a mill operating on bagasse, and Italy and South American countries have subsidized mills using straw. So it is purely a question of price.

The research men at Ames are interested in a variety of things, beyond those already covered. The work is national in scope and in this respect differs from work to be done in the new regional laboratories which the Agriculture Department has opened in Philadelphia, New Orleans, Peoria and San Francisco.

Congress appropriated $800,000 to build the stations. The one at New Orleans is seeking new uses for cotton, peanuts, sweet potatoes and their by-products; the station at Philadelphia is working with apples, dairy products, tobacco, and by-products of each; Peoria is concentrating mostly on corn; and San Francisco is seeing what can be done with wheat and all fruits except apples. Because of better laboratory facilities, much of the Ames work is being shifted to Peoria.

They're a dreamy crew, exploring an endlessly fascinating field. They dream in terms of new industries scattered through rural regions, more dollars for the farmer and a whole array of new building materials, textiles and plastics for the home. What's more important, their dreams are beginning to walk.

Sunshine's *wonderful* with SUTRA* there to protect you against painful sunburn! This new scientific sunfilter cream is unlike any other. It contains an exclusive compound which forms an invisible shield on the skin so that destructive burn rays *cannot* pass! So SUTRA prevents painful sunburn, ugly blistering. BUT... it permits skin absorption of healthful Vitamin D-producing and tanning rays. These...which should reach your skin...do! In other words, SUTRA is SELECTIVE. ***Results are guaranteed*** with SUTRA used according to directions, or purchase price will be refunded. You will find SUTRA a pleasant white cream. Non-greasy. Insect-repellent. An excellent powder base. Use it on the lips, too, to prevent sun-blistering. Two sizes. **65¢** and **$1.00** at better drug and department stores. Or send in the coupon below.

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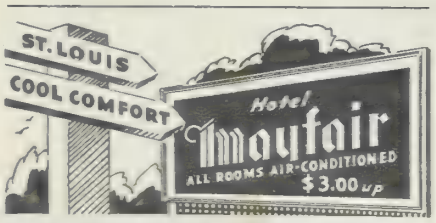


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MENTHOLATUM


## Our New Army

Continued from page 18

was killed in a traffic accident; a better record than civilian drivers managed over the Decoration Day holiday.

The exodus from the fort still left a sizable bunch at hand—some 12,000, in fact. A couple of battalions of the 205th (antiaircraft) stayed home to do their firing on the sand dunes at Grayland off the western Washington coast; other outfits weren't considered seasoned for war games; and a few tank, antitank, cavalry and artillery groups didn't have enough equipment to make any kind of showing. Some of our superpatriots who keep screaming that we're ready for all comers ought to get around a little.

SOME of the worst roads in Western Washington bear the names of some of the C.O.'s at the fort. Makeshift signs stuck up alongside the old wagon ruts used by Army trucks in cross-country maneuvers bear such titles as Burns Bog (which would be named after the 10th F.A.'s Major Burns) and McClenaghan Blvd. (for Major McClenaghan of the 39th). The officers concerned aren't sure about it but are inclined to believe this recognition is no compliment.

### OREGON

FORT STEVENS. The garbage details here are made up of a truck driver, a shotgun guard and any two men who may be residing temporarily in the clink. When the wife of one of the civilian engineers living on the post saw one of the boys rescue a magazine from the debris, one day, she began to make a point of stacking a few periodicals atop the garbage can. Time passed; then came the day when she found a note from the grateful reader. "I won't need any more magazines," he informed her. "My sentence is up tomorrow." On the following Monday she found another note. "I'm back in again," it read. "I run into some beer. I could use some reading."

CAMP CLATSOP. It was all very hush-hush. Only the ranking officers were supposed to have known that the troops at this camp were destined for service in Alaska. The excitement, therefore, was somewhat rampant when all of the men were heard discussing the forthcoming trip, and there was some talk of calling in G-2 to ferret out spies, etc. It was pretty simple, though; the men had been issued heavy woolen underwear—with summer coming on. Men at near-by Fort Canby had a reverse experience. Last midwinter, while they were shoveling their way out of the Oregon brand of winter storms, along came an issue of featherweight shorts and tops. The old-timers took one look and yelled, "Panama!" That's where they went.

### CALIFORNIA

FORT ORD. That swing number entitled Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy has stirred things up considerably here, what with ninety-eight per cent of the buglers trying to slip some hot licks into their calls and a hundred per cent of the company commanders warning them to stick to the regulation blasts—or else. Buglers John Morris and Art Hill, of the 32d Infantry, were among those dressed down for what sounded like boogie woogie reveille. They gulped and said yes, sir, it wouldn't happen again. Reveille was okay the next morning but assembly was terrific. On the third morning one of the officers climbed out early, trailed the buglers and found one of the Ord canines had developed the habit of following the buglers around and adding a few yowls to the calls that went out through the big megaphone.

CAMP ROBERTS, San Miguel. As soon as the buglers here do their daily dirty they grab vantage points along the line of the band's reveille march, spread their ears and moan with envy. Tossing off notes that would split the lungs and lips of the ordinary bugler are Trumpeters Jack Cathcart, from Artie Shaw's band and Harvey A. Thomas, from Paul Pendarvis' orchestra. Both men get up, these days, at about the same hour they used to retire. Also in the new band are Pvts. Charles Jones, who was Bing Crosby's arranger, and Merle S. Howard, formerly with Paul Martin's aggregation. On the other side of the camp is the Field Artillery band, and the rivalry between the toot-and-oompah outfits is something. They tried to get Leopold Stokowski himself to decide which was the better outfit, but he merely beamed at the respective leaders, Tech. Sgts. Bernard Pelligrini and Joseph Dimeo, and said, isn't it a lovely day?

FORT ROSECRANS, Point Loma. Luck may have had something to do with it, but still . . . Minnesota boys from Fort Snelling recently dusted off two of the 10-inch disappearing guns defending San Diego's harbor and whammed away with the first service ammunition that had been fed into the weapons for nineteen years. The target, an imaginary battleship, was only four yards square, ten miles at sea, and officers figured that the dropping of a projectile in an area 160 yards long and thirty-two yards wide would have rated an excellent rating. One of the shells, however, smacked plumb into the middle of the target, which immediately became extinct. With its sighting point gone, Battery F, 19th C.A., called the whole thing off.

### TEXAS

CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. Pvt. Frank Silva asked for an honorable discharge and got it, because he decided he liked the Army, but the incident isn't quite as screwy as it sounds. The facts are these: A few weeks ago Pvt. Silva reported to do his one-year stretch, fully convinced that he wasn't going to like military training worth a hoot. But just four weeks ago he asked for an honora discharge, as related before; and w the papers were issued, Pvt. Si turned around and signed up for a thr year enlistment in the Regular Ar

SOME of the workmen employed the construction of this camp wer draft age and are now back at the c tonment they helped build. Pvt. T Oglesby, of the 1853d Service Unit, good example. As a civilian he hel install the machinery in the camp's cold-storage plant; as a soldier he's ri back there, in charge of the eng rooms.

### GENERAL

NEARLY every man in the 45th D sion at Camp Barkeley, Texas, fr Camp Executive Officer Lieut. Charles McK. Kemp down to a lis privates a couple of feet long has ta the trouble to tell us that Californ Camp Roberts is not the only named after a private (Collier's, M 24th). The Texas cantonment named after Pvt. David Barkeley, was drowned in the Meuse River, days before the Armistice, while try to fulfill an important mission. He one of sixty-seven men to receive Congressional Medal of Honor an probably Texas' most famous herc the first World War. Last April Pvt. Barkeley's mother was a gues the Commanding General at the p

OUTSIDE of a few mild gripes there aren't enough hostesses tc around and that some of the ladies definitely over sixteen, the hostess gram seems to have met with gen favor. There's a chaplain in one of Texas camps, though, who thinks whole idea is the bunk and thinks a of Army men agree with him but haven't cared to open their traps at it. "It's just a waste of money and fizzle out," the chaplain predicts. War Department says not to baby men, then turns around and sends hostesses. When a fellow has the b he doesn't need female sympathy; better for him to have a cry and g over with. And if he has to tell his tr bles to somebody, he can always tal another man better than to a wor After all, this is a man's Army."

OR is it?

G.

"Maneuvers or no maneuvers, the Japanese beetles stay on that side!"

LEONARD DO

## But Everything!

Continued from page 15

ad trouble getting Polly home. Red ed to celebrate at a night club, in- g that Polly could sleep in the ning, that this was "but an occa- " He had Polly's little convertible, e foisted him off on some friends ound and I took Polly out to Long d on the train.

nce we were rid of Red, Polly took and began talking about the match how she would outgeneral Waring. r a while, I said, "You used to play n, Polly."

e gave me a look. I didn't quite erstand it, but it seemed as if she mad at me. I said hastily, "I'm y."

er voice lifted a little: "You're al- s sorry! You always back off and like a—like a hurt pup! You go y and do law business—every !"

Every time what, Polly?" I didn't t.

Everybody loves Joe Woolcott! He'll overnor some day! You're an up- coming lawyer, Joe! You're won- al!"

aid, "Now wait a minute, Polly. . . ." am going to marry Red Anson. going to turn pro and support him! t year when I'm twenty-one, you'll to give me my money and . . ." said, "Polly, you shouldn't upset self like this when you have a ch tomorrow!"

E glared at me with the most ven- mous expression I have ever seen n man or woman. She said, "Tennis! Woolcott—I hate you! Hate you! can—you can go to hell!"

e ran into the house. I tried to stop but Polly is quick as a whippet. I t back and got on another train. t up in the hotel room until four, king cigarettes.

didn't help much. Red called at -thirty, just as I was finally getting leep. He was stuck with a check had no money. Would I okay it? d.

hat was the first time I ever had to e myself to go to a tennis match. anaged it, finally, getting there just hey were coming on the courts.

sat up high in the stadium, with a ll pair of field glasses so that I could ch Polly's face. I could tell how was going by her expression—in e of that poker face they all say wears. I saw her at once, standing at the edge of the field, listening Red.

e was waving his arms, pounding palm with his right fist. No one d miss it, even if Red hadn't given interviews telling all about it.

hey couldn't kid me about Martha ing. I knew her of old. She was of those big, lumpy girls who are tennis. She had been around, yet was no aging veteran. She was dy as a rock and her service was fic, and she would give her right for that championship.

screwed the glasses and squinted Polly's face. The little lines were there. She bobbed her head at tha, very polite, but cold, and they a racket. Polly won and chose ice, which was smart.

artha took plenty of time going to tion. Red was right about her slow m-up. I looked for Red, but he was here in sight, which seemed strange. girls rallied for a while, and Polly e Martha play as quickly as she d.

hen there came that little hush, as y took the new balls and toed the line. Just before first service this silence always falls, and there you are.

You're all alone. Your carefully laid plans are something far in your past, quite academic. Over across the net is a good player—mighty good to have come up to the nationals, you well know. It's up to you, then—and nobody else in the world.

Polly threw up the ball and served. She didn't use that fireball I had taught her. She used twist and put it in play on Martha's backhand.

That was the strategy of which Red spoke. Put the ball in play. Make Martha speed up. Don't let her warm up the way she would like.

Martha cross-courted. She must have been a little nervous under her phlegmatic exterior, because she should not hit to Polly's backhand, but should lay it down flat. Polly moved crisply and her square shoulders turned in that natural, beautiful pivot and her own backhand was a cross-court placement to win the first point of the match.

Alongside me, Red Anson said, "I been looking for you all over the place. What's the idea being way up here? You see that shot? Polly will *cream* her!"

I said, "Shut up!"

He stared at me and I saw the red-headed temper close to the surface and I hoped it would boil over. But not so, not ever. I should have known that. He smiled commiseratingly and said, "I understand. Okay, Joe!"

Polly swept right on through the first set, hurrying the play, pushing that backhand past Martha. She dropped only three games and the crowd fluttered, thinking it was a push-over. I turned the glasses on Martha Waring and she was implacable, sweating a little now. Red started up as soon as the set was ended.

"Now we'll see. Polly's got her, now. But indubitably! Polly will . . ."

"Lose this set," I snapped at him.

He chortled, "Not a chance! Not half a chance! Why, Polly's got to win in straight sets. She can't afford to drop one to Waring—and she knows it. She'll outsteady her now—change her pace. It's in the bag!"

I said again, "Shut up, will you?"

THE lines had deepened in Polly's face. I wondered for the hundredth time why she should be weary. She had not been extended too much in the earlier rounds. Polly never dissipated, never stayed out late nights. Red had been arguing with her about that last evening.

Martha had warmed up. She was steady as Gibraltar. Polly hit the ball back and forth, back and forth. She had the strokes, all right, crisp and flowing. She looked very graceful out there. But Martha won the points.

Martha led at four-two. Polly stuck in there doggedly, playing safe, and pulled it up to evens at four all. Each point was long-drawn-out. It was not Polly Harkness tennis.

Polly bent and fixed a shoelace which did not need fixing. She was tired, all right. She got up pretty fast, though, and Red muttered something. Red was mumbling to himself all the time, now, but I didn't pay any attention to him. Martha served, turning on the heat.

Martha won at love. Polly served, staring at defeat. Polly had a little habit of standing there, ducking her head, staring a moment at her opponent just before she threw that service. She was booming it, now, trying for the ace.

She missed. For a few shots she


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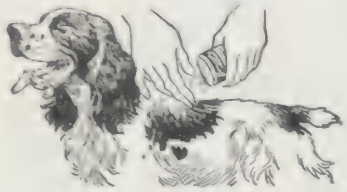

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floundered. Martha took away the play. Martha won the set at six-four.

Red got up. He said, "The dumb bunny! I got to go down there. I got to think of something. That Polly wasn't steady. Women ought not to play this game. They have no brains—but not any brains!"

He started pell-mell for the steps. He was going down to shoot off that mouth. He was going to try to tell Polly how to win the third set and the championship, so that she could turn pro and support him in the style to which he was not accustomed.

I let him go. If she wanted to marry him, what could I do about it? I let him get all the way down on the field before I started after him.

She was inside, taking her shower. It would be some time before he could get to her. I followed him to a secluded spot behind the dressing rooms. I said, "Go away, Red."

"I got to think of something." He was panicky, all right. "She was dumb, letting Waring take it away. . . ."

I said, "Are you going? Quick!"

He said, "Don't bother me, Joe. I got to . . ."

He took a look at me, then. His mouth hung open a moment. I said, "Go ahead. Get mad. Get good and mad."

He did not get mad. He swallowed hard and said, "Okay, Joe. Maybe you're right. You're her old coach. You do it, Joe."

He walked away, swaggering even then. He had found a way out. He couldn't lose, now. It was right in my lap.

POLLY came out too soon. She should have taken the full rest. She was white around the lips. She said, "Where's Red? It—it went wrong. Where is he?"

"He had to see a newspaperman," I said glibly. "Told me to tell you what to do, Polly. You're to turn it loose."

She said, "I'm—I'm pretty tired, Joe. Haven't been sleeping too well, somehow or other."

"Turn on the heat, baby," I said. "It's supposed to be fun, you know. That's tennis—a game. So you can't beat Waring! So what? Turn it on and go out game!"

She said, "Red told you to tell me that, Joe?"

"Sure. He knows. It doesn't matter to him whether you win or not. He wants you to forget everything and go out there and slug. You know—that old-time stuff, baby!"

She said, "Remember Mrs. Addison, Joe? My first championship!" She was grinning a little. Her shoulders were squared up again.

"She was steady, too," I told her. "Like Waring. Pretend Waring isn't too good for you, baby. Have fun!"

Polly said, "Good old Joe!"

"Red said for you to try it that way," I said recklessly. "And for you not to worry. Remember that—don't worry!"

I was holding both her hands. She looked at me out of those hazel eyes. She was like the little girl with the auburn braids, then. She said, "I got it, Joe. You know best, Joe."

She squeezed me hard, in that man's grip, and went out there, carrying two rackets, her head up. I went back up and sat on my shelf.

Red was there. He said, "Uh—Joe!"

"Yeah?"

"What did she say?"

"She's all right," I told him. "I gave her your instructions."

"You did? Say—you're a good guy, Joe. I was rattled. I wouldn't have been any good to her. . . ."

I said, "Shut up!"

Martha was serving. Martha still was hot. She blasted away, winning the first game with ease.

head in that little gesture. Then she looked up, over Martha's head, at Red and me, up there on the shelf. Then she served.

It was the cannonball. Martha blocked it, but could not get pace on her return. Polly's slim legs seemed to float her up to the net. She volleyed like a man, slapping for a placement. She put it away.

Red said, "She's opening up!"

"But indubitably," I said, and he shut up once more.

Polly was a gazelle, a leaping little panther, only prettier. She kept coming in, charging like Morgan, like Stuart, gallantly, with banners flying. You could hear the bugles blowing.

I put the glasses on her and she was smiling, like in olden times. It got to be five to two and Martha was bushed. Polly spoke to her at the net, detaining the big girl, giving her time to get her wind. Martha patted her with an awkward, large hand, appreciative.

Polly served, that beautiful fast one. She followed it in. No rallying now, not waiting for Martha to miss. The lob fell short and Polly was under it, all the sweet lines of her coiling and uncoiling, the racket flashing overhead, all caution gone . . . booming for that placement.

Martha was game, running, panting, trying to reduce it to steadiness. Polly could be beaten at that game. But Polly wasn't having any that day, in that last set.

The last bitter point rode to Polly's backhand and she cut at it and sent it spatting on the back line, taking the dust from the lime, proclaiming her victory in the small, white cloud.

It was over and Martha was really smiling, conceding defeat with generosity, hugging Polly and meaning it. The photographers and the stout fellows of the committee swarmed about them.

Red said, "She won. She won!"

I said, "Nuts."

Red said, "Uh—look, Joe. Could you let me have, say a hundred—until later? I mean—we're getting married at City Hall, right away. I've had the license for days. I'll pay you back—or maybe you could sort of take it out of Polly's money—couldn't you? I mean . . ."

I said, "Red, you kill me!"

I scarcely heard him, right then. I was savoring every golden second of it. Polly was the national champion and I didn't want to lose a moment of it.

When you've got tennis in you and a pal wins a title like that, it's something you never forget. The big cup means all the world when they bring it out there and the pictures are taken for the official book and the newsmen p around and a halo is sort of over erything. I didn't want to lose any of Polly's championship. . . .

We went down and you could see was waiting for us. Her face lit up w she saw us and the happiness was s ing out of her and it made me glad, sad, too. Red ran over and hugged lifting her off her feet, but she sw away before he could kiss her for cameras.

A reporter said, "I hear you're ting married, Polly."

She nodded. "It's true."

"You'll turn pro, of course?"

Polly said, "No!"

Red said loudly, "Wait a mom That's not final. . . ."

"It's final," Polly assured the porter.

Red said, "After we're married .

"Aren't you making a little mist Red? I never said I was going to m you. I just mentioned to Joe that wanted to."

I said, "Hey! Now wait a min You mean it wasn't all set—last n when you . . ."

She said, "No, Joe."

I said, "You hadn't accepted hi

She shook her head. I thought was going to burst into laughter. reporter said puzzledly:

"Er—I'd like to get a word from about the strategy with which you feated Waring, Polly. Red said he you . . ."

"Red is a jackass. Before the set, Joe Woolcott, the only coach I had, came to me and told me ho play Martha. He was right, and I the championship."

THE reporter was getting dizzy. I did laugh, then. She said, "Joe a are getting married soon. I want to be among the first to know it. you publish it, so he can find it c

Red Anson looked about ripe, It would be all right if I busted one, I thought. I had been wanting t him, ever since Kaycee.

But I didn't. I was too busy hu Polly for the cameras. I kissed her A couple of times, real hard.

She whispered, "You fool! Tryi tell me Red sent word to me to g out. And then giving me, word for the same old pep talk you've handing out for years!"

I said, "I love you, Polly. years . . ."

"You—lawyer!"

We had the championship. We love. We had the world by the We had *but* everything!

**"Wait, Sarge, before you soak it! I wanna see . . . I think one o' those stamps is worth dough"**

## Dina Cashman

Continued from page 20

ked up a stamp with a delicate eezer tip. His tone was unconcerned: 'That, of course, you'd have to de- e."

Yawning gulfs of desolation seemed be opening about Dina. She had a lden realization that when she left s house, in a few minutes now, she uld leave her one hope behind her. e would be all alone again, alone with secret and her thoughts. Desper- ly she pushed on:

'Do you know Vere's address at col- e, Mr. Holland?"

His surprised look seemed to disclaim responsibility.

'I? No; haven't the faintest idea. sorry Vere hasn't played a little bit ndsomer part, but I've not ever been y close to him, although I've always ed the boy well enough. He's always med to me a decent young feller. t how he'd act at a time like this I sure I couldn't say. His mother," added, with his eyes again narrowed l his smile grim, "is a splendid ex- ple of the queen cobra. I was an ier at my brother's wedding, twenty- years ago; I was sixteen. I met her t day and I hated her at first sight. I w then that she'd wreck Van's life, l she's done her best. She sees me v and then—knows the boy will come for whatever I leave in all probabil- —and that's why she did her best to ak off my affair with Mrs. Havens. at doesn't interest you, of course."

It *does*," Dina said politely.

Aline and Caroline are great friends, l Caroline worked up this Havens tch. She probably dictated the note ne wrote me."

'But why should she break it off, ce it was with her best friend?" Dina nanded, wide-eyed.

'Because of precious young Vere's ning in for my money," the man an- ered almost impatiently. "Because hates me."

'Oh." Dina felt her spirits sinking. e did not belong in this group. She l no claim on them. The futility of veling three thousand miles just see Vere came over her like a cold ve.

And yet, to see him again, to hear his gh again, to feel his hand covering s as they sat at some restaurant table king things over—ah, that would be live once more! There was no other y.

'HAT would you do," Rogers Hol- land asked, watching her, "if you n't find Vere?"

'Oh, but he would be there!" she said, rtled.

'Might not. His father goes to Mex- , goes to Canada now and then. He ght take the boy along."

'Not if Vere knew I was coming."

'Maybe not." But he was smiling that ret, dreadful half-smile of his. Dina to her feet. "You arrange with Mrs. cket about going into town," he said. turday perhaps. Is Saturday a free for you?"

'Our very worst day. At the grocery work in a grocery—Saturdays ten to . But tomorrow afternoon—Friday ernoon, I'm free. Or I could ask for morning. Mornings are quiet."

'Fix it with Mrs. Bucket. And re- mber, if you get stuck, just smile as ou knew all about everything, and k at me. Goodby, Geraldine."

'wo minutes later she was out in the rp winter cold, walking toward the .

'I am doing something," she said, hali ud. "I am doing something. Perhaps if you do something it changes things. Perhaps there will be a letter from Vere at the store!"

"Letter there for you," Frances Tack said, when Dina was back at the desk in the grocery. Dina's heart leaped. She took it with hands that trembled.

In a lull she could step unobserved behind the high racks that were filled with stacked cans of tomatoes and wrapped loaves of bread and tear open the envelope.

It was a short letter—scribbled in ink on one side of a thick, square page. Dina read it twice. Then she put it back in the envelope and put the envelope in the breast pocket of her sweater. A moment later she was back at work.

"You look queer, Dina," said Frances, slamming cans and packages into a tall brown paper bag. "Headache?"

"No, I'm all right," Dina answered. She cleared her throat, for the first effort at speech was unintelligible. "I'm all right," she repeated.

ROGERS' driver, Hall, met Dina at the Bonita Station, or rather at the open, weather-beaten shed that did duty as a station, just a week later. It was wiser, the girl thought, to keep the appointment as distant as possible from her home. She had had a shampoo early that morning before the family breakfast in the kitchen, but by no other sign did she show that there was anything unusual in the adventure upon which she was embarked. Under the somewhat mangy coat she wore a plaid skirt that had seen almost equal service and a dark blue sweater; even the hat was worn and wintry; she had had no heart for new millinery this spring.

The car rushed smoothly up the wide highway, turned at the bridge crossing, moved steadily westward on the rise of the hills and took the road that climbed through Belmont, leaving the level reaches of the bay waters and the hundred real-estate developments behind it. Homes were scattered and few now; most of them ancient mansions surrounded by gloomy trees, lifting their turrets, cupolas and towers above long-vacated rooms.

The old Holland place stood in forty wooded acres and had a deep canyon to itself. It had been built in the days of the pioneers, gold-rush, railroad-fortune days; it had been somewhat modernized in the nineties. But it was still a pretentious, gloomy, clumsy old building, crouching with the square ferocity of a bulldog at the top of a long lane of pines and eucalyptus trees.

Tonight it wore an aspect as cheerful as gushing lights and a wide-opened door could lend it. The Hollands had once been famous for hospitality, and although that day was long dead, something of its glory was on this occasion restored.

Music was playing when Dina arrived; the strains of a soft, faraway waltz were drifting through the house. In spite of herself it lifted her spirits, and she was conscious of a flutter of excitement and anticipation as she mounted the stairs.

Mrs. Bucket was waiting for her in a big bedroom that was also well warmed; in fact, the housekeeper assured Dina that a completely adequate furnace kept the place comfortable even in the keenest weather.

"But there's nothing like a log fire!" she said.

The dress, the slippers had arrived. Everything that she and Mrs. Bucket had bought, in a bewildering afternoon of shopping the previous Friday, was


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THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

there. Her costume was complete. Dina was left alone to enjoy a bath, to get into her undergarments unobserved. The housekeeper returned to help her with the final touches.

The slippers were silver; there was a tiny rose for her hair. The dress was sky blue, falling and floating in clouds about her. Dina had never seen such a gown before; the saleswoman had indeed assured them that there was no other like it anywhere. The girl stood looking at herself in the mirror like one dazed.

Her soft, burnished hair rippled and curved in waves. Her face was pale, but alight with excitement; the line of her shoulders, the slender arms and slim body were enveloped in a foam of blue.

Dina's eyes were blazing. Upon the advice of the saleswoman she had used only a pale lip red; her mouth looked soft and young, and when she smiled at her reflection that smile was sad rather than gay.

"My goodness, you look like another girl!" Mrs. Bucket said, in honest admiration.

"Fine feathers," Dina said slowly.

AT SEVEN o'clock she descended the stairs: Rogers came out of the library to meet her. The fact that for one full minute he had not the slightest idea who she was was perhaps as honest a tribute to her appearance as could have been paid her. She saw admiration in his eyes before he spoke.

"*Geraldine!*" he exclaimed.

He caught at her hand, holding her off the better to see her.

"Why, good heavens," he said. "What on earth have they done to you?" Still holding her hand, he led her into the library, laughing triumphantly, his bulging eyes shining behind his glasses. "Well, Aline, perhaps we have something here!" he said.

She knew he was immensely pleased; responsive warmth stirred even in her own frozen heart.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said, spreading her skirts.

"Yes." He spoke absently, thoughtfully. "Turn around," he said. "Who did your hair?"

"I did. But I can easily change it. Sometimes I pin it up that way to make me look older."

"I don't want you to look a bit different," he said musingly, his eyes moving over her in intense satisfaction. "You look exactly right. You look—extraordinarily right. I'm delighted. I must congratulate Bucket. Now, you'll remember the general plan, won't you? No conversation."

"Dumb," the girl agreed briefly.

"No, not dumb. With those high cheekbones of yours and the way your eyes are set, you'll never look dumb. But be mysterious. You might smile, shrug. 'I'm not bothering with any of you!' That sort of thing. Now one thing more. Someone is going to ask you where you come from. What are you going to say?"

"Russia," Dina suggested promptly. The man widened his eyes, laughed approvingly.

"Russia. After the revolution. Escaped through Vladivostok."

Dina considered this. "I think not," she said. "I wasn't alive at the time of the revolution. I'd better say I've just escaped."

"Fine. 'You speak Russian, of course?' "

" 'Very little.' " She answered the imaginary question seriously. " 'So many years I was with my English connections,' " she added.

"Excellent!" the man cried, rubbing his hands in satisfaction. "If you'll just remember to answer slowly. Or don't answer at all."

"They'll think I'm bored," the girl protested.

"Let them! Everybody worries about a bored person. Now sit there in that blue chair; lean your head against the back and put one foot up against the stool. That's right. Take that position whenever you can. This husband of Aline's is an artist, and it's highly possible that you'll do something to him when his eyes light on you."

"And is he rich, Mr. Holland?"

"Wait a minute! Are you to call me that?" he questioned, considering. "Yes, I think you do," he decided; "you're less than half my age; you haven't known me very long; I can call you Geraldine, but you aren't quite so familiar yet. You asked me if Aline's husband is rich," Rogers continued. "No, he hasn't a cent. And she has only what Pollock gave her in the way of stocks or bonds—whatever it was, she lost most of it. And, of course, Rosenstirn's alimony stops like a shot now. That's what interested her in me, my dear," the man went on comfortably settled opposite her now and smoking a cigarette. "Until now, Aline has always had an eye to the main chance. This is her first venture in true love. They're to live in his studio, back of Los Altos somewhere, and he's to paint portraits—I don't know whose—and keep her amused."

"I shouldn't think a person who's been rich and traveled a lot would be happy very long that way," Dina said thoughtfully.

ROGERS did not answer. He sat watching her idly for a minute, and then asked abruptly: "Did you hear from Vere?"

"Yes." Her color fluctuated. "He wrote," she said. "I had the letter when I got home the day I came to see you."

"What'd he say? Why didn't you tell me?"

"That there is no use my going east," Dina said steadily.

"That's his mother," Rogers observed, after a minute.

"Yes. He wrote that he was sorry I was bothered, and that his mother was sure I was mistaken," Dina said, in a level voice devoid of feeling.

"That sounds like Caroline," the man said, almost with triumph. "That's Caroline. What else?"

"That his father might take him to South America, and that I wasn't to worry." The girl finished the statement quietly, and sat staring ahead of her like a person in a dream.

"As a matter of fact, you're not mistaken?" Rogers asked.

"No."

"YOU seem to take this very quietly, my dear."

"I have to," she said. "I think I've known from the beginning that it would be this way. Not—not that Sunday that we came down from Paradise Valley, and we talked all the way. But since. Ever since. Watching for letters, and not having them come; telling myself that he loved me, that he would make it all right, and knowing all the time that he didn't have to—that he could go away and forget it all, that I couldn't hold him.

"So now I know," she finished. "I know that it was just liking a girl—having a crush on her—to him, and that it's something that will stay with me all my life. A human being that I'm responsible for. And I'm going to be responsible for it," Dina went on in a firmer voice. "I don't know just how I'll start, but once I get started I'll be all right. I'll have to go away from home; I won't see my sisters and brothers any more. But that's what happens to girls like me."

"I can only say that I think you're damn' spirited and plucky," the man observed. Dina moved heavy eyes to his.

"I have to be," she answered. "I would like to get out of it if I could. I've always thought myself—I've always been—I've never been the sort—" Her voice thickened and she fell silent.

"I believe you," Rogers said, "and you're how old? Nineteen? Well, keep your chin up; here comes the vanguard!"

There was a stir of laughter and voices in the hall. Hinz began to show in th guests—five of them, and then two, an two, and three, and four. They came i cold and gay and noisy: two quit elderly men, two elderly wives, a prett girl Dina's age and the rather uninte esting-looking young man she was goin to marry, a younger couple, a counte who spoke broken English, a man wh had evidently won some sort of tourna ment and who was under a constant fi of congratulations.

Last of all, when everyone else ha had cocktails and canapés and ha settled into groups, the Andrew Havens came. The man looked the artist, th hair on his handsome blond head just trifle long, his evening clothes ju a trifle baggy. He was a tall man with pleasant laugh and a big, firm jaw; h skin was browned; his hands were lon fine and nervous. He seemed quite ease among all these strangers.

The woman, now for the third tim receiving good wishes as a bride, wa perhaps three or four years older tha her new mate. At thirty-four she wa at the peak of her beauty, and an exot beauty it was: Her hair was raven blac wound tight to her head; the skin her arms and throat and her prou lovely face was all of a smooth, cream texture; her lips were crimson and h eyes a strange dove-blue, heavily lashe in black. The trailing gown she wo carried out a general impression Oriental aristocracy. In her ears sh wore heavy jade earrings.

SHE came in with a royal effect of en trance, was instantly surrounded an kissed by the men and women alike, f to all of them this was her first appea ance since her runaway wedding.

"Is anyone speaking to me?" Di heard her demand from the center of th circle. "Billy—Olive—this is Andy Ha ens, and you're all to like him ve much, please, and have your portrai painted by him next week!"

"Aline, you're more beautiful th ever!" a woman said.

"Happiness, darling, happiness! We' living on nothing, and my flushed litt face will soon be bending over a dis pan, but I really do like the creatu and so I don't care!"

She was face to face with Rogers; s looked up boldly.

"Toppy, you've got to like my hu band," she said.

"I've liked all your husbands, Alin Rogers said in the silence, with a bo

Dina saw the smooth alabaster of h face flush faintly; she came back at hi promptly.

"Yes, and I thought for a while th I was going to like your second wi immensely! I mean me," Aline said.

There was a shocked little ripple relished laughter from the circle th had more or less unconsciously group itself about the two.

"I never liked her, really," Rog countered. And again there was a lau

"She wasn't very nice," Aline s with a dangerously quiet smile.

"I think everyone knew it but h self!" the man suggested sweetly. "Y know how it is."

"*Indeed* I know how it is, Topp Aline finished the exchange on so s nificant a note that suddenly the lau ter went out of it, and as she tur superbly away Dina knew that she h scored. Toppy! That had probably be her little pet name for him. Rog might join in the laugh that greet Aline's latest hit, but Dina saw shadow that crossed his face.

A moment later in her triumph progress Aline came abruptly upon girl in the sky-blue gown; stopped sh Rogers introduced them:

"Miss Cashman, Aline. Geraldi this is Mrs. Havens."

Dina rose; her eyes were wide

**"Would you advise me to marry a man holding 1,400 shares of United Tin?"** GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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when your trip's over . . . you feel You're ready to be "up and at 'em." ve the buoyant physical energy that from a good night's sleep.

Pullman! Do all your traveling this way es you so much "more for your money." cal Ticket Agent will be glad to help ect one of the many accommodations are offered on Pullman trains.

nan service is available everywhere in ited States and over certain routes in rly Canada and Mexico.

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You never feel "cramped" on a Pullman. You have plenty of "elbow room."

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You do your sleeping in a real bed! You have a real mattress, soft pillows, immaculate sheets, warm blankets. You control your own lights. You breathe fresh, clean, "conditioned" air while you sleep.

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**SAFETY** *. . . you're protected throughout your trip by the great Rail-Pullman safety system.*

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**SLEEP** *as at home . . . in a real bed! Arrive feeling refreshed and fit!*

**"HOME-LIKE" COMFORTS** *Attractive appointments and congenial surroundings.*

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# Pullman... means "1ST class"

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Keep cooler this summer in the underwear that does things for you! The knit fabric lets your skin breathe, and absorbs and evaporates perspiration. The patented Y-front construction gives you mild support. The buttonless, angled opening positively will not gap. This modern, two-piece underwear is easy to launder and needs no ironing. No bulk, no bind, no chafing—just "second skin" fit with "birthday suit" ease and freedom. For a cool summer, let your dealer hip-tape fit you to a supply of Jockey. You will find it the most comfortable underwear you have ever worn. Varied leg lengths. Contoured shirts to match. Junior sizes (down to 4 years).

**"Quality Corner"** Better stores show varied fabrics for your selection. Mercerized cotton, Rayon, Mercerized cotton and linen, new "Coopreme" fabric.

**Look for the name Jockey on the label!**

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That you may be sure of getting Jockey, the famous brand of support underwear originated and manufactured by Coopers, the name Jockey appears on the label of every garment and dealers are identified by the Jockey boy in windows and on counters. Be sure to look for these two assurances of satisfaction whenever you buy undergarments. Merchants' names on request.

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*Cooling Coverage*—It's not the brevity of Jockey that keeps you cool. It's the construction and knitted fabric. Midways (at right), Over-Knees or Longs and Airlet shirts protect clothing. Airlet shirts have double fabric under arms to absorb perspiration, open vents and "bellows" action to speed evaporation.

dark, her face was pale. She looked younger even than her years—startled, shy, naïve.

"Geraldine *what*, darling?" Aline demanded.

"Cashman."

"Oh?" Aline looked at him, looked down at Dina for explanations. "Do I know her, do I know her people?" she asked.

"I don't think so. She's by way of being a ward of mine for the time being," Rogers said.

"A ward? Staying with you? But how very nice," Aline commented sweetly.

"Not staying with me. No, I'm under orders to send her home at half past ten," Rogers answered amiably. "Was it half past ten, Geraldine?" he asked.

"About then," the girl confirmed it simply.

"Although, since that perfumed little garbage barrel you call your mind jumped so quickly to conclusions, Aline," the man added, "I may say that I think Bucket would be equal to the situation even if Miss Cashman *were* my house guest."

"In school?" Aline asked Dina, after an exchange of some low-toned pleasantries at Rogers' expense upon the part of one or two of the onlookers that she did not follow, and at which everyone laughed maliciously.

"No."

"Just visiting California?"

It was cross-examination; he had warned her it would come. But surprisingly Dina found herself rather enjoying it.

"No. Not visiting," she answered thoughtfully and slowly.

"Try the red-hot pincers, Aline," Rogers said. "Try the iron maiden. You can make her talk!"

Dina turned dutiful eyes toward him. "*Should* I talk?"

Rogers smiled; he came over to stand beside her. Aline had sunk gracefully into the chair Dina had vacated now, and the girl was standing before her as if under inspection. But to have the man join her changed the situation and gave her the advantage again.

"You know very well you shouldn't talk," he told her.

"I seem to feel mystery and intrigue in the air," Aline said. "You're not Mata Hari, I suppose?" she said lazily to Dina.

DINA had seen Mata Hari in a movie. But she wasn't quite sure of the answer to this and her startled eyes went to Rogers with an effect better than anything for which he might have hoped.

"No," he answered. "She's not Mata Hari."

"Come over here and talk to me, Miss Cashman," old Mrs. Prince said authoritatively at this point. She patted the sofa seat beside her with a puffy ringed hand. "I like pretty people," she added. "Tell me all about yourself!"

This was a large order, and infinitely alarming to Dina. But she had been bred in the hard school of having to please marketing women; she knew instantly what was Mrs. Prince's favorite topic of conversation, and could find her way to it.

"They're beautiful," she said, as she sat down.

The old lady's eyes followed Dina's to the onyx-and-pearl bracelet that encircled her soft, old fat arm.

"They're old-fashioned," she said. "But I won't have 'em changed. They were my mother's."

"Oh, I wouldn't change them!" Dina protested. "Because what would you get for them?" she was going to add. Fortunately she stopped in time.

"Everybody's always for havin' everything reset," Mrs. Prince complained. "I think it's ridiculous. M mother was a Belknap of Virginia; s was raised like a princess. She had young mammy when she was nothi but a baby, and that same mammy Mammy Sula, they called her; I reme ber her well—was with my mother wh she closed her eyes. There wasn't a d of my mother's life . . ."

After about ten minutes she paus for breath, and Dina said respectful "It sounds like a book."

"I could give you stories—wish I h time to write 'em—my cousin Mis Lou Cromartie's just had a book pu lished—calls it Faithful to the Gra said Mrs. Prince. "My uncle Sena Joe Belknap—handsomest man y ever laid eyes on, used to say it took h a day to ride over his own property you can read about him in any bo about the first families . . ."

AGAIN Dina listened. She could ha gone on thankfully listening hours. It was so safe, sitting here on wide divan and letting the dinner pa ebb and flow about her! She did have to make any effort or take chances with the dangers of conver tion. A man or two joined them—or very old man who listened attentiv to everything old Mrs. Prince said, now and then commented with a re niscent dry chuckle and an appreciat "Remember it perfectly, Lily!" other was the vapid-looking youth was shortly to marry Miss Mary Lou Ledyard. He called Mrs. Pri "Granny," settled himself on a hass beside her knee, and occasionally thoughtfully at one of her fat old ha

"Geraldine, will you sit at the hea Rogers said, when they went out to ner. Dina gave him a glance of appeal but she had no choice. He at one end of the long table, and found herself enthroned opposite with the stretch of flowers and canc silver and crystal glittering betw Fortunately for her, the man on right assumed immediate control of conversation. He was an impecc handsome and well-groomed perso perhaps fifty whose life was spent or polo field, at the bridge table, at fo dinners, on the golf course or te courts, at Palm Beach or at Eastha ton as the season indicated.

He knew a great many famous sons in society, in New York's lite and dramatic circle, and in Hollyw and he had a great many delig anecdotes of them to relate—all of flattering, kindly and innocuous. need feed him only the complime her bright-eyed interest, and an sional "Oh, tell me about her!" to him content and avoid any of th lences she so dreaded. He was ra ously describing the dove shootir Pasa Robles when the woman o other side suddenly engrossed hi the simple method of saying, "Re stop talking to Miss Cashman an some attention to me. After all, and I were compromised once, at let's, remember? Remember how that was! That ought to give me rights—"

Reggie almost instantly obeying command, Dina found herself for ment ignored; she leaned back i enormous chair, surveyed the bri scene and told herself that she serve Rogers' purpose just as well lence as in any other way. He ha asked her to make any of them lik

"Are you trying to think of some to say? I am," said the man at he Dina turned with a quick smile found him to be Andrew Haven bridegroom who was the quite u scious cause of her being here at

"Well, I wasn't," she said; "but can't, I could try."

*(To be continued next week)*

## Amazing Albert

Continued from page 14

hy to the point of illiteracy, Mr. t suddenly became aware of his comings about ten years ago and w widely informed on everything the manufacture of pigments to ccult interpretation of the Mende- Theory.

o he is a man of great plans, a sort Marco Polo of finance. He is not d of novelty; he has no craving for l wealth. At the moment he is determined on being the shark-oil of the universe. His boat and crew but lately returned from a voyage sad by the reluctance of the s to participate. They remained ; they refused to play.

ark oil contains every vitamin from X and Mr. Albert will undoubtedly p a rich man. If that doesn't do it, s plans about whales. Early this g his crew was cruising the west of Mexico in a second boat, this to view the whales in their spawn- eason. What he intends to do with whale is not readily apparent but whales would do well to beware.

### Lesson in Learning

hen not occupied in this manner Albert is sending camera crews into co and southwestern United States. of his expeditions among the ar- ological marvels of the Texas Pan- le has produced an educational hat is being shown in every Texas school auditorium that possesses jecting machine.

retty much a dead loss financially, now," says Mr. Albert, "but we're ng ahead."

reason of Mr. Albert's commit- s with his expeditions and his kind- to strangers (one interesting eman showed up with a guitar and red Mr. Albert's heart so com- ly that he stayed eight months), is a constant battle on between tistic conscience, his detestation of d-rate movies and his need of the ly salary check. Once, in despera- he simply went off to Mexico for months and forgot about the cin-

hat's the real way to get learning," Mr. Albert. "I found out what suspension meant. I discovered the drawbacks of existence without a salary. I found that they just added the lost time on to the end of the contract. That is termed getting learning by the empiric method."

Hardly anybody could be expected to believe that this career would start in Minneapolis, Minn., with Mr. Albert functioning as a dishwasher in a cafeteria, but history is quite definite in this respect. Mr. Albert was a dishwasher, a high-school student and a member of the student body of the University of Minnesota for one semester. Also he was an usher in a movie house and later an assistant manager and still later a manager.

"They found out I could pull bum theaters out of the red," says Mr. Albert simply.

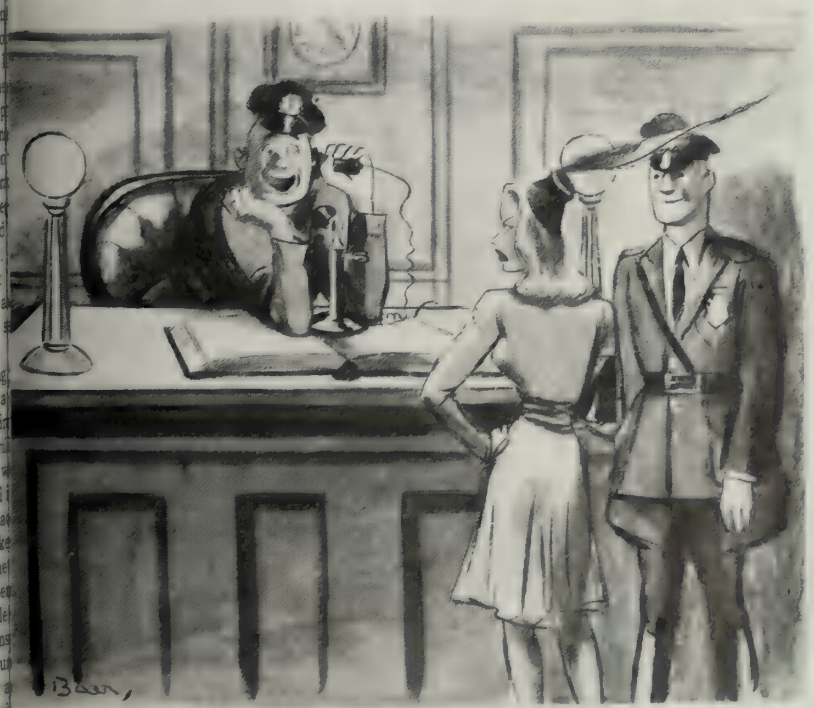
This achievement was based primarily on Mr. Albert's success with matinee audiences. In addition to furnishing gifts of only passing value, such as yo-yos, candy bars and colored photographs of baseball stars, Mr. Albert did a weekly job as master of ceremonies in a magic show. About Wednesday Mr. Albert would visit the magic shops, pick up anything that cost less than fifty cents and make that the basis of his performance.

"Great Saturday matinees," says Mr. Albert. "Two kids in every seat."

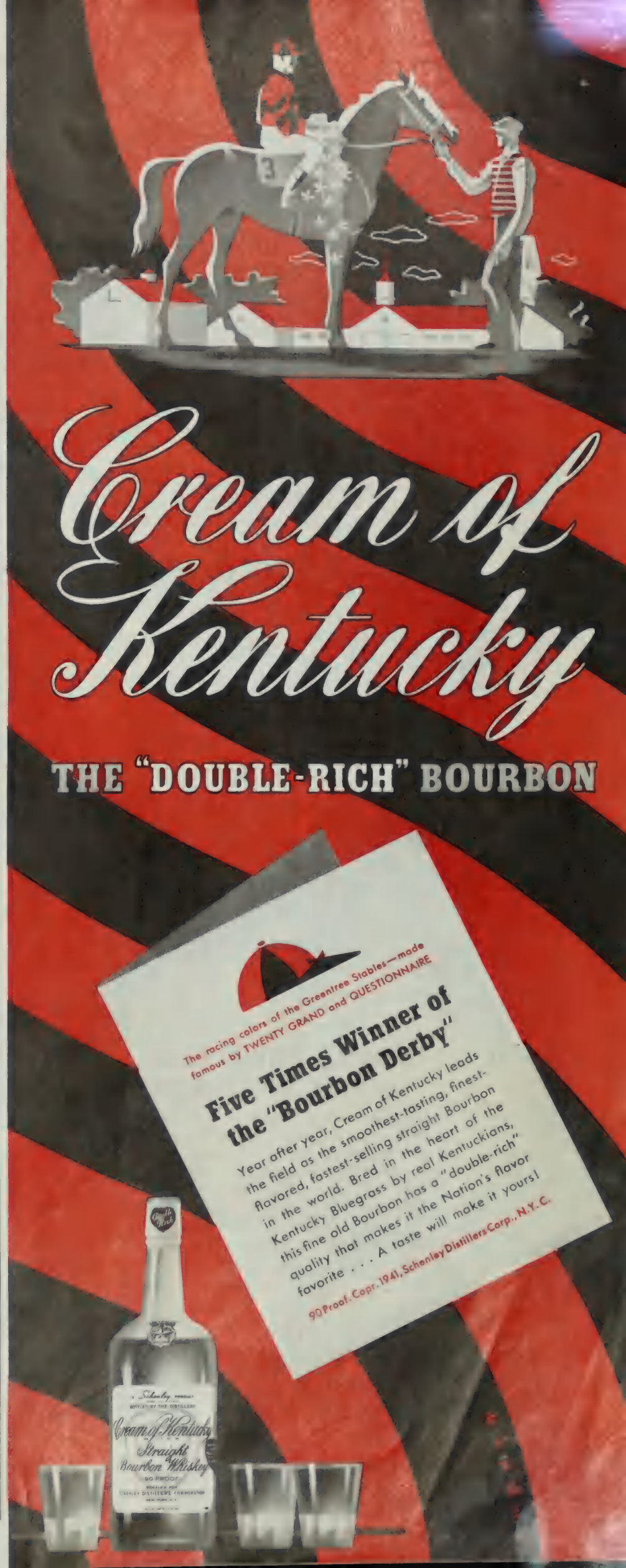
But this was all secondary to Mr. Albert's real love, which was art. Mr. Albert was a singer on a Minneapolis radio station. He acquired enough of a reputation to get himself hired successively in St. Louis and Cincinnati. Entirely overwhelmed by this success, he barged into Chicago and nearly starved to death. Feeling that he might as well starve in a more important center of culture, he came on to New York and immediately started a five-year run of luck in something called The Honeymooners, a midday soap opera that had housewives leaning on their brooms all over the land. About getting in the theater, Mr. Albert is very modest.

"I knew a guy," he says simply.

His first play was O Evening Star, on which the lights went out after about a week. Then he got the break in Brother Rat, which was a smacko. After



"I don't know how to begin to describe her"

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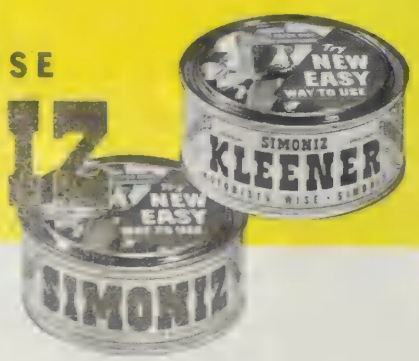


*Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, and auto supply stores, filling stations, and garages everywhere*

that came another George Abbott hit, Room Service, which made everybody very happy.

When Abbott thought up The Boys from Syracuse, Mr. Albert was ideal for it. He got back in the singing racket with that one and added dancing just to confuse the critics. Also he learned how to handle gentlemen like Jimmy Savo and Teddy Hart. On the opening night in Boston, Savo's entrance was greeted with applause. That was like the ringing of a bell to an old fire horse and Jimmy set out on a complete circuit of the stage, running low to the ground in his familiar lope. This was good for Jimmy but awful for the lines. Mr. Albert took out after him and finally corraled him.

"Stand up like a man and answer me!" he howled. That brought Mr. Savo to earth.

**The Versatile Albert**

The success in this venture brought new responsibilities on Mr. Albert. Movie scouts approached him. Did he think he could get up enough on ballet dancing so he could play opposite Zorina in the film version of On Your Toes? Ballet dancing, said Mr. Albert, sensing the odor of gold in the distance, is what I have been doing exclusively since the age of nine.

"Let me feel your muscle," said the talent scout suspiciously.

"Don't get familiar!" cried Mr. Albert haughtily.

But, like a man of character, he made himself a ballet dancer in the three months between the signing of the contract and his appearance in Hollywood. He labored every morning and afternoon (except Wednesday and Saturday, matinee days) and was at it again every night after the performance. When he got off the train at Pasadena, the welcoming delegation took one look and withdrew delicately. It was apparent that the young man had been taken with elephantiasis; he stuck out all over with muscles. Even at this late day Mr. Albert is still marked with that experience.

"Tough work getting them but you never lose them," says Mr. Albert, patting his thigh suggestively. "Loo

Whereupon Mr. Albert rises, eight feet in the air, clicks his toe gether neatly innumerable times in flight and lands at length wit air of a thrush, his arms at an e ing angle of beauty. Coming fr young man who is as tough and bitten as a Dead End kid, this is i nature of a physical phenomenon. it merely gives an indication of th bert versatility.

"And don't get him started on bo say his friends fearfully. "He anything in the world and remer everything he reads and he'll ma monkey out of you."

He is quite an athlete, can hoof i a fool at the night clubs and is a with the so-called weak ones. H up on his mountaintop for m looking at the stars and making up positions on the ocarina, and the suddenly decides he has to see lif rumbas his partners right down t ground at the Macombo; he thre the lives of the ringsiders at Ciro takes a whirl at the Palladium; he up at the Negro clubs on Central nue, doing a version of the shag has the spectators boggle-eyed.

That lasts him another six m and he retires to reflect upon hum He sounds like a freak and he is ably the most sensible man in H wood. He has his life figured o way he wants it. Nothing fools hi nothing turns him aside from wh decides to do. In his own strang he has fathomed that fabulous He uses it and doesn't allow it t him. Pretty astute, the Albert k

Lately there has been a rather s contretemps between Eddie and th dio but there is insistence that th flict will be ironed out. In the mea the young gentleman has been on and among other things has been i York at the behest of David O. Se seeing the stage version of Cl which may also be Eddie's ne movie role. If Warners' are no under the necessity of dragging M bert off the mountain, the duty w to others. He is not one that Holl could easily do without.

**"Summer or winter, he won't do more than clear a path to the door!"**

FRED

# Long Voyage to War

Continued from page 13

ructive grunts. Days later at sea
eard the casualties had been heavy
night.

'e were three ships as we sailed at
n next morning down the oily brown
sey, past the hulks of vessels killed
mines and enemy bombs, into the
Sea. We moved slowly and as cau-
sly as you'd walk in an unfamiliar
room. There were magnetic mines
those waters, dropped by enemy
es. We carried an electrical device
is supposed to circumvent them,
you couldn't always be sure. And
Germans had lately begun using a
kind of death toy—an acoustic
e, operated by the sound of the beat
ship's mechanical heart. Against
kind of sudden annihilation we car-
only our prayers and I a horseshoe
Marshall gave me before I left New
k.

### Cold Comfort

was cold on deck, so cold it con-
ed in lumps in your pockets. All
120 passengers were ordered to boat
ions for the first lifeboat drill. They
e us life preservers—four large, thick
ares of cork, jacketed in canvas, with
le in the covering for your head and
ps that came under your arms. They
on with strings over your chest.
looked skeptically at the preserv-
and the boat mate confided, "They
kin' well ain't much good. Get wa-
ogged in twenty-four hours, but
'd die in twenty of exposure in the
th Atlantic, so what's the odds?"

He'd started with the superior air of
nan with superior knowledge but
nd up with the manner and tone of
e of a man who'd made a new and
cking discovery for himself. He
ed to help a short, thick, youngish
nan with a pretty face adjust her life
server. She carried an eight-month-
baby boy on her hip, clutching him
h both hands. Her smile couldn't
rcome the concern in her eyes. I had
ental image of her going down the
ob's ladder to a pitching lifeboat.

ome of the crew who came up from
galleys, engine rooms and stokeholds
drill had good life jackets—blue
vas vests stuffed with kapok with
red lights on the collars so that they
ld be found in the darkness. The
's played at lighting them as they'd
before going overside in a boat or
ping into the water. You can jump
ly safely in one of these vests. But
can't jump from a ship in one of
Board of Trade cork-block things.
act would send the blocks in front or
se behind, depending on how you
ded in the water, crashing against
r neck with sufficient force to snap it.
My informant told me all that, while I
ticed quick tyings-on of the strings,
I told him to shut up. He was per-
ent, however, confiding that, "There's
way of beating gettin' your neck
pped. Look 'ere—" and he showed
how to grasp the two cork blocks
front with the hands, holding the el-
vs close to the body. "But don't for-
to bring up your knees to your
ows when you hit the water."
awn-up knees break the impact of
water against the elbows.

Next day we were on the open sea.
e was old, that ship, but a great sea
at. The vessel rose and fell gently,
ed by her sclerotic engines in that
athing motion a good ship owns and
t bespeaks careful stowage of cargo,
d seamanship and a well-designed
l scornful of age. The foothills of
m that roll across the Atlantic were
t dunes for her bows.

We felt secure and very brave. Two Churchills, two of those fifty destroyers Franklin gave Winston, flanked us to port and starboard. A heavier British destroyer of the Tribal Class surged ahead under a cockade of black smoke. A lithe, fast, armed merchant cruiser, as fastidious as a collie rounding up a flock of sheep, shepherded our sterns.

A blinker on the AMC signaled incessantly, ordering alterations in course, speed or formation. In wartime the course of ships is ordained by the known or suspected position of enemy submarines and raiders and not by the sun and stars. Sometimes we ran in a tight V like three ducks, sometimes we spread out and frequently we steamed Indian file. The little Churchills with their four slim funnels and low silvery hulls scudded off on mysterious missions in daytime, but at nightfall they always came back, and once our skipper confided, "Great little ships. They're old but still fast enough for the job. And how we needed them! I hear you're going to give us another seventy-five of them. They'll make all the difference in the world. It's unprotected convoys that go down and if we could spare ships to guard the cargo carriers we'd win the Battle of the Atlantic overnight, and that means we'd win battles elsewhere—"

Once we heard depth charges miles away off our portside. The steward's telegraph, the ship's grapevine that connects the wireless room, engine room, bridge and passenger decks and supplies misinformation and gossip, reported that an enemy submarine had been sunk. The Churchill did look fatter, somehow, when she returned, but there was no knowing for certain whether she'd got her sub.

### On Our Own

One day we found ourselves alone. Just how long that was from the time we steamed out of Liverpool I can't say. That's a military secret. But we found ourselves on a desolate disk of gunmetal-blue water and we missed the Churchills and their larger cousin, but most of all we missed that fussy collie, the armed merchant cruiser.

The last message AMC winked at us was to proceed toward port independently. Good-luck messages were added. Thereafter we'd need it. We were on our own. The crews practiced with the antiaircrafters and manned the four-incher, which suddenly assumed the importance of a battery of eights.

The day before our escort left us I'd watched a tall Englishwoman with a thick halo of blond hair, holding a ten-year-old boy by the hand, wave a life preserver at a figure aboard a ship just off our starboard. The ship was only a couple of cable lengths away and she was one of our convoy sisters. I aimed my glasses at the figure of a man and saw he was a naval officer—a commander by the glint of gold on the visor of his cap as he moved in the sunlight.

The steward's telegraph confirmed that he was a British naval officer en route to a new command in the Far East. The woman and boy on board were his wife and son. They were to have sailed together but couldn't for service reasons. They would be rejoined in Singapore, Hong Kong or Bombay.

The second day we were on our own we sighted a Spaniard, white-hulled, distant and as unreal as though she'd been cleverly scissored from white tissue paper. That night we heard gunfire off our starboard bow. We saw star

Jane Frazee, featured in the Universal Picture "San Antonio Rose", is pictured here with . . .

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DEVILED EGGS FANCY CHEESE BOILED HAM SAUSAGE MEAT LOAF

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(They're easy and fun to make. *Use strips of celery for fuses. †Rockets made with paper cones and macaroni. ††Cannon wheels are made of sliced sausage fastened with toothpicks.)

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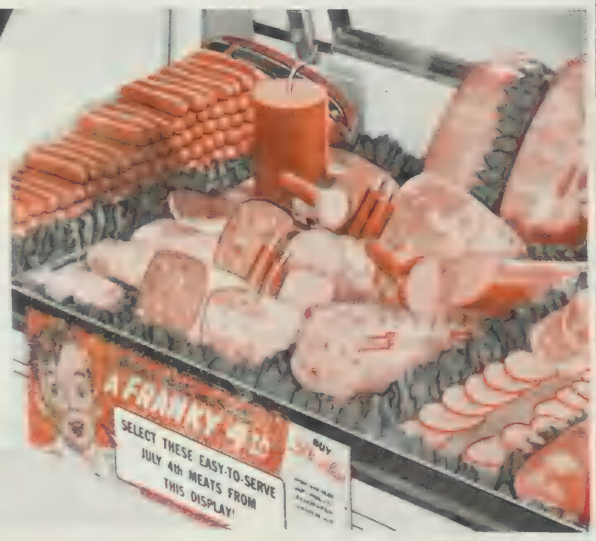



shells trace dim patterns at the rim where sky and sea meet. There was nothing we could do. The laws of the sea don't hold in wartime. For a belligerent to help a ship in distress is to invite disaster.

Down in the stokehold the boys poured on coal. Somehow the corpulent chief engineer, a jolly fellow with four greasy stripes on his sleeve, cajoled two whole extra knots out of our ship and we thought her old heart would burst with the effort. But we got away. The steward's telegraph reported S.S. Blank had gone down. It was the vessel that carried the Englishwoman's husband.

### A Dead Ship on a Dead Sea

She stayed in her cabin for two days, and the skipper went down to see her. It was one of the rare times he left the bridge. When the English lady reappeared on deck we all tried to pretend we didn't know anything. That's the way she wanted it. I tried to picture a Frenchwoman, an Italian or even some American women I know in the same circumstances. None fitted.

The boy took it well, too, though I caught him staring off to sea once in a while with a puzzled look. He kept to himself more than his mother did and as the voyage progressed he seemed to grow older quickly.

The day we crossed Cancer into the flat, cobalt-hued waters of the tropics, a wireless message from the admiralty reported German raiders in our vicinity. Gossip had it they were the Gneisenau and the Scharnhorst, but we learned later that wasn't true. It was true, however, that two German merchant raiders were on our trail.

The bulletin board beside the purser's office reminded us there was "Still danger of enemy action. Wear warm clothing. Be prepared to quit ship at the signal."

Somewhere between Cancer and Capricorn one day we awakened with the world red with the nascent sun to find we'd slowed to about three knots. My steward with his usual quasi accuracy said our rudder was gone. The strain of zigging and zagging over nine thousand, perhaps ten thousand, miles of sailing to accomplish six thousand miles in the direction we wished to go had proved too much for the steering mechanism of our old ship. A pin as thick as your wrist in the vessel's steering quadrant had snapped like a toothpick.

We were suddenly becalmed, in the doldrums, our rudder useless, with submarines and raiders all about us. I thought of the Ancient Mariner and of the dead ship on a dead sea. We steered by spinning our engines, revolving our starboard propeller to swing to port and our port screw to veer to starboard. The skipper didn't dare stop altogether. It was possible an enemy, hovering just beyond the horizon's rim, might glimpse our smoke and come roaring down on us and we'd have been as helpless as a sitting duck.

The chief engineer sweated off twenty pounds in the keel of the ship, squirming his bulk into tight places to repair the broken gear. It took him twenty-three hours. And then we moved again, first at six knots and then full speed ahead. The skipper came down to dinner again, smiling shyly all around.

For days we ran lightly, easily, and once we must have come close to land, for you could smell it. To a landsman it was like the smell of honeysuckle on the heavy night air. An Irishman said it wasn't honeysuckle, it was hawthorne.

We sailed under skies profligate with stars by night and yellow with molten sunlight by day. Life aboard ship lost some of its grimmer aspects. We stopped rehearsing how to grab up warm clothes, a brandy bottle and life jacl in the darkness that would come wh a torpedo killed engines, dynamos a men below the water line.

The passengers gathered on the t paulin-sheltered veranda deck to list to newscasts from London. The Er lishwoman was there when the ra told us a Spaniard had picked up t boatloads of survivors somewhere our vicinity. There was the flicker a hopeful smile on her lips. We danc at night under the light of a new mo

Three days out of Cape Town, a sl with all her lights blazing moved past on a parallel track northeastward towa New York. She filled us with amaz ment that ships could sail at ni with lights on. We couldn't even smo a cigarette on deck unless there was moon when it wouldn't matter. You c see a cigarette's glow three hundr yards on a moonless night, and the fl of a match a thousand yards. T lighted vessel was American. We wo dered how much longer American sh would be able to sail the seas w lights aglow. She was on the track t American ships going into the Red S up to Suez will sail.

They'd better watch out for min around the Cape. There are quite a f floating about.

It's a mystery who planted them. a mystery until you stop to think of fact that Japanese vessels ply those w ters, too. Certainly the British did plant them and Americans didn't eith and that leaves only Japs, for th alone, except for rare Portuguese, those seas in addition to the America and British. The Germans don't down that far. Not yet. They will, course. They'll have to.

### Cape Town at Last

Either they or their potential futu allies in the possibly imminent Bat of the Pacific will be obliged to att America's Cape route to the Red S which swells Britain's life line to A tralia, New Zealand and India.

Severed from her imperial extren ties, the heart that's England would a heart without a body, and Engla would die. Similarly, an America s ered from democracy's battle fro would make futile the tremendous fort of the American people to prev the catastrophe of a German victo

It isn't pleasant but it's the horri truth that Britannia's rule of the wa is only relative. There's good rea for this. Her fleets must fight in Mediterranean, patrol the North South Atlantic, Pacific and Ind oceans, Tasman Sea and Red Sea; even for Britannia that's just too ma waves. Those of us who sailed fo month and a day to reach the Cape fr Liverpool on a journey that is n mally a thirteen-day run never at time felt Britannia ruled the seas. lives weren't ordained by Britannia rather by the enemy's submarine ra ers.

Our ship delivered the goods, but that went down some twenty-five m off our starboard bow didn't, and h dreds of others haven't. The goods n made and the weapons they fashio rot and rust in bursted holds on the bottom.

Our long voyage ended when sighted Cape Town—a crescent of lig gleaming like gold nuggets half hid in the black sands of night. Behind in endless procession other sh steamed. Some would reach Cape T and others not.

On the dock at Cape Town an Ad ralty official handed the Englishwon a cable. It said her husband was s But there were some four hund others aboard his ship, and what them?

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

ıe 12-ton airliner is at the end of the ray and comes to a stop at right es to it. Now comes a test of each ıe to determine important items as lubricating-oil temperature and der heat. The manifold pressure e shows 30 inches of mercury (or ıt 60 per cent of full rated power of engines) and the revolutions per ıte are around 2,000 as each engine n up.

ıis last-minute engine testing also les the pilot to satisfy himself as to correct oil, fuel and vacuum pump sures for his instruments; that both generators are charging, his mag- s are working. Then he sets his tional gyroscopic compass for the se and is ready to leave.

ıe copilot goes on the air and asks control tower for the necessary per- ion. The plane now swings into -off position. The pilot sets the tail el lock to help guide the plane in a ght line while the copilot unlatches anding-gear safety lock. On go the erful headlights.

ıe throttles are advanced to full-out tion and the control wheel is moved ard to raise the fuselage into level g position. The plane gathers speed kly and at about 90 miles per hour pilot gently lifts it off the ground by ng the control column toward him. copilot is standing by at the wobble p in case the gasoline pressure ıld drop too low.

ıe moment the wheels part from the nd the pilot signals "up gear," and copilot releases a second safety latch he hydraulic lever and pulls up the r which retracts the landing gear. landing lights are turned off.

t 110 miles per hour the plane can ntain flight on one engine should the other go out and at this point the pilot retards his throttles from 2,300 revolutions per minute to 2,000 revolutions per minute and reduces his manifold pressure to about 29 inches of mercury. The carburetor controls are now adjusted by the copilot for take-off-and-climb.

It is now time for the copilot to go on the air again and he calls the tower, giving his take-off time, receives any last-minute airway traffic information and then switches over to the frequency of his airline. A report to his operations officer gives the time of leaving the loading ramp, time of take-off and the altitude at which he has been cleared. He then stays tuned to that frequency while the pilot is tuned to the federal radio beam for his navigation.

When the assigned altitude is reached, the captain further retards his throttles, adjusts the propeller controls for 1,800 revolutions per minute and his manifold pressure for 60 per cent of power.

The other 40 per cent goes along for the ride and is never disturbed unless on rare occasions it becomes necessary to dig into it to hasten arrival to outwit an impending storm or lowering ceiling. At the same time the mixture controls are leaned into cruising position, the stabilizer and aileron trim tabs are adjusted for level flight—the ship is trimmed and there is nothing more for captain and first officer to do but maintain constant radio communication with the ground, look out for airway traffic, fly blind when necessary, make corrections in navigation for wind drift, stay out of rough air, watch the ground speed and strive to arrive on schedule at the next airport.

Back in the cabin the passengers are sleeping. F. R. N.

**"He paid two dollars and sixty cents. Let's see now, two sixty divided by seven!"**

WILLIAM VON RIESEN


# "How many is precious few, lover?"

THAT'S a good question, lady . . . even though it does annoy your husband.

The answer, of course, is that "precious few" may be any number from one to one billion—depending on whether it refers to sets of quintuplets or to molecules.

It's one of those handy abstractions like "countless" or "hardly any" or "quite a few," which we use when accuracy isn't important, or we're too lazy to be precise.

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**Collier's** WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Di

# Help Our Fighting Men

IN LAST week's issue of Collier's appeared the letter that won the $100 recently offered in a Collier's editorial for the letter best describing one community's solution of the problem of hospitality to soldiers of the new national Army.

That letter told its own story. We hope it was carefully noted by private citizens and community leaders wherever this problem is arising or expected to arise.

In which connection we want to put in a bid for generous contributions to the United Service Organizations, whose three-week campaign for $10,765,000 is now in progress throughout the country.

The USO is made up of six big welfare and social-service groups: the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., Salvation Army, National Catholic Community Service, Jewish Welfare Board and National Travelers Aid Association. The $10,765,000 will be spent by the six groups during the next year for, to quote the USO's official statement, assorted services to "soldiers, sailors, marines and defense workers, young women as well as men in camps, bases and manufacturing areas where there are no adequate resources in near-by communities for recreational and welfare activities."

It's the soldier angle that has the strongest appeal, though the other aspects of the big and inclusive USO program are extremely important, too.

Some of the facts of life as regards the new Army are: That the boys need entertainment, recreation, human companionship, and are going to get some species of same somehow . . . that there is already developing an attitude, in some towns near some camps, of the same old snooting and shunning of soldiers that went on in some places during the previous war . . . that such stuff can only injure the morale of the new Army, to say nothing of its morality . . . and that the United Service Organizations are the six groups best organized and equipped to do fast work toward taking this particular curse off all cantonments thus afflicted.

So the USO campaign looks to us like fund-raising drive to which any publication give wholehearted endorsement.

We haven't forgotten the jealousies cut into the usefulness of some of the groups during the World War, or the scan and near scandals concerning the way som them spent some of their money on the sol —or didn't spend it.

It is earnestly to be hoped that such fric and mismanagements will be averted this t They'd better be, if the USO wants any res able press or other support when it asks public for funds to carry it through its se year.

We hope this initial quota of $10,765,000 be oversubscribed. Most of it will go fo benefit of boys like your own—boys who mostly a long way from home, who aren't cisely millionaires on their Army pay and need assorted healthy relaxations and ou interests if they're to get the maximum mil skill out of their year's training.

# Speaking of Gliders

WE SUPPOSE it will be a long time before it is generally known just how much success the Germans had with gliders in their air-borne assault on Crete, and how much propaganda they mixed with the truth about their gliders.

It is a fact, though, that this "vertical invasion" did greatly impress military men everywhere, and did give previous pooh-poohers of parachute tactics plenty to think about. It is also a known fact that Hitler has trained from 250,000 to 300,000 young Germans in the art of glider flying—and Adolf Hitler doesn't do anything merely to pass the time away.

Why, then, the cavalier dismissal by Secretary of War Stimson of proposals that our government at least look seriously into all aspects of the military use of gliders? Senator Pat McCarran (Dem., Nev.) incorporated such proposals in a bill for Congress to consider. Mr. Stimson sought to laugh off the bill by saying that the Army had looked into gliders long since and found them impracticable and wasteful.

Hitler at least claims to have found them neither impracticable nor wasteful. And Hitler, despise him though most of us do, is at no palooka when it comes to fighting

The whole affair made us just a bit un after all the talk we've been hearing about blood and new brains being injected int Army. Are these commodities being put t please?

And the whole affair, to us, was one argument for an Air Force independent o Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard t tions, and free to carry on its own resea in aerial warfare under its own air-mi chiefs.

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JULY 12, 1941

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*by* G. J. MECHERLE
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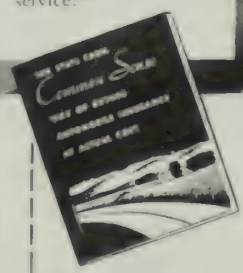

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COVER—Photograph by LARRY KRONQUIST

# ANY WEEK

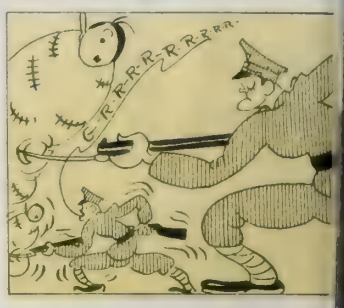
THE place not to write a column these days is Washington—and we're about to prove it. The streets are thronged with hot, tired tourists whose feet hurt. Government offices are besieged by ladies and gentlemen with missions, plans, schemes and things to sell. They'd all chuck what they're doing and take a government job if given anything resembling a chance. Everybody knows precisely what's going to happen tomorrow—got it straight from a man close to the President. And if he didn't get it from unimpeachable authority, he knows anyway. We spent an hour in the War Department. One officer told us that he'd bet us five to one that we'd not go to war against Germany. Another said we'd be in by July Fourth—that that patriotic day had been set, in fact, for our entry. Symbolism or something. The day, said he, marks our freedom from England and will be doubly celebrated hereafter as the day when we saved England from serfdom. He spoke so fervently that he had to loosen his collar and fan himself with a map of Egypt. Still another soldier told us that he was too busy to think about the war, being on a particularly difficult assignment. His job was to hunt through the departmental files for speeches made by important generals. "We're destroying them as fast as we find them," he explained. "They're doing the same thing over in the Navy Department and up in the State, Interior and Treasury departments. We're not taking any chances of having guys like you dig up predictions, prophesies and opinions uttered by the brass hats a year ago. I don't know about the White House."

BUT we were full of understanding. We too make mistakes. Some time ago we printed in this page an item about Britain's giving a contract for cavalry equipment to the lowest bidder—which happened to be a Japanese firm. Mr. Howard Swiggett of the British Purchasing Commission in Washington, wrote to us denying that any such contract had been let. He was right—it wasn't. We got the story from a wholly reliable correspondent who has an enviable record for accuracy. The trouble is that he got it from the head of a leather manufacturer whom he knew well. The manufacturer was wrong. So was our correspondent. So were we.

IN THE universal furor, perhaps you've forgotten that Hawaii is a part of the United States. But Hawaiians haven't. They're seeking admission to statehood with a vigor that deserves more success than they have much chance of realizing. Anyway, they'll be glad to know that at least one of our admirals thinks kindly of them—as a foreign country. He was one of the seven admirals on a censorship board which sat on an article recently published in this magazine about Pearl Harbor and the Pacific fleet. And we mean *sat*. When the piece reached him there wasn't much he could delete and leave anything for the next admiral. So he worked on phraseology. He struck out the words "bat-nose beauties" which was supposed to be descriptive of some of the café girls in Honolulu. We asked why. "I'm doing this," said he, "in the interest of our national Good Neighbor policy. Please remember, sir, that this country wishes to cultivate the good will of all our sister republics."

SOMEHOW we got around to discussing things (meaning the war) with a group of congressmen. It was very comforting to talk at last to somebody who knows no more about the present and the future than we do. One of them, speculating somewhat vaguely on the economic consequences of Hitler, worked around to reminiscing. In 1928, he said, he had forty thousand dollars. In 1929 it vanished. He was rather perturbed. One of the oldest members of the House comforted him. "Why, my boy," said the old man gently, "you're young. You can start in all over again. Look at me. I'm an old, old man. I don't know what I would have done after that stock-market crash if I hadn't had a million dollars in cash and a couple of million in government bonds."

FOR some reason your letters have been unusually uninspired this week. Our instinct is to picket you as unfair. But after a few false starts we gave it up as impractical. We're falling back therefore on a few minor incidents. A friend of ours told us about a lad he knows who was defeated in his almost furious efforts to be deferred by his draft board. Presently, however, the government, taking an unusually firm stand, won. "All right," said the young fellow, "I'll go, I'll go. I'll do my best. I will even submit to bayonet instruction but I'm warning you now that I'm not going to grunt when I stick my bayonet into those dummies." They told him that grunting was required, that grunting signified a will to kill. "No, sir," the lad persisted, "I won't grunt. All I hope is that the whole war will stop soon—the sooner the better." They told him that everybody hoped that the war would end soon—with victory for democracy. "Nuts," said the lad. "I hope it's over soon because of what my father told me ab last war. He said that there general moral letdown after t World War."



INCIDENTALLY, we had a r conversation with Mr. Cat F of Richmond, Virginia. Mr. F is a welterweight boxer who f one of the extremely minor bo Joe Louis all but murdere Baer. Mr. Robinson was to ring as soon as it could be c the remains of Mr. Baer. T time and Mr. Robinson, swa venerable bathrobe, huddled beside us, awaiting his chan inside the ropes. "Looks aren't going to let you figh Mr. Robinson," we said. "S said he meekly. "Mebby it's best. Seems to me, somepi happenin' jest befo' I figh Robinson was so meek that sorry for him. "Maybe notice," we said, "if you'd g the dressing room, put on y clothes and go home." Mr. shook his head dolorously. you're right, suh," said he promised this Mr. Villa I hand." He had more to sa Baer had been towed ou popped in. In a few seconds inson underwent a furious ch bell rang and he became a d ity, charging across the ring sination in his heart. Fortu opponent, Manuel Villa o was just as bent upon slaug carnage was bloody but e Villa was kissed by Mr. R the conclusion of the holoca the latter passed us on his w his dressing room he said: glad I didn't disappoint Mr. one of the nicest gentlemen meet."

WE ALMOST forgot to te on the gates of the motorc to the War Department the Speed Limit Eight Miles We mightn't have noticed not seen a group of gentlem on the sidewalk nodding tow hurried but not fast enou what they were saying. catch what turned out to word. "Okay," said the fa write to him. Maybe you' is our new national motto.'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# WING TALK

RUDY

**Three types of trainers for whose construction the OPM has release precious aluminum. Right to left, a Luscombe, a Piper and an Aeronc**

WITH a Civilian Pilot Training plan under way all over the country, there's a scheme afoot in Washington to start training boys in elementary schools in the fundamentals of aeronautics. The idea is to feed these young fellows into the CPT schools along in 1943 and 1944, relieving these schools of a lot of preliminary instruction work.

The new plan tentatively has three phases:

First, the Bureau of Education would supply textbooks and model planes—both rubber- and engine-powered—to elementary schools; prescribe courses in model flying; organize prize contests in model flying every two weeks.

Second, the Bureau would buy hundreds of gliders, disassembled, and give one to each high school, along with textbooks and a planned course in glider flying.

Third, a Youth Aviation Patrol would be organized under the National Youth Administration, the Civilian Conservation Corps, and including CPT students not accepted by Army or Navy; this patrol would be given light Cub-type planes for use in observation and radio training.

Under this plan, units would be organized along both coasts and both borders. From six to eight boys would be assigned to a ship and work in shifts over their areas. Some would be trained as observers and aerial cameramen, others as pilots and radiomen. Amateur "hams" on the ground would act as relay stations and send reports to officers in charge.

Backers of the plan say it would build up "air consciousness" among schoolboys—and create "salesmen" for all our preparedness in the sky.

The plan is a copy, more or less, of the German movement of a few years back, by which Nazi youth were taught that flying is a dominant force in both war and peace.

Meanwhile, the original Civilian Pilot Training Program is busily at work producing private pilots at the rate of about thirty-five hundred a month. This plan originally was the invention of Robert H. Hinckley, of Utah, chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Authority got presidential approval of a sc to train ten thousand college stu as pilots, at government expense. gress was enthusiastic and Hinckl the money, and the plan got unde to mingled cheers and jeers. Tha in midsummer, 1939.

Actual training started in Septe of that year. Between then anc about fifty-five thousand students taken the course and put in the rec thirty-five hours aloft. In addition, teen thousand pilots whose license lapsed got "refresher" courses an now available as primary instructc

Hinckley's original plan was to s late private flying and plane owne No one, back in 1939, thought about the need for building up a t force. It wasn't until recently tha need became apparent enough tc the CPT schools into pools of pot pilots for Army and Navy.

It must not be supposed that g ates of CPT schools can take com of a fighting plane or a bomber. they know how to fly; how to look themselves in the air; how to land. have flying sense, and are mentall physically fit for flying. They are better Army and Navy material lads who join the fighting forces w any air experience.

All of the fifty-five thousand g ates of the course will not end naval or military fliers; some of will go into transport work and civil-flying activities.

TRAINING for civilian flying is edly different from training to bc tary and naval airmen. The boys service must not only learn to fl fly as Army and Navy airmen anc must be thoroughly indoctrinat military and naval tactics, proc language and, above all, how to shoot, navigate and fly tight forma Hence it follows that a good ci pilot will not necessarily be equally as a military or naval pilot. He m like guns and bombs and militar cedure, for up to now all service must volunteer.

*(Continued on page 83)*

# ere's safety you can measure!

## times like these . . your best buy is this longest-earing "G-3" ALL-WEATHER . . at today's low price

THE news is filled with reasons why today you should buy tires hat will last you a long, long time.

And there are good substantial reaons why this big and better first-line Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather is he world's biggest value for your oney.

t gives you greater non-skid safety. ou can see it in those massed rows f sharp-edged diamonds pointing n all directions — to halt tire-slip om any angle.

Vant to check that? Just mark off foot of tread. Then measure every one of those keen-cut gripping edges it contains. You'll find they total 19 feet in length — *19 feet of road-holding grip in every single foot of tread.*

### Plus a big mileage step-up

But that's not all. This new "G-3" All-Weather is armored with the toughest tread rubber, fortified against bruising with the sturdiest cord carcass ever built into this famed long-distance tire.

In brutal high-speed tests it averages THOUSANDS of miles' longer tread wear than previous models. So big a mileage increase means many months' extra service to you.

You pay nothing extra for this plus mileage and safety — if you buy at present low prices. Today, first-line "G-3" All-Weather performance costs you less per mile than ever before.

*P.S. New tubes save tires*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

**GOODYEAR**

All-Weather—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

# "And Lucy didn't like me—'til I banished double O"

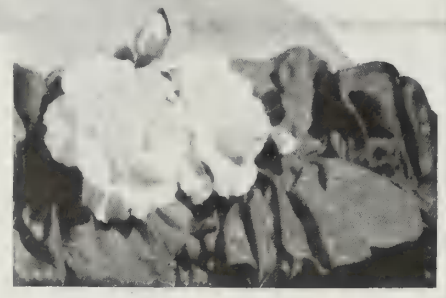
"THE prettiest, nicest girl in town for a wife . . . could any man be happier? But I shudder to think how close I came to losing her just because of 'Double O' " (offensive breath and offensive-looking teeth). "Thank Heaven someone tipped me off and I got after the 'Double O' in a hurry."

Lots of otherwise fastidious men grow careless or forgetful about the "Double O". . . and thus risk their chances. What a mistake!

There's a delightful morning and night double precaution against the "Double O" which thousands of popular men insist on daily.

For the breath, Listerine Antiseptic, of course—it quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And to make teeth more brilliant and flashing . . . to add to the attractiveness of your smile, the new Listerine Tooth Paste.



Changed in formula and action—and especially created to attack cloudy, loose deposits; dull film; unpleasant surface stains and discolorations that make teeth unattractive. For 8 years skilled scientists labored to perfect this lustre-giving formula. Many say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

If you want others to like you . . . want to put your best foot forward, start using the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more wholesome smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath. Your common sense tells you it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

*the double precaution against* double O — *Offensive Breath* / *Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

## By Freling Foster

*Fox* hunting in this country has grown so in recent years that there are now 131 clubs belonging to the Masters of Foxhounds of America, more than forty per cent of them being located in the three states of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia. In 1940, these clubs, using packs of dogs totaling 2,880 couples, staged 5,500 hunts.

*The* late Dr. Annie Jump Cannon, during her forty-four years' work in the Harvard College Observatory, discovered a double star, three hundred variable stars and five of the ninety novae that have been observed in our galaxy in the past few hundred years. Furthermore, she classified, according to their spectra, almost 400,000 stellar bodies, or more than any other person in history.

*Of* every one hundred pounds of milk produced by American cows, three go to calves, three go into ice cream, five into condensed, evaporated and powdered milk, six into cheese, forty-one into butter and the remaining forty-two are consumed as fluid milk and cream.

*In* the past, on an average of every ninety days, America has had a fire that destroyed more than $1,000,000 worth of property. Among the larger ones were the $2,000,000 Coney Island conflagration of July 13, 1932, and the $46,000,000 Chicago Stockyards fire on May 19, 1934.

*Although* Eskimo dogs prefer to and usually do sleep outdoors in the coldest weather and even in the worst blizzards, it is not uncommon for them to freeze to the ground and be snowed under sufficiently to die of suffocation.

*The* romance of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini in 13th-century Italy has been the subject of more famous music, literature and paintings than any other true love story. Operas include one by Debussy, symphonic poems include one by Tchaikovsky, poems include those by Dante and Leigh Hunt; paintings include those by Doré, Watts, Rossetti and Cabanel; and plays include those by d'Annunzio, Pellico, Echegaray and Maeterlinck.

*When* the complete Japanizati of Korea began in 1938, the Jap nese military authorities frequen ordered large groups of school ch dren to go to their city's railro station when Nipponese soldi were passing through and bow l to the troop trains to demonstr their loyalty.

*Ex-King Prajadhipok* of Sia who died recently in England, gone down in history as the o monarch who drew unemploym insurance. Several years before was deprived of his throne in 19 he wisely insured himself agai the loss of his job.—*By John Hitchins, Sharon, Massachuse*

*As* sunburn is caused by ultraviolet rays of the sun and by its heat, some of the worst ca ever recorded have occurred mountaintops at such low te peratures that the victims' fa froze while they were be "burned."

*Man* possesses no less than vestigial organs that, althou probably once of vital importa are now of little or no use to h Among them are the vermiform pendix, the ear-moving muscle certain fold in the eyes, the D winian tubercle of the ears and tail at the base of the spine.

*During* the past thirty years, American soft-drink company filed more than 1,100 lawsuits protect its trade-mark against fringement.—*By Ethel Kee, N York, New York.*

*Fencing* is the only sport in wh the contestants wear jackets button on either the right or left s depending on the arm used; te is the only sport in which the pla or set of players may win the la number of games and lose match; and trapshooting is the sport in which the professio compete for trophies and the a teurs compete for money.

**Five dollars will be paid for each intere or unusual fact accepted for this col Contributions must be accompanied by factory proof. Address Keep Up with World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New City. This column is copyrighted by Coll The National Weekly. None of the items be reproduced without express permissi the publisher**

# "Soldier man, why do they serve our sodas in Dixies?"

"TO keep us well, youngster! Uncle Sam's taking no chances on our catching something from somebody else's glass."

Mouth-to-mouth contagion from public drinking utensils can only be checked by sanitizing with intense heat or chemicals—and that takes time. Merely dousing in soap and hot water is not enough.

That is why fountains near Army camps are being urged to serve in paper cups to protect the health of our soldiers. For each Dixie Cup is used but once and thrown away.

What's good for the health of the Army is good for the general public, too. That soda fountains are swinging to individual service in Dixie Cups is significant of the general awakening to the importance of our national health.

THE DIXIE-VORTEX COMPANY
EASTON, PA. • CHICAGO, ILL. • TORONTO, CAN.

# DIXIE CUPS

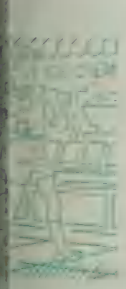
**In offices and factories,** Dixies protect the health of workers from mouth-to-mouth contagion when drinking water.

**At soda fountains,** restaurants and milk bars they assure you of protection against careless glass washing.

**For parties,** at home or outdoors, they are the convenient way of serving hot and cold drinks, salads, etc.

**For meals in your office** or on the job, leading restaurants and fountains use Dixies for all their "carry-out" orders.

**Food manufacturers** use them for packing ice cream, cottage cheese, butter, and many other food products.



DIXIE CUPS are safeguards of health at all times – everywhere. In the office, in the shop, in public places, at soda fountains, on trains and airplanes, the common drinking vessel is a thing of the past. The expanding uses of Dixie Cups are but an indication of the trend of the times.

AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND

LITHOGRAPHED 1866 BY CURR


# Life with Grandfather

WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS PAINTED some 70 years ago, life was a lot simpler than it is today.

If you had been living then, the chances are very good that you would have been a farmer and lived on a farm like this.

The farm would have consisted of, say, 80 acres of land. You would have had a family of three or four, maybe even seven or eight children; and as soon as they were big enough to carry a milk bucket, they would have started to help you in your work.

You would have had cows which provided your family with milk, hens that kept you well supplied with eggs, orchards whose fruits your wife canned, and your bread would have been made from the wheat that you planted and reaped yourself.

At the start of the winter you would have butchered a couple of pigs, smoked the hams and the bacon, and salted the rest away in barrels. You might have shared a young steer with the farmer who lived next to you or with one of your relatives who lived in town.

You'd have had very little hard cash and few emergencies you couldn't cope with without it.

For if you became sick or were laid up by an injury or even passed away, the family income didn't stop the way it usually does today. Your children and your wife took over the management of the farm. The hens kept on laying, the cows kept giving milk, the fruit ripened in the orchards, and the grain grew golden in the sun.

Today, most of us don't have the farm to fall back on. We have only our pay check.

And so we should often be out of luck if it weren't for one thing which man, to meet the needs of our modern scheme of life, has developed. This thing, this dependable friend which comes to our rescue in time of need, is insurance.

And just as life is pretty complicated today, so are your insurance needs complicated, too.

Since this is the case, it's best not to deci kind of insurance you need all by your help you guide your decisions, you shoulc a man who has made a serious study of ins The Travelers insurance man is this kind of

He is well-trained in business and is cor furnished with new data that keeps him of the times. This information enables analyze your insurance needs and to sugg kind of protection that will fit you best. A a physician, a lawyer, or any other prof man, his judgement is matured by experie thousands of cases, many very similar to

Call in a Travelers agent or your ow ance broker, and have him advise you abc particular insurance problems.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All f insurance. The Travelers Insurance Compa Travelers Indemnity Company, The T Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Con

Collier's

The National Weekly for July 12, 1941

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Cleo the Calf is chasing Cleo the Pretty and Henri back and forth in this space

# CLEO

## DAMON RUNYON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

**Presenting Fat-Fat, the ardent patriot and successful horse player—supported by Cleo the Calf and Cleo the Pretty—in a timely drama of frustration and fulfillment**

ONE pleasant spring day at the Bowie race track, there comes to me a guy by the name of Fat-Fat, who is a horse player by trade and who is called by this name because he is not only fat but he is double fat. In fact, he is very fat indeed. He has a paper in his hand and he seems greatly pleased and he says to me like this:

"Well," he says, "The Beard wants me. Yes," he says, "Uncle Sam at last calls me to join the colors. I have here a summons to report to my draft board in New York City. I understand you are seeking means of transportation there and I will be pleased to have you accompany me in my car as my guest. Why," Fat-Fat says, "I can scarcely wait to get my uniform. It is long my ambition to serve my country and besides," he says, "when Cleo my fiancée sees me as a soldier maybe she will speak to me again after giving me the back of her neck for all these months."

So there I am speeding through Delaware with Fat-Fat in his big, open automobile for at this time he is quite strong in the funds department what with putting over several nice parlays at Bowie and my presence is without doubt a great comfort to him as Fat-Fat always likes to have someone to conve-

with. But it seems to me he can do just as well alone, as when Fat-Fat gets sunk down behind the wheel all his chins pile up around his neck and he is never able to turn his head one way or the other to see who he is conversing with or how they are taking it. In fact, he just talks straight ahead.

He never talks about anything whatsoever but this Cleo he is in love with, but as most of his words get lost among his chins I never hear half of what he says so I do not try to answer him and anyway Fat-Fat does not care whether you answer him or not as long as you do not try to change the subject from Cleo.

She is a brown-haired pretty who has a dancing background and at the time I am speaking of she is working for Buddy DeSylva in a show by the name of Panama Hattie and she is regarded as one of the prettiest of all the pretties in the show. To tell the truth, she is regarded by some as a gorgeous and it is generally conceded that she is by no means an intellectual, or anyway not offensively so.

I am not very well acquainted with her but Fat-Fat tells me that she is a hard-working and conscientious pretty and that after the show is over at night she hastens right to her home in the Bronx and I have no doubt this is very true, although I also hear from other sources that she generally routes herself to the Bronx by way of the Stork Club, Leon and Eddie's, La Martinique and similar detours.

Well, as we go buzzing along, suddenly we behold an interesting spectacle at the side of the road. A cow is lying on the ground quite still and a little calf is standing beside it on very wobbly pins going mah-ah-ah, like that, and a guy in overalls and a dirty shirt, who is without doubt a Jasper, is also standing there looking most depressed, and seeing all this, Fat-Fat stops the car and gets out and views the situation a while and the following conversation ensues:

"Hello," Fat-Fat says. "What comes off?"

"A truck kills my cow," the Jasper says. "I see it disappearing over the hill just as I come up."

"Why," Fat-Fat says, "this is quite pitiful. What about the midget here?" he says, pointing to the calf. "Why is it making such a row? Does it get hit too? I see many a cow in my time," Fat-Fat says, "but never before do I see a midget one."

"Look, Fat-Fat," I say, "this is not a midget. This is a baby cow that is called a calf and a fine specimen it is, too, and it is bawling because its mamma is lying here cold in death. It is now an orphan."

"Well," Fat-Fat says, "I never see such a sawed-off cow before so naturally I think it is a midget cow. I never realize there are baby cows. I always figure they come full-size. Look at its big, soft brown eyes. Who do they remind you of?"

I LOOK at the calf's eyes but they do not remind me of anybody's except a calf's and I so state to Fat-Fat who is now squatted down petting the calf and gazing into its eyes while the calf is still going mah-ah-ah.

"They are Cleo's eyes," Fat-Fat says. "I never see such a resemblance. Mister," he says to the Jasper, "is this a boy baby cow or a girl baby cow?"

"Why," the Jasper says, "it is a cow calf so it must be a girl. If it is a boy it will be a bull calf and not a cow calf at all. Now," he says, "I must lug this calf nearly two miles to my home back here in the woods. I do not see how they wander so far away in the first place."

"Why not shoo it along ahead of you?" I say. "Or maybe we can find a piece of string and you can pull it."

"No," the Jasper says, "I will have to carry it. It is too young and it is already plumb tuckered out from walking. This is a terrible blow to me as the cow is my sole possession in the way of livestock and she supplies milk for my children. She is a Jersey and a wonderful milker. Now," he says, "I have no means of getting milk for my children or for this calf either."

"Mister," Fat-Fat says, "will you sell this baby cow to me? I will give you a hundred dollars for it. It will make a wonderful present for Cleo my fiancée and something to remember me by when I am in the Army serving my country, and," he says, "more than anything else she is sure to consider it a most touching gesture when she learns I buy a baby cow just because its eyes remind me of her. Cleo is really very sentimental."

Well, at this I remonstrate with Fat-Fat and try to explain to him that such a purchase is most ill-advised. But Fat-Fat will not listen to me, and the upshot of it is he gives the Jasper the hundred dollars and the Jasper, who is practically stunned by the transaction, lifts the calf into the back seat of the car and tells Fat-Fat he must feed it milk out of a bottle for a spell.

So away we go with the calf lying down in the seat and going mah-ah-ah, but presently Fat-Fat finds he cannot keep looking around at the calf on account of his chins preventing him from turning his head and he makes me do the driving while he gets in the back seat with the calf and before long he is cal it Cleo and I can see that this is the calf's name.

We stop at the first town we c to and Fat-Fat buys a baby's nur bottle with a nipple on it at a drugs and then he buys some milk and ge guy in a hamburger joint to warm i and he feeds Cleo in a way that is as ishing to behold. I never know be that Fat-Fat is so handy in this res but he tells me he often perform similar service for his baby brother his baby sister, too, when he is a over on Tenth Avenue. By the time reach New York City, I can see Fat-Fat is greatly devoted to Cleo calf and I can also see that Cleo the thinks very well of Fat-Fat, which is surprising considering he is the so of her warm milk.

WE PULL up in front of Mindy's taurant on Broadway around the ner hour when the place is well filled customers and Fat-Fat lifts Cleo calf out of the car and carries her in in his arms and naturally it is qui surprise to one and all to observe spectacle, especially when Fat-Fat down at a table in a booth and puts on the settee opposite him. In there is so much commotion that M himself appears and when he sees the calf he does not even shake h with Fat-Fat and tell him he is gla see him back but says to him like

"Wrong bettors, yes," Mindy "Actors and newspapermen and writers, yes. But," Mindy says, "c no. You cannot keep these cattle i gaff, Fat-Fat."

"This is Cleo, Mindy," Fat-Fat

"Cleo?" Mindy says. "Ha-ha ha," he says. "Cleo just leaves her the theater full of goulash with the with the one eyeglass she is run around with while you are absen think he is a nobleman refugee. Ev body is a nobleman refugee nowa I do not like his looks. But," M says, "this is neither here nor there

(Continued on page 52)

"You must take this thing out of here," Mindy says, "especially as calfs are seldom house broke"

# lost
# n a Fog

· R. G. Kirk

RATED BY MARIO COOPER

**this would have hap-
ed without the earth-
ke and the tidal wave,
they certainly helped
asten the happy climax**

OU could have used the fog that
day to top a lemon meringue; but
here this girl came, six-beat-crawl-
rough it, with no more worries than
racuda—and the beach of south-
California at least a mile away in
en knew what direction.

e seemed a bit disturbed to find
id not have the entire Pacific Ocean
her private swimming pool—and
some reason, it appeared to the
vant eye. She quickly dropped
egs and, hanging vertical in the
upported herself with easily scull-
ands.

ood morning." What a voice! "You
just in from Hawaii?" What a
! "I trust you left things in good
there." What a marvelous good
ing! I had recognized the girl.

ood morning." I stopped swimming
spectful distance. "Everything," I
ed her, "was in excellent control
I struck out from Hilo. You are
ed that way, I would judge."

ext stop, Kealakekua," she an-
ced. "I'm on my way back to my
grass shack. So goodby now."

t no stroke brought her body to the
ce. It evidently was my move.
s what *she* thought. Leaving her,
our last belt of wampum, was the
farthest from my mind. This
id was Alua Karlin.

ad never seen Alua Karlin, actu-
before; only her pictures. But it
she for sure—the girl in the little
on-picture gem, Sea-Change. Her
ts, so the reviewers said, were
ns who had moved to Hawaii in
arly childhood.

ad seen Sea-Change half a dozen
, and had each time felt more
gly than the time before how easy
uld be to fall in love with a girl
Alua Karlin. And, right now, there
vas, in the same ocean with me,
I found exciting, and, in fact, not
en feet away—which I found un-
able; and I was very swiftly learn-
ow hard it would be *not* to fall in
with a girl like her. Leave her?—
was alone, except for me, swim-
in dense fog, very far from shore.

feel you shouldn't try that little
you mentioned," I advised. "Not
he Kona coast is too far for a crawl
od as yours. But though I left the
tranquil, I wouldn't want to an-
for its reception of a girl in the
of suit you're wearing."

tried to bluff it.

hese shoulder-strapless suits do
to draw attention," she remarked.
y look a bit—ah—shall we say pre-
us?"

dy," I said, "precarious is not the
With your drive in the water you
swim right through one of those
ess suits like a trick seal swim-

**"You're not sure where you are—are you?" she inquired. "How long have you been wandering about?"**

ming through a barrel. But you never will swim out of the one you're wearing. It is the good old-fashioned kind. I'll bet you've had it all of twenty years."

"Twenty-one," she admitted, after that, "and good as the day I got it."

SHE had a smile worth any man's seven million dollars; sly, yet so wholesome it would keep Lothario himself at distance—in any situation.

"Your swimming costume," I assured her, "has my unqualified endorsement. But, how did you get across the beach in it?"

Instead of answering my questions she asked some. "You're not sure where you are—are you?" she inquired. "How long have you been wandering about out here, befogged?"

It's a nice jaunt around the old three-master, Albatross, anchored for angling parties in the bay off Santa Ysabel del Mar. I use it often as a training swim, and this morning I was half a mile, maybe, on my way back to the beach when the unexpected blanket had rolled over me.

"Oh, I'm somewhere in Santa Ysabel Bay," I told the girl. "I'm not alarmed. But you?"

"I love the fog," she said. "Just listen to it."

I knew what she meant: The almost silent rustle of soft velvet draperies; the almost unheard whisperings back of them.

"I love to leave the beach and swim straight out into it," said the girl. "Beyond the sound of surf, until my world is just a little patch of curtained water. I love the breathing hush, the mystery, the solitude."

"Ah, yes," I said, "the solitude. From the Latin solus, meaning alone. Well, bless me, look what time it is. I really must be going. But you do have some sort of waterproof wrist compass, I suppose, to guide you back to land?"

"My compass swims along with me," she said. Then, wiping the water from her lips, she gave a pretty whistle, chording two notes as some few whistlers can.

We stayed quiet, listening; till presently a sound of strong and steady breathing reached our ears.

"Here Bos'n," called the girl. And like a fog plow there swam into view

*(Continued on page 29)*

# THE GUNS ARE COMING

## By Walter Davenport

**Our Army's going to be the world's best. Our Navy already is, although a one-ocean fleet. Be patient. Give them time. There's no magic to turn the world's greatest peace-tooled industrial democracy into an arsenal overnight. Even so, we're breaking records. Even half-armed we're the only power Hitler fears. He's thinking of us as we'll be in 1942. American bombast? He doesn't think so. Here are today's tough facts. Tomorrow's up to you**

**Collier's Weekly:**

**The aircraft, the tanks and the other materials of war which are reaching us from the United States give joy to our fighting men and are the admiration of our mechanics and technicians. Our gratitude for these weapons of victory is matched by our admiration for the skill of those who construct them. Together, British and American industry will increasingly outmatch the best that our enemies can produce.**

**BEAVERBROOK**

E'VE been at it a year. We've mortgaged ourselves for forty-four billion dollars, which is just ginning. Our chief defense against f Hitler is still the Atlantic Ocean, Navy, and what's left of the British . The War Department bids us atient. That's good advice. We'd er take it. It tells us to wait until spring. Next spring, the War Dement says, we'll have enough guns, s, wings, munitions to begin to deourselves. After that, having en plowshare factories into muni- plants and wanded paper mills into ane assemblies we'll begin to be y to keep on defending ourselves. 't let us add to the unavoidable mis- s we've made in the past twelve ths, particularly the avoidable one idding ourselves. That's what the Department begs of us.

vernight, the world's greatest indusnation, geared to peace to the cam and cog, tried to do what it Hitler six years to accomplish. It aken us a year to discover that we dn't. With a scream that was heard nd the world, we appropriated -four billion dollars to bury Hitler . In a year we've been able to spend than six billion of that. And that illion has been devoted to nothing e fatal to Hitler than a start toward ng ready to begin to commence. nobody knows this better than Mr. er. And even so, the United States e only power on earth he's afraid of. most important job just now is to hat little he can to make our next ve months as confused, irresolute and unproductive as the last. Happily it won't be.

We've spent six billions. We've awarded contracts for about $15,000,000,000 worth of war materials, only a part of which is for combat implements. Some is for plants wherein arms will be made. Much is for shelter, food, clothing and pay for a million and a half amateur soldiers, who must sit around armed only in a manner of speaking. It will be a long time before the truth will come out, so we won't concern ourselves with who's to blame. Let the Army blame the Navy. Let the Office of Production Management blame both. The Office of Production Management squabbles within its own walls—able, patriotic men quarreling about method and procedure. Industrial management blames labor, shouting that strikes have cost from ten to fifteen million man-days of effort since the first day of 1941. Communists, Nazi agents, political machinations, irresolution, self-deception—all these are blamed. Although we haven't been able to spend the seven billion dollars we've set aside for aid to Britain under the Lend-Lease Act, nearly seventy-five per cent of what war materials we've been able to produce have gone to England—at least started in her direction. And this diversion of our production is blamed for the nudity of our defenses. This, incidentally, isn't so. If every plane and every ounce of steel we've consigned to Britain under the Lend-Lease Act had remained right here we'd still be months, perhaps two years, from being ready to wage modern warfare beyond the continental limits of the United States and adjacent waters.

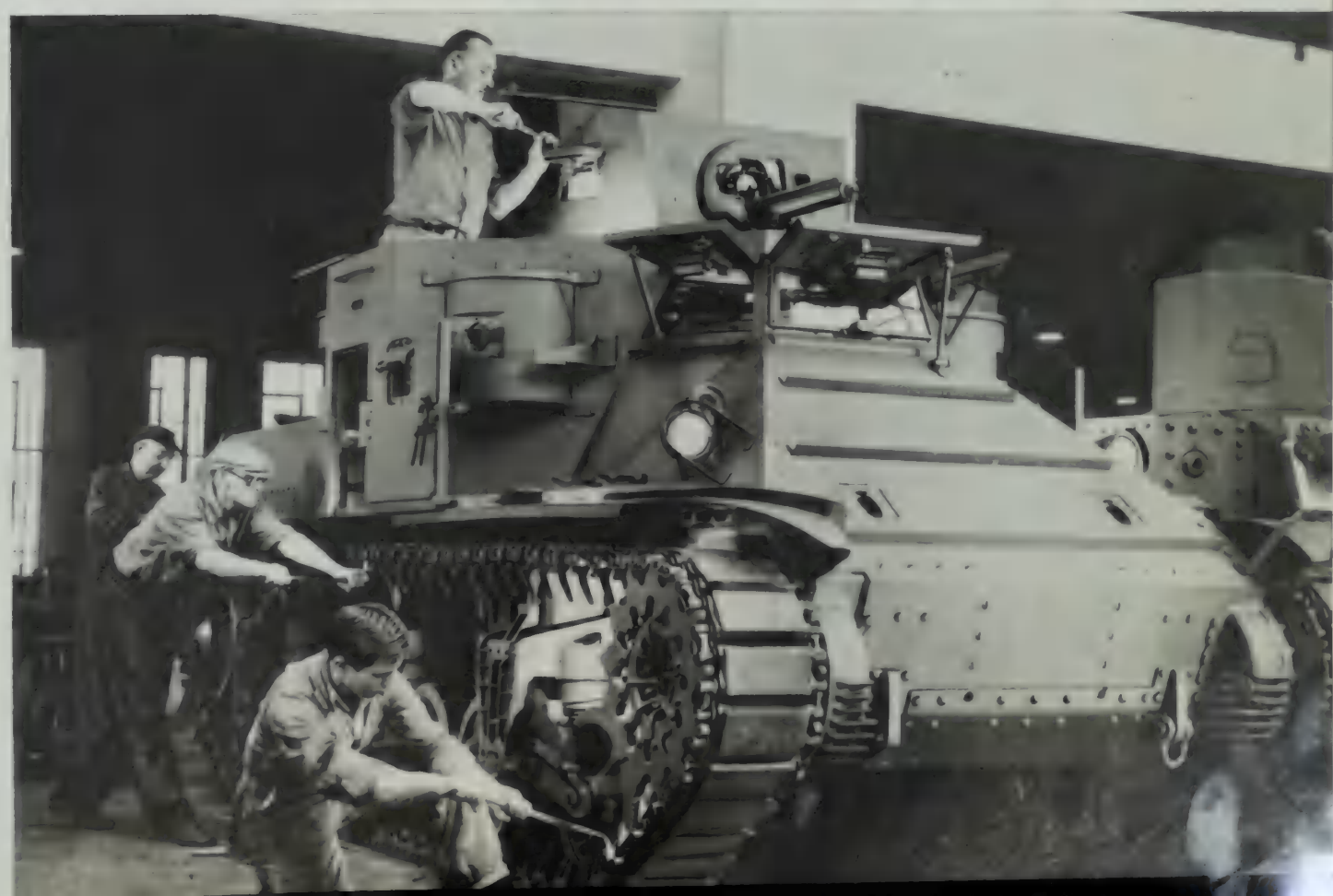
Let's start with our warlike objective. After setting that down we might look at what we have. We started out, a year ago, to build an Army of a million and a half. Perhaps, we said, we'd make it four million. That Army would be a proud thing, as modern in equipment and training as America itself. There'd be ten and perhaps twelve armored divisions—panzer units like Hitler's. In more than two hundred camps and cantonments this swiftly trained and eager Army would be roofed over by 65,000 planes. It would bristle with 350,000 machine guns. Its artillery would consist of 55,000 guns from sixteen-inch monsters down to trench mortars which would be as mobile as the famous French seventy-fives—which latter, by the way, have all but been discarded by some modern war plotters. The program called for ten thousand tanks from the light eight-ton ditch-dippers to forty- and fifty-ton wallopers mounting three-inch and even five-inch cannon. There'd be almost half a million semi-automatic rifles—the Garands—and a million and a half ordinary Army rifles. This Army would be equipped with antiaircraft guns the size and power of which was yet to be determined. The Army has finally decided that the only size worth bothering with are the 90-millimeter barkers. We've found these the hardest to make. And, while we're about it, you may as well know that we have fewer than six of them. We're not permitted to give you exact figures.

This gives you some idea of what we set out to do about an Army. Of course no one was fool enough to say that we'd have these within a year, although it soon became a popularly accepted fact that with upward of fifty billion dollars to work with, miracles were inevitable. And nobody took out time to disabuse the public's bedazzled mind. We've worked no miracles.

In the production of only two of these weapons are we on schedule. In fact we're ahead of schedule in turning out Garands and machine guns. As you are reading this three new machine-gun plants will be in full blast. We'll be turning them out as well as the semi-automatics—the Garands—faster then we can make ammunition for them. We have nearly 200,000 Garands. We're adding 1,200 daily.

We're coming along with increasing vigor with light tanks, turning them out up to thirteen-tonners at a rate of eighteen or twenty a day. They carry 37-millimeter cannon, slightly more deadly than popguns against other tanks armored with modern steel. But we're behind schedule on medium and heavy tank production. Unless there has been a

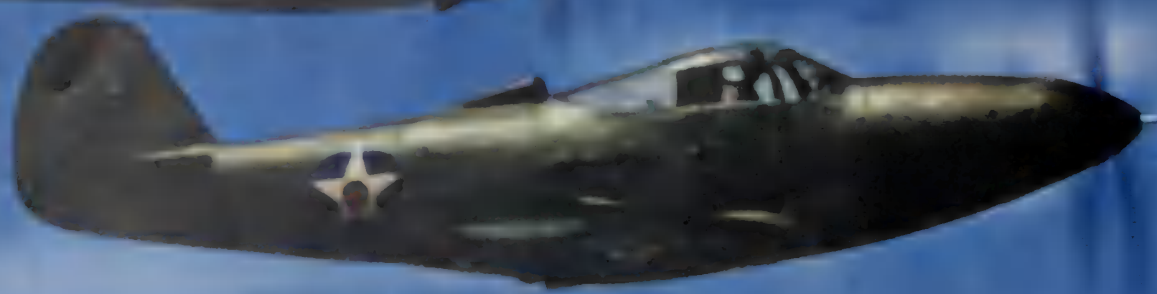
*(Continued on page 34)*



**ier's commissioned Artist ges Schreiber to visit sevfactories and put on canvas impression of our plane ders at work. Schreiber is American citizen, born in verp, Belgium. When his citship papers came he started o learn about America. He eled by car for three years, ed every state in the Union painted scenes of every re- . His work hangs in the cuse Museum, the Brooklyn eum, the Whitney Museum merican Art, the Museum of City of New York. The Metlitan Museum bought two is paintings in one year**

**edium-sized tank being asbled in the Rock Island Arse- At present we are behind dule in turning out these but production will be well r way by the late summer**

The Lockheed P-38. Another picture, with a description of this twin fuselage ship, appears on page 20



Right: Bell P-39 Airacobra. With a top speed of about 400 miles an hour, this ship has been dived at more than 600 miles. Equipped with a cannon and machine guns and powered by an Allison engine, it is one of the deadliest of combat planes. The engine is behind the pilot, giving him better visibility. The British are getting these planes in quantity. This Airacobra and the Lockheed P-38 are the only two fighters equipped with tricycle landing gear

The Curtiss P-40. This fighter is powered with an Allison liquid-cooled motor and its advanced type is in the 400-mile-an-hour class. With a few minor changes it is in use by the British, who call it the Tomahawk. It was the first of the modern pursuit planes to reach assembly-line production

The Republic P-43. This model, known as the Lancer, is not made for the British. It is designed to operate at high altitudes as an interceptor of enemy bombers. Our Army already has some of these. A new version, the Thunderbolt, will be 2,000-horsepowered with a Pratt & Whitney air-cooled motor

The picture on this page, taken above Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, represents high skill and co-ordination between five pilots and a photographer. The four fighting ships flew in echelon formation around a [illegible] circle, with the photographic ship flying a tight circle inside. This enabled a succession of shots to be made under varying lighting conditions. The photo plane was a Beechcraft F-2; its pilot, Lt. C. A. [illegible], [illegible] Wright Field; the cameraman, Rudy Arnold

# For Freedom's Skies

## By Jim Marshall

**It took Germany six years to build an air force; we're trying to build a better, deadlier one—in two. Are we succeeding? Here's the low-down to date**

THE answers to the one 'most everybody is asking are these: By this time next year we will have a proper air force. It will have adequate striking power. It will be equipped with the best machines in existence. They will be flown and fought by second-to-none men. They will have back of them the world's greatest production capacity.

This sounds like the old eagle screaming—but the facts are there to prove each statement. But before we go into the facts, let's get a few things clear.

There is a lot of talk about "national defense"—but any nation today that prepares simply to defend itself in the old-fashioned way is licked before it fires a shot. Twenty years ago a nation could defend itself on its own territory; today it can't. England defends England in France and Germany; Germany defends herself in England—and we are going to have to defend America over the territory of our enemy, and *not* in New York, California or Florida.

The only effective defense today lies in aggressive attack. The only way America can possibly win a war is by flying fleets of bombers over the enemy's land, destroying his air force, crippling his production plants, making it impossible for him to strike at America.

One highly placed expert in the War Department puts it this way: "It is useless and dangerous to think of an air force mainly in terms of defense. The only sure defense is the ability to strike an aggressor first, strike him hard and strike him a long way from your home. Unless an air force has this long-range striking power it is almost worthless."

Since our potential enemies live on the other side of oceans, it becomes obvious that what we have to have is a lot of long-range bombing planes, able to cross an ocean, hit an enemy hard and first and come back. Since the enemy can use the same tactics against us, we have to have enough fighting planes to overcome his attack ships and bring down his bombers.

Now that this is clear in our minds, let's see what is being done about it.

With all the talk about multithousands of planes, it ought to be remembered that, from 1909 until today, we have produced only about forty-five thousand ships in this country. We were in the World War nineteen months and turned out 11,760 planes—made mainly of wood, fabric and glue. Today, we are producing planes—and far-and-away better ones—at the rate of eighteen thousand a year. Eighteen months from now our capacity ought to be at the rate of forty-two thousand units a year.

Remember this, too: We are trying to do—and probably will do—in two years, under democratic methods, what it took Germany six years to do under tyrannical methods. We are not only going to produce more ships, but they are going to be better than those of any other nation—or else the planners at Washington and the producers from Baltimore to San Diego miss their guess.

Early in 1939 we began to wake up to the fact that an air force didn't count its ships in dozens, but in thousands. Congress, prodded along by public opinion, told the Army Air Corps to buy 3,032 planes. These, with those the Corps had, would give it 5,500 ships of all types by July 1st, this year. But only

Above is a sturdy and dependable Consolidated PBY—a medium patrol bomber, driven by two 1,500-horsepower air-cooled engines and having a range of about 2,500 miles. It carries a seven-man crew. The square-ended effect on the wings disappears in flight, when the pontoons fold up to make faired-off wing ends. The British version—the Catalina—spotted the Bismarck for the British fleet

Above: Vultee Vanguard P-48, single-seater interceptor-pursuit. Has climbed to 15,000 feet in four minutes. It is in production for the R.A.F.

Below: A Beechcraft F-2. This is a twin-engine cabin monoplane used only for Army photographic purposes. It is an adaptation of a cabin transport ship used by its makers for passengers. A similar type is used by the Army for advanced training and is known as the AT-7

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The famous Seattle-built Boeing B-17C—The Flying Fortress. With four engines turning, this ship will beat 300 miles an hour, has a cruising range of 3,500 miles and lifts "several" tons of bombs. With seven to nine men aboard, the quartet of 1,200-horsepower Wright Cyclones will take the ship above 36,000 feet. New models are armored and have leakproof fuel tanks

Left: The North American B-25. Five men man this 300-mile-an-hour medium bomber, now in mass production for the Air Corps. Two Cyclone engines twist up 3,400 horsepower; the landing gear is the new tricycle pattern. Immediately below: The Douglas B-23 medium bomber. Powered by twin 750-horsepower Cyclone engines. It has a speed of well over 200 miles an hour. This ship is not in production, but is a current service aircraft. It will be supplanted by the B-25 and B-26. At bottom: The Martin B-26, said to be the fastest medium bomber above the earth. Two 1,850-horsepower air-cooled engines swing two four-bladed propellers. Exact performance is a secret. It has power gun turrets, leakproof tanks

3,300 are fighting planes, the others are trainers, useless in combat.

This program did well enough until the Germans demonstrated how warfare had changed. That resulted in a program of 36,500 planes for the Army, 13,500 for the Navy and more for the Marines. As a first step, the Army was to get 18,641; the Navy 6,500. Money for these was made available about a year ago, red tape was cut and the program got going.

Today, our aircraft industry has orders from us and from the British for eighty thousand planes—and that's probably not the end. In addition to producing quantity, we have to produce quality. The second best air force would be just as useless to us as the ninety-ninth best.

Well, how do we get the best planes? We get them by studying what other nations are doing, by figuring out what our planes must do, by planning wings, motors, guns and bombs to do the job efficiently. All this takes time. We are pretty slick at producing things, but it still takes us eighteen months from the time a plane is a few notes and doodles on the back of an engineer's grubby envelope until a standardized model can fly away from the factory. That is why every plane is obsolete before it ever gets into the air. Nothing to worry over: every nation has the same problem. We solve it a little faster and—we hope—better than others.

To give you an idea of the problem: When we started out to get an air force, the general idea was that a plane was a wing with a gun on it. But the war made it plain to air people that a plane had to be a gun with wings on it. That is, an effective air weapon had to be a sort of flying gun platform, suitably armored against other flying gun platforms and with heavy enough artillery to knock down armored enemy ships.

Now, you can't just take scores of our present fighting ships, bolt cannon to them, hang armor plate on them and glue bulletproof glass around the cockpit. You have to design the whole thing afresh, from the wheels up, studying the enemy's ships, if you can get one, and making yours a little better, if you can. This procedure, as we have noted, takes about a year and a half. Next year, probably it won't take as long.

### Hard Facts Dictate Methods

When we started to get an air force there were two schools of thought—or maybe emotion. One side said let's take the types of planes we have and mass-produce them as we do cars. The idea behind this was that a lot of any sort of plane was better than a few good ones. The other side said let's push experimentation and development as far as we can and not start mass production until we have something extra-special.

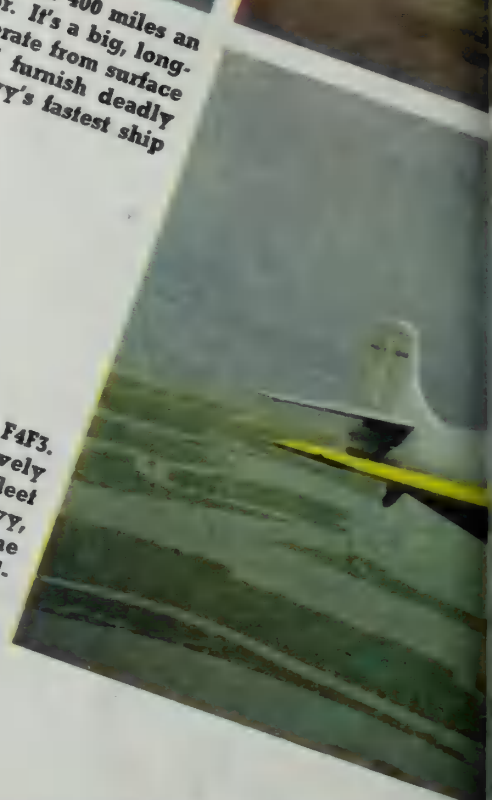
The situation finally settled the argument. It became obvious that if we had a million planes of 1938 types they would have been so much junk. We did have some fine ships and good designs. But we had to modify these designs to build in guns and leakproof gas tanks, install bulletproof glass and hang on armor plate. We stopped production on what had become out-of-date ships, redrew the plans in jig time and got production going on the new types. Today our new planes are as modern as any—and maybe a little more, unless the boys in the Army and the aircraft industry are too optimistic. There's no reason to think they are—American machinery is the best in the world, and a plane is just a machine.

The fact that a plane *is* just a machine started the hopeful theory that all we had to do was give the automobile industry a few blueprints and drop around next day to Detroit, River Rouge or

Two American gliders. Left: The Schweizer, a 460-pound two-seater; wings and aluminum alloy; fuselage, steel tubing covered with fabric. Wing spread, 52 fe length, 25 feet. Altitude mark, 14,300 feet above its take-off level. Right: Bowlus Bab Albatross, single-seater, uses duralumin boom instead of usual fuselage. Officia altitude record, 16,800 feet. Wing spread, 44 feet 4 inches; length, 19 feet 2 inches

Another view of the twin-fuselage Lockheed P-38 pictured on page 16. This ship has been clocked at more than 400 miles an hour. It boasts 2,300 horsepower from two Allison engines which can lift it to 35,000 feet rapidly. Both our Air Corps and the R.A.F. are getting this fighter, which the British call the Lightning. The pilot-gunner operates his cannon and machine guns from the control stick

The Navy's new Vought-Sikorsky F4U-1, with a speed of over 400 miles an hour from a 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney radial motor. It's a big, long-range fighter, with a low landing speed to enable it to operate from surface carriers, but enough "soup" to chase enemy fighters and furnish deadly protection for the bigger and slower bombers. It's any navy's fastest ship



At right: A Grumman F4F3. This ship is extensively used by the British fleet air arm, and in our Navy, for work from seaborne carriers. It is a fast, hard-hitting fighter called the Martlet by British airmen

Flint and watch fighting ships roll off a production line. This golden dream runs up against hard facts.

You can't stamp out planes as you can cars. Not yet, anyway. A car consists of relatively few parts, put together by methods developed during a quarter of a century, by workmen thoroughly familiar with their jobs. A medium bomber has thirty thousand parts—not counting rivets, nuts and bolts. First you have to make machines to make tools to make parts. Then you have to make tools; then parts. After you have supplies of each part you have to route them, sometimes from coast to coast, to an assembling point.

To make a plane you have to take your thirty thousand parts and build them into six hundred fifty units—so many parts to a wing, so many to a fuselage. Then you take these six hundred fifty units and assemble them into thirty-two units. You take these and put them together and you have a bomber—after expending thirty thousand man-hours of labor.

Even then you're not finished. Each of the two engines has to have fifty thousand inspections; each of the more than fifty precision instruments must be tested. This all takes time.

Despite all this terrific complication and detail, car-assembly methods *are* being applied to plane production. New aircraft plants have traveling belts. The fuselage starts at one end of the belt and moves slowly to the other, acquiring wings, tail surfaces, engines, landing gear and propellers en route. That is fairly simple—the real problem is getting each part to the belt—sometimes from a factory two thousand miles away—at the minute it's needed. But that problem's being licked, too.

Probably you have heard—and maybe worried a little—about the battle between air-cooled and liquid-cooled motors, and wondered if we were going to waste time arguing about it and then perhaps pick the wrong engine. Well, don't fret about it. The Number One man in Army air circles told us:

"We don't care if motors are cooled by air, chemicals, water or soda pop, as

*(Continued on page 81)*

The Curtiss XSB2C-1 Dive Bomber is the Navy's newest boast. Powered by a 1,700-h.p. Wright Cyclone engine, it carries more bombs and flies faster and longer than any other heavy dive bomber in the world

The Brewster F2A-2, called the Buffalo by the British. It has been sold to the Dutch East Indies, the Belgians, the Finns and the French. A fighter, it carries small bombs and can be used as a dive bomber. The ship was designed for fighting from an aircraft carrier

Left above: The Northrop A-17, an attack monoplane, several years old and with fixed landing gear. It was designed for strafing ground troops, flies at 220 miles an hour and has two machine guns; French and British used many of these, but we are no longer making them

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUDY ARNOLD, HANS GROENHOFF, ROBERT RICHIE, HOMER JENSEN AND IFOR THOMAS

# The Hang of It

## By J. D. Salinger

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THIS country lost one of the most promising young men ever to tilt a pinball table when my son, Harry, was conscripted into the Army. As his father, I realize Harry wasn't born yesterday, but every time I look at the boy I'd swear it all happened sometime early last week. So offhand I'd say the Army was getting another Bobby Pettit.

Back in 1917 Bobby Pettit wore the same look that Harry wears so well. Pettit was a skinny kid from Crosby, Vermont, which is in the United States too. Some of the boys in the company figured Pettit had spent his tender years letting that Vermont maple syrup drip slowly on his forehead.

Also one of the dancing girls in that 1917 company was Sergeant Grogan. The boys in camp had all kinds of ideas about the sarge's origin; good, sound, censorable ideas that I won't bother to repeat.

Well, on Pettit's first day in ranks the sarge was drilling the platoon in the manual of arms. Pettit had a clever, original way of handling his rifle. When the sarge hollered "Right shoulder arms!" Bobby Pettit did left shoulder arms. When the sarge requested "Port arms!" Pettit complied with present arms. It was a sure way of attracting the sarge's attention, and he came over to Pettit smiling.

"Well, dumb guy," greeted the sarge, "what's the matter with you?"

Pettit laughed. "I get a little mixed up at times," he explained briefly.

"What's your name, Bud?" asked the sarge.

"Bobby. Bobby Pettit."

"Well, Bobby Pettit," said the sarge, "I'll just call ya Bobby. I always call the men by their first names. And they all call me mother. Just like they was at home."

"Oh," said Pettit.

Then it went off. Every fuse has two ends; the one that's lighted and the one that's clubby with the T.N.T.

"*Listen, Pettit!*" boomed the sarge. "I ain't runnin' no fifth grade. You're in the Army, dumb guy. You're supposed t'know ya ain't got two left shoulders and that port arms ain't present arms. Wutsa matter with ya? Ain'tcha got no *brains?*"

"I'll get the hang of it," Pettit predicted.

THE next day we had practice in tent pitching and pack making. When the sarge came around to inspect, it developed that Pettit hadn't bothered to hammer the tent pegs slightly below the surface of the ground. Observing the subtle flaw, the sarge, with one yank of his hand, collapsed entirely Bobby Pettit's little canvas home.

"Pettit," cooed the sarge. "You are . . . without a doubt . . . the *dumbest* . . . the *stoopidest* . . . the *clumsiest* gink I ever seen. Are ya nuts, Pettit? *Wutsa matter with ya? Ain'tcha got no brains?*"

Pettit predicted, "I'll get the hang of it."

Then everybody made up full packs. Pettit made up his like a veteran—just like one of the Boys in Blue. Then the sarge came around to inspect. It was his cheery custom to pass in the rear of the men, and with a short, bludgeon-like stroke of his forearm slam down on the regulation burden on the back of every mother's son.

He came to Pettit's pack. I'll spare the details. I'll just say that everything came apart save the last five segments in Bobby Pettit's vertebrae. It was a sickening sound. The sarge came aroun to face Pettit, what was left of him.

"Pettit. I met lotsa dumb guys in m time," related the sarge. "Lots of 'em But you, Pettit, you're in a class b yourself. *Because you're the dumbest!*"

Pettit stood there on his three fee

"I'll get the hang of it," he manage to predict.

FIRST day of target practice, six me at a time fired at six targets, pron position exclusively. The sarge passe up and down, examining firing position

"Hey, Pettit. Which eye are yo lookin' through?"

"I don't know," said Pettit. "The lef I guess."

"Look through the *right!*" bellowe the sarge. "Pettit, you're takin' twenn years offa my life. *Wutsa matter wit ya? Ain'tcha got no brains?*"

That was nothing. When, after th men had fired, the targets were rolled i there was a gay surprise for all. Pett had fired all his shots at the target of th man on his right.

The sarge almost had an attack apoplexy. "Pettit," he said, "you g no place in this man's army. *You g six feet. You got six hands. Every body else only got two!*"

"I'll get the hang of it," said Petti

"Don't *say* that to me again. I'll kill ya. I'll akchally kill ya, Petti Because I hatecha, Pettit. *You hea me? I hatecha!*"

"Gee," said Pettit. "No kidding?"

"No kidding, brother," said the sarg

"Wait'll I get the hang of it," sai Pettit. "You'll see. No kidding. Bo I like the Army. Some day I'll be colonel or something. No kidding."

NATURALLY I didn't tell my wif that our son, Harry, reminds me Bob Pettit back in '17. But he does nev ertheless. In fact, the boy is even havin sergeant trouble at Fort Iroquois. seems, according to my wife, that Fo Iroquois nurses to its bosom one of th toughest, meanest first sergeants in th country. There is no necessity, declar my wife, in being *mean* to the boys. N that Harry's complained. He likes th Army, only he just can't seem to plea this terrible first sergeant. Just b cause he hasn't got the hang of it yet.

And the colonel of this regiment. He no help at all, my wife feels. All h does is walk around and look importar A colonel should *help* the boys, see to that mean first sergeants don't take a vantage of the boys, destroy their spir A colonel, my wife feels, should do mo than just *walk* around the place.

Well, a few Sundays ago the boys Fort Iroquois put on their first spri parade. My wife and I were there the reviewing stand, and with a ye that nearly took my hat off she pick out our Harry as he marched along.

"He's out of step," I told my wife.

"Oh, don't be that way," said she.

"But he *is* out of step," I said.

"I suppose that's a *crime*. I suppo he'll be *shot* for that. See! He's in st again. He was only out for a minute

Then, when the National Anthem w played, and the boys were standing wi their rifles at present arms, one of the dropped his rifle. It makes quite clatter on a hard field.

"That was Harry," I said.

"It could happen to anybody," torted my wife. "Keep quiet."

Then, when the parade was over a the men had been dismissed, First S geant Grogan came over to say hel "How do, Mrs. Pettit."

"How do you do," said my wife, ve chilly.

"Think there's any hope for our b sergeant?" I asked.

The sarge grinned and shook his he "Not a chance," he said. "Not a chan colonel."

**"Hey, Pettit," the sarge said. "Which eye are you lookin' through?" "I don't know," said Pettit. "The left, I guess"**

**Her name is Miss Ann Sothern, but she is known more widely simply as Maisie, her well-known movie role. Sometimes Ann gets pretty sick of it**

# AMAZING MAISIE

**By KYLE CRICHTON**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HURRELL

THE publicity department at M-G-M in Hollywood can get itself into a state of ecstasy over the fact that letter addressed to "Maisie, U. S. A." will wend its way unerringly to the home of Miss Ann Sothern, North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, California. The M-G-M people maintain that this proves the value of the Metro product whereas it may merely be a testimonial to the efficiency of the United States Postal Service. Miss Sothern has her own view.

"Very pleasant," she remarks, ". . . provided I don't get stuck with Maisie." Sothern, it may be said, is no schnuck; she has been around. She knows that Maisie has saved her life and she also knows that Maisie can throw her for an evil loss. She is grateful for Maisie but she is aware that when an actress is confused with a character, the public gets sick of the actress when it gets sick of the character.

"So, me," says Miss Sothern, "I'm on a tightrope. Maisie is my pal and I love her but I don't want her to get her arms around my neck. When she falls I don't want to fall off."

As a result she is playing such nifties as Lady be Good and Panama Hattie in addition to the Maisie pictures and considering herself very fortunate. The truth is that Miss Ann was not always on a tightrope—nothing as pleasant as that. She was a dead pigeon, she was washed up, she was through. After eleven years she had out of Hollywood she was as unsound as last year's comic strip. At this point she made a gesture. She announced that she was quitting until she got a real part; no more silly ingénues; no more phony glamor girls; a real part. For a year she stayed washed up, spending that time in making personal appearances with the orchestra of her husband, Roger Pryor, and keeping a sharper eye on Hollywood. Outwardly she pretended to be happy but this never fooled anybody who knows the movie business.

Her agent had no slightest difficulty when he interrupted the tour to say that she could have a chance in Walter Wanger's Trade Winds, the small part of a stenographer, just a little dumb, who follows her employer (Fredric March) around the world and eventually gets married to another girl (Joan Bennett). The sensation she created was nothing less than world-shaking, but it brought her to the attention of Walter Ruben of M-G-M, who had bought the Maisie stories originally for Jean Harlow and had held them back because of her death and because he had never been able to find anybody for the part.

Ruben had trouble selling the idea of using Sothern. She had been dropped by M-G-M as far back as 1929, when she was a pretty girl with a shape and nothing more, and she had been no Hollywood forest fire since. Ruben got his way eventually because Maisie was to be a small a "B" picture and nobody cared a great deal. The success of the picture was so pronounced that the studio—in the M-G-M manner—announced that the idea would be carried out in a series. No public ennui will be able to stop it now.

From the beginning it was plain that Miss Sothern was going to be in the profession because her mother, Annette de Lake, was a concert singer, her father, Hans Nilson, was a violinist, and everybody in the Lake household but Papa Lake did something instrumentally. Harriet Lake, which was our heroine's name before she took the Ann Sothern tag, was born in Valley City, N. D., but the family moved to Minneapolis and it was when Mrs. Ydelake was on a tour to southern California that Paul Bern saw Harriet and signed her for M-G-M?.

### Progress in Reverse

She was almost no good whatever, and it was something of a surprise when Florenz Ziegfeld gave her a part in Smiles with Marilyn Miller. The Broadway experience was nothing extraordinary, and she plodded her way through two horrors called America's Sweetheart and Everybody's Welcome and eventually landed in the Chicago company of Of Thee I Sing. This was making progress in reverse and she was glad enough to be tempted again by Hollywood. In the Ziegfeld shows she had been in the pony chorus, glad of the chance. Columbia had a part in a musical called Let's Fall in Love and she landed that, heaving a long sigh.

They changed her name to Ann Sothern, changed her hair to blond and made her about as sweet and cloying as a banana split. A few of the fifty pictures she did at Columbia were not bad and critics who have a memory for everything can recall that the combination of Sothern with Gene Raymond (he also having been changed from Raymond Guion) made fair examples of the fast-moving and ironic comedies that have lately been so popular.

An indication of the progress she was making at Columbia may be gleaned from a questionnaire she filled out for the publicity department. "What makes you most angry?" was the question and her answer was, "Being asked to pose for leg art."

The Maisie series has made her famous and she will get a chance now to do the singing and dancing she learned as a kid. There was a lot of publicity nonsense last winter when Sothern came east to see Ethel Merman in Panama Hattie. The photographers got a collection of historic shots showing Merman coaching Sothern in the proper way to do the role. These will be buried in a deep cellar with the hope that history will never uncover them.

There was another marvelous story about how Miss Sothern (if you call her Annie she won't speak to you again) selected a kid named Roy Lester to be her jitterbug partner in Ringside Maisie. She picked him from a photograph and

*(Continued on page 68)*

# Advance Agent

## By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McCLEOD

**He was certainly running from the policeman, but he was enjoying the chase**

II

LIEUTENANT RÖMER made one mistake—and men on ventures like his are not permitted mistakes. It turned him from his goal, upset the careful plan he had worked out, and projected him into a series of accidents for which he had made no allowance. His mistake came from overeagerness: he was pressing too hard.

A little past noon he woke in the park, woke with his mind polarized in a single thought: he had to get to Detroit. From now on he must live on the edge of the longest chance, against the odds; and it was certain that he would fail unless he moved fast. Time was inexorable and, minute by minute, it was running out.

His impulse was to wire again to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company, asking for money. If they had interpreted his first telegram and accepted him, it would come today. But his unpremeditated burglary weighed on him and an inquisitive policeman could wreck everything. He would be safer with more distance behind him. Better to start west. He would find out where he could get a plane to Detroit. When he knew that, he would, at the first convenient place, wire the company to send him money there. Yes, he decided, start west, find the nearest airport, and wire for funds. He started out.

Three hours later he had made ten miles. This was the day when no one was picking up hitchhikers. A river of cars and trucks flowed by him and none slowed to his thumb.

Then Mr. George Stout picked him up. Mr. George Stout, driving a brilliant green convertible coupé, proved to be a genial man who loved to talk, whose talk could not easily be dammed. He was going to Rochester, on his way home from a selling trip. He sold hardware, and he was eager to explain the hardware business. When that was finished it was his pleasure to learn all about his companion. The lieutenant answered idly at first but had to invent a plausible biography, for Mr. Stout probed and probed, an interested and neighborly man who liked to know things. As the miles fell behind and they approached the mountains, the lieutenant began to enjoy the game.

It was less enjoyable when Mr. Stout came back to the hardware business. For it now appeared that Mr. Stout had spent several days showing his line in southern Ontario. He was eloquent about the difficulties of selling hardware

*(Continued on page 42)*

*The Story Thus Far:*

IN NEW ORLEANS, when World W well under way, a man (who, acc his passport, is Arthur H. Field) g plane from Mexico City, sends a wi troit, flies on. In St. Louis, where he stop, two men meet him. They t stand on either side of him. "It won't sary," one of them says quietly, "fo go to Detroit." . . .

In New York City, two men—one from a Portuguese freighter, the other dore—hold a brief, mysterious con The oiler slips a long manila envelo stevedore. Then they separate. . . .

In Windham, Massachusetts, Abig Armstrong, five years a widow, prom Scovil that she will marry him. S wealthy radical. Like Abigail, his Constance ("Connie") disapproves st what she regards as his dangerous Because of this, and because she does the idea of living the life of a rich m pered child, Connie has taken a job book-sweater-and-lingerie shop run b Armstrong. That Scovil's radical spo so much hooey seems obvious to Gail. —quite often, in fact—she wonders if the man whose smooth little speeche hypnotize her. . . .

In eastern Ontario, a young Germ Oberleutnant Friedrich Römer—m escape from a train en route to a pri It is night. Breaking into a closed g steals a mechanic's brown grease su he puts on), a small amount of mo road map.

The rest is easy. Reaching the St. River, the fugitive steals a boat, ro American shore. In the town of Ma York, he substitutes overalls for suit. Then, fairly sure that he is safe a telegram to a New York address. tence in the message (apparently an one having to do with a busines tion) reads: "Please notify your Det to expect delivery within four days." reads: "Hope for contact with Ne representative." The message is sign Garfield."

That attended to, the ex-prisoner park. He finds one. He stretches grass. So far all is well, he thinks real dangers now begin, and— He think. He goes to sleep.

# Plymouth Fights Back

**By Quentin Reynolds**

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

Plymouth, England.

Honorable James A. White,
airman of Selectmen,
ymouth, Massachusetts.

Mr. Mayor:

am writing to you from Plymouth, and. I am sure you would like a rt as to how your mother city is ing back after having absorbed as a beating as any city in the history arfare has ever been asked to en- During that time Plymouth has ive superblitzes which came within riod of seven days. We don't call blitz unless at least one hundred an bombers come over, otherwise merely an air raid. I am going ite about how Plymouth endured ordeal; how Plymouth took it. outh has refused to take a com- nt beating. Plymouth is defiant, ant as befits the city of Sir Francis e. Plymouth thinks only in terms tack. And mind you, Mr. Mayor, of Plymouth is in ruins. It might teresting, Mr. Mayor, to know how so stricken and with so many of tizens dead or wounded can fight

ymouth was not a very large city, with its suburb of Devonport it has pulation of two hundred and four and. There were no factories, vir- no industry, in Plymouth, out- of the docks, and the city was more ninety per cent residential. That's gave the city its clean, tidy look; nd the fact that most of the houses built of native limestone. Plym- was a city of shrines. There at ater's edge was the tablet com- orating the departure of the found- of your city in 1620. There nanding the hoe, the large lime- plateau one hundred and twenty bove the water, was the statue of e. Down in the town proper there twenty-five ancient churches, each ed in tradition. There was the fa- fourteenth-century church of St. ews teeming with memories; Kath- of Aragon knelt here giving thanks r safe return from Spain; here the egation rose to welcome Drake from Nombre de Dios. Mr. Mayor, n Plymouth, Mass., know all about hrines of Plymouth; the shrines stood in Plymouth until a few s ago.

en within an hour many tangible nces of the past glories of Plym- were wiped out by the invader. undred bombers, each carrying at a thousand pounds of explosives, over the city dropping death and ction from the skies. Plymouth blaze. Drake, you know, in addi- to being perhaps the greatest of sh admirals was also a great engi- To give Plymouth drinking water uilt a leat bracket, a stone-lined n bracket from Lake Burrator on noor just twelve miles away from outh. Gravity brought the clear, ing waters of the lake to Plym- town. For fifty years the reser- as been a curiosity, nothing else.

*(Continued on page 84)*

BRITISH COMBINE

**So complete was the destruction that the ruins above cannot be identified with certainty. They are believed to be what's left of Plymouth's city hospital. Below, bluejackets clear debris from a roadway in the center of the city**

WIDE WORLD

**The people of Plymouth, Massachusetts, have done and are doing everything possible to help their brothers and sisters of Plymouth, England. I personally can say this in all seriousness, as I have three brothers and four sisters with their families now living within a radius of ten miles of Plymouth, England.**

**James A. White, Chairman of Selectmen, Plymouth, Mass.**

# DINA CASHMAN

## By Kathleen Norris

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*The Story Thus Far:*

LIVING with her poverty-stricken family in a shanty at Railway Flats, near San Francisco, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman works in a grocery store. To find relief from boredom in the evenings, she goes to Cotta's, a cheap restaurant-dance hall. There she meets Vere Holland, a young Yale law-school student, and falls in love with him. . . .

Seeing much of each other, Dina and Vere enjoy an outing together at Paradise Valley in the Sierras. They have a glorious time. But, later, when Dina is home again she makes a terrifying discovery: She is going to become a mother!

In need of some wise person—some dear friend—in whom she can confide (Vere has gone back to Yale), she turns to Tom O'Connor. O'Connor adores her. He is well aware, though, that Dina regards him merely as a loyal friend. Now, confronted with this problem, he gives her good counsel—tells her that (since she has heard nothing from Vere) she should go to New Haven, meet the man she loves and marry him. He offers to pay her fare east; he offers to do anything he can to help and protect her.

Dina is not at all sure that she should go to Vere. While debating the matter with herself, she suddenly remembers that Vere had once or twice spoken of an uncle—Rogers Holland—who sends him money at fairly regular intervals. Recalling that Vere had stressed his uncle's generosity, Dina decides to call on him—if she can find him—and put the problem up to him.

She gets Holland's address. She calls on him—a wealthy man, he lives in beautiful Burlingame. And she finds him to be a loquacious man who is willing to discuss her affairs—*but who is not interested in helping her.* He, too, it appears, has a problem: Jilted by the woman he loved (and still loves), he is giving a dinner on Thursday evening. The woman has married someone else—Andrew Havens, an artist. She and her husband will be at the dinner. How can he arouse the jealousy of Mrs. Havens, make her feel that he cares for someone else?

Now, meeting Dina (who is beautiful) he has the answer—Dina must come to the dinner and pretend to be one of his closest friends. At first reluctant to co-operate with him, Dina finally accedes to his wishes. And on Thursday evening (after Mrs. Bucket, Holland's housekeeper, has helped her with her costume) she finds herself at the dinner. She is there and she is conversing with—Andrew Havens.

### IV

ANDREW HAVENS laughed, and they brought their heads a little nearer.

"I'm really very shy," he confessed; "and I know the cure for it, too."

"I wish I did!" Dina said.

"I never get up courage to use it," the man continued. "It's just to get on top of itself, if you know what I mean. Just to say, 'Oh, heck, everyone's shy and someone has to talk!' Then you just rattle along saying everything that comes into your head, and that starts the others, and the first thing you know they think you're a social asset."

"And what's that?" Dina asked, liking him at once.

"A social asset? A person everybody likes and invites places. Just from what I heard I should think that man on your other side was one."

"Mr. Tegbury? He might well be."

"Then you don't know him?"

"I've never met any of these people until tonight. Except Mr. Holland, of course."

"You haven't! And I thought you knew them all, and all the fathers and mothers knew yours—"

"Oh, no!" Dina was conscious of a little inward shiver as she reflected upon the impression that the Cashman family would make should it suddenly be introduced into this stately dining room.

"I knew my wife didn't know you for she took me aside before dinner and cross-examined me," Andrew Havens said simply. "She told me to find out all about you."

"You wouldn't find it very interesting," Dina told him. "Isn't she beautiful?" she asked, glancing down the table to look at Aline, exquisitely posed in a high-backed chair beside Rogers.

"Yes," the husband said, his eyes filled with adoration. "She is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. And the lovely part of it is," he went on, "that inside—in her nature, in her heart, she is just as beautiful. Sweetness—you never saw anything like it! Servants adore her; she'll stop (*Continued on page* 59)

**She began to discard her Cinderella finery for her street clothes. "He was pleased, you could tell," Mrs. Bucket said**

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

*In cigarettes, as in naval patrol planes, it's modern design that makes the big difference!*

# "*You'll like* Pall Mall's modern design— it filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

● Modern Design!...That's the keynote as national defense moves ahead on land, sea and in the air. For instance, modern design makes the big difference in today's streamlined naval patrol planes—a vital difference when lives are at stake.

Talk with the men who fly these planes. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, as in naval patrol planes, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design marks the greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a smoother, less irritating smoke. It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered—filtered naturally over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. The additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. "You'll like Pall Mall's Modern Design—it filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

OF TRADITIONALLY FINE TOBACCOS

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TIME is of the utmost importance in national defense. The value of air transportation is, therefore, emphasized as never before. It is saving an almost incalculable number of travel days in bridging the vast distances of our country which separate essential phases of the defense program.

**AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

# Lost in a Fog

Continued from page 13

grand black head of a Newfound- dog. He went straight to the mer- and she put a hand against his lder.

Vell, what was it?" she asked him. eal? A sleeping gull? You didn't him, eh? Too bad. Well, let's it a day. Home, Bos'n."

rst he came to me, so close in mak- my acquaintance that I felt his n, clean breath against my face. he swung about, and without the test hesitancy set his course.

Ie is magnificent," I said. "You're he knows?"

ike the needle," she declared.

we struck out after him, and after od, long pull heard the thud of kers. Then I eased my stroke, and and girl disappeared in the fog d.

esently I heard her voice. "Thank for waiting," she was calling back ne. "All ashore that's coming re!"

ode one in, and waded out onto an miliar beach, deserted but for a black dog and one bewilderingly y girl. She now was very satis- rily unconcealed in a swim suit fitted her almost as perfectly as enchanting outfit she had worn at

E WERE, I judged, some ten miles orth of Santa Ysabel del Mar; for a spur of mountain came down to ea, part of the range that makes the coast of the bay. At the foot of slope, against a clifflike outcrop ay rock, a lovely little sea house l. An upthrust of the gray rock out of the beach and ran between ouse front and the sea—a natural ection from the surf, however ny.

atching Aula Karlin swim and dive at entrancing cinema idyll, Sea- ge, I had thought her the loveliest that ever breathed. Now, as I ed the beach approaching her, she i up her exquisite jaw line and gave ead a shake. And there I was—in

right ahead and doubt that all you e. But I knew that there was girl gh to last me for about nineteen nniums; and the only thing for me was to try to make something out . So I introduced myself.

Iay I present," I said, "Rufe Lyon. has been doing postgrad English is master's at U.C.L.A.—that is, he's not swimming. In summer a lifeguard at Santa Ysabel. —"

nd in the fall he throws footballs eople—especially into end zones," Karlin interrupted. "I have seen do it."

hat's marvelous! That's wonder- We are practically old friends," I "So will you marry me?"

os'n!" she whispered. "Here's a with ideas. Watch him!"

e big dog cocked his head uncer- y. He knew the meaning of the command; but she was laughing. ame to me and stood between me his mistress. But he made no ts. Instead, he wagged his tail.

e stooped and picked up slippers culiar pattern from her robe which upon a rounded boulder, one of y that protruded from the white s of this mountain beach. She bent charming knee and then the other e put the slippers on. Her feet champion swimmer's feet, which ever small, but which are nearly ys, like hers, supple and voluptuously curved. She saw me watching as they slipped into their odd-shaped moccasins.

"Beautiful," I said.

"Yes, aren't they?" she returned. "From Ireland. Native footwear made by the islanders of the Ulster coast. Pampooties, they are called. My granddad's name is Donegan. I live with him when I come to the States. He brought these for me from his last visit to The Sod. But let's go in." She started toward the sea house by the cliff. "You're cold. I think our medicine cabinet holds a remedy for that."

A DRIFTWOOD fire warmed a restful room, whose one long window tried to frame the whole Pacific Ocean. There were big chairs which held their arms out to you. Alua Karlin pushed one close up to the hearth and said, "Try that." Then she clapped her hands. "I get my best swims, in my best swimming suit," she said, "on the days when Leo does his marketing. But he should be back by now."

She clapped her hands again, and a Filipino boy, as clean and smiling as a Filipino boy alone can be, came in. "So sorry, Miss," he said, holding his cap in his hand. "Jus' come back now. Something?"

"Something to make this gentleman's bones glow bright red, Leo. Understand?"

The boy could not have possibly got any cleaner; but his smile did, incredibly, grow wider.

"Miss," he said, as he backed out, bowing, "I do, okeydoke."

Just then a voice called from a room adjoining: "All okay, mavournin?"

"Okay, Daddo," Alua Karlin answered. "A Mr. Rufus Lyon is our guest, fresh rescued from the sea. I will be in to see you presently. . . . My granddad," she explained. "He is convalescing from a long illness."

Leo came in with one glass on a tray.

"But, you," I said to my hostess when he offered it to me.

"Behold in me," she said, "the last of a strange, vanishing race. Teetotaler."

"I'm glad." I raised the glass. "It would be all wrong if such a mouth as yours ever had any fragrance but its own. . . . To you."

Leo had certainly done okeydoke. I felt my marrows turning incandescent.

"And now a bathrobe, Leo. Heavy. One to hold in heat." She turned to me: "I must put some clothes on and attend my granddad now. This house is yours. And when you say so Leo will be glad to drive you down to Santa Ysabel."

"Thank you," I said and rose. "I'll take advantage of that offer right away. Friends may be anxious for me."

She put out her hand. She had a swimmer's hands too: Not small. Strong, and very warm.

"If you had given me your hand before," I said, "I wouldn't have needed Leo's gentle stimulant. . . . Bos'n and you swim every day?"

"Straight out to sea," she said. "Foul or fair. Starting at ten A. M."

At ten A. M., next day, I parked my car along the coast road eight miles north of Santa Ysabel del Mar. I walked down to the beach, plunged in, and swam due west. It was a hot, still, brilliant southern California morning. I had never seen the sea so flat. After a half-hour, maybe, I turned north.

I do not know exactly why, but it seemed so much more exciting, meeting her far out at sea. Maybe it was because I knew that love of swimming was one thing that I had in common with her. Maybe because she was most beautiful in the water. The liquid flowing of her long curves left you breathless. . . .

I SWAM another half-hour, more or less, after I had turned north; and then, upon the mercury-flat surface of the bay caught sight of two spots far apart, the black head of Bos'n and the golden-brown head of Alua Karlin.

Bos'n had seen me and had started toward me, leaving her far behind. He came up to me, gave one grand deep bark of how-d'ye-do, and turned and swam back to his mistress, this time easily outspeeding me. But presently we three were together; three who loved swimming—and, I observed, not so much as a single shoulder strap between us.

"The lad still has ideas, Bos'n," said Alua Karlin, noting the bright-eyed interest I could not conceal. "But he is wrong about these newest strapless suits. I've tried this one, full power, and I have not been able to swim through it like a trick seal swimming through a barrel."

She did a log roll, and a tan-colored trifle of a swim suit showed, from breast to thigh; no shoulder strap at all.

"I know," I said. "They vulcanize 'em on."

"No," said the girl. "Thumb tacks! . . . But tell me; did you ever see so flat an ocean? What's the cause?"

"A desert wind will do it," I replied. "Once in a while an east wind comes down through the passes in the hills and blows the sea breeze back and flattens down the surf. It certainly is plenty hot today. Maybe it's desert heat we feel, even out here."

"Whatever kind of heat it is," she said, "I've never known such luxury." And she stretched out on her back and closed her eyes.

WE RESTED from the long swim, floating there. The big Newfoundland left us, gliding off silently westward through the shining water on some business of his own.

We two were wordless. There was the sun almost directly overhead, so strongly penetrating I could feel the heat go deep beneath the skin. And there, near me, like a basking sea nymph, lay the girl I loved. Words would have ruined such a perfect spell.

And yet I was not utterly content. I didn't like the sea as flat as that. It was so motionless that I think Alua Karlin went to sleep. It was entirely possible with a girl so buoyant, and so confident in the water, and in a sea so still. She lay with arms stretched back to serve as balance for her legs; and her breath came regularly, deeply.

She must have floated so a quarter of an hour, if not in sleep, then in that borderland of fading consciousness that touches sleep; and in a bed that cushioned her so delicately that she could not feel a touch of its support—a bed so friendly that she sank down into it until—

Friendly? She suddenly was awake, alarmed. The fearful sound had reached her too. Had we been swimming, ears not half submerged, and with the rush of water filling them, I think that neither of us would have heard it. But floating in complete quiet, our ears, below the surface, were very truly "to the ground;" for rivers, lakes and seas are all part of the earth, and water carries sound four times as well as air. And so it came to us, a faraway, faint, ominous, terrible rending—the actual impact of it on the ear softened as though by league on league of distance, but the impact of it on the imagination not subdued at all.

I raised my head and looked about on every side. There was no least sign of disturbance. The wide sea lay mercurially flat. Had I too fallen asleep there, floating? Dreamed? But no. For now the girl beside me said, "I must have been asleep. It was luxurious past words. What wakened me?"

Fear of the sea, greatest, perhaps, of all the human fears, had laid its hand

**BUTCH** By Larry Reynolds

"Next car, please!"

**Now every day is Christmas for Little Jack Horner**

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too, (Dentyne — the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hm-m, nice looking package — flat — convenient to carry — easy to open."

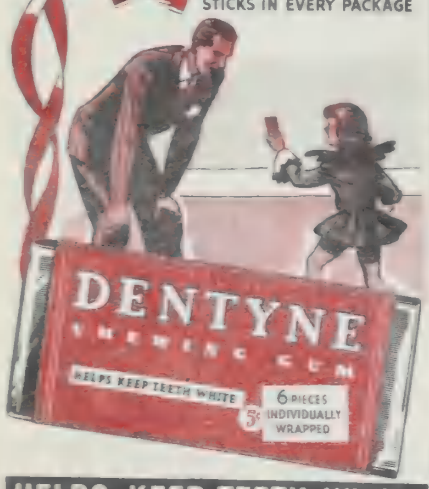
He opened it. "Looky, six sticks — that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say — what a flavor — blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a *few* minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

(*Moral:* You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne's luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE




HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE


on me. I did not want that touch to chill her, swimming here, a mile from shore.

"Did something waken you?" I asked.

"Let us swim in," she said. "Where's Bos'n?"

I looked to westward; pointed. "See that swimming!" I exclaimed.

A long, wide-spreading V of lifted water followed him, like bas-relief upon a silver platter. A frothy ripple rose against his throat, leaving the V asparkle with bright, iridescent bubbles. He barked twice and repeated it as he went by us, swimming hard.

"I know the language," said the girl. "That double bark means 'Follow me.' Let's see if it is urgent."

She gave again the pretty two-note whistle. The dog paid no attention. She called, "Here, Bos'n! Come back here!" He never even slowed.

"Urgent it seems to be," I said.

I do not know, of course, if he had heard what we had heard or not. A dog's ears are not under water as he swims. But a dog's ears are keener than a man's; and besides, I often think a dog does not have to hear things, smell things, see things, to be aware of danger to his people. Some sense we do not have perhaps—

"He knows that granddad isn't very well," Alua said, "and that he would need help more than I in case of danger. Come then. Fast as we can swim."

I set my stroke and started after her. I have no champion's speed, but I know at what pace I can swim my best-time mile. It wasn't fast enough, that day, to keep up with Alua Karlin. And her pace wasn't fast enough to keep up with Bos'n.

He reached the beach ahead of her. I saw him race up toward the sea house. I heard his deep bark twice, and twice, and twice again. And presently Alua's granddad came out of the house, leaning upon the shoulder of the house boy, Leo. They looked seaward, and then, as though against protest, the older man was hustled to the car that stood beside the house, and boosted through the door. Then the car backed, swung about, and climbed the narrow private road that led up through a little canyon to the coast highway, the shaggy black dog galloping ahead.

BY THE time it came in view again a little later, where the small road, ascending, rounds the mountain spur a couple hundred feet above the house, Alua Karlin was wading out of the sea. It was as though she waded from a breezeless lake. She walked a few steps up the beach, then turned and waved to me; and she was very beautiful, poised there, tiptoe, in that precarious, strapless, thimbleful of suit, and it was almost the same shade as her sun-browned skin. She was an exquisite living statue, done in bronze.

And then I realized something, all in a single instant packed with dread. She was a living statue really! Her slim arm had been flung aloft to wave me in to shore. But her raised hand had never moved. Her arm was stiff as metal. Her delicate strong body stood there frozen in its lovely pose.

One paralyzed moment; then she was alive again. Her arm dropped, pointing out to sea. But before I turned to look where she was pointing, I saw her rigid body suddenly turn supple as she ran, splashed out into the ocean, flung herself full length, and instantly was driving toward me with her powerful smooth crawl.

I took a swift look then, back past my shoulder; and my heart seemed to drain like a squeezed sponge as fear took hold of it. A very mountain, sweeping shoreward, was already straightening up its front. Behind that dreadful steepening was the drive of incalculable waters. Far out beyond the depth of any ordinary swell the bottom of the sea was starting to retard that moving mountain's foot. When its crest toppled forward all the beach beneath it would be ripped out to a depth of fathoms; and in the savage welter of it boulders of that mountain beach would batter to annihilation any living thing.

But there the girl I loved came, smooth arms reaching rhythmically forward, pulling the water swiftly back beneath her, threshing feet leaving a frothy wake behind. There she came, swimming toward that fearful wave. There she came, swimming toward me. So I knew.

NO CREATURE in the world, human or other, however good a swimmer, could give help to another in that water. No one could know that better than the girl swimming to me. She had no hope of helping. She was swimming to me simply to be with me. So I knew.

I could not understand it then—not any more than I can understand it now —not any more than I shall understand it after ten thousand years—the miracle of Alua Karlin's love.

I tried to be with her. I did not look back, for I was afraid to look. But when we were no farther than a dozen strokes apart I felt a dreadful lifting. I made one last great try to reach her. Down the front incline of that charging water I made startling speed, no doubt; but fast as I could swim, downhill, the wave crest traveled faster. It caught up to me, balanced me for a moment at its very top as though to toss me forward,

**"Now, everybody be careful—one misstep here and we'll have to start all over again"**

TONY BARLOW

then raced ahead and dropped me in the abyss behind.

I saw far up above me and ahead t water stretch like pulled molasses can as the towering summit arched a lunged toward shore. Then came t thunderous impact. The glass-smo surface all about me danced into a m lion little pointed waves as the sea b tom trembled; and beyond the gi comber's ridge white ghastly bann leaped high into view.

I am not very good at prayer. Wh I'm good at is swimming. Only I was good enough. I couldn't reach the p I loved by swimming. So I tried other. So I tried prayer—as many a less pious lad than I has done w death's hand reaching out for some precious to him. I must have made good try, unaccustomed as I am. . most beside me, as I struggled vai to swim uphill on the back slope that terrible wave, a burst of bubb broke, and there, within arm's leng Alua Karlin's golden-brown head g tened in the sun.

With singing heart I heard her t a great, deep gasp of air. I reache hand to her, sure she would be hausted; but she gave me a smile sweet as it was brief, and with a su of splendid power started straight Shanghai! In my joy seeing her I forgotten the backwash which t giant wave was sure to cause. I lowed her at full speed.

We presently were safe, and stop and turned. Other huge ground sw now were marching in, half the hei maybe, of the first. We looked sh ward from the crest of one. On the h road above the beach we saw the sn car, and we each held two arms stra up, motionless, a space, while treac water—a swimmer's signal that he ne no help. The same okay sign answe us. But had it not been for the Bos warning care there would have b no answer from Alua's granddad. now no sea house stood against the c not one small stick of it, not one st of its fireplace or chimney. The m strous wave had battered it to rubl against the mountain's end.

THAT devastation was entirely ocean's work. Only the slightest mor reached the coast that day. scientists announced that there had b a great disturbance at the seismic ter, out in the Pacific. There su must have been. It was an hour or n before the swells diminished to a where we dared swim ashore. But w did hours matter? There she was, at sea, and by my side.

"You might not think it, but in I said with my first easy breath, " me, you see a very expert prayer. W ole Rufe Lyon really gets to suppli ing—" But banter, somehow, see all out of place. "Thank God for y I ended.

And here I state that if the scien got no record of a second great dist ance out at sea that day, it was bec the first had wrecked their seis graphs. For when I said, "Thank for you," she swam into my arms.

Thumb tacks! For strapless suit such strong swimmers as Alua Ka I stand out for vulcanizing. Or d

Her eyes were tokay wine, in w warm topaz fires glow. "Tell me, R she said. "How good a swimmer have to be to reach you—as thou didn't know!"

But I told her anyhow: "Good trick seal swimming through a ba

At which she pushed away from or tried to, more or less—and her went under. When it came up she s it, and a strand of wet hair, streaked, golden brown, whipped a and clung distractingly across mouth. It didn't interfere at all.

★★★ IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ★★★

# Pointing Up America's Defense!

HERE in flight are four of the U. S. Army's foremost fighting planes — the Lockheed P-38 Interceptor, the Bell Airacobra, the Curtiss P-40, and the North American Apache.

You can tell by their streamlined noses that all are powered with Allison liquid-cooled engines — as are many of the most formidable fighters now serving the R. A. F. And you can thank the co-operative energies of our aircraft industry for developing this advanced in-line power plant to sharpen the edge of America's air defense.

Allison
LIQUID COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

GM GENERAL MOTORS

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Soldiers of the Second Battalion of Florida's 124th Infantry fight a mock battle in a false-front village (see text at right) near Camp Blanding. Attacking infantrymen dump over a car to be used as barricade

Machine-gun crew sets up nest for its weapon in preparation for enemy counterattack. Thompsonville was built by Army carpenters from scrap lumber. "Windows" are painted boards. Note man in barber chair

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEVILLE HARRINGTON

With Thompsonville occupied, but under enemy fire, engineers move in with trucks. Barbed-wire entanglements are thrown up (right). The 106th Engineers built town, which has to be cleaned up after each battle

# OUR NEW ARMY

## FLORIDA

31ST DIV.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. If devel ment of short cuts and tricks to make m tary training both pleasant and effect means anything, the War Department l better set up a special file for the 31st Division. T latest invention is something called Thompsonv (see pictures at left) and the plan has worked so w it'll no doubt be adopted by other posts. Major Os Leigh Dufree, of the 167th Infantry, got to think that there was plenty of theoretical stuff about str fighting but nothing practical; and that, since mucl the action in the current war is of the street vari maybe he ought to do something about it. What ca out of this is Thompsonville, a complete commu in the woods away from camp, alternately defen and attacked by each regiment in the 31st. Nar for Col. Walter M. Thompson, commander of A bama's 167th Infantry, the village has everyth from a second-floor country law office to a filling tion and picture theater. Realism is rife. The station has real pumps and a display of tires and b teries; the theater has a box office and posters for rent pictures. There's the Persons National B and Hutchinson's Drugstore, named after Divi Commander Major General John E. Persons Brig. General Joseph Hutchinson. And the Webb's Garage (Lt. Col. James A. Webb) offe the "Blanding" line of cars at $198.

In using the village to work out tactical probl the soldiers leave little to the imagination. T realize that civilians get underfoot when an attac made upon a town; so, having duplicated a tra center of approximately 2,000 population, 2,000 ported civilians are on hand and in the way when shooting begins.

There's one rub. Sticks of dynamite exple under old autos to represent the effect of artil fire and aerial bombing, and cars overturned to f barricades, result in a mess that requires hour cleaning up before the village can again take a b ing.

PRIVATE GEORGE MASON, D Battery, 1 F.A., up the other day for appointment as ord was asked to give his middle name. He took a breath. "George Eugene," he said, "Harmon Mor thau Monroe Mason III." Tie that, somebody.

POST Exchange officers usually manage to ea least a little profit on merchandise, but the ge man who sits on the lid at Blanding has one stumps him—he loses money on postage sta Here's how: For convenience in handling, the buys its stamps in rolls, paying the usual premiu three cents a roll. There are no stamp vending chines at hand to make up this loss, so the boy their stamps at par and the P-X pays and pays.

43D DIV.

THEY'VE finally decided how the 31s 43d divisions will get from Blandir Louisiana early in August without tyin Gulf Coastal area traffic into a plate of ghetti. Beginning July 30th, some 4,000 m each division will leave camp daily and are exp to reach the Alexandria area six days later. Th will make night stops at Tallahassee and M Florida; Gulfport, Mississippi; and Baton R Louisiana. The 31st will bivouac at Thomas Georgia; Andalusia, Alabama; and Waynesbor Natchez, Mississippi. Both divisions will est heavy motor maintenance shops at two points the route, with auxiliary shops elsewhere for repairs. Troops from Fort Benning will be o move at the same time—but somewhere in be the two Blanding divisions.

## MASSACHUSETTS

1ST DIV.

FORT DEVENS. Those low growls c out of this post aren't exactly unjustified. a guy is awakened in the middle of the nigl cry of "Fire!" throws all of his possessio of the third-story window, then finds out false alarm, he has a good reason for beefing. is what happened to the men of the 1st Di when Major General Donald C. Cubbison ret from a hurried trip to Washington and told th sonnel of his triangular outfit *(Continued on pa*

# Well into our Second Year of Defense Production!

OVER A YEAR before the President called upon this country to become the "Arsenal of Democracy" the Cadillac organization was deep in the work of defense.

And today, as for months past, a considerable section of the Cadillac plant is engaged, on a *twenty-four hour* basis, exclusively in America's armament program.

Cadillac's role in this program is one that few other organizations could play. Cadillac is manufacturing—to the strictest precision limits in the world—many parts of the Allison engine, which powers some of America's greatest fighting planes.

Cadillac is proud to be chosen for this vital job—for two reasons: The selection of this organization for this particular work underscores its position as Standard of the World in manufacturing skill. And it enables us to utilize this special skill for the good of the whole nation.

America can count on Cadillac to help make this country as supreme in the air as it has been on the highway. We sincerely pledge, to that end, our forty years' experience in building America's finest cars.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

GM GENERAL MOTORS Cadillac

# The Guns Are Coming

Continued from page 15

great change (a highly unlikely change) during the past week or two, only four of the five firms that have contracts to produce 26-ton tanks have got as far as turning out their first models. Only the Chrysler Corporation is showing the speed at producing 26-tonners that the Army longs for. Chrysler, with a brand-new plant, reports that it will be manufacturing ten or twelve medium tanks a day, beginning in August. But we won't get any heavies—sixty-ton devastators—before next summer. The Army looks forward to getting from six to twelve daily late in 1942.

This may impress you as slow work. Actually it isn't. We have neither the space nor the inclination to review alibis. Not much of an alibi is needed. According to the Army's information, which has a knack of being pretty accurate, it took the amazing Hitler longer to get into production. Perhaps nothing short of a calamitous shock will get us to work in earnest. And it isn't impossible that we'll get the shock within a reasonably short time. Stick around, fellow citizens. Prepare to go to work as if this war were real. Anyway, you'd better. We've been sitting up of nights talking to Army folk—particularly Army Intelligence officers. We wish we might tell you what they say. Not that we want to alarm you.

Our Army is still training antiaircraft units with three-inch guns. The antiaircraft guns don't kill many planes but they do keep them flying high and that's their real job. A plane doesn't have to soar higher than 20,000 feet to be out of reach of the three-inch gun and from that relatively low altitude the modern plane can almost play tunes on the bells in a church steeple. The Navy is equipping itself with five-inch two-purpose guns and throwing overboard its old three-inch rifles as fast as it can. The Army protests violently the preference the Navy is allegedly getting in this department and that's another source of much interdepartmental squabbling. The Army will have to make the best of it. The Navy will see action first. She gets the preference in arms. But we'll come to the Navy in a moment.

### The Navy Gets the Preference

Not that the Army doesn't want three-inch antiaircraft guns and even the little 37-millimeter weapons. It does—very much so. These bang-bangs are fast. They can be whisked from yon to hither with almost the same speed that men can tote a machine gun. The Army would like about 7,500 of these death sprayers, which they would artfully conceal in advantageous places around our seacoast cities to be turned loose upon divers and daring house-topping bombers. We're turning them out at the rate of twenty-five a day or thereabout. We're even aiming at assembly-line production of twenty-millimeter automatic cannon which will spout bullets like water. They'll do nicely on light tanks as well as on pursuit and interceptor planes. But we won't have them in important numbers for six months—unless that Unlimited Emergency means what it sounds like. But it will be a year or so before this country will be able to manufacture the real antiaircraft gun, the 90-millimeter blazer that can keep the enemy bombers so high in the air that we'll at least get a chance to duck before their bombs hit.

All that's light stuff of course. As for heavy artillery—well, we're farther away from producing big mobile guns than we are from big tanks. For a long while to come our artillerymen will have to work with First World War cannon. Our defenses in Hawaii—on Oahu Island—are almost exclusively 1917 guns. They're good, they've been modernized, their elevation has been increased and therefore their range. They've been mounted on wheels and are fairly mobile. But they're not modern guns although new explosives lend distance to their shells and their accuracy is something to marvel at. Of the very necessary nine-inch howitzers we have but a few. We have more 155-millimeter howitzers, perhaps 800, but far from enough. They're the old Schneider model and it's going to take time and ingenuity to make a better one. What we need is more of them. The new powder and the new high-explosive shells will discourage any invader however modern, however brave, however resourceful. We have some seventy-five-millimeter howitzers and some old French seventy-five field guns. Most of what we had of these we gave to Britain. And most of what we sent to Britain have been captured by Hitler. He thinks enough of them to turn them on the retreating British. Good guns. We should have about 25,000 of them. But there's no chance of that until sometime in 1943. When we get heavy tanks and get modernized seventy-fives with the new armor-piercing shells, we'll mount the latter in the former and we'll be getting somewhere. But you've got to be patient.

We've talked to the Army and the OPM about it. The Army has known for years that in such an emergency as this we'd not be able to arm ourselves. The Army has wept all over congressional desks about it—wept for years. Until all this calamity descended upon us the largest order the Army ever gave a contractor was for 150 planes and a couple of dozen big guns. The Army probably couldn't have found takers for bigger orders. So when it came to ordering arms by the billion-dollar lot the Army was completely sunk. Like the OPM, the Army had nowhere to place big orders. But the Army knew this and the OPM is just finding it out. This subject's worth going into for a moment.

### Conversion Takes Time

Nobody knew better than Mr. Knudsen and his associates in the OPM that you couldn't turn a washing-machine plant into a machine-gun factory in a week. They knew also that it took months for a motorcar manufacturer to tool up for a change in the model of a motorcar. What we're up against today was foreseen by Mr. Knudsen and his fellows even if some of them did not make very happy estimates of our raw-materials supply and our machine-tool possibilities. Not that we're going into the subject of bottlenecks, and that's giving the reader a break. But wholly aside from priorities, British demands, pledges to favored belligerents and our national ignorance of how to make war materials, there were other reasons why we couldn't get to war fast enough to suit ourselves as well as Britain. One of these, among the most important, involved our own national economy. If, for example, the OPM had been ruthless, commanding or imploring all industrialists to stop making peacetime commodities forthwith and turn immediately for war production, millions of workers would have been thrown out of jobs for periods of from three months to a year and maybe more, depending on how long it took their employers to convert their plants and machines. Mr. Knudsen has clung firmly to the belief that a wholesale dislocation of industry would all but en

"How come I deserve so many spankings? Aren't you raising me right?"

FRANK BEAVEN

Why be content with less?

**REGENT** gives you far greater smoking enjoyment than ordinary cigarettes...yet costs no more.

**KING SIZE** ...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool ...giving you refreshing, natural coolness

**MULTIPLE-BLEND** ...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines many choice tobaccos in entirely new proportions...giving you exceptional mildness, finer flavor

**OVAL SHAPE** ...Regent's oval shape gives you a more distinctive cigarette, easier to hold, more comfortable to smoke

**CRUSH-PROOF BOX** ...Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette really fresh, fully protected...in perfect smoking condition

BOX OF TWENTY (Except in certain States) 15¢

# *Make no mistake!*

## AMERICA *WILL* DO THE JOB

Liberty has never failed to crush, with the impact of its might, those who sought to suppress it . . . Hatred, fear and oppression cannot equal the might and power of free America aroused and determined to defend her destiny as the guardian of Democracy . . . Here is proof! In 5 months and 28 days mammoth Reynolds plants for the production of aluminum metal from raw ore were erected, equipped and began actual production of this vital defense material. A world's record . . . These things we believe and this achievement is the result of our faith.

R. S. Reynolds
R. S. REYNOLDS, PRESIDENT

**OUR 25 PLANTS LOCATED IN 13 STATES ARE PRODUCING FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE**

# REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES: RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • SALES OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

PLANTS: LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY • LISTERHILL, ALABAMA • LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • NEW YORK CITY • GLENDALE, LONG ISLAND • HARRISON, NEW JERSEY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS • ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI • MACON, GEORGIA YOUNGWOOD, PENNSYLVANIA • KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE • BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT AND SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

REYNOLDS METAL

whatever esprit de corps the American worker had. To have millions idle while industry as a whole was reorganizing itself to do unaccustomed work might make complete defense impossible and make the war more unpopular than it already was—and is.

Therefore, Mr. Knudsen held out for gradual conversion. He has had opposition. His policy has been credited by some of his opponents as strike breeding. But he is not one to change his mind under pressure. Moreover, supported by large numbers of industrialists, he opposed the Unlimited Emergency expedient for another reason. In Congress and elsewhere there were demands that the President take over private plants forthwith and thus make managements and workers federal employees, ineligible to refuse contracts or strike. Mr. Knudsen insisted that this should be a last instead of a first resort. Too, Congress was ready to limit war profits to twelve per cent, the White House looking with favor upon such a procedure. But if such a bill became law, argued Knudsen, it would be harder than ever to induce private industry to accept defense contracts.

"Let them make big profits if they want," he said. "Then tax them out of them. The industrialist may raise hell about taxes but he'll not work at all if you take away the profit incentive."

### Where Shall We Fight?

We could go on like that for pages, citing the inside fights that have contributed so much to our snailish progress toward preparedness. But we'll quit where we are and go ahead with what we have to fight with now and when we'll have more. And before we resume, you had better understand that our figures are unofficial—although reasonably accurate. Mr. Roosevelt has written sharp notices to the War and Navy departments and to the OPM to reveal as few figures as possible. There is an absolute presidential prohibition against making public statistics showing how much of our small war production is going to England and how much trickles into our armed forces—well, partly armed anyway. We've seen the charts but are bound by solemn promises to keep the secret.

As our Army exists today, only the incurable point stretcher is willing to call it half armed. The War Department agrees that it will not be fully armed for another year although it would fight if it had to today.

Very frankly, the War Department is far from being a unit in what we need most and for what kind of war we should equip ourselves. One faction sees us fighting Nazis in South America. Therefore, say they, we should go all out for short-range bombing planes, sacrificing fuel for bomb capacity. They contend we should forget about tanks because in South America's mountainous terrain tanks will be useless. We'll just blast the Nazis out with Andes-soaring bombers. Another faction sees us fighting in China or perhaps the Middle East and there we'll need thousands of tanks. Yet another group thinks we'd better equip ourselves for a European invasion although this group is rapidly disappearing for some reason. Anyway, this lack of common plan has made itself felt in the offices of the OPM and adds nothing whatever to the efficiency of Mr. Knudsen's forces. After all, it is the business of the OPM to find somebody who can and will make what the Army and Navy decide they want. That's all. Congress has provided the money. The OPM believes that it has arrived at the point where production can be thrown into high. It's up to the Army and the Navy to decide what they want.

Only lately the Army has stopped quarreling internally about the need and the efficiency of a flat-trajectory 155-millimeter field gun which will be made at the rate of two a week by late 1942. The Army dreams about four or five hundred of these blasters, trundling around the country at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. It's not hard to find artillery officers who'll tell you that they hope the short-range things are never produced in quantity. We mention this merely to give you a hint that the Army is not unanimous in its approval of current schedules.

So we'll turn to the Navy—a much simpler story. As one of the members of the OPM said to us: "With the Navy it's easy: the Navy has a ship and merely tells a shipbuilder to turn out a couple more like it—only better."

When we started on this defense rush we had a swell Navy. We still have one. Numerically it was not as large, but it compared favorably with Britain's even before the war. But it's no two-ocean Navy and it won't be for three or four years. If we elect to go to war now, put an effective if not sufficient surface and subsurface patrol in the Atlantic, it will be necessary to draw heavily upon the Pacific Fleet or call in the Asiatic Fleet, the latter a none too formidable force of cruisers, destroyers and submarines. Only a presidential command would induce the Navy Department to weaken Admiral Kimmell's Pacific Fleet, and he is being advised constantly against that. Admiral Hart's Asiatic Squadron, if left where it is, would have to rely more upon the admitted seamanship of its officers and the fighting spirit of its crews than upon its guns and armor should the Japanese fleet make a surprise dash southward on battle bent.

Before we can claim to have a two-ocean Navy 1946 will be about over. And to do that it will be necessary to give our own shipbuilding program precedence over Britain's. When we do complete our present program, the United States Navy will be a fearsome thing—692 fighting ships ranging from thirty-two battleships (no thin-skinned battle cruisers) to 320 auxiliary ships. The latter will be tankers, repair ships, transports, supply ships and the like.

### The Navy's Fighting Strength

We have 336 fighting ships at present as against 395 before we released those fifty destroyers to Britain. And yet our Navy is stronger today than it was a year ago. In the past year we've added two 35,000-ton battleships, twenty-four destroyers that look top-heavy but that the Navy regards as superlative, twelve submarines that can run across the Pacific without refueling. Seventy-five new ships are building now. Some, the smaller ones, are pretty well along; others are just beginning, their keels only recently laid. It takes about four years to build a battleship. By January, 1947, we should have fifteen of these bruisers to add to the seventeen we already have, although only eight or nine of these fifteen are under construction at the moment. The Navy hopes to pare the building time down by several months. These eight are big boys—35,000- and 45,000-tonners carrying sixteen-inch guns. Of the new capital ships six were designed as battle cruisers—modern Hoods with armor sacrificed to speed. But since the Hood was blown into eternity by a single shell from the Bismarck striking the lightly protected magazines of the big Britisher, the Navy is indulging in second thought. It's their thought. What they're going to do about it is the Navy's secret. Just now they are thinking seriously of redrawing plans and making thick-skinned sluggers out of them instead of more vulnerable speedsters.

But that's up to the Navy. All we can do is to give you an idea of what we have to fight with now and what we'll have two, three and four years hence. If you keep your ears open in the War Department, the Navy Department and the OPM you'll become aware that the warlike phrases of Secretaries Knox and Stimson, to say nothing of other important government administrators, are not enthusiastically echoed by all their inferiors. Far, far from it. These lesser personages, more intimate with what fighting means and what fighting takes, are by no means certain that we're in any position just now to take on anybody as well-heeled as Hitler. They're not making any public declarations, however, although two or three of them, less fearful of official displeasure and less dependent upon their service incomes, are doing a lot of talking in corridors and at dinner parties. Nevertheless, they find themselves in a position difficult to defend in debate. They realize that if England falls we shall have to face a difficult future alone. They realize, too, that the most we can do at the moment is keep the war going, taking chances of reverses while wearing down Hitler with our weight of production and resources.

The Navy as well as the Army is unusual bothered by fears. There's the fear that if peace comes to Europe before we complete our present arms program there will be a popular demand that the United States stop building this huge war machine.

Some of the more apprehensive are afraid that the war may end sometime during the winter of 1941-1942. By then at the rate military contracts are being let now—$1,100,000,000 a month—we'll be a long way from placing orders for forty-five or fifty billion dollars' worth of ships and guns. Some of them are old-timers. They shake their heads dolorously. They say it is easy enough to keep hot the urge to arm while the world's at war but something else when firing ceases. Untouched peoples are too eager to forget war and even more eager to delay preparing for wars to come. They point to the 1920's and the 1930's for proof and to Britain's and America's refusal to read signs posted by Hitler in the thirties.

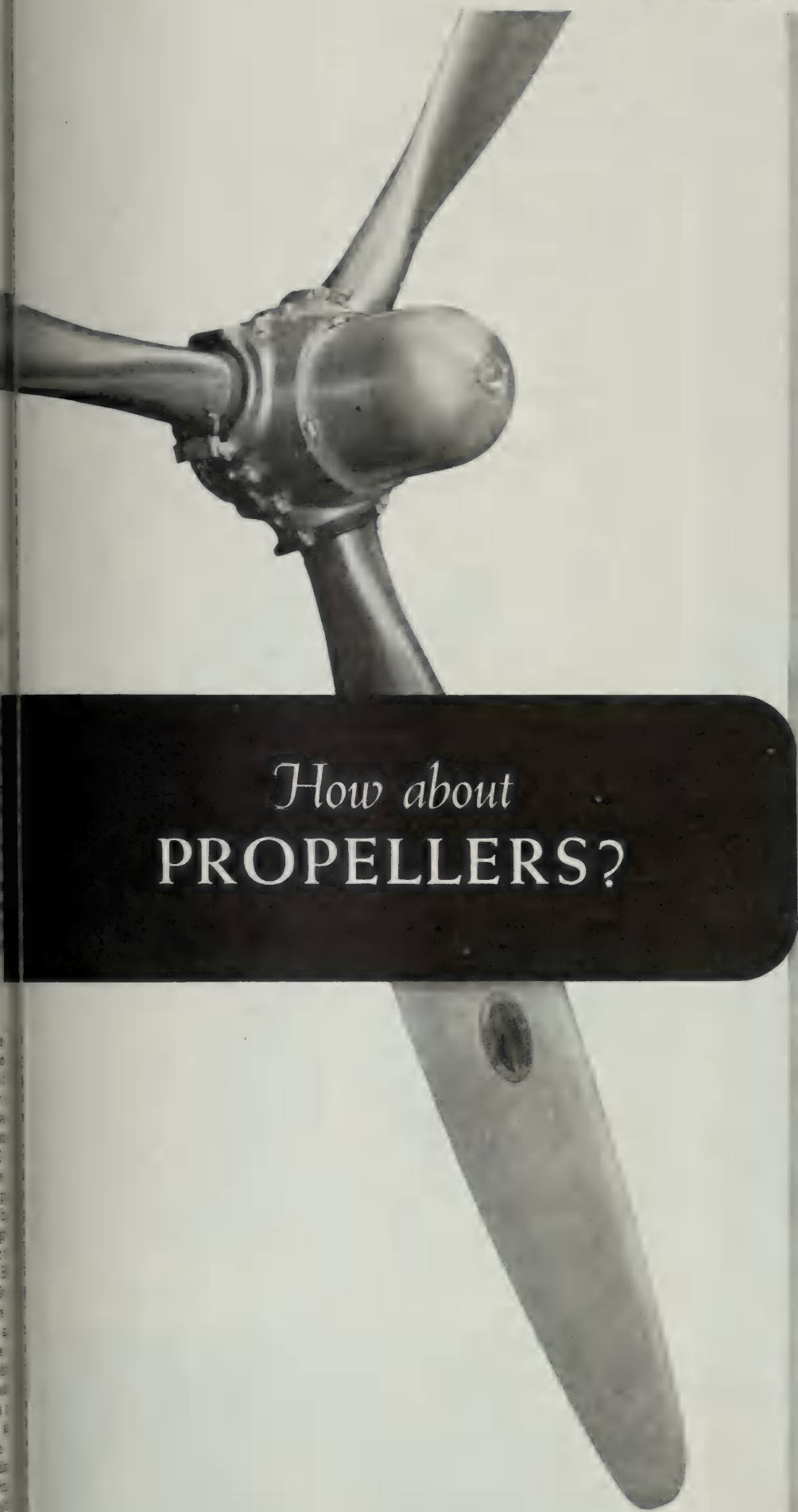
### Lest the People Forget

In the meantime the Navy is doing everything in its power to place contracts and to speed building. To build a cruiser is normally a three-year job. It takes about two and a half years to build a destroyer. We have about four cruisers with seven additional nearly completed and fifty in the more or less distant offing. If the present program is completed we'll have two hundred cruisers—six-inch-gun and eight-inch-gun beauties. We can turn out submarines faster, but not so fast as Hitler is said to be doing it. It is generally agreed however that our pig-boats are far superior to the German quickies and are worth spending the extra time on.

All these cardinal arms—ships and guns—may be well toward realization before a European peace, a popular clamor or a change in federal administration can alter the program. And it is upon these items that popular attention is focused. But we're having plenty of trouble designing and building the all-important incidentals—electrical devices for spotting a distant enemy, pointing the modern naval gun and automatically firing it. Perhaps no military secrets are so jealously guarded as these. All three branches of our defense—Army, Navy and Air—are experimenting twenty-four hours a day with new bomb sights, radio-beam detectors, gun-pointing mechanisms and so on. As far as we've been able to learn this government may have several miracles to work upon any enemy it may be called upon to fight. Washington rife with rumor about them. Maybe there's something to it—we wouldn't know. And if we did we couldn't tell you.

"This race is fixed! I just saw that jockey take two aspirins"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT



# *How about* PROPELLERS?

AS the manufacturer charged with the responsibility for producing the larger portion of the aircraft propellers required by the Defense Program, the Hamilton Standard Propellers division of United Aircraft Corporation answers here some timely questions:

★ **In DESIGN of propellers: how does the United States compare with other nations?**

America is far in the lead. The start of the race for supremacy in the air found the United States with two outstanding makes of propellers, each fully developed and each well ahead of any type developed elsewhere in the world.

Hamilton Standard designed the first practical controllable-pitch propeller which, in turn, made possible the modern high performance airplane.

★ **Have your propellers stood the test of combat?**

Day and night—for almost two years—British-built Hamilton Standard propellers have met the grueling test of combat service with the Royal Air Force on thirty different types of British airplanes, including the famous Hurricanes and Spitfires. In addition, American-built Hamilton Standard propellers are serving the British as standard equipment on the majority of American airplanes with the R.A.F.

★ **In PRODUCTION: are you keeping pace with airplane requirements?**

Yes, we have been delivering Hamilton Standard propellers consistently ahead of schedule, including all our orders for the United States Army and Navy and for Britain. In addition, we are continuing to supply the airlines, *all* of which specify our propellers as standard equipment.

★ **What is your current production?**

We are now making more than 2,000 propellers a month—over 75% of America's current production of propellers for combat and advanced training airplanes.

★ **How has this been achieved?**

We have of course increased our plant area. But more important is the fullest utilization of specialized machinery and a further increase in our practice of extensive sub-contracting. As a result we are now producing twice as many propellers per square foot of plant area as a year ago.

★ **How about propellers for the new big bomber program?**

We expect to meet this task as well. Production is being further increased both at East Hartford and at our new Pawcatuck plant. In addition we have now licensed Nash-Kelvinator to build complete propellers, using our proven designs and production methods.

★ **What of the future?**

In the laboratories of Hamilton Standard is a new propeller which promises to improve radically the performance of aircraft, increasing still further America's lead in the air.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

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PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES

VOUGHT-SIKORSKY AIRPLANES

HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

"What a gay old dog he is—now that he's keeping his breath sweet with LIFE SAVERS!"

In addition to being your breath's best friend, LIFE SAVERS are delightful candy. Try COLA LIFE SAVERS—or any of the 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. 5¢

have talked to a number of Army and Navy officers who scoff at all this secret-weapon business. They say that for all the talk of new and superlatively devilish secret weapons, Hitler has produced nothing that isn't a successful adaptation of the superlative tactic of "git thar fustest with the mostest men" plus tanks and planes.

The Navy has the men—an incomparable enlisted personnel. It expects no trouble getting all it needs to man a two-ocean Navy, although it may be necessary to be a bit less choosy from now on. The draft has taken care of the new Army's requirement although there is considerable apprehension about the numbers of lads who have been rejected for physical shortcomings. But that's nothing to worry about just yet. In a long war requiring many replacements we might have our troubles in spite of our boasted man power. But we have about a million and a half men in uniform (if not exactly under arms) now as against 231,000 a year ago. Our current Army enrollment is by no means all drafted. Two hundred and sixty-nine thousand of them are National Guardsmen, who are at last getting merited recognition from the General Staff. And there are 462,000 Regulars doing three-year hitches. The rest are draftees—and they're doing a heroic job under what have been decidedly uninspiring conditions.

### The President Has the Choice

Unless they're held over, the vast majority of the drafted men will finish their year of training with little if any practical knowledge of modern weapons. The second draft will have more but far from enough. Not that the time any of them have spent in uniform will have been barren. The old system has changed. Men are getting a more comprehensive training than they did in the first World War when virtually every male within the age limit who could stand up unassisted was given a rifle and commanded to be a hero.

Of our new Army capital units only four are now designated as armored divisions. Just when they'll be armored, equipped to discharge their swift, tough duties is considerable of a question—perhaps by March, 1942. The 27 infantry divisions should be pretty well set by fall, with the exception of their artillery. By spring a few of these 27 divisions may be able to take the field armed to the last tooth, including artillery.

Convinced that England's plight is desperate, that her fortitude is approaching the human limit, the President may choose to fight with the arms we have. He may overrule Mr. Knudsen's gradual-absorption-of-industry plan and command that industrial plants which are still devoting themselves to non-military production cease what they're doing and become armament factories at once. In this, he will have the applause of the Army, which is particularly anxious that war contracts, to the limit of Congress' appropriations, be placed before any popular reaction thereto can manifest itself.

But the OPM will indicate a shortage of raw materials, real or nominal—aluminum, steel, rubber, tin and certain all-important chemicals. For all of the late New Deal's power projects there may be insufficient electric power to run all the converted plants twenty-four hours a day and meet civilian requirements too. There are twenty-four materials priorities on the lists of the OPM—materials which are needed to build ships, guns, tanks and make ammunition. The stories in Washington have it that unless fortune is kinder to Britain, unless Britain can achieve at least one good morale-restoring land victory, the President will requisition industrial plants, workers, managements and all, instead of waiting until the 330 government-owned plants are finished and start turning out artillery, planes, engines, shells, high explosives, chemicals, machine guns and small arms. A few of these have been completed. Others will be ready in the early fall. But not all of them can get to work before next spring. Building them is costing us more than two billion dollars. That two billion is a part of the six billion we've been able to spend thus far.

Even if the President does requisition already existing plants—privately owned concerns—it will take anywhere from three to six months to convert them into little Skodas. Therefore, the Army's estimate that we'll be in no shape to fight before the spring of 1942 is not changed much. And the Army, like the Navy, is a very practical organization, very little given to emotional outbursts except when it sees the Navy given preferences.

The Navy is getting the preference anyway. It isn't having much trouble justifying it. Almost all the Administration's pressure is being brought to bear on the shipyards just now. Navy men say that if we can increase the Navy to two-ocean fighting capacity they can take care of us while the Army's still preparing. There are Army men who concede that there's logic in this. But they hate to admit it.

"I'm never without my camera. You never can tell when something exciting will happen" HOWARD BAER

## Our New Army

Continued from page 32

to get ready for a trek to Puerto Rico. Quartermaster units collected heavy clothing and issued tropic-weight duds. Soldiers dismantled day rooms and sold radios and cars for whatever they could get. Fifty-three of the men got waivers of the five-day marriage law and took wives unto themselves. From Washington a week later came official word: To postponed, go on with the training schedule. Crestfallen soldiers, shivering in feather-weight uniforms, wondered how they could get their cars and radios back. The fifty-three bridegrooms were somewhat dazed.

### NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG. More than 400,000 officers and men will take part in the largest scale maneuvers ever scheduled by the Army, when a fake scuffle begins in October over the 130 miles of territory separating this fort from Fort Jackson, South Carolina (see below). Army and civil officials of the two states are now scurrying around getting trespass rights in the area. Farmers are being assured that soldiers will respect property, but if some crops or fences get trampled, damages claims will be settled quietly and quickly by a claims commission following close behind the battlers. As a matter of fact, this arrangement holds good in all sections where war games are in progress.

### SOUTH CAROLINA

FORT JACKSON, Columbia. Selectees assigned to the 13th Infantry are filling their regimental history of no note whatever in getting acquainted with the young ladies of Columbia, six miles from the fort. Thing is, the lapel badges contain the 13th's motto, "First at Vicksburg," which is a total loss as an icebreaker because the loss of Vicksburg was the turning point of the South's defeat back in the Civ—the War Between the States. If the soldier can clear the hurdle he still has to persuade the gals to laugh off the four-starred gadgets on each side of the red saltier cross. They represent the shoulder straps of Generals Sherman and Sheridan; and the statehouse at Columbia still bears the marks of shelling by Sherman's artillery from the other side of the Congaree River. It's getting so a soldier has to be a diplomat to get along.

### GEORGIA

FORT BENNING. All members of the 2d Armored Division are now being issued distinctive uniforms combining utility and style: Olive drab coveralls belted at the waist and strapped to the shoe tops. The division's embroidered shoulder patch—a cannon barrel, a tank track and a bolt of lightning enclosed in a red, blue and yellow triangle—is worn on the shirt, and the useless ends of the neckties are tucked away under the first button. Very classy. What causes the most rejoicing is the absence of a field pack and other infantry equipment. Supplies for tank men are carried by truck, so the boys in this division don't have to lug around anything but a small field bag that dangles from the shoulder.

CAMP STEWART, Hinesville. Forty-three buck privates in C Battery, 10st separate battalion, formed a club last January which has finally been promoted out of existence. Called the Yardbird Club, its membership was restricted to the rear rank lads who caught most of the K. P. and dirt-shoveling details. Battery C recently announced its new ratings and the forty-three charter Yardbird members found themselves either N. C. O.'s or specialists, which lets them out of routine yard duty, and hence out of the Yardbird Club. According to latest reports, however, the organization is under new management, with twice as many members as before.

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Snoring is probably more of a problem in the Army than anywhere else (except perhaps, in a submarine), but Corp. Isaac H. Durgin, of the 14th Training Battalion's Company D, promised eight selectees in his squad that they'd get used to the heavy-caliber snores of two of their barrack mates. "It'll get so," he told them, "that the only thing that'll break up your sleep is a sudden burst of quiet." The eight sleepless selectees drew up a petition protesting against the raucous rookies and beseeching the corporal to take immediate action. "The situation," read the petition in part, "has become so acute that the chief offender of the two snorers has twice been awakened by his own din, in each instance exhibiting unmistakable evidence of mild shock." The haggard cosigners are still waiting for Corp. Durgin's prediction to begin functioning.

### LOUISIANA

CAMP CLAIBORNE, Alexandria. The three first-class privates got back to camp from near-by Marksville all right, but the Model T that did the job is now a white elephant they can't even give away. To start at the beginning, the soldiers are Percy LaMotte, James Westerhausen and Joe McCrank, Co. F, 164th Infantry, and they found themselves in town, past bus time, with a total of $8 for return transportation tariff. A taxi driver said nope, ten bucks or walk, so the boys had a huddle and decided to shoot the eight bucks on a jaloppy held together with hay wire and glue. The car dealer threw in enough gas for the trip and the crate made the grade, but the owners don't know where to go from here. The 34th Division has a compulsory insurance rule for vehicles owned by its personnel and the lads wouldn't have a prayer of getting a policy on the wreck even if they could afford to pay the premium. Maybe they'd better sell it to the Japs for scrap.

CAMP BEAUREGARD, Alexandria. Having been advised that a close friend was stationed seven miles away at Camp Livingston, Selectee Ray Lemerman, HQ Co., 3d Armored (Bayou Blitz) Division decided to saunter over one Sunday afternoon and hunt him up. The search resulted in a lot of aimless wandering, and by the time he reached the gate house Selectee Lemerman was plenty tired. Greeted by an MP, he snapped to attention. "Camp Livingston, I presume?" said he.

It was Pvt. Lemerman who umpired a ball game between officers and enlisted men, and he doesn't want any more of it. Trying to be fair to both sides but perhaps unconsciously awed by the situation in which he found himself, Lemerman's decisions on the close ones were a decided help to the officers. Toward the end of the game a noncom, who had just had a strike called on a ball he thought was over his head, tossed away his bat and began to give Lemerman the works. The umpire had


## Grandpa Goes Modern

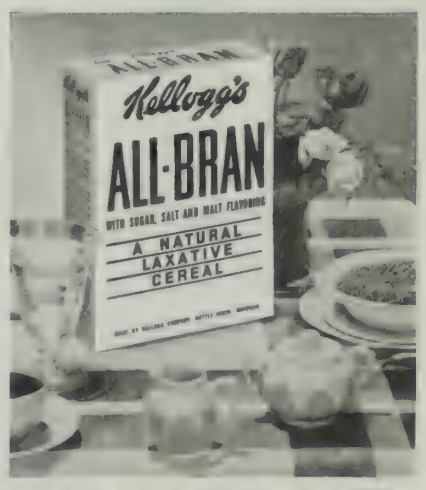
**"BACK IN 'SIXTY-FIVE,"** says Grandpa, "I was just a drummer boy. But I remember one thing the old general told me. 'Boy,' he says, 'nothing in the world does a soldier as much good as a real old-fashioned *purge*.'"

**"AND SO, YOUNG LADY,"** says Gramps, "never quibble over a good strong dose. Stick your chin out and drink it down. It makes a man of you!"

**"GRAMPS,"** says I, "you're a hard character. Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? Come to breakfast; I want to show you something."

**"NOW WHAT?"** says Gramps.

"Just a crisp, delicious breakfast cereal," says I. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the common kind of constipation that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause of it."




**"WHOA THERE!"** hollers Grandpa. "Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good! If vittles like this can make you join the 'regulars,' I'm enlisting right now."

And, bless you, he did—even to following the directions: "Eat it every day and drink plenty of water!"

## Join the "Regulars" with
## *Kellogg's All-Bran*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

FOR THE JOBS

America Has To Do

*today and tomorrow*

**TO CONTINENTAL Motors Corporation, the term "national defense" embraces all the power jobs America has before it. None is more important than building Red Seal Engines for leading manufacturers of farm tractors, combines and machinery. Other equally important jobs are adapting Red Seal Power for the highways to be laid, buildings, bridges and dams to be erected, oil to be pumped, the speeding of transportation — land, sea and air. In addition to these and many other worthwhile jobs Continental is doing more than its part by producing on schedule engines for Army and Navy trainer planes, Army tanks, scout cars and many other applications to help keep America strong.**

Continental Motors Corporation

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

probably been expecting this; anyway, he had a comeback. "Whaddya expect for seventy cents a day," he demanded, "Bill Klem?"

THE most-applauded statement made by Chairman Thomas E. Dewey, of the United Service Organizations, when he visited Beauregard, was his appeal for beer at a dime a throw. Reason was that neighboring-town café owners charge a nickel too much for the brew and the local P-X's don't sell it at all.

### ILLINOIS

CHANUTE FIELD, Rantoul. Pvt. James Buttita, of the medical detachment at this largest Air Corps technical training school, made his radio debut recently over a station that will undoubtedly be known to him henceforth as Station AWOL. Buttita slipped away from the field two hours early one day and, while meandering down a street in near-by Champaign, was asked to deliver a few comments over a man-on-the-street program. Our subject, pleased by this attention, unhesitatingly spoke his piece and continued on his way, elated by what seemed to him an auspicious ether debut. Came dawn, and Pvt. Buttita found himself assigned to a two-week work detail, his moment of glory misspent. Seems his first sergeant, sitting at a radio back at the field, had been one of his most enthralled listeners.

### WYOMING

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Cheyenne. Artillerymen of Idaho's 183d and North Dakota's 188th National Guard regiments in training here are singing the Army's new motorized version of the field artillery song. Contained in a 1941 edition of Army songs just issued by the adjutant general's office of the War Department, the parody replaces the familiar stanzas of "those caissons go rolling along," with:

*"Over hill, over dale, motorized from head to tail,*
*With the caissons and hosses all gone.*
*Stop to fix up a flat, or to get the captain's hat,*
*Motor trucks with the pieces hooked on."*

Chorus includes: "Sound off y Klaxon loud and strong! (*Squa squawk!*) No more we'll go, with a t in low, if our motors keep buzzin' alo Reflecting the spirit of Uncle Sam's mobile Army, other lines read: "C are nose bags and grass, as we feed oil and gas"; "Hear the bold bu blow (*amplified by radio*)" and "St 'er, guy, into high, as the green li flicker by." And finally, "If our gines go dead, won't our faces all red! With the caissons and hosses gone. For the foeman, of course, yell at us, 'Get a horse!' Motor tr with the pieces hooked on."

### GENERAL

ADD list of newspapers which being mailed free to home-t boys: The Bucklin (Linn County, I Herald, The Hood River County ( gon) Sun, the Metamora (Ohio) Re The Memphis (Mo.) Reveille, Ad Odessa (Mo.) Democrat, The Cla (Pa.) Democrat, The Western (L non, O.) Star, The Central City N Letter and Springville New (Central City, Ia.), The Highland Journal, The Lexington (Mass.) ute-Man, The Hunterdon (Flemin N. J.) Republican, The Observer ( brouck Heights, N. J.), The A (N. Y.) Herald, The Staten Island (N Transcript, and the Courier Free (Potsdam, N. Y.).

THE Collier's Club of Army Mil aires (men whose serial number even millions) has a new member. new addition to this group is Frank C. McCurdy, 1st Signal T 1st Cavalry Division, Fort Bliss, T No. 38,000,000.

FROM Pvt. Louis Pachter, A Bat 150th F.A., Camp Shelby, M comes a post card on which he banged a message with a rubber st He got the idea, he says, from a Col cover (January 21, 1939) showi girl on a Florida beach rubber-st ing Having Fine Time on a sta post cards. Pvt. Pachter's card the message: "Having a swell Louis."

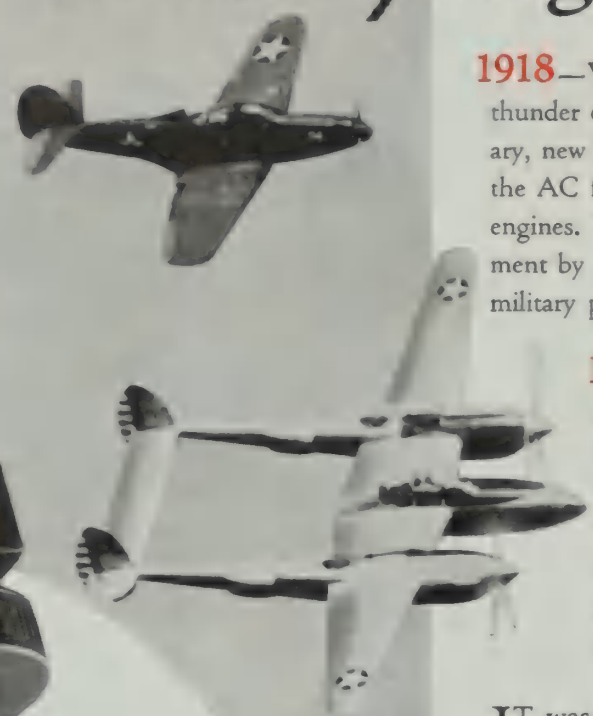
WHAT? No "Wish you were h

"If you don't believe me, put a little on and just stand there for a minut

MERRYLEN TOWNS

# The Record of AVIATION *Progress*

## *turns the Spotlight on AC*



*AC aviation spark plug with new "ceramic" insulator, now being built for the United States Government.—for bombers, pursuit ships, and other fighting planes.*

**1918**—When the order to cease firing stilled the thunder of the Western Front, 40,000 of a revolutionary, new "ceramic" spark plug were moving daily from the AC factories to the builders of America's aircraft engines. This was a milestone. Prior to that achievement by AC, "ceramic" plugs had never been used for military planes.

**1941**—America, in need of thousands of spark plugs for the engines of its new fighting planes, affords AC another opportunity to serve while flying history is made. A wholly new "ceramic" spark plug,—pronounced by engineers to be one of the greatest spark plug contributions ever made to aviation,—is helping to meet the need.

IT was good spark plugs, well built, which enabled AC to step into the breach in 1918. Good spark plugs, well and honestly built, have made possible AC's latest contribution to aviation and defense.

AC has pioneered nearly every major improvement in spark plugs which has stood the test of time. For years, AC's have been used as standard factory equipment on more new cars and trucks than any other spark plugs,—and still are, today. When in need of spark plugs, buy AC's,—for economy and performance.

**TEN MONTHS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE**

AC commenced delivery of regular production machine guns for U. S. fighter planes. In a field far removed from spark plugs, AC manufacturing quality "measures up."

*(Illustration shows gun as mounted in wing of plane).*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

AC SPARK PLUGS

# Advance Agent

Continued from page 24

to foreigners in wartime. He had spent last night and this morning in Cornwall. The lieutenant roused to alertness, wondering if Mr. Stout were probing again.

In the sunniest way, Mr. Stout began to talk about a German prisoner who had escaped. The papers were full of the story, he said, the radio had given it a big play, and you never knew what could happen—they said he had headed for the United States. . . . Detroit was hundreds of miles away. And, no, the lieutenant decided, he could not run the risk.

They were well into the mountains now, on a curving road that ran through woods. The road was rough and, after an unusually hard bump, the lieutenant said, "I think you have a flat tire."

When they got out to look, the tires were all right. And as Mr. Stout stood on the edge of the road, the lieutenant hit him on the point of the jaw and knocked him out. He bundled him into a ditch beside the road, tied his hands behind him with his necktie, stripped off his belt and tied his feet together, and took off his shoes and threw them in some underbrush. He hurried to the car and drove away, thinking that, if luck stayed with him, Mr. Stout's yells might not be heard within a half-hour or, at best, that Mr. Stout could not free himself in less than an hour. . . . Within a hundred yards he knew that he had made a paralyzing and irrevocable mistake. There were dangers enough at Detroit, but they were nebulous and in the future. Whereas, of his own stupidity, he had created an immediate danger that might well bring him and his job to disaster.

WELL—he had to accept the mistake and do what he could. He drove hard for half an hour, then stopped. He went through Mr. Stout's suitcase and found flannel trousers and a jacket. He put them on, and a white shirt and tie. The suitcase and Mr. Stout's sample cases he hid in a clump of bushes with his own clothes, and with a miscellany from the dash compartment. He sprinkled swamp water over the license plates and threw dust on them. He raised the convertible's top. In a small portfolio he had found three ten-dollar bills, and they were the one satisfaction he had as he drove on.

He must turn east at the first chance—he could get out of the state sooner and for a while at least the pursuit would go west. The first chance came at a crossroads called Saranac Junction, and he turned his back on Detroit. He was moving away from his objective but that was at least better than being arrested. . . . He cursed himself for a bungler and a fool, a man who could neither plan intelligently nor act on the plans he made. But there was no point in damning himself—there was point only in going on.

Every crossroads, every village and summer camp, every motorcycle might mean catastrophe. There was a radio in the car but, after listening to it for a while, he realized that police calls would go out on short wave. He did not even begin to hope till dusk came on. He had emerged from the mountains and started southward down the valley of Lake Champlain. His military history told him that this was the route by which Indians, Frenchmen and Britishers had invaded the United States. And now Oberleutnant Römer—and maybe some cops.

At last there were signs directing him to the Champlain Bridge, and it seemed a fair guess that he would be much safer in Vermont. It proved to be a toll bridge. The attendant gave him back some change, then, as he put the car in gear, shouted, "Hey! Wait!" Ah, yes, the license plates had been recognized—but it would have been canny to station a policeman there. He stepped on the accelerator.

"I CAN get tired of beer," Constance Scovil said lugubriously. "One low dive is just like the next low dive, and I've never learned to love juke boxes. Just what's the idea? Did you once find romance in a roadside stand? Is it the morals or the night life of Berkshire County that fascinates you?"

"Well," Bill Jay said with a cheerfulness that Connie found altogether odious, "I could take you home."

"No, you don't!" She gagged a little and said, "I'll have another beer."

"Not here. We'll see if we can discover some other place."

Either Bill Jay was screwy, which was a disloyal thought, or else he had an idea. For a week now he had spent the evenings driving her aimlessly about the highways and stopping for beers in hideous little joints like this. Of course some people thought beer was fattening and maybe Bill's idea was to round her outlines a little.

So tonight they went to "Ma's Barbecue Lunch" and had a beer and listened to a tune, and then to "Jimmy's Place" and listened to a tune and had a beer, and then to "Trailside Tavern" which was a little better but still nothing to rouse Lucius Beebe's interest. "At least you could dance with me," she said. Bill said, "The women I dance with wear skirts." Connie snickered and stretched out a foot. "I enameled my toenails for you—that's feminine." So they bickered about that, and this place was like fifty others, except that when she pushed her beer away and said, "There's a little love of a barbecue five miles farther on," Bill said, "Don't be in a hurry—drink your beer." She said, "If I do, I'll throw up." He said, "Wait a minute."

So she saw that he was interested in something, almost on guard. He went on talking about nothing but presently, lowering his voice, he said, "What do you make of the specimen in the second booth?" She looked across the dingy dance floor and the man in the second booth was a specimen, all right. He looked as if he ate babies raw. Brass Knuckles Gehogan from Hell's Kitchen—crooked mouth, flat cheeks, a suit like a comic-strip gambler's.

"He'd make a nice part for Humphrey Bogart."

"Don't stare," Bill said. "We aren't collecting them."

The idea seemed to be to sit here sipping beer and meditate about thugs. She sipped and thought Bill's hair would be something nice to run your hands through. And nothing happened. Except that ten minutes later a handsome young man in whipcords came in and looked around and sat down by Brass Knuckles Gehogan. They talked for a minute or two and then went out.

"Oh, just ignore all these terrible things she says about you—she only repeats what she hears!" DAVID BREGER

Bill laid a half-dollar on the table and stood up. When they were in his car again she knew that they were through with Windham's night life for a while. He was silent and drove slowly, not going anywhere in particular.

AFTER a while Connie said, "Of course I'm just a sophomore at Martha Case Seminary for pretty girls. But I could understand your simpler thoughts."

Bill seemed to have reached a decision. Anyway, slowing down still more, he began to talk to her as if she were an adult and a friend, which didn't happen often. "Windham is a summer resort from the 1890's," he said. "It's so peaceful that when a king bird chases a crow, that's worth a banner headline. I'm not used to idling, Connie, I keep trying to find spot news for the New York Globe."

As if she didn't know! The poor darling hated being a convalescent. "You could always make the society page with a big story," she said hopefully.

He grinned. "That's the old college try . . . A very peaceful town—and the world's at war. Ever add up what we're surrounded by, Connie? Springfield, Holyoke, Chicopee, Greenfield, Pittsfield, Troy, Albany— a thousand factories working three shifts for the war. And your Globe representative notices odd things. Little strikes that don't make sense. Fights in places like the Trailside Tavern. Queer kinds of night life a Martha Case girl wouldn't know about . . . Lots of money being made, Toots. Where there's money, you ought to find buzzards. I've found some."

"Buzzards?"

He nodded. "A couple of weeks ago here was Miles Hanrahan eating the Windham Inn's two-fifty dinner. He hasn't been five miles from Broadway since Tunney licked Dempsey in Philadelphia. Who is Miles Hanrahan? Big shot lawyer who keeps racketeers out of jail. So a few days later Hymie Schmalz got out of a car and went into the drugstore for cigarettes. Hymie Schmalz in Windham is like a bishop at a dog track. He's in the numbers racket in Jersey City. Now here's this torpedo we just saw. I can't remember his name—but I will. I saw him in Chicago—held for a material witness in a truck war. Why do you run into those babies in Windham?"

CONNIE was nowhere near as spellbound as Bill seemed to be. But if Bill was interested, that was all she needed to know. "Well, I can help you write your headlines. Did you recognize the neat number he went away with? That was Carl Booker."

"Who is Carl Booker?"

"He runs Camp Ryegate and the Ryegate Inn. You know—out in the hills."

She had made an impression! Bill said quickly, "I thought that was a kind of Sunday-school place."

Connie laughed. "It's pretty moral—in the summer time. Recreation camp for the earnest middle class. But in the winter it's café society. Carl has the fastest ski run in these parts—out on Taylor Mountain. He's pretty spectacular on skis. He could walk through the Martha Case Outing Club and take his pick."

Bill got silent again and they drove under the remote stars, through woods that had a cool smell of lateness in them. Connie was glad that Gail had gone to this house party in Vermont—there would be no lifted eyebrows when she got in. After a while he held his watch to the dash light and drove off the road, stopped under some trees and switched out the headlights. "Oh, good," Connie murmured, "we're going to neck and no one could possibly hear me scream." But he was just going to listen to a news broadcast—he was always listening to them. At noon he'd been excited about some story of a German aviator escaping in Canada. He felt so completely out of it! He took this sickness as a personal failure.

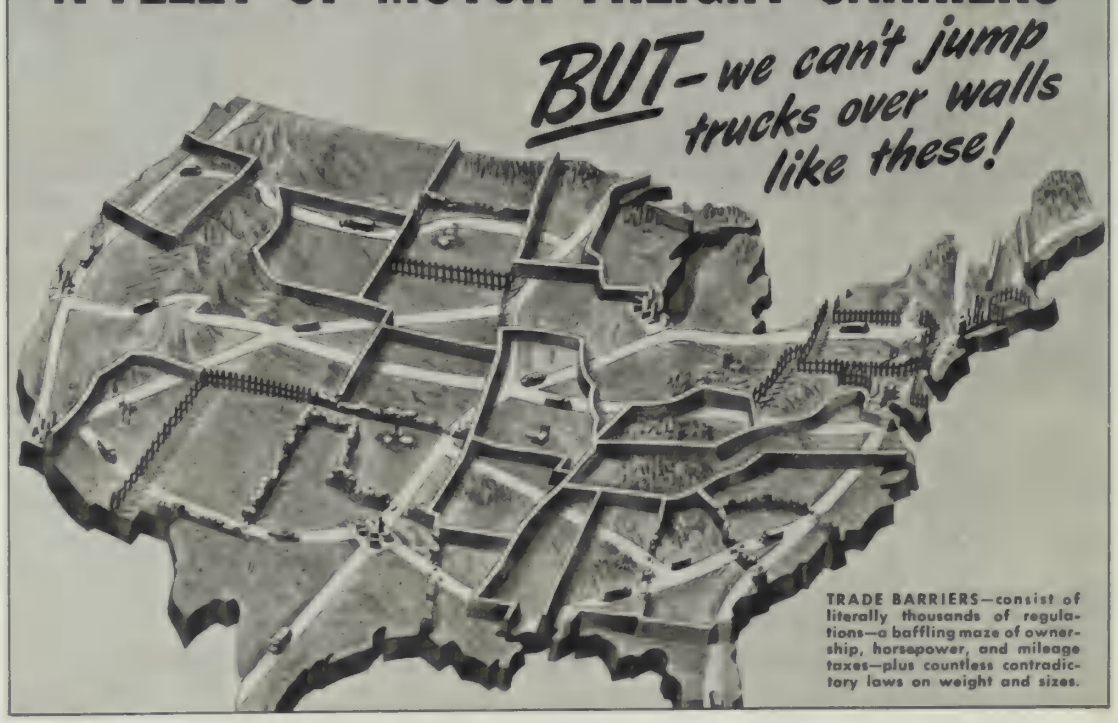
The war news was ghastly—the sort of thing you dreamed of shutting away forever. Then a summary of Washington items. Then Bill sat forward, fairly straining his ears. The announcer was describing some arrests for industrial sabotage in Detroit. He named the men and it had been a big roundup, and Bill was fairly quivering. . . . That was the end of the broadcast.

Bill's voice was angry in the darkness. "I predicted that six months ago! Or I said they'd pin it on von Weitbrecht. So they make a cleaning on some Detroit small fry and they don't take von Weitbrecht in. Haven't they tied him up with it? Or has he gone underground? . . . Or what? . . . Oh damn!"

The damn was a groan. Connie said

# WAKE UP, AMERICA!

## BEHIND EVERY ARMY CARAVAN ROLLS A FLEET OF MOTOR FREIGHT CARRIERS




TRADE BARRIERS—consist of literally thousands of regulations—a baffling maze of ownership, horsepower, and mileage taxes—plus countless contradictory laws on weight and sizes.

***Trucks speed production of planes, tanks, guns. Remove interstate barriers—and trucks will do still more!***

IN times of national emergency, motor freight comes as a God-sent blessing. Trucks slice through time—deliver in hours shipments that might take days.

*Yet America is criss-crossed with man-made interstate barriers that cripple production.* One state, for example, limits truck loads to 18,000 pounds — compared to load limits of 30,000 pounds and more in neighboring states. Two trucks, two crews, must do the work of one!

**DAYS WASTED**

A truck carrying defense materials out of Ohio was stopped beyond the state line . . . and held for two days.

Electric welders built in Detroit for a new powder plant in the South were detained 22 hours before reaching their destination.

**NATION-WIDE PROBLEM**

Trade barriers hit at southern cotton flowing north to be made into gun powder and uniforms. They tie up important shipments from West Virginia . . . airplane parts from Indiana and Ohio . . . defense products from the giant new TVA plants in Tennessee. Scarcely a national highway is immune.

**ADD TO TAX BURDEN**

*Trade barriers affect everybody's personal budget.* For although the speed and flexibility of motor freight cuts the cost of everything you eat—wear and buy—trucks could save you *still more* except for state line delays.

*Every hour, every day, these useless hurdles squander precious time—add to your defense tax burden—increase your cost of living.*

Now that America is in urgent need of *all* her transportation resources, isn't it time that these barriers be abolished?

*This map — and complete, last-minute information on Trade Barriers — free on request.*

SAFETY ATA COURTESY DISPATCH

# AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

# The Democracies must have all the Aluminum it takes to win!

ALCOA ALUMINUM

## *This is what Alcoa has done as its plain duty*

The pictures on this page give a glimpse of Alcoa at work—producing at top speed and expanding amazingly, all at the same time. You will see some of the many tremendous power plants and factories we have already finished, or are still building as fast as is humanly possible. Ships, too.

When you look at these pictures, you are looking at nearly $200,000,000.00 of our capital being put to work in the expansion of defense for America. Not one dollar of this has come from public funds.

We started to build and expand these plants before America took defense very seriously. Actually, the program was begun *before* the tragedy of Dunkerque started America thinking in terms, not of hundreds of planes, but in scores of thousands.

Our duty, as we saw it, and as we acted upon it, was to go "all-out," on our own, from the very beginning, asking no questions, and begging no favors.

There is only one reason why defense will, before long, be getting 60 million pounds a month from us alone—almost 4½ times average civilian consumption in the 1930's—

There is only one reason why the supply of aluminum is today ahead of the defense procession, why we are delivering every month to defense industries many millions of pounds of aluminum in *excess of schedules* set up but a few short months ago—

Alcoa went "all-out" before the second guessers started shouting.

**ALCOA, TENN.** Here a great new sheet rolling m 55 acres, is being rushed to completion to bring our ity up to more than 33 million pounds a month. ( sion here includes doubling facilities to make new r

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.** From a tiny plant at the war, this factory has been expanded at top spee millions of pounds of airplane rivets, forging sand, and permanent mold castings for the airc

**GLENVILLE, N. C.** One of the places we are movi to make dams to make electricity to make more al tracted for July 1940. Began accumulating wat Head, 1215 ft. Will soon be delivering power e another 10,000,000 pounds annual capacity of al

**VANCOUVER, WASH.** Fifteen months ago cows grazed in this pasture by the Columbia River. On this site we are now operating a plant which *alone* has a capacity of 150,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year—as much as the entire aluminum industry made in this country in 1924.

**ONE MONTH** later the peaceful pasture looked like this. Beside the plant to make the aluminum, there also had to be built a factory to make the 120,000,000 pounds of carbon electrodes per year used in the reduction furnaces which make alumina into aluminum.

**IN ONLY SIX MONTHS** this plant was turning out aluminum ingot at the rate of 30,000,000 pounds per year. In the finished plant we are using 162,500 kw. of electrical power from Bonneville Dam. This is almost the generating capacity of Delaware plus two Mississippis.

**ALMOST FINISHED** in exactly one year. On May 28, the switch was thrown turning electricity into the last unit of the 150,000,000 pound plant. Thus in less than 15 months we added capacity equal to the entire 1924 production of the industry.

**ALA.** One of the two great plants for making alumina xite ore. Expansion has proceeded faster than we can res taken. Today there are 64 of the great precipitating which you can count only 24 in this picture.

**LAFAYETTE, IND.** Capacity to make extrusions, which are efficient shapes of aluminum squirted out like tooth paste, is being more than doubled by building and equipping great plants like this at Lafayette and other cities.

**CLEVELAND, OHIO.** Here is one bank of big hammers at work while others are still being installed. These giant machines hammer out the strong, light aluminum forgings which are so necessary in defense. This kind of capacity has been increased by three times.

**BA, N. Y.** Here we have built tremendous additions to are aluminum, and have expanded capacity over 5 times g rod, bar, forging stock, and shapes of various kinds. r thousands of airplanes will be readied in this plant.

**O.** Unloading the *Alcoa Guard*, one of a great fleet of ve have built, bought or chartered to keep the big flow ing in from Dutch Guiana. Also we mine large quan- auxite in Arkansas.

# You millions of civilian users of Aluminum are grand people

The way you are doing without aluminum in this emergency is typically American. We are sincerely grateful for your understanding.

It has been really tough on the factories who make civilian things with aluminum. In this RECESS they have had to scramble for many kinds of RECESSITIES—other materials which just don't quite fill the bill, because there is no pat substitute for aluminum.

The whole thing has been awkward and costly for these good customers of ours, and it has been an ordeal for us to have to turn away, even temporarily, from a lifetime of work.

But we have not turned our backs!

Research goes on. Every additional pound we make adds to the knowledge and skill that is making aluminum better, stronger, and cheaper to use than ever before.

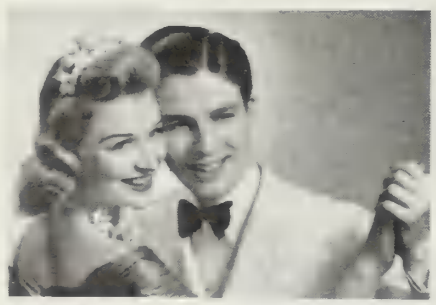
**ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA**

# The HAIR-RAISING experiences of Hairy Harry!

*The Wind Got It:* Harry took a ride with the top down and the wind left his hair looking like tumbleweed. Just look at it—as dry and dusty as a cattle ranch.

*The Sea Got It:* Then the sea washed away the natural oils of his hair, added a little sand and stirred into a frightful mess which Harry promptly baked in the sun for two hours.

*Grease Got It:* Harry tried grease to restore his hair and all the girls tried someone else. Poor Harry, he's beginning to think he should shave it off and start all over again.



*Kreml Got It:* Now he uses Kreml every day; no more dryness, no more stickiness. Kreml leaves hair soft and lustrous looking. How about trying it? Get a bottle today.

DON'T USE WATER USE

# KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

WE all have exciting times in summer—and what with sun, wind and water, few of us escape hair-raising experiences like Harry's. To combat this condition use Kreml, the famous tonic-dressing. Kreml gives hair a neat, clean, lustrous look—not greasy or gooey. And Kreml removes dandruff scales—checks excessive falling hair—relieves pesky itching scalp.

Women, too, like Kreml. It helps keep coiffures in splendid condition for permanents—makes them look lovelier.

For summer shampoos, use Kreml's perfect partner, Kreml Shampoo. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it leaves the scalp tingling clean, hair glowing.


"You feel like an old fire horse turned out to grass, don't you?" She laid her hand on his, and most unexpectedly he grabbed it and squeezed it hard. "Hey," she said, "don't make such passionate love to me, Bill; it goes to my head." Really it went to her eyes, which stung.

"This is important stuff, Connie, it's a big job long overdue—and I'm out of it," he said morosely. "I'm the guy who knows about it; I've been beating the gong for two years—and here I am nosing around back roads because a cheap thug goes through Windham . . . Look, I think the U. S. is turning on the heat. Yesterday they grabbed a guy named Schwimmer in San Francisco—they ought to have grabbed him long ago. Last week they cleaned out a nest I knew about in Philadelphia. We're getting tough with those babies—at last and thank God. And here I am sitting on my tail in the convalescent ward. Sure I feel rotten! Nobody's any use these days except men. So here we've got Bill Jay, fully two sevenths of a man."

"There are those of us who value the two sevenths pretty highly," she said, but Bill just grunted with concentrated self-loathing.

THEY sat in the darkness and her mind fell away into the gloom. Poor Bill! Preyed on by his uselessness in the war. So, bang! here was the war again, blackness and fear and horror. The world was going to pieces. But there were friends, people you liked, people you felt tender about! Her thoughts went off on a tangent and presently she said, angrily, "You get lots of fun from kidding me about no skirts! You know very well I've got to save money for college. You know I won't take it from my father."

He was an understanding person. He touched her hand again, as a kind of tip to the check girl, maybe. "Your father's all right," he said. "Don't get a mad on because he has a taste for headlines."

"I don't want any part of him," she insisted. "Yes, and if Gail loses her grip and marries him—well, won't everything be so lovely that I'll wish I was dead!"

"People get married," he said. "Take it and like it." But he was being human tonight, so he tipped her another kind deed. He looked at his watch and said, "I'll show you something else I've found."

He drove back to Windham, through it and beyond, on and on. Finally he turned up a dirt road and circled by so many others that Connie got lost. He parked in some bushes at last and they got out and he led her through some woods. He took her arm, steering her over broken ground and under branches. "You'll admit vanity wouldn't recommend a skirt for this kind of midnight stroll," she said.

Now they climbed a little slope in the open. They came to the black edge of something and Bill stretched out prone and said, "We're here—lie down." She lay down in grass that was wet with dew, wondering what the next act of this vaudeville would be. "This used to be part of Highway 11," Bill said. "But they cut out this curve and ran the road straight through the woods, a quarter of a mile away." Sure enough, she could make out the faint gray of macadam ten feet below them—they were on the edge of a cut. She recognized the place now, the hills and roads coming clear in her mind.

"All my petticoats would have been drenched," she pointed out. "Are we waiting for the veiled phantom? Or does midnight bring a rendezvous?"

"We keep quiet," Bill said. "Very quiet indeed. We're waiting for some folks who aren't playing marbles. They wouldn't enjoy having an audience. O sneeze and you'll be ever so sorry."

That was ominous. But her sho der and hip were touching his and th was very pleasant, though if she h had forethought she would have link arms with him . . . The night was abs lutely silent, fathomlessly dark, sec and mysterious. Take what the go fairies give you, she thought; anyw here we are and he likes me, he rea does. He wouldn't show me these thi if he didn't. Bill darling! She want to touch his cheek but he would call t forward if not flirtatious. Oh, a gra night! It seemed hours and hours.

She stiffened and went cold. Do at the west end of the road below the something was coming through the da It was a big truck—a truck and trai Just crawling, with the powerful eng a deep hum, and no lights. It stop not fifty feet away and just stayed the Connie began to shiver—violently. Bi arm came over her shoulders. The tr stayed there motionless in the dark, very silence terrifying her. Maybe was only a few minutes but it seen hours later when a car with no lights coming down the road from the ot end. It too stopped. Two men got of it and approached the truck. C nie dug her fingers into Bill's other w There was a soft mutter of conversat at the truck. Finally, one of two me the truck's cab got out, and one of th who had come from the car got in cab.

Another spurt of talk, and then truck slithered away with the sligh sound. The two men walked back the car and it too went away. No li at all. So the world was empty a and here they were on the edge of n ing.

Connie shook and shook. She sa and Bill did too, and she shrank int arms. "I'm scared!" she whispe "Tell me what it's all about."

"It would be fun to know. I b dered on to it. It happens every n That's an interstate truck, from west, running on schedule. So it up off the highway and stops here a gets met. I've seen sacks and b transferred. Sometimes they just Sometimes a man gets off the truc gets on it."

"Where nobody would ever see!" was pleasant leaning against his sh der but he would soon think she'd too far She moved away but wen shaking. "Globe man on sick le You'll get a story, won't you?"

"That's a very interesting truck pany," Bill said. "Suppose som Miles Hanrahan's clients run it. pose it's a neat way to travel if the are interested in you. For inst suppose that torpedo we saw at Trailside Tavern is hot in, say, Alb This would be an inconspicuous w New York. There could be some in the setup if that was our pal wh on the truck."

It was very dark here and very d and very cold. And isolated! Ex ing midnight roads with Bill Jay more than too much beer. "Well," said, "if you like your mysteries s up, I can help out. That car that me truck—it could easily have come the back hill road from Camp Ryeg

"Oh!" Bill said. Slowly, "That item too. Camp Ryegate, huh? M I'd better pay it a visit."

Connie shivered some more. would, he unquestionably would.

AT MANCHESTER, Vermont, way through the dance, Gail strong thought with a sudden, realization: "I'm not going through this!" There was no reason for tha palled, hysterical decision. Or ther every reason in the world.

It was the old conflict suddenly

and intolerably sharpened, hardly hour short of marriage . . . She had hed Manchester before dinner and en a room at the Taconic Lodge. An r later she was dining with Lynn vil, and the mood of her surrender pletely possessed her. She had no bts at all, and eagerness grew on her he evening wore on. At the dance, etimes in his arms, sometimes look- for him across the flag-draped ball- m when she danced with someone , she was altogether a bride. His spering in the soft music roused her erness, she was impatient for the r to come, and his hand under her st was an intimacy long desired. l then, in a single instant, she was formed from a bride to a woman er an irresistible need to get away. here was no mistaking her fear; t she might never know was whether was afraid of him or of herself. moment the handsome, imperious so near to hers was the face of a egroom, her fiancé, the man she ld marry in less than an hour. Noth- happened, nothing changed, and yet, next moment, it was the face of a nger, and panic surged up in her. "I t know him at all!" her shocked ght ran. And the denial followed ediately: "I've been denying the th to myself; I know him much too ; I don't like most of what I know." mind rocked with shock and it ned impossible that he shouldn't ce. But he didn't notice. The music not been interrupted, they were still cing, his face was still untroubled, desirous. In her vertigo, she had a le thought: "I've got to have more ." And a prompt derision answered: never have time enough—I'm just inster, I'm not afraid of him, I'm id of being married."

THERE it was, what it had always een—the desire and the fear, and ing settled. . . . The music stopped, e earnest committeewoman drew yn aside, and Gail walked toward the , trembling. When she reached the , she went through it blindly. Then feet decided for her. She walked n the corridor. She almost ran.

can't go through with it!" Her age down that corridor had a quality ightmare. Had she proved herself ely a coward? Or had she waked to ty at last? Or had she merely made nstinctive effort to secure time and h in order to think clearly about the t important step in her life? Was demanding good sense and certainty for herself? Or was she striking a blow at his pride which he could never possibly forgive?

No matter. She was sure of one thing. This was to have been her wedding night, but now it wasn't going to be.

Reaching her room, she stared in her mirror at the image of a woman who was either terrified or had achieved common sense just in time. Except for its coral sash the white jersey evening dress was a bride's dress. It had been intended as one, she wore a bride's fragilities beneath it, she was decked and perfumed like a bride. There was a hastily chosen trousseau in the two bags that were waiting. They had been packed for an elopement, so they were conveniently packed for flight. The mirrored face showed derision and a sudden reckless humor. "The Honeymoon Halted," she thought, or "The Bride Who Saved Herself." She took a sports coat from the closet, picked up her bags and went out.

A PROWLING bellboy seized the bags, and Gail said, "Take me down some back way, a fire escape if there's no other." It proved ridiculously easy to abandon an elopement half an hour before the ceremony. Her coupé was in the lodge's parking space; the bellboy stowed the bags in the compartment, and she drove away. She became aware that her heart was pounding and her whole body tense.

The lodge road led down to Manchester, Vermont, and she turned southward on the main highway. Windham being some eighty miles away, she stopped for gas just beyond the town's little business district. She was returning her change to the little white evening bag when for the first time she wondered whether Lynn might follow her. Oh, very likely! He would overwhelm her with reproach and pleading, or he would shrivel her in one of his white rages. She hardened with a determination not to face him tonight.

It was that thought, the thought that he might follow her, that changed her destiny, and Lynn Scovil's, and a good many others'.

She was just driving out of the filling station. At the corner a traffic light turned green and a big truck snorted into motion. A man came running down the side of the road and Gail stopped, braking hard. The man leaped into the truck from behind, just as it started. It made a square right turn down the main highway, and it had no sooner turned that corner than the man leaped down again,

(Pronounced La-ta-kee'-a), a rare Eastern Mediterranean tobacco has been added to Old Gold. Its delicate, fine leaves impart new flavor to this favorite blend.

In our American warehouses, ample supplies of Latakia are aging an average of 3 years—to improve its mellow flavor.

Increasing thousands agree with Mrs. Mason Britton of New York that "Old Golds have a fresh, delightful flavor" now that something new has been added! Try them and see!

Same familiar pack—
but new Old Golds! . . .
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1760—blenders of fine tobacco
since George Washington's day.

ran across a strip of grass and stood, a dim figure, in the shadow of a big elm. The truck roared on, gathering speed. Thirty seconds later a motorcycle came down the road and shot around the corner. Fifty feet from Gail's halted car, the man behind the elm moved out and stared down the road at the truck and the pursuing motorcycle. His figure had tenseness and vigilance but, as Gail's headlights picked him up, the astonishing thing was the expression of lively pleasure on his face. He was certainly running from that policeman, but he was certainly enjoying the chase.

Gail did not think at all. She was in flight from Lynn Scovil and this vivid tableau had linked her with someone else in flight. She drove close to the big elm, opened the door, and said, "I'll drive you past the policeman." Promptly the man got in and closed the door. She drove off down the road.

Her pulses were racing again and there was a further contagion in the young man's excitement. And he was not only excited—she had an impression that he was on the verge of laughter, might be as ready as she had been to sing an aria, and thought of his flight as both an escape and a sporting event. He was staring at the road ahead. She accelerated toward the rear lights of the truck. As it came into her headlight beam the motorcycle caught up with it and the policeman was waving it toward the side of the road. It slowed, moving over. She swept by and the road ahead was empty.

"Goal!" her passenger said. "You think fast and half the stolen jewels are yours. At least half, mademoiselle."

"You must be a true American," Gail said; "your French accent is quite as bad as mine."

"What I was praying for was Superman's cloak, but what heaven sent was the squire's daughter. Is it your habit to pick up fugitives from justice?"

"Is it the habit of fugitives to question the rescuer's motives? And I'm not sure that 'pick up' is a tactful phrase."

"Eliza on her ice cake forgets to be tactful—she is too absorbed in the bloodhounds," he said. "Have you noticed the halo that is just above your head? It's extraordinarily becoming—straight from Saks Fifth Avenue. So if you'll stop the car, I'll make a dignified exit and stop embarrassing you."

They were far past the truck and moving fast. But she had thought of something else. "If the man at the gas station was watching—" she suggested. "When the bloodhounds find that Eliza isn't in the truck, won't they go back to that traffic light?"

He flashed a glance at her. "That's not only quick thinking, it's a marked talent for crime. Then, as a suggestion—shouldn't we leave this road?"

SHE turned eastward at the next fork, deciding that she could find back roads that would take her home; then she became very serious about this drive. It had become a simple necessity to insure this stranger's escape—and she wondered why. Why was it necessary? Why wasn't she afraid of him?

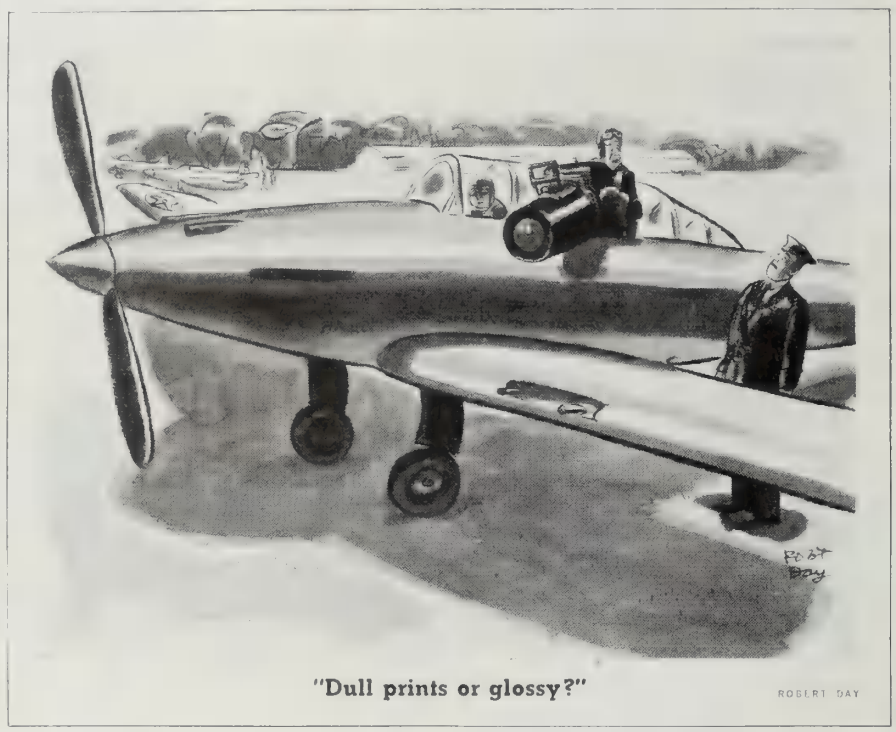
She glanced at him in the dimness, getting an impression that he was not as young as she had thought. A year or two older than she? Say thirty. . . "The shoes give me away, don't they?" he said. "I should at least have the costume of a gentleman swindler but I'm made up as a cheap thug. Unfortunately I've been . . . too occupied. I could make any number of explanations. Which would quiet your conscience most easily?"

"I don't remember asking for an explanation."

"You're kind," he said quietly and gravely. "Kinder than you can know. But a conscience goes with every halo and yours will soon begin asking questions. Tell it that you've done a great service to a man in trouble."

She had a complete assurance that, whatever trouble he might be in, it involved no dishonor. How, she wondered, did she know that? She didn't—and no matter. . . . She drove on in silence, accepting the incredible, and her passenger also lay back in the seat relaxed and silent. The flow of night air past the open windows was hypnotic, and there was peace in the long thrust of her headlights down the darkness. But her mind fell away from the present and she was back at the Taconic Lodge at the moment when the irresistible revulsion struck her. At this moment! She was fleeing with a stranger on her wedding night!

SHE began to tremble. Her hands shook on the wheel. The car veered toward the shoulder of the road, the rear wheels slid in sand. Instantly the stranger seized the wheel, fighting for control with strong forearms. Disaster hung suspended for an endless moment, the car came back on the road, and she got it stopped.



"Dull prints or glossy?"

ROBERT DAY

She put her hands over her eyes. "That didn't have anything to do with you," she said. "Things have happened to me too, tonight, and I got to thinking about them. It's not really your fault."

"Would you rather I drove?" he asked as naturally as a friend. Then, remembering the circumstances: "You have only my word for it that I haven't cut a throat for some weeks. I don't advise you to take my word."

"I'm not afraid of you—take the wheel." She got out and, as she did so, thought of something else. "This dress—"

"You were at a dance."

"I ran away from a dance. It's possible that someone may be following me who would be quite as awkward to meet as a policeman." Decisively: "I don't intend to be recognized. Maybe for the sake of both of us I'd better change the dress."

He helped her get a bag from the compartment. She said, "There's no dressing room," and he said, "Only the wide world," and got back into the car. No one who knew Gail Armstrong could believe that she would change her clothes in the open air, on a back road, between walls of trees, sheltered by nothing at all. The night had been altogether incredible so far, and here was another incredibility, and the headlights of any car that might have chanced to pass would have added a new flavor to the many she had already tasted.

He drove skillfully. After a while, he said, "One doesn't talk about either gratitude or sportsmanship. Do you mind my saying you're a—a gentleman?"

She had got over her tremors, had recovered both recklessness and zest, and would accept the incredible on its own terms, would play the cards as they might chance to fall. "As one fugitive to another, thanks," she said. "But I've done nothing much. When you've started something it would be silly not to do the best you can . . . And I've come to see one thing about escape—it makes you hungry. I'm famished." He said, eloquently: "I think I had some lunch at noon."

These roads were not lined with restaurants like those near Windham and it was very late. But she directed him to a more traveled road and at last they found one. He pulled up in the neon blaze. "Thinking as a fugitive," he said, "we'd better make it a picnic. And—" he glanced at her feet, "my shoes are disreputable but those slippers are downright conspicuous."

She saw him in the light—tall, athletic, light-haired, his face both resolute and frank, his carriage almost military. Gail laughed—when she picked up a man, she picked up an attractive man.

He brought back a paper bag which gave off a delicious aroma of hamburger sandwiches. Driving on, they topped the rise of a long hill which fell below them in a straight line. On the level again, he backed the car into an opening between trees and turned off the lights . . . Nothing had ever been more satisfying than those sandwiches, and to share a meal was to share companionship. Gail felt curiously at peace and curiously friendly. She liked this man she had saved from the police.

HE GROPED at the cowl. "No radio? It doesn't matter—too late for news." He turned toward her. "The cop was chasing me for stealing an automobile. I could plead that it wasn't so much stealing as appropriating one in an emergency. Still, there's no shadow of doubt—I've been stealing cars."

"Well," Gail said, "I was running from a man I was due to marry in half an hour."

"Poor devil!"

"You may not know his luck."

"He is a fool—for he let you succeed. Since he did, you would have certa been marrying beneath you."

It was not the most congenial t "Where are you going?" she as "Where is your emergency?"

"West of here. I think I need an port. Is there one at—well, where you going?"

"Windham. It's perhaps thirty m from here. Probably you can get a p at Pittsfield, certainly you can Springfield."

"Except," he said angrily, "that I contrived to get the police after m may have to hide for a day or Are telegraph offices open at hour?"

"Not at Windham. And," she firmly, "it's a late hour even for f tives. I may not appear to be a ventional person but we'd bette going home."

He started the engine but swit it off again at once. Gail saw it at same time—a single headlight co over the crest of the long hill and s ing down the slope. "A car thief sensitive about cops," he said re fully. "That is any cop peacefully ri his beat, or it's any farm boy going h after calling on his girl. Still . . ." sion came back to the coupé and found that her feet were braced ag the floor. They must not get him The single light came with abomin slowness. It slowed still more as it even with them but passed by, and released her breath in a long sigh. the motorcycle swung in a circle came back.

"Sorry," the stranger said, "this pears to be necessary." His arm around her, he pulled her head t shoulder and leaned over her, c against her hair. A flashlight sho the coupé and Gail took her cue. flung her arms around him, pre against his shoulder, and ga "George, I'm scared!" He sat up said furiously, "What the hell is idea?"

"Just us cops," a bored voice swered. "Always spoiling someb fun. Get going, George. Go nec the front porch."

HE STARTED the car and drov on the road. Gail leaned throug window and called back, "You li little fun yourself, don't you?" wi excellent impromptu stridency. Th waved to her and followed them fo a mile, then spurted ahead and d peared. In a moment the car sto

"Did you," he inquired, "did yo perience a certain . . ."

"Frustration?"

"Well, incompleteness." She not have stopped him if she want but clearly she didn't want to. This she was kissed, with immediate co tion. In amazement and disbelie saw her hand go out and touch his and move on to his hair. It was gether implausible that she was petently co-operating in a second but the evidence was conclusive. however, was quite enough even escaping bride. She moved away.

He said with profound convi "He is the unluckiest man in the And the greatest fool to let yo away."

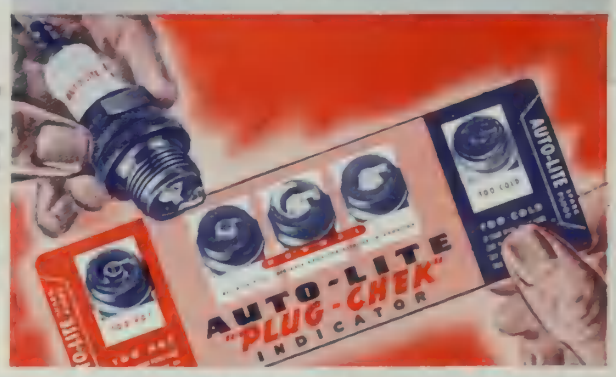
There was a slight unsteadiness voice and Gail was not surprised t a similar one in hers. "If you ha should have had no great resp either of us . . . Still, this is a good to let the drama go no further. will not only be consciences tom there'll be perplexities. So here is we drive decorously on to Wind

Nevertheless, there was a goo to think about while the car s through the dark. She had ans that kiss with astonishing fervency decided that he had reaped an en

**New "PLUG-CHEK" Service Checks Spark Plug Performance 5 Ways**

1. Correct Heat Range
2. Proper Installation
3. Efficient Operation
4. Positive Cleaning
5. Accurate Regapping

# AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" GIVES VITAL FACTS ABOUT ENGINE PERFORMANCE




Matching the business end of your spark plugs against examples on the "PLUG-CHEK" Indicator, helps give Auto-Lite Service Men the "inside story" of your engine.

IS YOUR car hard to start? Sluggish? Wasting gas? Like a sensitive pulse, your spark plugs may indicate the cause of the trouble. "Plug-Chek," a new service developed by Auto-Lite engineers and offered exclusively by Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers, reveals vital facts about engine performance.

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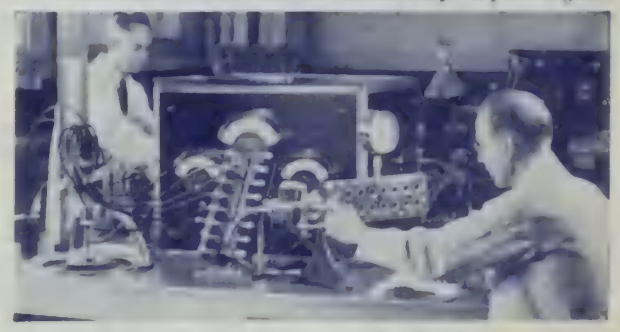
*Thousands Replace with Wrong Type Plugs*

Spark plugs that run "too hot" or "too cold" can rob your engine of power, cause skips at high speed, produce excessive gap wear. As simple a thing as regapping the points may eliminate your trouble.

Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today. And when new plugs are needed, replace with ignition engineered Auto-Lites. You'll be amazed at the difference in performance.



From countless tests and experiments, which were conducted under actual operating conditions, Auto-Lite engineers developed "PLUG-CHEK"—a new service for motorists. In these tests spark plugs proved reliable indicators of various engine irregularities needing correction to improve performance.

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**AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS** *Ignition Engineered*

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Since 1855 The Best Milwaukee Beer

which another man had sown, that a bride in flight had nevertheless felt something of a bride's readiness. A new light had been abruptly turned on Abigail Armstrong, a woman who could not possibly pick up a stranger, still less let a stranger make love to her. It was incredible and incredibly true, and the stark fact was she had enjoyed it. Unquestionably she was going to think bad of herself by morning, but at this moment she thought very well of herself indeed . . . But it was exceedingly fortunate that she was not going to see him again.

"I'm thinking of those perplexities of tomorrow," he said, after a long while. "My training in crime is defective—I have to make it up as I go along. An accomplished criminal would probably go into hiding for at least twenty-four hours. This town—Windham, is it? Where would a competent criminal find concealment?"

She felt a certain apprehension, then knew at once that he would not presume upon tonight's adventure. "There's Windham Inn," she said. "Full of dowagers and the dull rich. There are a couple of less-pretentious inns. Oh, a variety of summer places, tourists camps, everything for the vacation."

"A competent criminal would probably pick a place some distance from the police station. Out in the country somewhere."

"There's Milford Farm—a kind of Provincetown place; they call themselves artists. There's the Berkshire Club—horses till six, liquor till midnight. There's Camp Ryegate—dull, unimaginably respectable, and a trifle religious."

He pondered. "There are these unfortunate shoes. I think the extremely respectable place."

"Camp Ryegate. We pass it a few miles before we get to Windham."

"Yes," he said quickly. "I must not ride into town with you."

No, he would not presume . . . Her exhilaration began to fade, melancholy coming over her, a foretaste of tomorrow's remorse. Well, improbable things happened, and presently they were over, and then you paid for them. Unquestionably by tomorrow she would be paying heavily for tonight. Tomorrow she might even finish paying for it. Oh, she decided wearily, there's no need to start now, it will be bad enough tomorrow, go home and go to sleep.

There were only a few miles left and these ended. A small, lighted sign showed in some firs. "That's Camp Ryegate," she said. He stopped the car. "The road leads off here—it's about a mile and I'm afraid you'd better walk it."

HE GOT out and she took his place behind the wheel. It was terribly late—two o'clock, perhaps three or even later. She got out and stood beside him, the two of them in the deep dark of the firs. They were caught in a silent reluctance. Neither of them was willing to have it end.

"There'll be somebody at the office," she said aimlessly.

"We won't see each other again," he said harshly. Fortunately that was true and unfortunately she was sorry. "If there were more time—if the world made sense . . ." He paused. "You can't know what you've done for me—it's . . . a good deal." He paused again. "Oh, damn all that! It is something to drive and eat and talk with you—to be running from a policeman and meet you."

She was caught in another sharp conflict—fear that he would, fear that he would not. He took her hand. "You're very lovely, my dear," he said. "Very lovely and very sweet." He kissed her fingers, and walked away up the road to Camp Ryegate.

Gail got in the car and drove away. The evening had ended and she would now begin paying for it. She remembered that she had told Connie, whose father she had not married after all, that she would be gone for two days. She stopped the car, for she wasn't seeing the road clearly. But she could not tell whether these were the tears of a widow who had saved herself, or of a frustrated bride, or of a woman who had wanted to be kissed a second time and had not been.

*(To be continued next week)*

**"Wait a minute, Harry—hold the onion"** IRVING PHILLIPS

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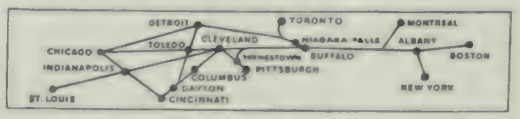

# NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE...YOU CAN *SLEEP*

# Cleo

Continued from page 12

elsewhere. You must take this thing out of here, especially," he says, "as calfs are very seldom house broke."

Well, at this, Cleo the calf goes mah-ah-ah and who comes up but Ambrose Hammer, the newspaper scribe, who speaks to Mindy as follows:

"See here, Mindy," he says, "you serve veal in here, do you not?"

"The very best," Mindy says. "Veal stew, veal chops, veal tenderloin and weiner schnitzel, which is a veal."

"It all comes from a calf," Ambrose says. "You also serve calves' liver, do you not?"

"None better," Mindy says. "It is very good for nimmicks."

"You mean anemics," Ambrose says. "Kindly do not distort the English language, Mindy. Now," he says, "what is the difference between permitting the by-products of the calf in here and the calf itself? You are being very unreasonable, if you ask me."

Naturally, Mindy is somewhat nonplused by this argument, especially as he wishes to remain on friendly terms with Ambrose Hammer because sometimes Ambrose mentions the joint in his column, which is very nice publicity indeed, and besides by this time everybody in the place is interested in Cleo the calf and all the pretties are coming up and addressing her in baby language and Mindy can see that she is quite an attraction.

"Well," he says, "I will have to think this situation over."

SO HE retires to the kitchen and Fat-Fat and I have our dinner and Cleo the calf has her milk out of the bottle and Ambrose Hammer sits down with us and listens with great interest to Fat-Fat's story of how he comes to buy Cleo the calf because of her eyes and why he calls her Cleo and all this and that. In fact, Ambrose is so interested that he goes to his office and writes a very fine story about Fat-Fat and Cleo the calf and also about Cleo the pretty, but of course we do not know this until the blat Ambrose works for comes out the next morning.

In the meantime, Fat-Fat takes Cleo the calf around to the hotel in West Forty-ninth Street where he always lives in New York, figuring to register her there and then go looking for Cleo the pretty and have a reunion and one thing and another with her. But he has great difficulty convincing the night clerk that Cleo the calf is acceptable as a lodger because it seems that just a couple of weeks previously the clerk admits a guest with a boa constrictor and this boa constrictor escapes during the night and goes visiting in other rooms and causes so much unrest in the hotel that the clerk does not get a wink of sleep throughout his watch.

However, Fat-Fat is an old patron of the hotel and besides he stakes the clerk to a sawsky, so he gets his old room and by this time he is pretty well tuckered out himself so he decides to get a good night's sleep before looking for Cleo the pretty and while Cleo the calf goes mah-ah-ah most of the night, it does not seem to disturb the other guests and does not bother the clerk at all, as it seems he is raised on a farm and is accustomed to such sounds in the night.

Well, soon after daylight the next morning the hotel is surrounded by reporters and photographers from the afternoon blats because it seems Ambrose Hammer makes Fat-Fat and Cleo the calf sound very interesting, indeed, but it also seems that even before they get there Cleo the pretty has Fat-Fat on the phone and that she is sizzling about Fat-Fat telling Ambrose the calf's eyes remind him of hers and claiming that this is just the same thing as comparing her to a cow.

"Furthermore," Fat-Fat says when he is telling me about this incident later in the day, "she informs me that I am nothing but a tub of lard and that if I ever as much as look at her again she will call the cops. She says anyway she is now in love with a very high-class guy by the name of Henri something and is going to marry him. When I tell her I buy Cleo the calf as a present for her she spurns my token in words I am never before aware she even knows.

"I also have other bad news," Fat-Fat says. "I am rejected today by the doctors for the Army. They say I am too corpulent. They give me the elbow without even permitting me to remove my garments. Now I cannot even serve my country. On top of everything else, I blow a good bet on Air Brigade in the fourth at Jamaica. I am most despondent," Fat-Fat says. "But," he says, "I am now very glad I buy Cleo the calf or I will have nothing whatever to console myself with. I can always gaze into her eyes and remind myself of my lost love."

"Ouch!" CARL ROSE

For a couple of days the hotel receives so much publicity in connection with Cleo the calf that the management is greatly pleased with her presence but when the blats stop talking about her she gets to be quite a bore, and they request Fat-Fat to remove her, especially as guys from the health department commence coming around and stating that it is setting a bad precedent to other hotels to have a calf as a guest.

SO FAT-FAT has to get rid of Cleo the calf or find another place to live and by this time he is very fond of her, indeed, and cannot bear the idea of parting from her. Finally he finds a spot over on Eleventh Avenue along in the Fifties not far from the North River docks where an old bundle by the name of Mrs. Squamm runs a small fleabag and who is very glad to have Fat-Fat and Cleo the calf. In fact, Mrs. Squamm states that she often longs for a touch of rural atmosphere over on Eleventh Avenue and feels that Cleo the calf will provide same.

Furthermore, right next door to Mrs. Squamm's little fleabag there is a fenced-in vacant lot covering half a block which is once occupied by a house that burns down years ago leaving nothing but a big hole in the ground in the center of the lot that is formerly the cellar, and Fat-Fat can see that this lot will be very handy for Cleo the calf to romp about in when she gets older, especially as Mrs. Squamm's kitchen where Cleo the calf sleeps opens right into the lot.

NOW the summer passes by and I do not see Fat-Fat for some time although I hear of him hustling and bustling about the race courses at his trade as a horse player, and then one night I run into him in front of Mindy's and ask him how Cleo the calf is.

"Why," Fat-Fat says, "she is fine and growing like a weed. I play with her every day, wrestling and rolling about on the floor with her to strengthen her muscles and also to reduce my own weight. I never give up hope of being permitted to serve my country in the Army. She runs about the lot next door when I am at the track and is enjoying herself in a way that is a pleasure to behold. But," Fat-Fat says, "I am sorry to say that there has come up some friction between Cleo the calf and a bunch of small kids who also wish to use the lot as a playground. She detests them."

"What about the other Cleo?" I ask.

At this, the tears start rolling down Fat-Fat's cheeks and he is unable to speak, so I can see he is deeply affected and naturally I am very sorry for him, especially as I hear rumors along Broadway that Cleo the pretty seems to be crazy about this Henri. In fact, I observe them one night together in the Stork Club holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes in such a way that I can see it must be love.

Personally, I cannot blame her much as this Henri is a good-looking guy with a small mustache and is very well dressed except for a monocle and alongside of him Fat-Fat is naturally nothing but a plater compared to a stake horse, but of course looks are not everything. To tell the truth, they are only about eighty per cent. I make a few inquiries about Henri but nobody seems to have any line on him except that he is undoubtedly a foreign guy and seems to have plenty of beesom but at this time there are so many foreign guys in New York with plenty of beesom that no one ever bothers to find out who they are or where they are from, or whatever.

Well, one night in the late fall, Fat-Fat calls me up at Mindy's and requests me to come over to Mrs. Squamm's house and keep him company, stating that he is not feeling well and does wish to go out. He also states that Mrs. Squamm goes to bed early and Cleo calf is sleeping out in the lot because is now so big she takes up too room in the kitchen, and that he is in his mind and lonesome. So I go and am playing him a little pinoc and permitting him to win to cheer up when along towards midnight comes a knock at the door and Fat-Fat opens it who rushes in big guy and a couple of smaller guys the big guy displays a badge in his and speaks like this:

"Jubble is the name," he says. "eral Bureau of Investigation. are they?"

"Where are who?" Fat-Fat says.

"Kindly do not stall," Jubble "One of my guys hears her give house address to the taxi jockey they drive away from the Stork They leave the cab, which is now in custody, waiting down the street a off and walk here and the jockey he sees them climb over the fence the lot next door, and as we do not serve hide nor hair of them in the they must be in this house because is no other house around close. come," he says, "speak up."

Now all of a sudden we hear Cleo calf's voice out in the lot going mah-ah as if she is in distress and Fat-runs out the back door of the kit and into the lot and Jubble and his run after him and so do I. The lights outside the fence throw a light all over the lot but Cleo the is not to be seen although we can hear her. So Fat-Fat follows the of her voice until it brings him to hole in the ground that is once a and as the voice seems to come this hole, Jubble and his guys all flashlights into the hole and we obse a somewhat unusual scene.

CLEO the calf and Cleo the pretty Henri the foreign guy are all down the hole and Cleo the calf is chas Cleo the pretty and Henri back forth in this space which is about size and depth of a long, narrow room a most surprising manner and mah-ah-ah in a tone that indicates greatly vexed, and I can see that the calf is much more developed since last notice her and in fact she is large.

Now and then Henri tries to climb one side of the hole, digging his in the dirt wall and Cleo the calf mediately butts him vigorously behind and knocks him down. while we are gazing at this scene, the pretty also tries to climb the and Cleo the calf butts her in the place she does Henri and just as vig ously and Cleo the pretty is sobbing Henri is using the most ungenteel guage and Cleo the calf keeps mah-ah-ah so there is really some confusion, and on viewing all this, Fat becomes slightly indignant speaks as follows:

"See here, now," Fat-Fat says, must not be playing tag with Cleo calf at such an hour in a hole in ground. She is supposed to be get her rest."

Well, even in the confusion I no that the hole that is once a cellar as if somebody recently clears it out does a lot of digging as if to mak deeper as there is much fresh around and about and there are dug in one wall as if to enable who does the digging to climb in and out I also notice that there are light bo

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across the hole like a flat roof, and it is plain to be seen that these boards give way under some kind of weight in the middle so I figure this is where Cleo the calf and Cleo the pretty and Henri drop through into the hole. Furthermore, Jubble seems to notice this, too, because he says:

"Why," he says, "this is really most ingenious. I must tell our chief, Mr. Hoover, about this spy trap. Maybe we can build a few in Washington."

"What makes it a spy trap?" I say.

"It traps this Henri guy, does it not?" Jubble says. "And he is a spy. He is Henri la Porte, alias Muller, the most dangerous secret agent and saboteur in the world. We are tailing him for months. Johnson," he says to one of his guys, "jump down in there and put the handcuffs on him, although," he says, "maybe you better wait until somebody surrounds the animal that is pursuing him."

AT THIS, Fat-Fat drops down into the hole and puts his arms around Cleo the calf and calls her pet names and quiets her down and then this Johnson follows him into the hole and applies the darbolas to Henri's wrists and all the time Henri is putting up quite a bleat and saying he will see his ambassador and maybe the President, and Cleo the pretty is sitting on the ground down in the hole crying as if her heart will break.

We finally get them all out of the hole but Cleo the calf and go back to Mrs. Squamm's house and on the way I ask Fat-Fat if he notices the way the old cellar is fixed up and he says he does and that he is greatly bewildered by same but that it is best not to speak of this matter until we see what is what. He says there is undoubtedly more here than meets the eye, and about now a tall guy I do not see before comes into the house with still another guy that I can see is a taxicab jockey and the tall guy whispers something to Jubble and Jubble says like this:

"Fine," he says. "I am glad you put it in a safe place. Well," he says, gazing at Cleo the pretty who is still crying no little, "I must also put this beautiful under arrest as an accomplice, although," he says, "it is by no means the established policy of our chief, Mr. Hoover, to molest beautifuls."

Now of course here is a predicament to be sure, because anybody can see that being arrested as an accomplice to a saboteur will present Cleo the pretty in an unfavorable light before her public and Cleo the pretty begins to cry louder than ever and she looks at Fat-Fat and speaks to him as follows:

"Irving," she says, "save me."

"Why," Fat-Fat says to Jubble, "what do you mean she is an accomplice? She is my fiancée and my personal assistant. I have her stool this Henri guy into the lot so we can trap him in exactly the manner you observe, although," Fat-Fat says, "of course I do not know he is as great a scapegrace as you state. I figure he is just a fiancée thief and it is my intention to give him a going-over and this marvelous here is in on the play."

"Oh," Jubble says, "I beg your pardon, Miss. I beg everybody's pardon. Why," he says, "you may get a medal for this. Now I must hasten to my office and leave my lads to follow with the prisoner. But," he says, "we must keep this capture quiet until we round up any others who may be connected with Henri."

As Jubble departs and while I am still thinking of what an exaggeration Fat-Fat is guilty of, and am also still wondering about the cellar, Cleo the pretty throws herself into Fat-Fat's arms and kisses him and says:

"Irving," she says, "forgive me for everything, I never really love anybody but you."

"Why," Fat-Fat says, "I forgive you, all right, but how do you come to be in this lot out here in the first place, not to mention being down in the hole?"

"Oh," Cleo the pretty says, "I am going away and I get to thinking of you, and I remember your address here, because I always keep track of you, and I induce Henri to make a stop. He is putting me aboard a ship that sails for South America at midnight and he is going to join me there later and we are to be married. I want to see you for the last time, but Henri has the cab stop before we reach your door. I can see now he must suspect we are being followed.

"We walk the rest of the way," Cleo the pretty says, "but Henri is evidently still suspicious as he boosts me over the fence into the lot and follows after me and tells me we must wait there a while and what do I see in the lot but a terrible animal and for no reason this animal becomes angry and chases us around until we run across what looks like solid ground but which gives way under our feet and drops us into the hole. It is a dreadful experience, Irving," she says.

"I do not understand it," Fat-Fat says. "It is not in keeping with Cleo the calf's character to display such temper. I guess she realizes Henri is a wrongie."

"Irving," Cleo the pretty says, "you must not think Henri is as bad as these parties state. He is very kind to me and gives me a perfectly huge basket of fruits and flowers and candies for my going-away present. I leave it in the cab and, Irving," she says, "I trust you will recover it for me."

At this, the tall guy who comes in last and who seems to be questioning the taxicab jockey, steps over to Cleo the pretty and taps her on the shoulder and says:

"Sister," he says, "Henri is not putting you on a boat for South America. He is putting you on one that is going to Egypt and is loaded with war supplies. And in the basket of stuff he gives you for a present is a time bomb that will sink the ship and you with it inside of twelve hours."

"Why," Cleo the pretty says, "maybe he is a rascal after all. But," she says, "it is a beautiful basket."

AFTERWARDS I hear this same tall guy talking to Henri in another room and he says to Henri like this:

"Muller," he says, "how do you ever come to join out with a dumb broad such as this?"

"Why," Henri says, "I need a dumb one for my purpose. But I am dumber than she is. If I do not let her talk me into making this stop for a farewell to the blubberhead I will have her aboard the Zoozoo and my work will be accomplished."

But of course I do not mention this conversation to Fat-Fat or to Cleo the pretty either as I fear it may cast a slight cloud over their happiness.

"Well," Fat-Fat says, when the guys finally leave with Henri, "everything turns out for the best. But," he says, "I am still puzzled as to how such a gentle little thing comes to commit this violent assault. Maybe I do wrong in teaching her to butt," he says.

Then Fat-Fat and Cleo the pretty kiss and hug again and their pleasure in this proceeding is really beautiful to behold and later Cleo the pretty tells me in confidence that what makes her realize that she truly loves Fat-Fat is that when she sees Cleo the calf in the lot and remembers the rumors that come to her ears of how Fat-Fat adores this creature, a terrible wave of jealousy comes over her and she cannot resist giving Cleo the calf a good kick in the slats. And Cleo the pretty says this kick is undoubtedly what stirs Cleo the calf to a passion and causes her to run them into the hole.

I DROP over to Mrs. Squamm's a few days later and Fat-Fat and Cleo the pretty and Mrs. Squamm are having something to eat in the kitchen and Cleo the calf is standing half in and half out of the doorway watching them and I give them all a huge hello including Cleo the calf and sit down and Fat-Fat says to me like this:

"Well," he says, "Mrs. Squamm found out about the cellar for me. It seems the little kids of the neighborhood who are disputing with Cleo the calf for possession of the lot see a movie about big-game hunters in Africa or some such place and observe how they trap lions and tigers and elephants and all that and that and they are pretending among themselves as kids will do that Cleo the calf is a tiger and they make a trap in the cellar similar to something they saw in the movies to snare her. Mrs. Squamm says it is called a pitfall. She thinks they are playing they are Frank Bucks. My gracious," Fat-Fat says, "when I am a kid, Jesse James is plenty good enough for me."

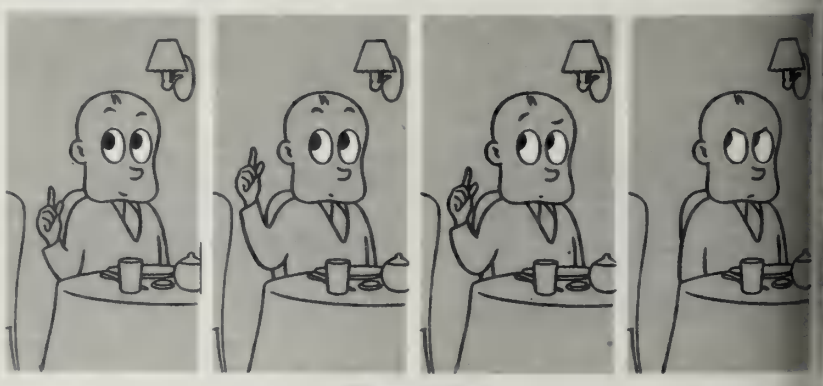
"Well," I say, "no doubt you will soon be passing about the neighborhood distributing a few bootses in the pantses?"

"By no means," Fat-Fat says. "Let us say no more about this incident as I am receiving great credit for personally trapping Henri and in fact I am to be rewarded with a job in the service of the Beard. They are going to send me to a school and make an undercover guy of me to run down other secret agents and saboteurs and such. So I will get to serve my country after all."

"Congratulations, Fat-Fat," I say. "And what is to become of Cleo the pretty here and also of Cleo the calf?"

"Oh," Fat-Fat says, "I am buying a little farm up the Hudson. We are going to live there and raise a lot of little Cleos on both sides."

Then he and Cleo the pretty begin hugging and kissing again and Mrs. Squamm laughs heartily and Cleo the calf goes moo-oo-oo, like that, so I can see her voice is commencing to change no little.



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# California Comet

**By Bill Davidson**

IF YOU want to develop a case of heart failure, forget about the horses and start betting on Hal Davis, California's latest contribution to the world's fastest human department.

A typical Davis race, say a 100-yard dash, will proceed something like this: He will get down on his mark, grin at his opponents once or twice and then look up quizzically as the starter's gun goes off. He will finally realize that the race has begun and set out in full flight after his opponents, who by this time have piled up a two- or three-yard lead. He will puff and grimace and pound his feet into the track, but all this tremendous effort will seemingly be in vain. He will still be two yards behind his opponents.

By now it will look as though Davis is definitely out of the race. But suddenly a strange thing will happen! At about the 70-yard mark, there will be something akin to an explosion down on the track, and a hazy streak will flash by the other competitors. The streak, later identified as Davis, will storm into the tape—two, three or even five yards ahead of the others.

That's the cockeyed way in which this human bombshell has scored every triumph in his short career. No matter what the distance, from 50 to 220 yards, he will invariably be left at the start, and he will invariably explode at some point near the end of the race and win it.

This method is certainly not fancy, but it is as decisive and pulverizing as Joe Louis' left hook.

And so America has another world's fastest human on its hands, but except for the strain on the nerves this one isn't going to be hard to take. For Hal Davis is a tall, well-built, personable 21-year-old, with a straying mop of blond hair, and a handsome baby face. He hails from Salinas Junior College in California, and he has spent most of the past year shocking the track experts with his amazing performances in the dash events.

For instance, the accepted world's record for the 100-yard dash is 9.4 seconds. This mark is considered one of the "bottoms" in track because of repeated unsuccessful assaults on it by Jesse Owens, Frank Wykoff and other great sprinters. The mark has been tied more than a dozen times—never once has it been broken! You would think that such an impressive record would awe a wide-eyed youngster.

But not Hal Davis! With reckless abandon, this callow youth, just one year out of high school, proceeded to romp through no less than *three* 9.3-second hundred-yard dashes in dual meets at Modesto and Salinas. And when the mark was not recognized as an official one by the skeptical A.A.U., Davis merely shrugged his shoulders and set about running an official 20.4-second 200 meters, which shattered Jesse Owens' Olympic record.

### A Style All His Own

In a single year Hal has captured all of the American sprint titles, has broken all of the American sprint records and in one fell swoop has knocked all the successors to the throne of Jesse Owens into a cocked hat. In last year's Compton Invitational meet on June 6th, he beat Clyde Jeffrey of Stanford and Mack Robinson of Los Angeles with a bl tering burst of speed. And in the N tional Championships on June 30th, t dusky Messrs. Norwood Ewell, Moze Ellerbee and Eulace Peacock suffer the effect of the vacuum produced Davis' rushing by them.

In addition to being the world's fa est human, Davis is also the worl most unorthodox runner. His style atrocious; his training methods bor on the fabulous.

In the Millrose Games, in Madis Square Garden, a special 300-yard ev was added to the program in order allow Davis to demonstrate his sp over a longer distance than the regu tion sixty yards. Davis was strictly outdoor runner, and up until his arri in New York just three days before had never even *seen* an indoor bo track with its sharp, steep turns.

Davis headed into the first turn w blinding speed. Instead of going arou the *inside* of the unfamiliar ban curve, his clumsy momentum car him right up to the outer rim, which about three feet high. Just as he about to plummet out into space a deposit himself in the laps of the au ence, he managed to execute a delic toe dance around the edge of the tra accompanied by a wild swinging of arms. Then he slammed into the ba stretch with another tremendous bu of speed.

But the same thing happened on second turn, and then again on the thi

Finally, he weaved his way across finish line. The race was over! How did it, nobody knew, but with the scheduled gymnastics and all, Da still managed to end up the winner ten yards, and in the good time of 3 seconds.

### Left at the Start

On another occasion, in the Finn Relief Fund Meet in Los Angeles year, Davis took his marks agai Mozelle Ellerbee, Mickey Anderson other fast college sprinters. The was an exhibition 100-yard dash.

As the starter raised his gun, movie-star studded crowd watched bated breath to see what the new sp sensation was going to do.

"Take your marks!"

The crowd was so quiet that the st er's voice could be heard throughout stadium.

"Get set!"

Every eye was on Davis.

"Go!"

And the field of straining young a letes swept forward to the tape—tha all except one man! For Davis—darling of the movie stars, the cynos of all eyes—was flat on his face at starting line!

Davis is as Californian as the wood trees. The Davis family was b and raised in the Santa Clara Val which is the fruit and vegetable gr ing district of the West Coast. His ther, however, is a barber.

The Davises were never well off, for years Papa Davis got jobs in barbershop after another, following subsequent migratory waves of Okie various parts of the West Coast. In way young Davis was rushed about bewildering rapidity from Salinas Turlock to Tulare and eventually Morgan Hill, where Papa Davis fin was able to open his own barbers and settle down.

Although there was never any in ent speed noticeable in the Davis fan (the other members leaning distin to the substantial, more ponderous si young Hal early demonstrated gaze like tendencies. At the age of eight was discovered by his mother one ni walking in his sleep. She tried to arc him, but the youngster became fri ened and bolted out the front door

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL-KERLEE

**Hal Davis doesn't exactly run—he explodes, like a rocket. He is shocking track experts with his unorthodox style and his complete disregard for dash records**

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# HOW TO GET KISSED BY ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE!

**I MUST CONFESS,** Professor Meek admits, that I don't understand women. On the few occasions when I'm forced to meet the wife of an old student, I invariably say something wrong. I told young Dave Ward's wife her card sense might improve if her living room lighting were better.

**"IT'S ALL DAVE'S FAULT!"** she said. "I can't keep a 100-watt bulb in this lamp to save my soul. I know for a fact he took it for his old workbench!" "Darling," said Dave, "you snatched that bulb for the kitchen early this morning, and I can prove it!" With that I asked to be excused.

**IN FIVE MINUTES** I was back with a supply of G-E MAZDA lamps. "Professor!" gasped young Mrs. Ward, "you didn't need to buy so many!" "My dear," I said, "all seven bulbs cost only 99¢—a small expenditure to avoid much bitterness." "You're sweet" she said, and—kissed me! And Dave said, "Trust the Prof to show us the economic way to avoid bulbsnatching!"

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such swiftness that he covered two city blocks before he was awake. He was safely returned to bed on that occasion, but he still walks, and sometimes even sprints, in his sleep. As a matter of fact, on all out-of-town trips Davis' coach makes it a point to sleep between Davis and the window.

The Davis sprinting career was formally launched when he began to trim the pants off the other kids in the neighborhood in games requiring speed of foot, such as Tag, Ring-a-livio and Cheese-it-the-Cop. At Morgan Hill High School, he went out for the track team, but it wasn't until his junior year that he attracted any attention. Then he suddenly began to knock off the best college sprinters on the coast. He looked so unspeakably clumsy that the experts pooh-poohed his performances as flukes. Despite this, however, there was a mad scramble for him among the coaches, with Lloyd Winter finally landing the prize for Salinas Junior College.

Davis works after school hours for one of the huge lettuce ranches at Salinas. His job is to plant special types of lettuce and experiment with them in an attempt to produce better, disease-free breeds. He pays for his college education by driving a rattly school bus from Morgan Hill to Salinas each morning, traveling thirty-eight miles through three counties, and picking up nineteen students en route.

Off the track, Davis is a smaller, lighter, Anglo-Saxon edition of Joe Louis. He shuffles about with stoop-shouldered, lazy unconcern; sleeps through a large percentage of each day's twenty-four hours; reads the comic strips with religious fanaticism; and consumes huge quantities of steak, apple pie, ice cream and milk.

But like Joe Louis among the heavyweights, as soon as Davis dons a track suit and settles down to business, there is no doubt as to who is the boss of the nation's sprinters. Davis doesn't run. He explodes—like a rocket. And right now there are three authorities who insist he is the world's fastest human. They are Dean Cromwell, the venerable track coach at the University of Southern California; Brutus Hamilton, the equally venerable track coach at the University of California; and a news photographer who can be identified merely as Izzy.

Cromwell and Hamilton have spent hours arguing about the absolute ultimate performances in the track and field events. One of the few things upon which they did agree was that there was little chance of lowering the 100-yard record below the present 9.4-second standard. However, after watching Davis breeze through a 9.5 clocking in the Fresno Relays, Cromwell and Hamilton started to argue on a wholly different basis. Now Hamilton insists that Davis will easily do 9.2 under the correct conditions, while Cromwell thinks that Hamilton is talking through his hat and that Davis will do a 9-flat hundred before hanging up his spikes.

### Too Fast for Izzy

As for Izzy, the news photographer, he attests to Davis' unprecedented speed in a much more unusual manner. On February eighth, Izzy spent an entire evening at the Boston A.A. games with a high-speed camera, attempting to record for posterity an action shot of Davis crossing the finish line. The only thing that Izzy succeeded in obtaining on his plates, however, was a large blur surmounted by a shock of wildly waving blond hair. "I just ain't seen nothin' like it," Izzy laments, "the guy must be powered with an airplane motor!"

The most amazing part of the Davis saga, however, is the manner in which he trained for his recent indoor appearances in New York and Boston. The is, of course, no indoor track in centr California, and Davis was perplexe What to do? Where to train?

While he pondered the problem, D vis ambled about the regular outdo track at Salinas Junior College. But the third day of practice, huge bla clouds piled up over the Salinas Va ley, and there descended in great quan ties a certain fluid known in localiti outside of California as rain. But t wasn't an ordinary rain. It lasted thirty-one days. It converted the ou door track into something resembling peat bog. The gods of chance h definitely turned against the worl fastest human.

A week after the great precipitati had begun, Coach Lloyd Winter dropp into Meyers' lettuce shed—one several long corrugated-iron structur in which the lettuce of the neighbori ranches is cleaned, washed, leaved a iced. There, in the middle of a lo aisle which had been laboriously carv out of the piles of lettuce, was Dav He was in a track suit, and he was su rounded by a milling crowd of wil gesticulating workers.

"Oh, Lord!" yelled Winter, "they going to kill him for coming in here

Winter plunged into the midst of t crowd. He plowed through the mob excited workers. He fought his way the side of his protégé. "Hal! Ha he shouted. "Are you all right?"

Davis wheeled about with a hap grin on his face. "Sure, Coach," he sa "I'm teaching them how to make crouch start."

### He'll Be a Runner When He Grows

From that day on, Davis romp through an ingenious training sched —surrounded by lettuce, workmen a swarm of hastily imported news ph tographers. Davis had a wonderful ti in the lettuce shed. The workers, w soon became his stanchest friends a admirers, saw to it that each day would have a clear path of about yards, straight down the middle of hard-packed dirt floor. And Davis wo storm up and down the shed with a re less abandon. Naturally the shed s took on the appearance of a subsidi madhouse, and every once in a wh there would be a dull thud and a gr dispersion of lettuce heads as Davis one of the workers made violent c tact somewhere in the middle ai After several such disasters, howe the workers developed an efficient sy ting system whereby a whistle follo by an all-clear signal denoted his proach and passage.

Davis trained thus for approxima three weeks. At the end of that time came to New York and, competing boards for the first time, he ran a second sixty-yard dash. This perfo ance was overshadowed, however, b time trial in the lettuce shed, just be his departure for the East. On that casion, Davis ran a practice sixty-y dash, during the course of which slipped on a stray lettuce leaf, m tiated a step between two floor le ran a broken field between a pai lettuce crates and ended up by cr ing into the corrugated-iron wall at end of the building. His time was seconds—exactly two tenths of a se below the accepted world's record!

After this exhibition, Lloyd Wi is reported to have looked at his watch, clapped his hands to his b and muttered, "Well, I'll be darn And an old lettuce worker named D is said to have glanced knowingly Davis and remarked, "That boy plenty fast runner—some day whe grow up."

We're inclined to agree with bot them.

## Dina Cashman

Continued from page 26

street to speak to some poor little of a child. The other day it was an eggar. It didn't make any differ- o Aline! She's had very little hap- s in her life," he went on, his eyes g, "and—and we're very happy he finished shyly.

hink Mr. Holland said you're stay- a place at Los Altos?"

ck in the hills, yes; it's a friend's He's in the East. It's nearly up Skyline Boulevard. It was a farm- and barns when he took it; he's one much to it. But now that the has a mistress," Andrew said, his glowing with anticipation, "we're to do great things! Build a terrace ave a grill—so that we can have iends there."

sounds lovely," Dina commented. s only to keep the conversation g smoothly and avoid pitfalls.

pretty rough now, especially for e like Aline," he explained apolo- ly. "She's always had a maid, now. I get breakfasts," went on w, "and carry her in a tray, and nic. We've only been home four ut we'll get it all licked into shape soon."

t she didn't dress—there—for this " Dina asked. The man laughed. no, no! We're staying with Mrs. Prince tonight. We came in house this afternoon. You have lood, haven't you?" he abruptly d the subject by asking in his

s of it. My mother. Her fa- as a Mahon and her mother was ine McManus."

l you're Geraldine? Didn't Mr. d call you Geraldine?"

, I'm Geraldine."

"It fits you," he said. "I'd like to paint you in that chair and that dress and call it simply 'Geraldine.' "

"I used to wonder—why do artists call pictures such funny names?" Dina, interested in spite of herself, asked seriously.

"As what?"

"Oh, well. 'Girl in White' and 'Girl with a Canary.' "

HE LAUGHED out heartily. "You mean that we could see that for ourselves?"

"Well, yes. We had a hundred masterpieces at school, photographs of them, you know, and we used to have to pass them around and identify them; the names used to seem to me awfully silly."

"And which ones did you like?"

"I like Whistler," the girl said slowly. "And—the one with the maps—the Dutch one who does the rooms—"

"Vermeer."

"Vermeer. I like him."

"And you like 'Whistler's Mother.' "

"I like the little girl at the piano best."

"I do, too. And how about the English school. Reynolds and Lawrence and Constable?"

"With their hats tied on with ribbons and the little squinchy dogs," Dina said thoughtfully. The man laughed again.

"You two are having much too nice a time," Aline said suddenly behind them, and leaned over Andrew's shoulder to kiss the top of his head and lay her cheek against his temple for a second. "I had to come up here and ask you if you still loved me!"

"Aline, for heaven's sake cut all this bridal-suite stuff!" a woman said.

"You're a complete idiot," Andrew

Only ten more payments on my annuity and I'll have enough money to join the union and get one of them defense jobs"

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said. He got up to escort her back to her place, and she looked about the company with her eloquent dove-blue eyes and said defiantly, "I don't care: he's the nicest person alive!"

When he came back to his seat Dina was talking with, or rather listening to, the agreeable and courteous Reggie, but when she was free again he said amusedly:

"There's one thing about my wife: she's completely unpredictable. She says herself she's like a little girl who's discovered happiness for the first time in her life. She hates to hurt anyone, and she hates anyone to be cross to her."

He reflected upon this with a half-smile and in obvious satisfaction while a salad was passed, and presently said in a confidential undertone:

"That's why we're here tonight, you know. You *did* know, I suppose—everyone knew—it was announced—"

"About Mr. Holland liking her?" Dina filled in the pause.

"Yes. It's a very old friendship, and Aline had had two most disillusioning experiences—she's of a nature to trust anyone and believe anyone—"

"Yes, I know," Dina put in, as he hesitated again.

"You do see it!" he said eagerly. "Well, how natural—feeling lonely and upset after that terrible experience with her second husband—how natural to think of Rogers Holland as a protector, as a person she could trust and turn to—for rest, you know, and an end to all the newspaper talk! You can imagine what newspaper notoriety means to a woman like that! She tells me that it was always a sort of old friends' arrangement, based mainly upon affection and good fellowship and all that.

"WELL, then we met each other," he continued, as Dina listened, absorbed. "I'd just arrived here in California; I didn't know any of these people, and I didn't know that Aline was engaged to Rogers, or that there was an understanding or whatever you choose to call it. She didn't tell me! D'you see the consideration there, Miss Cashman? She didn't want to hurt Rogers Holland, humiliate him. It wasn't until after we were married that she told me that she had had to break it off with him, and then—"

He paused impressively, took a swallow of wine.

"Then she said," he resumed, "that the very first dinner engagement we made must be here; she wanted Mr. Holland to know me and me to know him; there mustn't be any hurt feelings or silences or anything unexplained! That, I think," Andrew finished with satisfaction, "gives you a pretty good idea of what she's really like. It's—" he spoke reverently—"it's angelic!" he said. And catching his wife's eye, down the length of the table, he lifted his glass to her. Aline raised hers, blew him a kiss, and afterward the entire company toasted the bride and groom.

Dina drank nothing. She had been feeling physically upset all day, and dared risk only a little chicken and some salad accompanied by the dry, crisp crackers and toasted breads which all these eating and drinking folk seemed to feel were helpful to reducing. It was therefore in a state of chill and weakness favorable for the wildest apprehension that she found herself accompanying the other women upstairs after the meal.

An enormous bedroom filled with comfortable chairs and brightened by a wood fire had been placed at their disposal; they settled themselves comfortably in the old-fashioned luxury, preening themselves like so many birds of paradise, gossiping so fast and furiously that Dina could remain quite silent among them, ignored.

Mrs. Bucket was here, unobtrusively going to and fro; she straightened Dina's dress with the air of a friendly old housekeeper fussing over one of the young ladies of the family.

"That was fine at dinner," she said in an undertone; "he was pleased, I know. Now when you leave, my dear, I'll take you into my room downstairs, and you can slip out of one dress and into the other with no trouble at all. I'll be looking out for you."

DINA sat in a big chair, shrinking back into the protection of its depth, watching the other women, listening to them, managing never quite to catch anyone's eye. But Aline, powdering her nose, touching the shining, flawless helmet of her black hair with a ringed hand, had no notion of letting her escape.

"How long have you known Rogers, Miss Cashman?" Aline asked.

**"We're trying to duck an old lady with a carrot"**

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Not—very long," Dina answered hesitantly.

"Your people's friend?"

She smiled demurely.

"I hope so."

Aline rose, strolled across the room, stood at the hearth looking down at Dina.

"Tell me something about yourself," she said winningly. "You see, I happen to know Rogers Holland extremely well, and I don't know that I ever heard him mention your name before tonight."

Dina's heart was beating fast; she looked the other woman in the eye. "He could have," she said. And she added innocently. "Couldn't he?"

At this one of the other women laughed a little, and Dina saw a little wave of color creep up under the smooth ivory of Aline Havens' cheeks.

"You know Caroline Holland, of course?" she said.

"No, I don't," Dina answered.

"She doesn't know Caroline!" Aline exclaimed to the company at large. "You mustn't think it is strange that I'm so surprised," she said to Dina, "but I know Rogers extremely well. In fact, I was engaged to him."

"He told me," Dina said.

"So that it seemed odd to me to find you here tonight—his ward, he said, didn't he?—when he never had mentioned you to me."

"Well, Aline," said a stout, handsome young woman who had been complaining bitterly of her slippers and now had them off, and was studying one attentively, "I can imagine myself being engaged to a man, and even breaking the engagement, without expecting to know absolutely everyone he knew!"

"Certainly," Aline agreed sharply, resenting the reflection upon her common sense; "but I'm surprised—that's all. What did he tell you about me?" she demanded, with an amused glance about the circle.

"That you were engaged, and that you married someone else," Dina answered.

"I think you have the rottenest manners, Aline, I've ever seen in my entire life," the stout woman said dreamily, trying on a slipper and wincing.

"Thank you, Jean," Aline said, sitting down and resting her head against the back of a chair. She closed her eyes and Dina could see how long and sooty-black the lashes were against her cheek. "I am having a simply lousy time," she observed incidentally. "It would really interest me, Jean," she pursued, carelessly, "to know just why I have rotten manners."

"ROGERS told me you asked him to give this party," another woman said reproachfully; "I think it was wonderful of Rogers to do it after the way you treated him."

"How did I treat him, Lucy?" Aline asked, not opening her eyes.

"Well," began Lucy uncertainly. Dina could tell from her tone that she was a good-natured soul who disliked fomenting trouble. "I mean, you did throw him down pretty hard," she said—"the wedding date all set and everything. Ar we all know, no matter who you happe to be married to, that Rogers ju blindly adores you."

"Can't help that." Aline opened h eyes, looked into space with the hint a self-conscious smile on her lips. met Andy," she said eloquently.

"I wonder if Rogers is going to let have some bridge; Paul will simply g up and go home if he doesn't," a wom said in a bored voice.

" 'I met Andy!' " Dina heard old M Prince mutter under her breath.

"D'you like him?" Aline was now d manding. "Now, tell me, everybod don't you think he's really—no, but mean, isn't he really divine?"

"Magnificent," someone said obli ingly.

"I want every one of you tell n honestly and truly what she thinks him," said Aline; "we knew each oth exactly two weeks when we were ma ried, you know. We were both simp bowled over. I saw him lounging in doorway with Phil Banks, and I we straight over and asked Phil to intr duce him. In two seconds we were dan ing; he simply held out his arms anc went into them. That was a Thursd and we were married two weeks fro that day. He paints—but wait until y see some of the portraits! Everyo comes to him! He could do twice much work as he does, but he's la poor dear! And, of course, we're going be broke—I mean absolutely broke u til he gets started here."

"But darling, you *can't!*" the brid playing wife said in a pitying tone t poorly concealed the pleasure she felt the idea.

"Don't worry about *us*," Aline s haughtily. Immediately she melt "But you *do* like him?" she asked. T women, powdering their noses, fluff their hair, pressing lipsticks firm against their mouths, said flatteri things: He was simply a darling; he w wonderfully tall; he was pleasant; had a lovely manner. "And does know how to make love!" Aline s complacently.

DINA was for the moment forgott and she was presently glad to d downstairs with the other women a find Mrs. Bucket about to come again, in search of her.

"Hall is here with the car whene you're ready," said Mrs. Bucket.

"Oh, but I thought he said half p ten!" Dina exclaimed, her heart ris on a wave of relief.

"It's nearer eleven," Mrs. Bucket t her, smiling. "You can say good ni to Mr. Holland now if you like," suggested. Dina, who had been all re for departure, was reminded of manners, and went at once into the drawing room, where several card ga were already in progress. Rogers playing; he glanced up as she came n him and stood for a moment look over his shoulder. He was apparen unconscious of her presence, concent ing on his play, but after a moment threw down two or three cards sayin satisfaction:

"Doubled and vulnerable—eight h dred. That'll learn 'em, Lucy! N bidding. And are you going, my dea he added, rising to face Dina. "G night, and thanks for coming. Did like your first dinner party?"

"I loved it," said Dina.

"Have you far to go?" Aline as with an air of casualness.

"Almost to San Jose," Rogers swered for Dina.

"Go on with your game," And Havens said, rising and coming forw "I'll take Miss Cashman to her car.

"Andy," Aline wailed, "we just w down three, double and vul!"

"Too bad, darling," he said. "

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The big *plus* in favor of Pro-phy-lac-tic is "Round-End" treatment of the bristles . . . a process which no other manufacturer can use because it is protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,066,068. Together with the 6-months money-back guarantee, this "Round-End" gentler-to-the-gums feature makes reason enough for you to insist on BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic!

For those who prefer it, finest *natural* "Tempered" bristle is also available in the BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. PROLON bristle, or natural "Tempered" bristle, both are guaranteed for six months. Either is 50¢ . . . leading the complete line of famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes priced from 23¢ up.

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Another Pro-phy-lac-tic triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in clear, Jewelite plastic . . . in a choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. The transparent Jewelite backs are as brilliant in texture as in color. The moisture-resistant "bristles" are of du Pont Prolon. Brushes are packed in transparent gift boxes; priced from $1.50 to $10.00. Sold at most good brush-goods counters.

*Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . $4.00*

**Jewelite Brushes**
***BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC***

u know I haven't the faintest idea at it means!"

'I'll take you out, Geraldine," Rogers d. "Your deal, Paul. I'll not be a nute!"

Dina walked beside him to the hall. s. Bucket was waiting.

'You'll go home with her, Bucket?"

'I will indeed, sir."

'You were perfect, my dear," Rogers d to Dina, "and you carried off the hors of war splendidly. This—" He an envelope into her hand. "This or you. Thank you very much, and best wishes." He bowed.

Nobody need go home with me," a said, suddenly very tired and dessed.

Bucket will go, of course. And I an," he said, "to see Vere's mother n she comes back from the East and e a talk with her. I'm only sorry that n't promise you much from it."

Thank you." She felt desolate, e and outside again. Silently she t with Mrs. Bucket to the housper's room, and began to discard her derella finery for the street clothes now looked cheap and tawdry.

He was pleased, you could tell that," . Bucket said, shaking and folding sky-blue creation. "And you did lovely at the head of the table, dear. I was peeking in from the try, and I thought you looked like an cent child among all those others. f of them are divorced, with children tered about dear knows where, or g with one another's husbands and es. You looked the way a girl ought ook, innocent and young, listening hem, and turning your face one way another—what's the matter?"

or Dina had taken a chair, spread arms on the table and put her d down upon them and was crying erly.

You're tired, dearie!" the housper said, a comforting hand on her lder.

ina looked up, trying to smile.

Yes, I'm tired," she said. "I'm sorry. e all right in a minute."

NA and Mrs. Bucket slipped quietly ut of a side door, to find Hall and car waiting. The looming, lighted of the old Holland mansion faded y into the night; they coasted down ong avenue of trees.

wonder if I will ever see it again," said, half aloud.

had a feeling about you," Mrs. ket said unexpectedly. "That day ek ago when you first came to see Holland. I had it then. I thought you had come to the house for a ose, and that you belonged there. ng you in the library with him gave a terrible turn. It was as if she—wife—had come back. She wasn't hing like you, but I had a feeling the same. And tonight, seeing you vely at the head of the table—you good time, didn't you?" she intered herself to ask, as Dina did not k.

h, yes—lovely." The girl's voice ifeless. "Mrs. Havens is beautiful, she?" she asked in turn.

he's a beautiful devil," the other an said. "I've never liked her, not the first minute I saw her, and that d be fifteen or sixteen years ago. was having parties with the other tantes; I couldn't stand her. From eginning she's been cold and hard spoiled. She's got two children! t does she care! The girl's with old Pollock; the boy goes to military l and summer camps. His father him around sometimes."

he father's living, then?"

oth her husbands are living. I don't c," Mrs. Bucket said in a dissatisone, "what makes a man want to y a woman like that, but they all do.

"Look at Mr. Holland now," she went on, as Dina did not speak. "You'd think he'd have better sense than to break his heart for her! Oh, I know, you think he's a little queer, being so fat, with his stamps and his glasses. But that's just the outside. There never was a finer boy than he was, twenty years ago. But life twisted him and hurt him, and he tries to get back at it. He was married, you know, to a quiet, cold sort of woman—very small and delicate always, and dying—you might say—from her wedding day.

"One poor little baby she had after another, four of them, and they all died. Two days—three days—and the little things wilted like flowers. This was a dreadful house in those years, for he wanted a son, and she did, too, and they came to see that there'd never be a healthy child. She lived eight or nine years after the last one, but she never was well. He watched her and cared for her; that was his life—"

"He loved her." Dina put in.

"Yes, I think he did," the housekeeper said judicially; "but her being so ill ended his life, in a way. He got so that he was always here at home, and when she died five years ago he didn't change his ways at all. Not"—the woman ended with sudden bitterness—"not until *she* came along!"

"Mrs. Havens?"

"WELL, she was Mrs. Rosenstirn then. But she took the name of Pollock back. Everyone knew her by that. He'd known her all his life. I can tell you my heart stopped when I saw the way things were going."

"Mrs. Bucket," the girl said suddenly. "You know Vere Holland, don't you?"

"I do indeed. He comes here now and then. But Mr. Holland and his mother—she's taken the name Holland back again—don't get along. She's another of the Aline sort," said Mrs. Bucket.

"And do you think he—Vere—" Dina asked trembling. "Do you think he is *good?*"

"Vere? I don't know that I'd trust Vere too far," the woman answered thoughtfully. "There isn't a mean bone in his body, I'll say that for him, but his mother's spoiled him, and she's talked a lot of worldly nonsense at him, too. It isn't right that any woman should talk of a man as she talks to him of his father. I've met Mr. Van Holland, and you wouldn't want to meet a nicer man. What's the matter with you?"

THE question came suddenly, for Dina had leaned forward in the car and by the flashing of passing lights the other woman could see the tragedy in her face.

"Will you help me, Mrs. Bucket?" Dina asked breathlessly. "I'm in trouble. It was that that first made me go see Mr. Holland. I've no one else to ask; I don't dare tell my father or mother; I don't know what to do!"

"What's the matter?" the housekeeper asked again. The change in her tone made Dina's heart sink. It was withdrawn, cautious. But Dina could not stop now.

"You see—" she stammered eagerly, "I know Vere Holland! I was trying to find him; I *have* to find him. But now, now I don't know what to do, whether to follow him—whether to go to New Haven if he's at Yale—or whether it would do any good. He doesn't want me to come; I know that. But what else can I do?"

"Vere?" Mrs. Bucket demanded, in a heavy, incredulous voice.

"Yes! We went about together all through December. We went up to the mountains for the winter sports. And now he's gone away, and I have to see him; I have to talk to him! But I can't—I can't wreck his life—"

Her voice sank. There was a silence, terrible to Dina.

"You that looked like a little girl," Mrs. Bucket presently murmured as if she spoke to herself.

"I know, I know!" Dina said in a sick voice.

"Does Mr. Holland know?"

"I told him."

"And he said?"

"He said that Vere's mother was a hard woman and that she would try to make him think it wasn't true."

"Yes, and she will, too," Mrs. Bucket said. "And you want to go find him, wherever he is, and tell him he's got to marry you, is that it?" she asked.

"What else can I do?"

"He'll deny it," the housekeeper said, thinking aloud. Dina's whole body jerked as if it had been struck.

"He couldn't do that!"

"They do," said the other woman dryly. "All you have to do, my dear," she went on, on a long sigh, "is give in. That's all the girl in the case can do. Then they'll tell her what a brave, modern girl she is, not afraid of all the Victorian prudes. Then they'll say that they'll always love her, always respect her all the more for what she's doing. And then they'll go their ways, and she can begin to cry."

"I've cried," Dina said in a silence. "Oh, you can't say anything to me that I haven't said a thousand times to myself, lying awake in the night," she rushed on. "I know what a fool—what a *fool* I was! Almost from the beginning I knew that he hadn't anything to lose, that I was the one who would pay! Only for a few days I fooled myself; I thought he'd come to me, that he'd talk of a quiet wedding, of a secret wedding maybe—

"But he never came. And then he sent me a note from Palm Springs that he and his mother were going east. By that time I knew."

"WELL, God help us all," the older woman said, sighing again. There was a moment of silence.

"You wrote him what you thought?"

"Not—not in the words, exactly. But he couldn't mistake it."

"And he didn't answer that?"

"Yes, just a week ago. He said not to worry, and that his mother was sure everything was all right, and that he might be going to South America with his father."

"Well, he's not going to South America with his father, or I'd have heard of it," said Mrs. Bucket definitely. "But if he wrote you that it amounts to the same thing. She's told him—his mother's told him—to put the whole thing out of his head and not worry about it. She gets home tomorrow. I think you ought to see her."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Dina said, shuddering.

"You have to take every chance of straightening it out for the sake of your child, my dear," the other woman said soberly. "You've got the child to think of now. He gave you a ring? He wrote you something about getting married?"

"No, nothing like that," Dina said, frightened. It was a fearful thought that one had to produce this sort of thing, show it—to whom? In a lawyer's office? In court?

"You're how old?"

"Nineteen."

"Nineteen, God help us! And you've a mother?"

"A father and mother, and six brothers and sisters. The littlest one is only three, and there was another baby who died last year."

"And what's your father do?"

"Well, nothing mostly. We get state help and milk, and I work in a grocery.

"I'd like to see Mr. Knudsen, please" ERIC PETERS

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and over Christmas my brother got ten dollars a week, delivering bundles."

"H'm!" commented Mrs. Bucket. "How long were you and Vere going together?"

"Only a few weeks. Then he asked me to go up to the Sierras, skiing. It was so wonderful—all of us up there in the snow, fires in the cabins and such marvelous meals!"

"And you went every week end?"

"No, only once. We were planning to go again, we were planning so many things—talking of being together always—"

They were reaching the unsavory neighborhood of Bonita now. Mrs. Bucket looked out of the window into darkness and disorder with here and there a dim street light dangling, accentuating rather than breaking the blackness.

"I asked Hall to leave me at the station," said Dina, "because we live across the track and beyond the dump, and I don't believe a big, heavy car like this could get in there."

"We'll have to do something about all this," the housekeeper said hurriedly as they parted. "I don't know what it will be, but there is some way out. Perhaps I could get you a housemaid's job with me, and you'd be hidden away in that big house—"

"Oh, if you would, if you would!" Dina said, clinging to her hand. "If this time was only over, if it was this time next year, I'd make it up to you! Just not to have my mother and father know, and my little sisters—they've always thought I was sort of an example—"

"Don't cry. I'll see what I can do. You know that he talked this over with his mother?"

"Vere? Oh, yes. He wrote me that he had. But nothing serious. Just sort of joking. He didn't send me his address in the East. I didn't know where to send a letter. The one I did send went to Palm Springs but I didn't know whether they'd know where to forward another after he left. I was so frightened and sick all the time, and so afraid that time would go by—and go by—"

She stopped, swallowing, her mouth dry.

"I said in my letter," she went on, and the other woman made no comment, "that I'd have to come east, I'd have to get out—go away somewhere. But he didn't say anything about that! 'My mother says that it's silly to worry, nothing's going to happen.' That was when he said."

"That's what she would say," commented Mrs. Bucket grimly.

"Thank you a thousand times for being so good to me!" Dina had to climb past her companion to leave the car and suddenly Mrs. Bucket drew her down and kissed her wet face.

"Mr. Holland has your address?" she asked. "Yes, I know he has. You'll hear from me. Good night!"

IT WAS midnight. Dina picked her way carefully through wide, shallow puddles and heaps of refuse. The only sidewalks were occasional planks, propped on rocks and tipping in the mire. There was no light in the Cashman house.

Long familiar with its limitations, Dina noiselessly entered the kitchen and in the warm atmosphere of grease and pipe smoke and coffee began rapidly to undress. She was clad only in her undermost garment and carrying the others over her bare arm when she went into the bedroom. A little groping under the curtain that hung at an angle across one corner of the room secured her nightgown, a limp, soft string, and she pulled it on, reached under the bed for her precious shoe box and jar of cold cream, in the dark cleaned her face of cosmetics and brushed her mop of curls and tight-pinned hair. A dim shaft of light from the adjoining room and a step beside her made her start.

"Mamma? Goodness, you scare me!"

Mrs. Cashman was carrying a candle

"Don't forget to take the boat off the top of the car, dear!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

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## *will shape future Years*

Never before in history has our civilization hung so precariously on the slender thread of *Time.*

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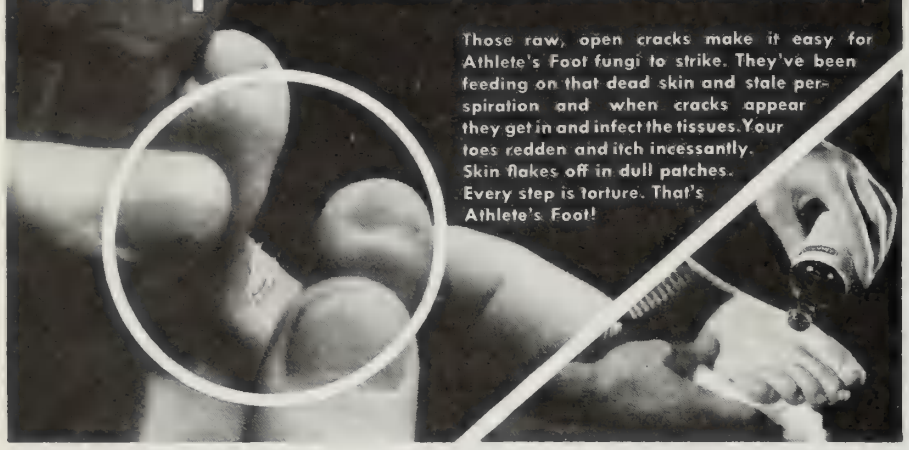
# ATHLETE'S FOOT TERROR

## —strikes hot, steaming feet!

When your feet perspire and steam in perspiration, that is the time to beware of Athlete's Foot. That excessive perspiration feeds the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot . . . makes them grow twice as fast! And it causes the skin to crack between your toes so the fungi can get in and spread. Then agonizing pain tells you you've got Athlete's Foot!

## Raw Open Cracks FLASH DANGER




## SOAK those Cracks TONIGHT!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES! Look between your toes tonight. Soak even the tiniest cracks with Absorbine Jr., *full strength, night and morning!*

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
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Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

**ABSORBINE JR.**
**Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!**

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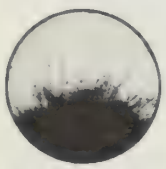

**Fungi growing fast**
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!

**Fungi dead**
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing pain and misery.

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she shaded its light with a lean, ungroomed hand.

"Dina, have a good time?" she whispered.

"Oh, fine." It all seemed like a dream now, and almost as hard to recall as a dream: Fires and carpets; servants moving about; women bare of arms and in exquisite dresses; jewels, real jewels; silver candlesticks and flowers.

"Where were you?"

"Up Burlingame way." Mamma thought of course that it had been just one more dining and dancing party with the neighborhood group. Dina hoped she never would think differently.

"What I got up to tell you was that Lou was real sick," her mother said. "I moved her in here because nothing would do but that she had to sleep in Dina's bed."

"Sick!" Dina stood still in dismay. Lou was her favorite among the sisters; the pale, anemic, undernourished small girl of ten had always seemed to draw actual strength and vitality from Dina. Myrna was getting very independent; Dooley was a bold, handsome child who needed little encouragement in her vigorous fight for good times, popularity, movies, gum and ice-cream cones; El'ner was still a baby at seven. But little Lou really needed mothering, warming, spoiling, and Dina had made a special pet of her. In return Lou blindly adored her big sister.

"What was the matter?"

"Oh, her cold is worse and she felt real hot and her dinner came up. We had some pork sausage and hot cakes but she didn't eat much. Dooley said they'd had some cake over to Bridges'."

"Ah, the poor little thing!" Dina, by candlelight, sank on her knees beside the bed, her practiced hand inside the collar of Lou's flannel pajamas. "She's good and damp; she hasn't any fever," she whispered.

"No, I think she's all right. But my gracious, what crying and carrying-on when she came in for supper and found you'd gone!"

"Lou, my little old sweet—" Dina murmured, her cheeks against the damp cool little face. The drowsy child stirred and mumbled contentedly. "Has she been coughing, Mamma?" Dina asked.

"Not like she was last night. Well, I'll go back," Mrs. Cashman said, yawning. "I'm glad you had a good time."

"You came back, Dina," Lou muttered, clinging tight.

"Of course I came back, you silly! What were you crying about?"

"Becuz I missed you so." The thick, hoarse little voice dwindled away. "Don't go 'way again, Dina," Lou whispered. "I cry when you're not here."

"I'll be right here." Dina was kneeling beside the bed; now she drew an old blanket about her shoulders and settled on her knees, holding Lou's little relaxed hand against her cheek.

BEYOND the window that was just above the bed winter moonlight was flooding the Flats. It lent beauty even to their griminess and disorder; it silvered the line of empty freight cars on the tracks and lay kindly on the jumbled humble roofs and sheds; the shadows of the fences were like lace. Far off to the east the long line of the massive shoulders of the Sierras swam in misty vagueness, sky and mountains mingling in the wash of unearthly whiteness.

Dina, holding her little sister's hand, knelt motionless for a long while. She thought with an ache as keen as physical pain in her heart of this child's love for her, and that she had betrayed her. Lou needed her; her mother needed her; Dooley and Myrna needed her.

With all its poverty, crampedness and ugliness, still this was home. These were the rooms she knew—the chairs and beds and plates and towels; these were her own people. They turned to her Dina could do it; Dina could fix it; Dina could make them laugh, could find the right touch to make any meal satisfying could solve their school problems.

She had known her moods of irrita tion, of bitter discontent. But they had been passing moods. Under them and around them all had been the satisfac tion of being Dina Cashman, pretty and strong, capable and popular, and free to plan any future, no matter how glori fied, and hope for any change, no matter how improbable.

And now the curse of womankind la heavy upon her. Now she must carr within her for long, slow months th very proof of weakness, of unforgivabl stupidity. Life would not forgive he and time would not forgive her. F that one hour of forgetting the law, sh would pay all her life long, through a the days to come, and an innoce human being would pay, too; l shamed, be marked, be set apart.

A child! Her spirit writhed aw from the thought of it. A little boy li Donny, or a tiny, delicate girl like Lou the Lou whose small, sweating body w lying against her arm. Small shoes be tied; small mouth into which cere must be spooned; little questions co ing along, harder and harder to answ Her child!

SHE had thought of having a baby, all girls do. She had talked with other girls, walking home from sch in the early teens, deciding eagerly w qualities a husband must have, what profession must be, what the first l and the first girl should be named. l she had never thought of motherh as coming to her this way.

No boy, in all the years that lay tween those little-girl days and toc had ever been allowed any familiari with Dina Cashman. She was the touchable; there need be no overt wasted on her, because the boys kr Tom and Stew and Joe and Willie Ward knew, that such advances w avail them nothing. She had thou it out herself; determined upon course; they might as well understan

But there had been no thinking reasoning, no plan when Vere had c along. Kneeling in the dark, loo with wide, tragic eyes at the panor of the flats in the white moonlight, l told herself tonight that from the ment of their meeting she had neve Vere in the category of the other l His remoteness from her, his men ship in a class to which no other p she had ever known could lay clain sureness when lunch and dinner cl were presented and waiters tippec very coat he wore and the big g stuffed so carelessly into the coat p —these things had marked him had lent to his personality a glamo a fascination. But then why analy details, why think out the road, details signified so little, and sh taken that road so blindly?

Geraldine Cashman, whose m and father were proud of her, h for her courage and wit and capab better fortune than theirs had Geraldine Cashman, telling Ar Myrna of the days ahead, pro them better times, a big house bathroom and a garden, a new car ting room with no beds in it!

"Oh, there must be a God!" she pered. "There must be, or wouldn't go on praying to Him God, help me out just this once! make me go away from home! Giv break! Don't let them all be as of me, asking Mamma what Di and why she had to go away! H help me, help me!"

Ten days later she sat i Bucket's pleasant downstairs ro

ıg a long talk with the housekeeper. side, upon the dark old gardens of Holland house the warmth and light glorious, hot spring day were doing best to make an impression. Heavy, acacia trees had burst into pompoms old against the foliage of the euca- us trees and pines; the new leaves ıe lilacs were pale green about the ted plumes of the blossoms.

ith two well-shuffled packs of play- cards and some unfinished knitting Bucket had a little bouquet of wild ers on her desk: Buttercups, satiny ies, grasses tipped with tiny starry m, a branch of flowering peach in blossom.

picked those on a walk yesterday; e the first flowers every year," she Dina.

na sat sober and quiet, facing her. talk had been a serious one; they differed at its beginning but they in agreement now. Dina had stead- aintained her point; she could not as a chambermaid, as assistant ekeeper to the Holland mansion.

you knew how I'd love it, Mrs. et, and what it would mean to me t away from everything and to be with you," Dina had said more than "But—don't you see?—I can't. oo near my mother and father and e people I know. And there might a chance—there'd always be a e, that he might come in—Vere. is uncle's house. And I couldn't —I couldn't bear ever to see him, ve him know where I was or what I loing."

ut then where will you go, Dina?" oman asked.

have a hundred dollars. I'll go— ot too far. Los Angeles, maybe, or e San Francisco. Some place where get lost—where I can work, where 's a big hospital that has free s. It seems a pretty poor start for ody," the girl finished, with a smile her suddenly watering eyes belied, it's the best I can do."

"You'll get a job?"

"Yes. I'll stay here until—oh, April maybe. I'll stay home as long as I can. And then I'll go away. You see, I get eighteen a week at the grocery. That's all Mamma has except what Art gives her when he gets after-school jobs, and Pop's relief check the first of the month. That only pays the rent, and maybe gas for the car. Anyway, it's always gone in the first week. So they need me. And some day," the girl said, with her pale face and tear-rimmed eyes suddenly filled with a look of determination, "I'll come back, and I'll really help them all —Myrna and Dooley and Lou. I don't know how, but I can live this down—I can live it down somehow, and begin all over again."

"Being sorry, Dina, *is* living it down. Being sorry gives you something you never would have had if you didn't make the mistakes," Mrs. Bucket said.

"I wish I could believe that! I wish I didn't feel as if all our lives were going to be hurt." She seemed to Mrs. Bucket years older than the girl who had first come there less than three weeks ago. There was a quiet acceptance, a quiet resoluteness about her today that to the older woman, although she could not have defined them, were infinitely touching.

"WHAT I'm wondering about," the housekeeper said, "is how you can get a job, the way you'll be, by April or May. I had a long talk with Mr. Holland about it," she went on, "and I think he's going to ask you to let him help you out for a while anyway. You should take it, my dear," she went on, knitting busily now, "for though I know it's hard to be under obligations to anyone, you have to remember that his family owes you a—a— an apology. His family has done you a wrong."

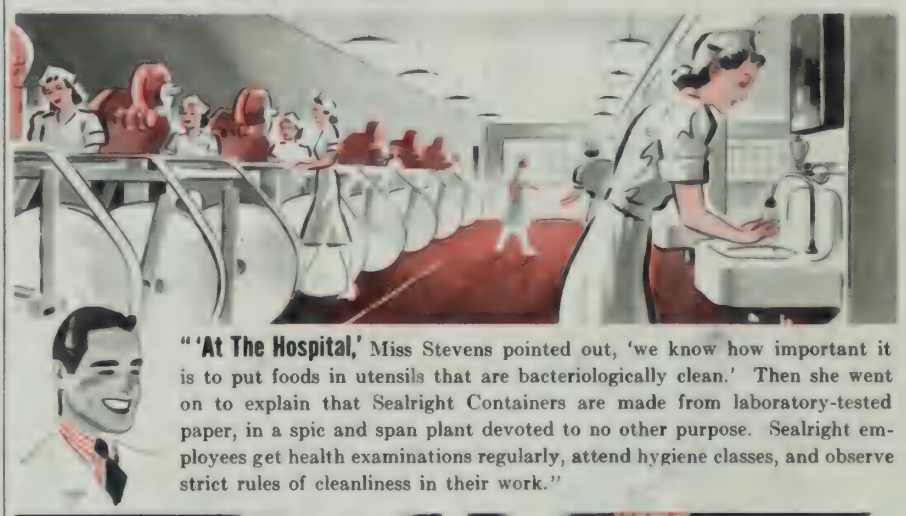
"No, no, no," Dina said in a weary voice, her eyes staring out of the window. "I did it myself."

*(To be continued next week)*

**"My Wilbur is at the awkward age. You know, between twenty-one and thirty-five"** RAY HELLE

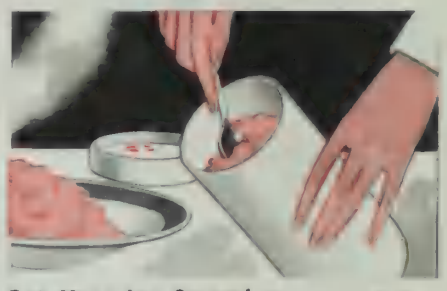

# WOW! WHAT AN EARFUL — THAT NURSE GAVE ME ABOUT ICE CREAM CONTAINERS

**"'It's About Time,'** said Miss Stevens, from the hospital across the street, when she spotted my new Sealright Container display. 'Good ice cream is one thing—a sanitary container for it is another. At last we nurses have made you sanitation conscious.' Then she surprised me with what she knew about food containers."



**"'At The Hospital,'** Miss Stevens pointed out, 'we know how important it is to put foods in utensils that are bacteriologically clean.' Then she went on to explain that Sealright Containers are made from laboratory-tested paper, in a spic and span plant devoted to no other purpose. Sealright employees get health examinations regularly, attend hygiene classes, and observe strict rules of cleanliness in their work."

**"Nobody Talks Much** about it, but a lot of other people must think about the cleanliness of ice cream packages. From now on I'll stick to Sealrights—so I'll know my containers are as pure as my ice cream."



**Eat More Ice Cream!** Patronize dealers and manufacturers who use clean, sanitary Sealright Containers. They're easy to identify. Look for the Sealright Emblem on the container cover.

We use SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE for Your Protection

Entire contents of this advertisement Copyright, 1941, by Sealright Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y., Kansas City, Kan., Los Angeles, Calif., Peterborough, Ontario, Can.

Sealright Containers

One of many SEALRIGHT SANITARY PAPER PACKAGING PRODUCTS including ICE CREAM CUPS, NESTYLE CONTAINERS, BULKANS, PAPER MILK BOTTLES, MILK BOTTLE CAPS, AND HOODS

# PACKED WITH PEP

**...because it takes these "brakes" off your engine!**

The drag of sludge and engine varnish can steal miles from each gallon of gasoline, and sap the power that used to set you back in the seat when you "stepped on it."

**Enjoy a *"Fast Track"***

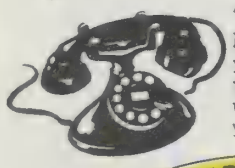
Gummy deposits on the narrow "race tracks" of your engine can be avoided by proper care and by choosing a motor oil that resists sludge and varnish.

PennZoil's ability to keep motors clean has been recognized for years, not only by car owners, but by United and other air lines and by railroad streamliner experts.

To avoid substitutes, be sure you . . .

**Sound your "Z" for this top PENNSYLVANIA OIL**

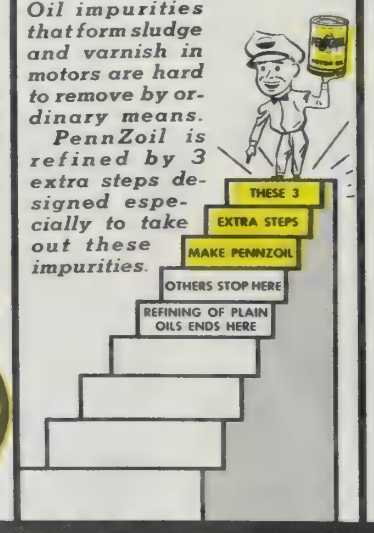
**Aid National Defense!**
Making and assembling the parts of your car take some 184 man-hours of labor, 3,000 to 5,000 pounds of material. Many parts most subject to wear contain alloys vital to defense needs. You can help conserve such materials and labor by making those parts last longer. Use PennZoil.



**"Z"man DIRECTORY SERVICE**
For the location of your dealer, just call the number listed under Pennzoil in your phone book!

**Engine Cleanness Starts Here**

*Oil impurities that form sludge and varnish in motors are hard to remove by ordinary means. PennZoil is refined by 3 extra steps designed especially to take out these impurities.*




BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Member Pa. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY


## Amazing Maisie

Continued from page 23

called him on the phone and asked him if he wanted to be in pictures with her. ("Thought somebody was ribbing him. Then he almost fainted"—says the press release.) They rehearsed . . . "Lester threw her over his shoulder and around his neck . . . Ann Sothern was sold on Mr. Lester; so was J. Walter Ruben." On the second day of shooting, he threw her too hard. Zowie! Out—out like a light! She finally awakes and looks at the terrified group of executives. "Why can't I do Noel Coward drawing-room comedies?" What wit! What courage! Zowie!

She married Roger Pryor, son of Arthur Pryor, the famous band leader, and every time Roger hies himself into the provinces with his band and leaves Ann behind, there are rumors of a split. They seem less than accurate if one sees them in the Beverly Hills home, a very formal city residence with a garden in the rear.

Sothern, who is a bit of amateur decorator and also an amateur horticulturist and also an amateur dictator, had considerable trouble with a tree that was being moved about the garden. She ordered it here; she changed her mind and had them dig it up and plant it again over there. Roger took this in his usual bland manner but managed to get in a word.

"I have an idea," he said. "We give the gardener the house; we live under the tree. We save money."

Mrs. Pryor just looked at Mr. Pryor and kept moving the tree. But if they disagree about this, they are in splendid accord in cherishing an excellent notion to confound their friends who are convinced that they will starve to death in the trying years to come unless they have a ranch in San Fernando Valley. The number of people who discover that they do not care for ranches after they have once bought a ranch must by now run into the millions and the are aware of it. As a consequen are doing their kindergarten w farming right at their home in E Hills.

In a personal way Miss Sothe quirks of her own: she is a nut o ing medical volumes and is an au on everything from bunions to s she likes to fish; she likes to e never diets; her favorite dish is cabbage; she has a marvelous which she maintains without muc she still plays the piano exce well (Beethoven, Chopin, Brahn big boys); she refuses to ride in piloted by her husband, who has ate pilot's license; she hates t a car; whether at the studio or at she likes to sit in an old rocking she and Mr. Pryor hate night cl cause Mr. Pryor used to lead a club band; she loves parties, wil surprise party for anybody at the a hint, and adores dancing, cons Cesar Romero the most satisfyin ner in Hollywood; the most over word in her vocabulary is "reall nounced with a long, slow drawl. people hate it.

At parties otherwise intellige ple think it will please her if th get her name and call her Maisi mail comes that way, hoodlums her in the street that way; new and magazines would never t referring to her unless they Maisie. The ultimate arrived kid collecting autographs almo her head off because she signed "Ann Sothern."

"Whattaya mean—double-cr guy!" he bellowed. "Sign th Maisie, like ya oughta!"

She didn't sign it and she als kill the young man—this co what is known as a Mexican All even.

"Now, don't you worry about your hair getting thin. That's my pro em"

# Making Aviation History

## —THAT'S WHAT BELL AIRCRAFT IS DOING!!

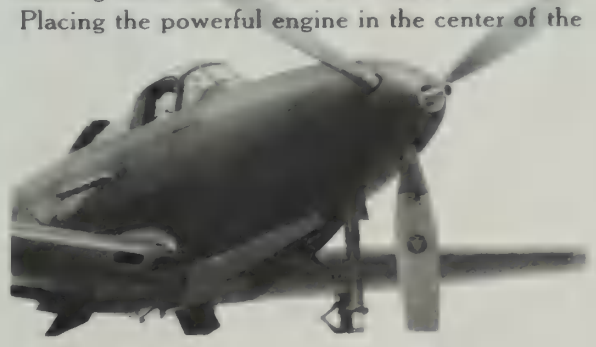
Every day people marvel at the Bell Airacobra. Aviation history is being made again by a group of men who have long been a part of Aviation's history. As early as 1935, Bell Aircraft foresaw that powerful cannon were needed to give decisive fire power to single engine defensive fighters. Because firing through the nose of the plane—center line firing—means greatest accuracy, the cannon was located in the nose where the engine is normally placed. *A brand new conception of aircraft design was involved.* Today, the exceptional speed, the fire power of a 37 mm. explosive shell cannon added to six of the usual .30 and .50 cal. machine guns, and the adaptability to volume production, prove the sound design of the Bell Airacobra. The history making effort now continues by speeding production for the U. S. Army Air Corps and British forces. Scores of machines have been developed by Bell employees to speed precision work. Unusual assembly methods employing unskilled workers have been perfected to offset skilled labor shortage. And—at the front of Bell Aircraft's progress stand these thousands of employees whose spirit and co-operation mark them as loyal partners in America's defense.

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

## A NEW VIEWPOINT IN AVIATION

BELL AIRCRAFT

Airacobra—the "Cannon on Wings"—w viewpoint in Aviation. It's the result of forseeing a need, and then letting no engineering obstacle stand in the way of meeting it. Placing the powerful engine in the center of the airplane has given the Airacobra other important advantages. Pilots welcome the extra vision and increased maneuverability, and its speed is stepped up by a higher degree of streamlining.



Take-offs and landings are made safer and easier because the design allows room for the installation of a tricycle landing gear.

# BELL AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

AIRCRAFT ORDNANCE DIVISION

BUFFALO AND NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

# The Fortunate Cop

## By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

**In the matter of the murder of C Schmeckebier, Detective Richard "L Dick" Blauer has all the luck, as Is it anything against a policeman gives the breaks a chance to favor**

THEY were a handsome but oddly mated late dinner in the Dahlia T-Shoppe on Le Avenue.

The blond girl looked common, plump a and bold and vulgar, her chubby features rel artless admiration of the distinguished-lookin across the table for two. He was a showy cl and dominating, evidently as conscious of ances as a woman or an actor; his fine head with waved chestnut hair, was inclined tow blonde, and his brilliant eyes held her as he with slight and constant smile.

Intent on each other, they were uncons the deadly stare leveled on them through the blind of the window by the two men looking dim Lexington Avenue.

"That's the lug," growled Krum the Gen taller of the two peering men. "That's Dr. Sage—with my Lois. See him, Gus?

"He's going to get called out to the phone the hall," he continued. "They answer it f restaurant. His party will ring off, and you hall—there's the door—and wait by the boot steps out, and put your rod on him and ma out to the car. If he makes a fuss, give it to h here and hop in the car and go. If he comes al him over to Queens and take care of him th After, give me a ring at Knuppel's and ask Klug; that'll be me. Only remember, keep iron, your hand on the rod, if you look in his e

"Okay, General," said Little Gus.

Krum the General glanced at a taxi of th hawk variety parked before the T-Shoppe, i slouched over the wheel, a cigarette burnin heavy muzzle. The General walked down L Avenue to a busy drugstore, entered by a si went to a telephone booth.

"Dr. Cosmo Sage is eating in the T-Sho announced. "Call him to the phone, import you?" He waited a moment, hung up, left t

He loitered on the corner, watching. L was looking again through the slatted bli hand in side pocket, he entered the hallwa the restaurant. He reappeared, walking hind the tall and handsome chap who had be with the General's blond Lois. The pair to the cab, got in; the cab came down the passed the General and halted at 86th Stree lights.

There had been no alarm, no notice take outsider, and Dr. Cosmo Sage was well on h sudden death in suburban Queens across Street bridge; but now the cab door opene appointed victim bolted for the subway e after him, Little Gus. Down plunged the fug of sight; after him, the triggerman. In from a train below and the racing engin waiting cars above, the General was unsur heard the shots; but up came Little Gus, jur the cab. The lights changed; the cab cro Street and fled southward.

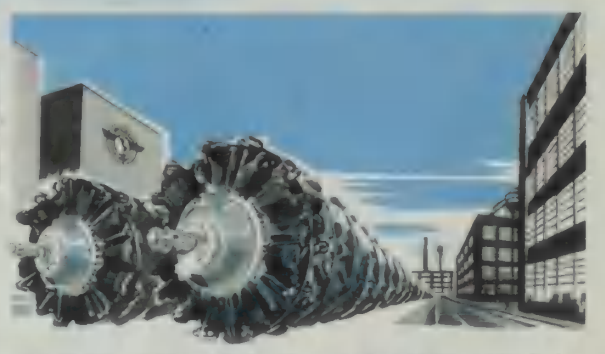
THERE was no disturbance, no alarm, fo seconds. Then people from a train poure the street, milled, cried excitedly, pointing steps. The crowd gathered.

The General watched anxiously hopef then with joy. No one pointed into the stree after the fleeing cab. He went nearer, hu fringe of the crowd, listening to bewildered and answers: "Search me. . . . Accident in way. . . . Man shot himself in the subway comes!" A police car had come, and then lance, and now a stretcher was coming up. eral saw the bulky form of the local chief c detectives, "Lucky Dick" Blauer. "Dead," word through the crowd.

The General skirted the crowd and hur

**Lois hung on its accents intently, mouth red-nailed hands clasped. Krum the Ge moved backward, scowling at the instr**

# Curtiss-Wright ANSWERS THE CALL FOR QUANTITY..



## ...15 Huge Plants SPEED THE AIR DEFENSE PROGRAM

From its far-reaching experience as aviation's pioneer, Curtiss-Wright has met the national emergency with swift expansion. Today, in 15 great factories, Curtiss-Wright occupies nearly 11,000,000 sq. ft. of floor area — more space than did the entire aviation industry less than two years ago. Aircraft, engines, and propellers are being manufactured ahead of schedule on a vastly accelerated scale for national defense.

**WRIGHT CYCLONE AND WHIRLWIND** radial air-cooled engines for many of the latest types of military and naval aircraft are today rolling off the lines from six different factories at the rate of nearly 2,000,000 horsepower a month. This production, nearly ten times that of 1938, means that the engines built by Wright each month develop as much power as all of the country's hydro-electric plants put together. This figure will double again in the coming year.

**TISS MILITARY AIRPLANES** include the ous P-40 type of Pursuit, a large number which have already been delivered to the S. Army Air Corps and to Great Britain. huge twin-engined C-46 Army Cargo nsport, the Army O-52 Observation plane, SB2C-1 Navy Dive-Bomber, the SO3C-1 Navy Scout Observation and the SNC-1 Navy Trainer reflect the scope of Curtiss-Wright's aircraft production. From four airplane plants strategically located across the nation these aircraft will soon be produced at the rate of 60 per day—nearly three and a half squadrons every 24 hours for the defense of America.

**CURTISS ELECTRIC PROPELLERS** are installed on many of the Army and Navy's latest fighters, bombers and patrol planes. Curtiss has inaugurated such technical achievements as full-feathering action, hollow-steel blades, reverse pitch and four-bladed propellers. With five plants in production, Curtiss-Wright will have the largest propeller manufacturing facilities in the industry.

Curtiss-Wright's expansion is representative of the aviation industry's rapid strides toward the attainment of American supremacy in the air.

# CURTISS-WRIGHT
CORPORATION

AIRPLANES • ENGINES • PROPELLERS

CAR 23! GO TO A GROCERY STORE AND GET SANI-FLUSH TO CLEAN OUT THAT RADIATOR!

A clogged radiator overheats. Wastes power. May even lead to expensive trouble. Don't take chances. Flush out rust, scale and sludge with 10c worth of Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush**
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

**ROLLS DEVELOPED** 25c Coin. Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements 8 Gloss Deckle Edge Prints.
CLUB PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 12, LaCrosse, Wis.

**ATHLETE'S FOOT**

**Here's Home Treatment That *Really* Relieves!**

Just feel how *promptly* wonderful soothing *liquid* Zemo relieves the itching, burning distress. ALSO gives raw, cracked, peeling skin between toes a chance to heal *faster*. Use Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear! Over 25,000,000 packages sold. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. → **ZEMO**

Vacuum Cleaners, Electric Refrigerators and other household devices give longer, quieter service when lubricated regularly with Heavy Body 3-IN-ONE Oil. Get a can today!

to Third Avenue to await the report of his trigger man in Knuppel's.

Hat off in the bright beer hall, he was a youngish man, lank and sallow, with much the expression of a dog threatened with a stick. His cheeks were sunk, his jaw was thrusting and his black hair was sleeked down hard; but the expression was strongest in his dark eyes, and not only tonight; an expression mixed of ferocity and fawning, and fear.

The General got his back to a wall by the telephone, ordered a seidel of Knuppel's excellently kept brew, scanned the patrons with habitual vigilance. Except for such glad moments as he had just had on Lexington Avenue, believing another enemy dead, the General was always afraid.

He glanced toward a table in the far rear reserved for a staid and solid group of local consequence. Dentist Baab was there, realtor Prager, teacher Weber, and wives. Lucky Dick Blauer, chief of local detectives, would ease himself into a chair there during the evening, twinkling genially, joining in the ready roars of laughter. He might be late tonight.

Krum the General had not been long in the neighborhood, but he had spotted Lucky Dick Blauer and made inquiries. The nickname told the story, it was said: a stout, good fellow with an easily won reputation for astuteness—gained by being luckily on the spot, and through friendly tips, and by having people walk right in and give themselves up.

"Telephone for Mr. Klug!"

It was an alias for this time only, in case he was paged or the call traced. He answered. Little Gus was calling: "You, Mr. Klug? . . . Let me hear you. . . . Okay—well, we done that favor." . . .

"Everything okay?" whispered the General. "Okay. I croaked him."

The General sat down, had more beer, contemplated happily the altered aspect of his affairs. This Dr. Cosmo Sage had been trying to shake him for dough—and was giving Lois the eye too! Okay now.

THIS Dr. Cosmo Sage wasn't a regular croaker, he was more one of these astrologers and mind readers, with a pitch in a brownstone front over by Park Avenue. He could tell you the past, the present, the future, and he could blaze his eyes at you and make you dizzy and read your mind. Lois went to see him first, because she's nuts on fortunetellers, and he read her mind like nothing at all and told her stuff the General didn't know how she could know herself, unless he was talking in his sleep.

Lois told the General and thought he best go see this Dr. Cosmo Sage himself and get his mind read; and the General thought tod he best go see where this wise guy was getting his stuff. All right, he went, and this Dr. Cosmo Sage blazed his eyes at him too and told him plenty and what he didn't tell him he gave him to understand, gave hints.

Stuff the General wanted kept strictly private: About the business agent of the chicken-pullers that Potato Face and little Gus took care of when the General was getting in that business; and about Maureen, her that was before Lois and that the General happened to cool off one night in an argument with a bottle. This Dr. Cosmo Sage gave him to understand that he'd put in the fix for him with the stars and they'd take care of him, and Lois told him he best and what was a little money, but Krum the General got afraid and thought Potato Face and Little Gus best take care of Dr. Cosmo Sage and never mind the stars. And it wasn't only the dough—it was Lois. He didn't have to go over in the park and look at the stars to read a guy's mind himself that's keeping private dates with a doll and she's lying about it. Well, everything okay now!

LOIS was home when he arrived, in their two-room furnished suite with hotel service on Park Avenue, listening to police alarms on the radio. "Where'd y'eat, baby?" asked the General chattily. She named another restaurant. "Meet anybody?" "No, Krummy—why do you ask?"

"Tell you who I been thinking about all day, baby," he confided, looking fully at her. "This Dr. Cosmo Sage, the fortuneteller that reads your mind! He gave me to understand that he will pick me my lucky stars if I slip him some dough; or I will get unlucky stars and somebody will rap on me to the police."

"Oh, Krummy," quavered Lois, rounding her mouth and eyes to denote awe of the astrologer. "He can swallow his tongue and they can bury him a week and dig him up; he learned how in India—or was it Indiana—he was telling me. And he's got an evil eye and he's only got to give you the eye and you are cooked, but he can be your friend too and wish you luck! Oh, sweetie, what's a little money, a couple of grand? But wait up, Krummy—he's on the air right now."

She turned her dial, seeking the astrologer's broadcast. The General watched her, smothering a grin would be the first word to her that latest romance had been blasted. then the General's eyebrows pu down sharply and he stared in rese ment and alarm at the radio.

"And now," said the announ manly but sweet, "Dr. Cosmo Sa Go ahead, Dr. Sage." And from instrument came the grave and m ured accents of the supposedly d astrologer, advising on the past, present, the future:

". . . Old friends are best; avoid m ing new friends at this time. Ura lord of the unexpected and maste surprise, is now in the house of d with the full moon square, mea unhappy surprise. Avoid worry, beware of secret enemies! Today tomorrow are propitious for chan your residence and starting on a journey."

IT WAS a good voice for the eerie sage, deep and musical but wit undertone of menace. Lois hung o accents intently, red mouth open, nailed hands clasped. Krum the eral moved backward, scowling at instrument.

"What, Krummy?" She answere hopeful inquiry: "No, that ain' record! They say, if it is. And I there!" She sighed: "Oh, ain' grand?"

The night final, hurled from the hall, thumped the apartment He got the newspaper, found or

"Oh, relax, Edith—we all have to go some time"

CHARLES S.

**1916** B & W: BOEING'S FIRST AIRPLANE, A SEAPLANE TRAINER

**1919** BOEING B-1: USED IN FIRST INTERNATIONAL AIR MAIL SERVICE

**1923** BOEING PW-9: FIRST PURSUIT WITH ELECTRIC WELDED STRUCTURE

**1926** F2B-1: BOEING'S FIRST AIR-COOLED FIGHTER FOR NAVY CARRIERS

BOEING 40-A: PIONEER TRANSCONTINENTAL MAIL-PASSENGER PLANE

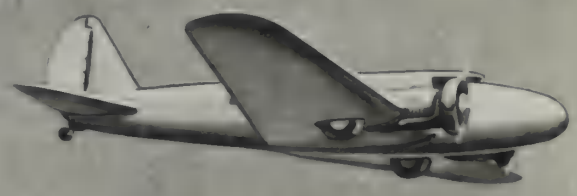
**1928** BOEING 80: 12-PASSENGER, TRI-MOTORED TRANSPORT PLANE

**1928** BOEING F4B-1: THE PROTOTYPE OF A FAMOUS ARMY-NAVY FIGHTER SERIES

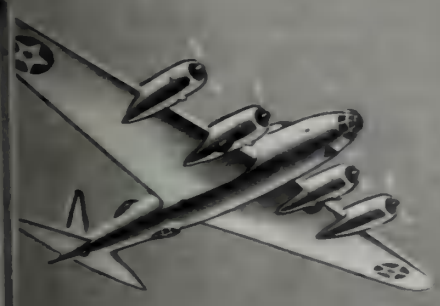
**1930** BOEING MONOMAIL: FIRST OF MODERN STREAMLINED TRANSPORTS

**1931** BOEING YB-9: FIRST ALL-METAL, TWIN-ENGINE BOMBER, STARTING NEW DESIGN TREND

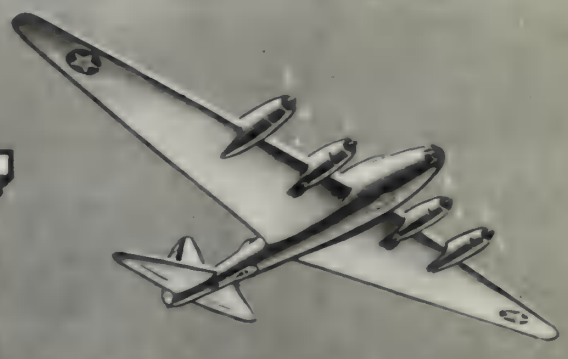
**1932** BOEING P-26: IN ITS DAY, THE FASTEST AIR-COOLED FIGHTER IN THE WORLD



**1933** BOEING 247: FIRST MODERN TWIN-ENGINE TRANSPORT, INTRODUCING TODAY'S DESIGN



**1935** BOEING 299: AMERICA'S FIRST 4-ENGINE BOMBER—ORIGINAL FLYING FORTRESS



**1937** BOEING B-15: FIRST EXTRA-LONG RANGE BOMBER—FORERUNNER OF CLIPPERS

# 25 YEARS of AGGRESSIVE LEADERSHIP—

## BACKGROUND FOR TODAY'S EMERGENCY

*Boeing*

AIRPLANE COMPANY
SEATTLE, WASH.,
WICHITA, KANS.

**1938** BOEING 314: TRANSOCEANIC CLIPPERS—WORLD'S LARGEST LUXURY FLYING BOATS

**1939** BOEING 307: STRATOLINERS—WORLD'S FIRST AND ONLY HIGH-ALTITUDE TRANSPORTS

**1916** ★ ★ **1941**

**1941—BOEING B-17D AND E—FLYING FORTRESSES—AMERICA'S FOREMOST AERIAL DEFENDERS**

front page, among late flashes, the item he sought:

"FATAL SHOOTING ON LEXINGTON AVENUE

"Conrad Schmeckebier, 845 East 86th Street, was shot four times and died without making a statement on the downtown steps of the subway entrance at 86th Street and Lexington Avenue about 8:45 tonight. The steps were unoccupied at the time and Chief Detective Blauer of the local precinct, who has the matter in hand, can give no names of witnesses as yet or assign a motive for the crime except to say it looks like murder."

What a break! They knock a guy off in the heart of New York with a million people going by, and nobody sees it, nobody's there, and they ride away; only they knocked off the wrong guy. . . . But wait—nobody there? Dr. Cosmo Sage was there and he seen it. Then why didn't he rap? Or wait—might it be that fat tub Blauer that made the mistake and identified the stiff wrong? That might be; the General wouldn't put it past him. Yes, but he was just on the air! But Little Gus said on the wire that it was okay!

"I got to see a man," he announced to Lois, going out. Best go see the stiff himself. If it was the wrong party, they had trouble, and he'd better find out, quick! If it was the right party, well, nobody seen it, and he wasn't taking a chance, not much.

HE WENT to 845 East 86th Street, the late residence of Conrad Schmeckebier: it proved to be an apartment hotel, and he was told there that the departed guest was at Rhein's Funeral Parlor on near-by Second Avenue.

Rhein's was a prosperous establishment, popular in its melancholy way, but the man who received and interviewed the General was not the typical successful undertaker, was not a hearty and jolly man subdued by decorum and with a gift for quick sympathy and understanding; he was more like a patrolman off duty, if anything. He eyed the General skeptically, puffed pipe smoke at him, quizzed him. He was being pestered by morbid sightseers, no doubt. "One of the family? Newspaperman? No pictures."

"Just an old friend," lied Krum the General smoothly. "I used to train with a party called Conrad Schmeckebier years back, and seeing the name in the paper, I wondered. Give a look, can't I? That don't cost nothing."

"Think it's the same one, do you?" continued the receptionist, discouragingly. "Did he keep an art store on 78th Street off First Avenue near Connolly's stables—is that the one? Go to St. Monica's? With a mole here," he indicated on his own face—"and a gold tooth—here—that you notice when he laughs—if he was laughing? And big as—well, he could jump up and touch that ceiling—I mean if he was alive. And keep a Schnauzer dog and go around without a hat on to do his hair good? Is that your one?"

"Well, yes, sure!" accepted the General, intent on viewing the cadaver.

"I'll see," said the receptionist. He went into a rear room, reappeared and beckoned. The General followed, to a table on which lay a still form under a black pall. The receptionist flapped back the end of the cloth, exposing a man's face. The eyes were staring wide; the face had a mole where indicated, and the receptionist moved the upper lip and displayed the gold tooth. "When it's a police matter," explained the receptionist, recovering the still and staring face, "you can't close the eyes or anything till the coroner says so, and then sometimes you can't close them. That him?"

"Yes, sure," said the General, who had seen at a glance that the man was a total stranger and not the astrologer Dr. Cosmo Sage. There was some resemblance; the man could have been mistaken for the astrologer in an uncertain light, as on subway steps, and in hurry and excitement, as in murder. "Yes, that's old Con Schmeckebier! Well, well. Too bad. Thanks."

"Just a minute—you want to talk to the police, don't you?" offered the receptionist. "You want to hear about it, don't you? And you might give them an idea who would want to do it—they can't imagine. They're looking for friends of his. . . . Well, leave your name and address, will you?"

"I'll stop over to the station house," promised the General, heading for the doorway. But there he was halted by the expansive shape of Lucky Dick Blauer. "Friend of his, Mr. Blauer!" called the receptionist officiously.

"Fine," said Lucky Dick, his small bright blue eyes twinkling amiably at the daunted General. His voice was a friendly grumble: "What's the name, please?"

The General thought swiftly, on the spot. . . . It wouldn't do to give a false name if he expected to stick around. All right, he happened to know this Schmeckebier. So what?

"Krum," he said harshly, and spelled it. "I'll come see you tomorrow; I got to run now. . . . What?. . . . I'm a jobber down on 42d Street, buy auction stuff, job it off—General Cash Merchandise Corporation. In the book."

"Good night, sir," said Lucky Dick, moving aside, letting the General out. "I'll be looking for you tomorrow, Mr. Krum!"

THE General hurried down Second Avenue. Another bum break—bumping into that fat slob. Well, what harm? Hooked him into the case, in a way, yes; but why wouldn't he know this lug Schmeckebier? Anybody might; anybody knew hundreds. Knew him to say hello, that's all; say he seen him around, walking a Schnauzer pup with a hat off. He knew he was taking a little chance when he went there, but he had to do it and find out. It was luck; and if you got no luck you don't last anyway. Call him Lucky Dick. All right, he found out.

Those two dummies took care of the wrong man, and now the job was to do over again, and it would be harder, but it had to be done. Something had to be done quick. This Dr. Cosmo Sage was there, and he seen the job done; he seen the car, he seen the boys, he could burn them all. Then why hadn't he rapped to the police?

APPROACHING his apartment door, he saw no light under it, and listened till he heard Lois snoring. He opened the door noiselessly, slipped in a hand and switched on the light, shoved the door hard back against the wall, looked, entered. Lois was asleep. She was a wonder. She could go to sleep in the dark all by herself—and snore—and not snap out of it every minute to look and listen. The General was always afraid when alone.

"You, Krummy?" yawned Lois. "Who was you expecting?" cracked the General. "You, sweetie! Hear anything? It was on the air tonight about a man shot on 86th Street. Was it anybody we know shot?" "No. I heard the name: I don't know him." "Anybody we know shoot him, Krummy?" continued Lois, minded for a bit of gossip. "No! Go to sleep."

He was up early for the morning paper, scanned it for the story of the killing of Conrad Schmeckebier. He found it on an inside page, and expanded only in the writing from the story of the previous evening; no new facts. So Dr. Sage had not rapped up to the time they printed the paper. How was he figuring? Might it be that maybe he wasn't so hot with the police himself? Trying to give the General a shake. He might talk business; go see him. Stall him till he could be taken care of right. Get him before he left his house.

At 9:00 A.M. he mounted the high stoop of the old brownstone residence off Park Avenue that showed the nameplate: DR. COSMO SAGE.

The astrologer's man admitted him to what had been the front parlor of the old dwelling and had become Dr. Sage's waiting room—a chamber like the anteroom of a fashionable physician or tist.

"Morning, Mr. Krum," called L Dick Blauer, waving from an a Turkish rocker in a shadowed co "You know Dr. Sage too, do you, That's fine. Sit down here and hel to wait for him, if you will, and we have a comfortable talk. I imagine may be helpful to the police in cle up this strange Schmeckebier kill

"Not home?" rasped the Gener the servant.

"The doctor, sir? Not yet, sir. tor came home last night about o'clock and went right out again has not returned."

"Sit down, Mr. Krum, sit do urged Lucky Dick cordially. "Thi lucky encounter and my hunch is I'll have the nippers on someboo short order now! You know, Mr. K I discovered an odd connection bet Conrad Schmeckebier and Dr. C Sage, and perhaps you can explain me and I won't have to bother the doctor. Have you got a few min I won't detain you. Yes, I fou Schmeckebier's pocket a coupl checks, quite substantial too, th got from Dr. Cosmo Sage, and I some light on them, and perhap —but won't you rest yourself, Krum?"

"Not right now, Blauer," mur the General. "Later! 'Morning. hurried from the room.

HE WENT down to the 42d Stre fice whence he prosecuted his prises, which, under various pret were essentially extortion, blac and swindling. His latest busines jobbing lots of distress merchanc dead people; he bought the stuff a tions and shipped it piecemeal t ple whose death notices were morning paper, and the bereaved ily or executor usually paid for compromised satisfactorily.

Dr. Sage knew where his offic and might ring him or come in, h that he had called; for some reas astrologer was keeping away fr police.

"A gentleman was here and le note for you, Mr. Krum," said h retary—an honest girl, incurio terested only in drawing wages, a suspecting that she was workin criminal. She gave him a sealed "A tall, very good-looking fell couldn't wait and he wouldn't le name." The General opened the lope and found a typed messa signed:

"I believe you inspired the on my life last night. If you adjust this amicably, meet me night on Fifth Avenue outside Building. Tonight! Tomorrow to

So that was why Dr. Sage rapped to the police: he wanted business! . . . The General's d sunken eyes glinted and his t drew back in a silent snarl. On deserted Fifth Avenue well aft he would keep that appointm not alone.

HE CALLED it a day early afternoon and went hon opened his door with his usual swinging it wide, looking screamed, starting up from a valise; she was dressed to go o

"I was just thinking of you, K and was I scared." She watche fright, ready to scream again. just running over to Hedy's for her mother's being operated an so nervous. I'll be back, hon

She edged about him with fumbled behind her, opened to the public hall, and then an "There's a letter from Dr. Sag in the shaker, Krummy!" She

**"I finally got that hundred-dollar bill changed, but I had to take some of it in merchandise!"** FRANK OWEN

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out, slammed the door, her heels rattled toward the elevators.

He found in the cocktail shaker a letter printed in pencil:

"Somebody tried to Cook me but they did not They cooked Connie Schmeckabeer that is a *Diffrin Man* and I run in the Subway and Get away. Whoever done it best put Two Grand in an envelope downstairs at the Desk with Lois' name on or I will Rap. Lois will Rap to. I got my Evil Eye on You right now. Beware.

(signed) Dr. Cosmo Sage."

The General growled. It was not hard to tell the author of this note; this was Lois' work surely. She too had taken a business view of the killing of Conrad Schmeckebier and was trying to give the General a shake on her own account. Well, then she was probably in with this Dr. Cosmo Sage all the time! She might be the one back of it all! Dr. Sage never came right out with it, it was most Lois' talk. Tipping him to the General's business, trying to scare him with stars and evil eyes and reading his mind, all wurst. But look him in the eye and you saw fire and got dizzy; that was no wurst. Okay, the boys would be touching iron tonight, and then let him look.

He left the apartment, to find his trigger men.

TOWARD 9:30 P. M. he was in the murder car in a side street in the lower Fifties with the ferretlike Little Gus and the stolid brute called Potato Face. Waiting, he turned up the radio, listened impatiently, turned it down.

"Either we get this lug before he raps or he'll burn us all. He knows the car, he knows both you boys now, he seen you do it, so it's only a matter of time. Or what will you do—jump off the earth? No, you won't, you'll stick around till you're grabbed, and there we are. Take care of him now. You done it on us, Gus, putting the blast on the wrong party."

"I'm telling you, General, I give it to the guy you fingered in that restaurant. He jumped out, I jumped out, he jumped in the subway, I jumped in the—"

"But he's the one kept jumping, that's it. You gave it to a different man—some guy coming up; don't tell me, didn't I go see him for myself? It looked like him but it wasn't him." He turned up the radio again and the melodious and vaguely sinister voice of Dr. Cosmo Sage filled the car:

". . . Today and tomorrow are propitious for changing your residence and starting a long journey. An unexpected inheritance may come to you, but also a disaster through another's death. Uranus, master of the unexpected, in square with the moon, signifies unhappy surprise . . ."

"He's about shot," said the General, switching the radio off. "Let's get over there. I'll meet him inside and talk to him and come out with him and talk to him a minute on the sidewalk and you can't give it to the wrong man this time. Unless it's me, you lug! Look out for that. Let's go."

The car ran over to Fifth Avenue, halted across the wide thoroughfare from the Airways Building; the General got out, crossed to the building, entered, waited by the newsstand in the main hall.

He was unhappily surprised. Watching a dial as an elevator descended, he moved forward to intercept the trim and elegant astrologer; but the door slid back and out trundled Lucky Dick Blauer.

The General tried to avoid him, but the corpulent officer spotted him at once, hurried after him, calling cordially: "Mr. Krum—hello! We do seem to run into each other, don't we? Waiting for Dr. Cosmo Sage again, I judge, aren't you? Did you see him go out? That man is hard to find; I been hunting him all day, and I came down here thinking to catch him for sure, but he's escaped me again. I'm beginning to think he's keeping away from me! Going uptown, Mr. Krum? Can I give you a lift?"

"No, thanks, Blauer."

"Smoke, Mr. Krum?" The detective turned to the cigar stand, tapped. "I know you were a friend of Schmeckebier's, and I gather you're a personal friend of Dr. Sage too. Hunting for him today, I learned that your wife had dinner with him last night, in the Dahlia T-Shoppe."

"My what? Oh, yes, I see what you mean, Blauer. My wife, yes—she ate with him. I knew all about that. It was all right by me."

"Having dinner with him in the Dahlia T-Shoppe," mumbled Lucky Dick, biting his cigar, "a minute before Schmeckebier was shot. That was odd too, Mr. Krum: Dr. Sage got a ring and got up and walked out—right at that time!—and didn't come back. And has kept out of sight ever since, till he showed in the studio upstairs for his broadcast and then ducked again. Between ourselves, Mr. Krum, I don't know what to think. . . . Got a minute? Or let me go along with you where you're going."

"I got time now, Blauer. So what is it?"

LUCKY DICK spoke in a confidential rumble, looking hopefully at the dead-faced racketeer: "Why has Dr. Sage been paying Conrad Schmeckebier all that money? Here, I'll show you something—this is a police matter, Krum, so keep it very much under the hat. Look at these two checks I found in Schmeckebier's pocket last night, and then I'll tell you more. Know the doctor's signature, do you?"

THE checks were for one hundred dollars each, drawn by strangers, on out-of-town banks, to the order of Dr. Cosmo Sage, and endorsed by him, "Pay to Conrad Schmeckebier." "And that's only a drop in the bucket, Mr. Krum. They tell me at the Bank of Avenue A, where Schmeckebier has his account, that he's been tapping Dr. Sage for thousands and thousands. If this is some honest business arrangement between them, Mr. Krum, you'd be likely to know about it, as a friend of them both, and I thought I'd ask you, since Sage seems to be giving me the runaround."

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The General's sallow face drooped in cynical enlightenment.

"Blauer, I wouldn't put the bite on no man and speak evil, but if I know a guy is giving up to somebody in a big way—and even the bank can't tell me why—and then the somebody is knocked off—and the guy himself is last seen up the block a minute before—well, Blauer, I'd know what to think if he ran away."

Lucky Dick chewed his cigar, frowning aslant at the racketeer. "You think so, don't you, Krum? By Jumbo, I'll lose no more time with that fellow; I'll send out a general alarm for him, and he can either explain himself or I'll lock him up. . . . If you think of anything that might be helpful, stop in and see me. . . . Take care of yourself!"

They walked out to the street. Lucky Dick got into a car beside a driver in civilian clothes, waved genially and was driven northward. When he was t sight, the General crossed the A and hurried to the murder car.

"It looks like a grab, boys," nounced sourly, head in windo found that fat slob Blauer wait Dr. Sage over there, and they're ing out an alarm for him. They him; and then there'll be an ala you boys. It'll come any time r get away quick! Get another c out of the city, up to the farm, a low till I get word to you. Want d He straightened to reach for his but dropped his hand, started bac the car, saying loudly, "You s cab's engaged? Okay!" He ha bearing down on them a police c uniformed men.

He strode swiftly away. Ro the first corner, he glanced ba police car was halted by the c two policemen were standing be Was it perhaps a routine inspec an occupied car standing in a and quiet neighborhood—or a Had he been watched and follo the cops reefed the boys and th and they would when they looke over—they'd find the rods. They them, hold the car. And Blau Dr. Sage—bound to—and he He'd get Lois and she'd rap. Face, he only drove; he might ra to rap first. Sing! Lam? Where hop a boat any more. Anywhe they get you, bring you back. singing then.

He flagged a cab rushing thro side street, sprang in. "Up Sixt on it." What lousy luck, bump Blauer all over like that. So had an evil eye on him all right luck. But he had one swell bre party Little Gus knocked off Schmeckebier that was shaking for big dough. Funny, that wa pen like that. Well, it could Dr. Sage seen his friend Schm going down in the subway an why he hopped out, for help. was this Schmeckebier anyway was a swell break. Oughtn't he break? "Hey—go over to E Street! No rush."

LUCKY DICK BLAUER wa muster room of the Yorkvill Station when Krum the General pale and tense, whipped in by f

"Hello, Mr. Krum," grumb stout officer amiably. "Tho something helpful already, sir? Let's go in the captain where I can make notes. Serge is a friend of mine, Krum's th big jobber downtown—Genera

"Pleased to meet you, Gene the desk sergeant. "But wh Dr. Cosmo Sage? He's phoned, be here any minute."

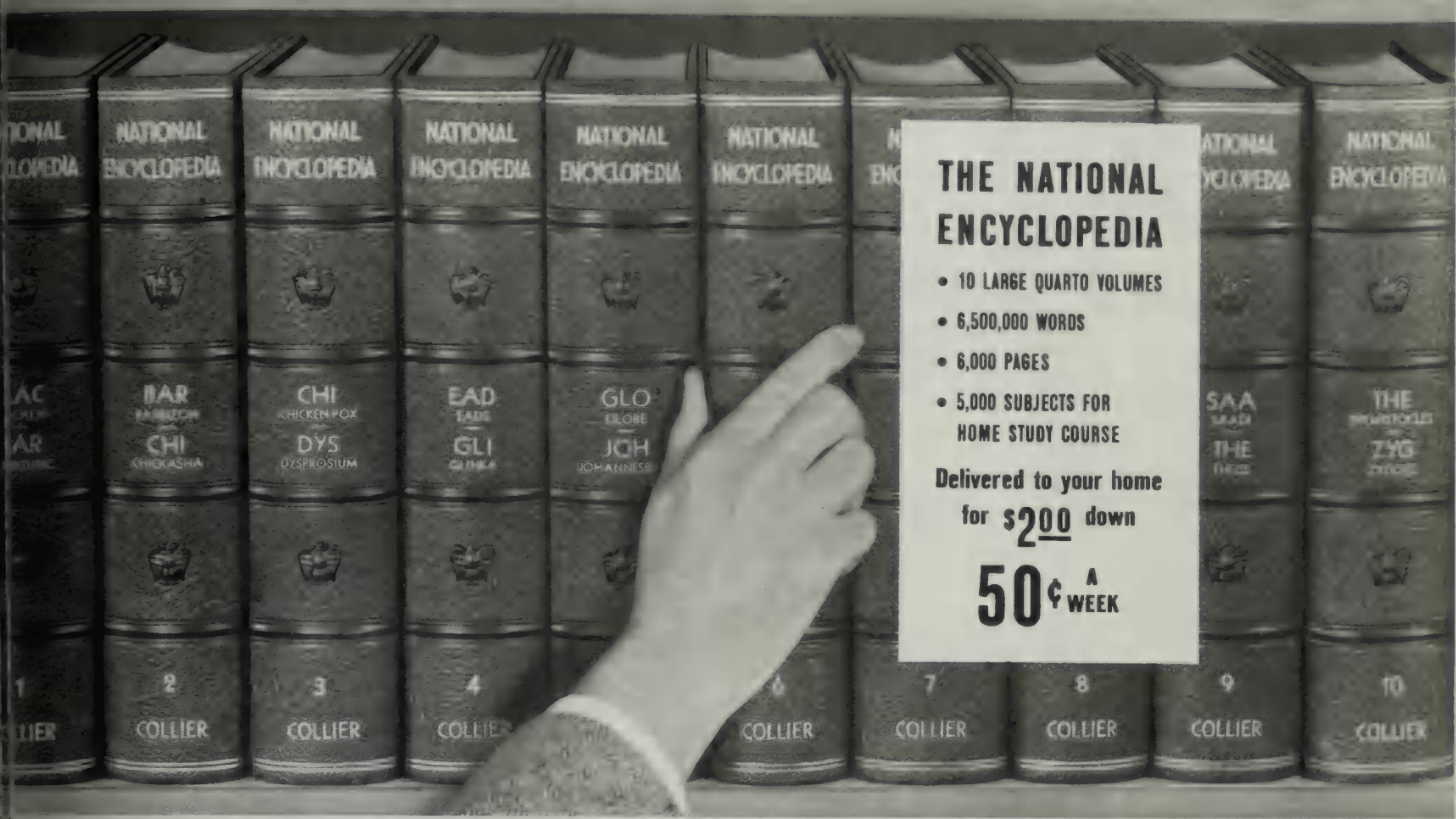
"Hold him," ordered Lucky pursed his big lips, nodded him!"

"This job, Blauer," said the ugly and resolute, speaking a police captain's desk, "was do boys called Potato Face and L my opinion! And the party t them for the job was this D Sage."

"A professional job, eh?" sa Dick, writing. "That's what like to me, Krum. You know life-takers?"

"I'll tell you, Blauer. A Dr. Sage was telling me that growl with a certain party, n him, and he would like to g beating, and did I know boys it. So, thinking nothing, I t heard of two boys that do s reasonable, and where he c them.

"Well, Blauer, I go over to Avenue last night to meet Loi

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in a picture. She was eating with Dr. Sage in the Dahlia T-Shoppe, so I looked in the window and walked up the block to get cigarettes; coming back I see Dr. Sage outside talking with Little Gus, and Potato Face is waiting in his cab. So I stopped in a doorway up the block."

"This was before the shooting, Krum?"

"Just before, Blauer," said the General, feeling easier, being launched on his story. "So while I am in this doorway up the block I see Connie Schmeckebier coming along. Now, Blauer, I am not particular friends with this Schmeckebier, but I know him; I used to see him around and meet him places, like I know many people. Well, Schmeckebier wanted to go in the T-Shoppe, and Dr. Sage stops him and talks to him till Little Gus comes up and put a rod on Schmeckebier and walks him in the cab. Well, Blauer, that don't look like a little beating, it looks like a snatch or worse, so I go right away from there. And I am almost up to 86th Street when the cab comes along and Schmeckebier hops out and lams down the subway, and Little Gus hops out and lams after him, and I hear blooie! blooie! and Little Gus comes up and hops in the cab and off they go. And nobody said boo. Blauer, nobody seen it, and don't let nobody tell you they did, because I was right there and seen it myself."

"You're right about that, Krum," nodded Lucky Dick, writing. "Nobody saw it; nobody noticed anybody running. Well, a man running for the subway, or running out to a cab before the lights change, is nothing to notice. Luck was all with the killer. By Jumbo, Krum, this is very helpful! But tell me more about these boys, and the cab. A couple of fellows in a cab were picked up downtown tonight, outside the Airways Building where I was talking to you, and I rather think they're the ones. They must have been waiting to see Sage, don't you think?"

He noted the General's description of the trigger men and the murder car. "Why didn't you report this to the police at once, Krum?"

"They put a scare in me, Blauer! I was in Knuppel's as I told you and I get a ring and it is Dr. Sage on the wire. He says I better keep it to myself, because his story would be that I was jealous of him and Lois and I got some boys to take care of Dr. Sage and they made a mistake and took care of another party instead. Well, Blauer, that is a big lie; but I couldn't say I didn't know the boys, could I? I was the one got them for him. And if Lois backed him up in the big lie, where would I be?"

"I'm sure the boys didn't make any mistake, Krum," said Lucky Dick, writing. "They took care of the right man. But you think Lois would back him up?"

"Give a look!" said the General. He flipped Lois' letter over the desk. "Trying to shake me for two grand. Is she with me or him, Blauer?"

LUCKY DICK halted his pen, scanned Lois' composition, nodded pleasedly. "This is helpful, Krum! It's plain blackmail. She and Dr. Sage were trying to blackmail you, isn't that it? Where is the girl now? I'll send out for her, and I imagine she'll talk when I show her this. I don't get this stuff about Dr. Sage running down into the subway and getting away; that's the yarn they're making up, I guess; frankly speaking, Krum, I don't believe it. All I have, from people coming from the train, is that nobody ran from the stairs. It's possible, of course, as a man running through the subway is nothing remarkable either, but I just don't believe it. Look this over and sign it, if you will, Krum; each sheet. And then we'll discuss an amendment or two you might make."

He handed the General a pen, struck a bell; a clerk looked in. "Anybody to speak to me out there?" "Dr. Cosmo Sage is waiting to speak to you, sir." "Hold him! I'll speak to him. And send Joe Leffett in here."

The General's pen hung above the statement; he glanced toward the door, and signed.

LUCKY DICK chewed his cigar, eyed the racketeer grimly but not without pity; here was a fellow human, even such as he was, in a terrible fix. "Now let me suggest a change or two, Krum, if you will. First, about meeting you at Rhein's. It struck me, Krum, that these people might think they made a mistake, as they sometimes do, and that's why I was there, to see who came to look at the body. And you came. Did you think the boys made a mistake, Krum?"

"What's that? I don't get you, Blauer."

"Think it over in the next few days, Krum; you'll have time. Tell me, did you hear Dr. Cosmo Sage on the air these last two nights?"

"Did I—well, I might. So what? Supposing I did."

"Supposing you did, Krum," said Lucky Dick, his small eyes bright and fixed; "you were listening to old records. Did you know? The announcer didn't say so because he was told to co-operate. Yes, Krum, the networks record all their broadcasts without exception and hold them for a year, so we had them. Dr. Sage wasn't in the studio either night."

"Dr. Sage what? But—but you yourself—now listen, Blauer!" the General exclaimed.

"You mean that I was there to meet Dr. Sage?" Lucky Dick shrugged apologetically. "I told you so, Krum; but I knew where Dr. Sage was all the time, and I could see him any time I wanted. No, I was down in the Airways Building to meet you, Krum! I hoped you'd keep that appointment we made for you in the note we left at your office. I'll show you in a minute the officer who left the note for you; he looks a little like Dr. Cosmo Sage. You probably noticed the resemblance yourself last night." His tone was suddenly m ful, but not exulting: "Listen t Krum! I know your history, an never showed mercy to man or w but I'll advise you: come clean o and the judge might take a ple spare your bare life. Think it ove next few days."

"How do you get like that, Bla blustered the General shakily. "V okay, I'll think it over." He g meaning to walk out if permitte he lost control: he bolted. "I shouted Lucky Dick, lifting his ver. "Leffett!"

The door swung open hard, b the General aside. A big youn was on the sill, looking in alert hind him were uniformed men reeling racketeer glared at the the doorway, with growing and d recognition. That mole, that smile, it was the stiff he had s Rhein's.

"Know Joe Leffett, do you, K said Lucky Dick, surveying the teer in the grasp of the officer w impersonated the murdered man saw him in the funeral parlo showed Joe to sightseers who right to view the body of Schmeckebier—or Dr. Cosmo S give him his trade name. Schmeckebier was his right Krum; a fine old American nam my own, but not so good for his ogy business these times, I judg on Park Avenue, so he used th Cosmo Sage. Don't blame your Krum—they got the man you se after. They got Dr. Cosmo S struck me that you mightn't k right name. Book him for Joe; I'm going out and bring in Lois."

"YOU hear Blauer's latest, Ser said Boots, who shined the s shoes, to the coffee sergeant the errands. "Already he got t that knocked off the guy in the s Can you tie him for luck?"

"He did? How?"

"Same way! They walked i selves and told him. Walked here! All hard mugs—and they All right, he is a swell guy, but a swell detective? For five more I will be one myself and shine too. 'Lucky Dick' is right!"

"I don't believe she's wearing a slip"

Douglas DC-3, standard equipment on most airlines. Below, Douglas C-47, U.S. Army cargo carrier. These are basically identical airplanes.

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Day and night across our nation commercial airlines and the U. S. Army "Transport Wing" are meeting transportation emergencies of the rearmament program. These Douglas-equipped carriers give wings to express shipments, yes, and sky freight which the Air Corps speeds to its depots, aircraft factories and the Panama Canal. Using transports basically identical with standard Douglas models, the Army profits by equipment that was developed for and proven by the commercial airlines. Thus Douglas wings are pioneering a new era of sky freight for a future world at peace.

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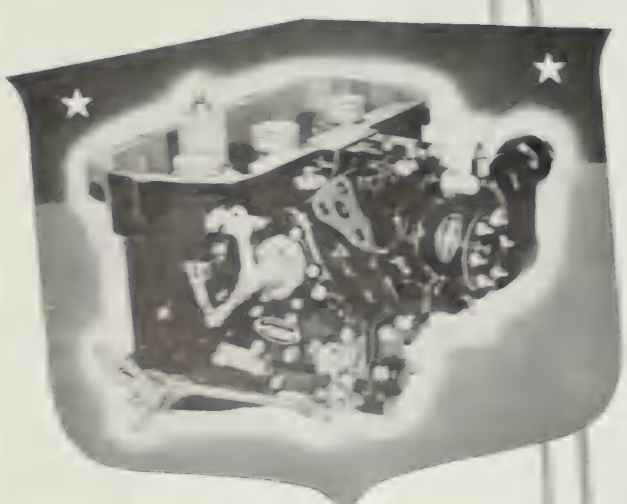

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Similarly advanced, and as vital to our defense, is aircraft ignition of unquestio ability—aircraft radio equipment to g safeguard our pilots—aircraft landing absorbs impact shock—aircraft instrum electrical equipment that is universall Bendix craftsmen build all these—for

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# For Freedom's Skies

Continued from page 20

ong as they deliver the goods. Both ir- and liquid-type engines are deliv- ring, and we are going ahead with roduction on both. We are going to ave plenty of first-class power for our ir armadas."

"Plenty" means about two hundred ousand engines and propellers for ose eighty thousand ships on order. /e are starting to turn them out fast; eighteen months we will be producing ine thousand a month.

If you ask the men at the top how good n air force we can have, the answer is: Just as good as the American nation ants." Then they add:

"But we can't have it and still expect l the luxuries to which we are accus- med—including strikes." They are ite bitter about strikes, because they el that, if the air program fails, it is ey who will be blamed, and not the rikers.

This brings up the question: Is Army anagement of its air-force production ogram as good as it could be? The rmy answers quite frankly, No. Things uld be done better—and we are trying very day to cut red tape and do them tter.

For instance, the Corps is dependent r supplies on sixteen other branches of e service. Radio equipment must be tained through the Signal Corps; guns rough Ordnance; and so forth. Often is means delay. But these and other inor troubles are being ironed out— d will be ironed out faster if public inion insists on results and keeps on sisting.

For some time there has been agita- n for creation of a separate air force. is looks simple but would require, st, creation of a general staff to op- ate it; and second, the setting up of complete "housekeeping service" to ovide it with everything from ailerons zinc. The argument for it is that it s worked well in Germany and Eng- nd; against it, that it would be tanta- ount to changing horses in the middle a stream—and a dangerous stream at at. Again, public opinion may decide the question, because public opinion is pretty potent.

Public opinion helped to "freeze" plane designs by its demand for quantities of ships, pronto. Once upon a time aircraft makers were driven nuts because, just as they got a plane underway, the Army or Navy wanted changes. Incidentally, they used to telegraph these changes, collect, to the factories—the red tape surrounding the use of air mail in the War Department made it slower than regular mail—and the toll charges ate into the profits. Many of these change-overs were due to rapidly changing conditions of battle in Europe and had to be made. They slowed down output. But, worse than that, planes never got into production. Nowadays, however, a design gets "frozen," more or less, and it is possible to organize mass production and go ahead in safety. This makes for speed.

### Our Fliers Are Best

Now we come to man power—not only to fly and fight planes, but to produce them. About fliers, our Number One man at Washington says:

"It would be hard to imagine a country richer in raw material than ours. We in the Air Corps are convinced that the young men we are getting and training to fly will be able to fly the pants off anything that can stay in the air."

As to that—time will tell. But few Americans will disagree.

Two years ago the Air Corps trained 600 pilots a year. Since then it has stepped up its sights, first to 2,400; then to 5,000. Now it's 12,000—and soon the Corps schools will be turning out 30,000 pilots, plus bombers, gunners, photographers and navigators every year.

On the production end things have not been so good, but the progress made to date, in light of past production ability, is phenomenal. When orders poured in from Army and Navy, the industry was pretty well booked by the French and British. It was not sufficiently large to absorb this demand, and French and British capital financed plant expansion.

It didn't take our procurement experts two minutes to conclude that if we were to have a rate of production demanded by the people we would have to have plants, material and labor. New plants had to be built and still are being built. Planes can't be built in plants on paper. Many will not come into full production until fall or early winter.

Labor has to be trained and material acquired. Shortages developed here and there and still exist, but we have the material in the ground or in process. It is only a matter of time.

Because we never turned out many planes before, we had only a handful of skilled, experienced workmen. As more and more workers are needed, we have to spread these men thinner and thinner, using them in new plants and in key positions where their experience can be transmitted to the new workers. The same is true in engineering, planning and management. In January, 1940, fewer than 90,000 men were employed in the expanding aircraft industry. Today the number is 265,000 and it may go to 400,000 by the year's end.

And so, ahead of the production nightmare—a mild term for it—there is a little daylight. We still have to fly planes from factories to Army bases, yank engines and propellers and take them back to factories to be installed in other planes to fly *them* away—but we won't be doing that long. Production lines still are held up because a strike in the East stops delivery of one part to the West, and vice versa. That sort of thing, too, may be eliminated.

Man shortage has hit the Air Corps, too. Fliers must be trained by fliers; they can't learn from books. That is why the veterans of the Corps are working overtime—without time-and-a-half pay, either—to build man power.

In the old days—two years ago—when a new type of plane was produced, the Corps ordered thirteen copies, turned them over to various squadrons and had them flown and tested for a year. In that time the Corps found out what the ship would and wouldn't do, how to handle it efficiently and what "bugs" there were in it. Then it gave the factory an order—for as many as a hundred, sometimes.

### Tests Don't Halt Production

Today, the Air Corps grabs the first three ships off a production line, shoots them out to Wright Field near Dayton, Ohio, and gives them the works. Combat crews in relays fly the ships for a hundred and fifty hours, testing them under every conceivable condition. While the ships are in the air, representatives of the manufacturer stick around. As fast as a defect is discovered, an improvement decided on, it is flashed to the plant and the adjustment made. Meanwhile, production never stops. Tests and adjustments that once took a year now take less than a month.

Then there's standardization. Standardization is why a nut you buy in Crunch Center, Oregon, fits a bolt you find on an ash heap in Google, Iowa. Not long ago, though, the Army and Navy were poles apart on this sort of thing. Each designed its own gadgets and there was hardly anything interchangeable. Today, there are uniform standards and a great many pieces of equipment will fit into any ship, naval or military. All engines from Pratt & Whitney and Wright Aeronautical are identical and go into Army or Navy ships equally well.

We have even gone a step farther—in

"Hereafter, I suggest we don't employ any former cops as waiters"

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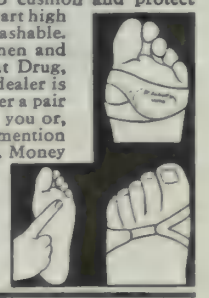

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the interest of speed and efficiency: We have standardized with the British, although there are minor differences—the British, for instance, pull back on the throttle to open it; we shove forward.

Now let's tackle this business of wings-with-guns and guns-with-wings. At the end of the Spanish Civil War a few small cannon were put into planes, but most ships depended on machine guns. Early in the present conflict, however, it dawned on both British and Germans that they had to have more fire power aloft to bring down bombers and observation ships. This led naturally to protecting aircraft with armor plate, leakproof tanks and glass that would stop a slug. The result was a seesaw—first bigger guns and more of them; then heavier armor; bigger guns—and so on.

The news from Army Air Headquarters today is that our new fighters have armor and fire power "surpassing those of European combat planes." That condition, you must remember before cheering, can be quite temporary unless we keep on our toes.

To date, four of our newest and best types of fighters and bombers have been sent or flown to England, and comparatively few of these. Our day fighters have not been much in use, because the British prefer their own, with ours in reserve. For night fighting we have no new models abroad. New British night fighters are equipped with a detection device which cannot be put on our single-seat fighters, without considerable structural changes. That's why our ships don't go night-flying over England.

Meanwhile, we know the British have a new and superior fighter, although very few of them as yet. The Germans have been tooling up to produce better ships than are now flying and fighting.

However, we have designs for ships mounting from six to ten half-inch guns and carrying double the ammunition handled by similar British planes—with .303 guns. We have adopted a shell-firing cannon for our fast pursuit ships. It has been tested in Army Bell Airacobra and Lockheed interceptor ships, and the Air Corps says "these two fighters can be considered as having the heaviest fire power of any in the world to date."

### How Our Planes Stack Up

Everyone, of course, wants to know how our planes stack up against those of other nations. The answer, by men who are careful not to kid themselves or let sentiment influence their judgment, is this:

"We know that our fighters and bombers are superior in performance to Spitfires, Hurricanes, Wellingtons, Whitleys, Messerschmitts, Heinkels, Dorniers and Junkers. The difference is that these all exist in large quantities while ours are just beginning to flow into service. Our advantage is that our designs are newer and we have been able to get ahead of the British and Germans. But British and German planes in 1942 will be better than our 1941 models, most likely. It is only by continuous work that we can keep out in front."

Speeds? Well, any speed the Air Corps tells you is likely to be somewhat less than the real thing. On the other hand, there's that German claim that a Messerschmitt made 467 miles an hour. Maybe—but not in fighting trim. The figure doesn't worry anyone over here. Our pursuit planes are "around four hundred miles an hour," bombers are "a good three hundred," with a service ceiling of "over thirty thousand feet" and a radius of thirteen hundred miles. That radius is important. "Radius of action" means two fifths of the total distance a plane can fly. "Range" is the total distance the ship can fly. Remember, we have to defend our country on the *other* side of either the Atlanti the Pacific. We have to build r range into our ships—as into our N —than either British or Germans. latter especially. From their Fr bases the Germans have round over England of maybe a couple of dred miles; load capacity that we to use for fuel may go into bombs guns and ammunition.

We don't just have to be good have to be a lot better.

Main reason we got those bases England was to cut down the ran our fighting ships. The more base have, and the nearer they are to enemy, the more efficient we can the striking power of our air f That's why we have bases in Ha Trinidad, Newfoundland, Bern British Guiana and other places, of them far from our continental sh They are, literally, jumping-off p They seem far apart, but we can centrate our air force at any one of within a few hours—at several of within twenty-four hours.

### Where Pilots Come From

But where are we going to get to fly these planes to a concentr point, and then take them into b Thousands are being trained, fro ground up, by the Army and Nav forces, as has been noted. Man coming from what is called the Ci Pilot Training Program. (More c about the Civilian Pilot Training gram will be found in Wing Tall

Today 945 training centers all the country are turning out pilots rate of 3,500 a month. Nearly five dred pilot-instructors from these s are teaching in Army contract sc the Navy will get four hundred from the same source. Twenty-eig cent of the Navy's junior fliers from the Civilian Pilot Training sc twenty-two per cent of the Army are graduates. This summer the will train twelve thousand primar dents; three thousand of these wi a more advanced course; two th will learn cross-country flying.

So there's the story: What we r the air, and why; what we hav have not; what we're going to g when and how.

Meanwhile, in future when yo about how many planes we hav many Germany has, how many land has, remember this: If w to defend America two or three sand miles from our coasts, o will need many more planes tha many needs to attack England, versa. The average flight of a C bomber is less than six hundred but British bombers must fly twelve hundred miles to bomb G and return. This means the must have at least a thirty per c periority in numbers merely their own with Germany—and turn, means more bases, mor more ground crews, more pilot

Now, it is five hundred mile from the Atlantic coast to Berl it is from the French coast—whe man bases are—to New York means our bombers would hav a thousand miles more, each tr German bombers. To equal striking power we have to ha siderable numerical superiori this means more bases, more fu crews. So, just because you have as many planes as Germar kid yourself we have equality power.

We can, and probably will, air force at least half as stro as that of the next power. Chi we lack is time. Time is mor Maybe money is time.

Here's hoping!

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

However, there are 80,000 airplanes order for the Army, Navy and British d just what size our Army and Navy forces will end up at is unknown. hen the industry reaches capacity pro- ction, it will be turning out more than 00 combat planes per month. Pilots not be turned out that rapidly. There o substitute for time and experience this phase of the defense program. at is why Congress, having first run on the CPT idea, then cold, is now once more.

urther convincing argument on be- f of the CPT comes from OPM, ich has released a supply of precious minum heretofore closely guarded combat planes to eleven light-plane nufacturers so they could continue build trainers for the program. The ion of OPM was decided on "because the importance of the Civilian Pilot ining Program in the training of po- tial Army and Navy fliers."

he eleven firms so honored are onca, Howard, Interstate, Luscombe, yers, Piper, Porterfield, Rearwin, son, Taylorcraft and Waco. Steps obtain other critical materials such duralumin, nickel, copper and steel being taken by the light-plane nufacturers.

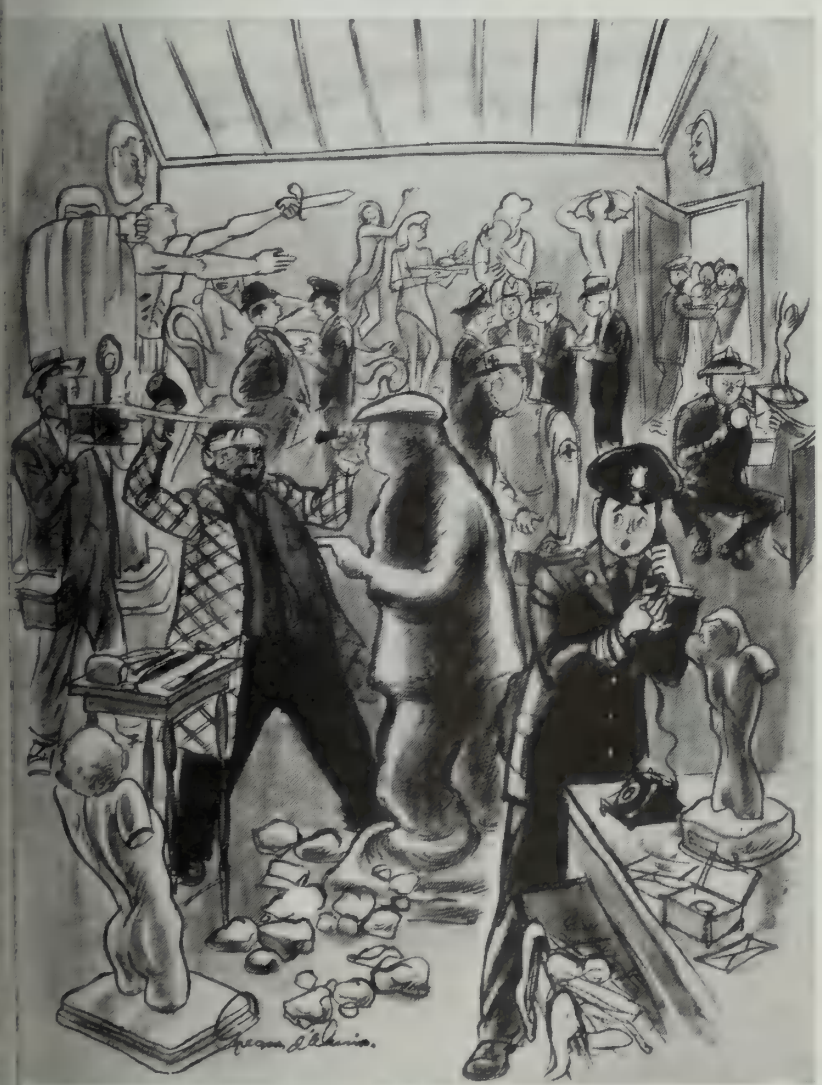
EVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Donald E. Coles of St. Paul, Minnesota, will nd the next two years studying air- operations and engineering—free. ald has just won first prize in the Youth Scholarship competition in- urated recently by Air Youth of America. His award is a $1,440 scholarship at the Boeing School of Aeronautics at Oakland, California, plus $50 a month for living expenses. The scholarship was donated by United Air Lines.

The contest was open to high-school boys who had good scholastic records and had made some worth-while accomplishments in junior aviation—model building, soaring, aviation radio, etc. Donald, who has soloed fifteen hours, is waiting to get his private pilot's license next year. Between flights he has built 120 models including a gas job with a tricycle landing gear and wing slots. Right now he is experimenting with a dynamic prop tester, a 20-inch wind tunnel and a five-foot autogyro.

Herman O. Eley, Jr., twenty, won second honors, a two-year aeronautical engineering course at the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark, New Jersey, its donor. Herman, who lives in Newton, Mississippi, has been a model builder for nine years and was eligible for CPT but there was no class within 200 miles so he was grounded unwillingly.

Third prize was taken by Benjamin Chalmers, who was just graduated from high school in Springfield, Massachusetts. He gets a fifteen-month airline service mechanics' course as guest of the Spartan School of Aeronautics in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He worked summers at the local airport for free rides, has built many models and developed a flight-control mechanism for models. Young Chalmers wants to own and operate an airport.

F.R.N.



"We'll be some time yet, Chief. The artist is hacking out a memory sketch of his assailant"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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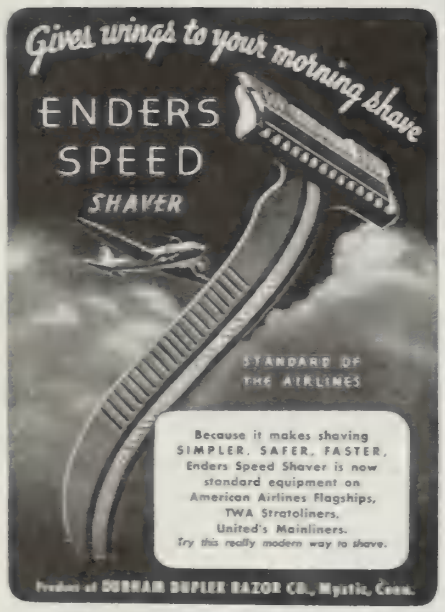


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# Plymouth Fights Back

Continued from page 25

But the firemen piped the water from the reservoir, hurled it at the flames, and soon the fires were under control. So Drake, dead 350 years, had come out of the past to help his own home town.

But they came back again the next night, and the next, with redoubled fury and with thousands of incendiaries started more fires. Shops were destroyed. Twenty-three of her churches were in ruins. Many hospitals were merely smoking funeral pyres. Unidentified bodies lay on slabs in the morgue. Lovely St. Andrews was a charred mass.

It was now that Plymouth began to fight back. Civilians can't use the ordinary weapons of war. Their weapons are courage, ingenuity, physical and spiritual strength. These weapons Plymouth had in abundance. This is how Plymouth handled (and still handles) her problems, Mr. Mayor. Some day, Mr. Mayor, you may have the same problem.

First there was the question of feeding the people. Every city in England has emergency rations well cached away from the devil's fingers of the bombs and the flames. They consist of canned goods; milk, corned beef, tongue, soup. Thirty centers were established in the city; schools, public halls, any untouched building large enough was commandeered by Lord Astor, mayor of Plymouth. All of the schoolteachers were impressed as cooks.

### And No One Went Hungry

Meanwhile, England was coming to help her stricken city. From London came the queen's messenger—mobile canteens sent by America. From elsewhere came huge steam ranges; stoves that generated their own steam. Thirty of these were set up at various points outside the city. Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, rushed great quantities of beef, vegetables, soup, bread to Plymouth. The emergency rationing ceased after three days. Now the huge stoves were ready for action; ready to help Plymouth fight back. The cooked food was put into huge containers capable of keeping it hot for two hours and rushed by truck to centers in the city; to wherever men and women were hungry. Where people could pay they paid twelve cents a meal. A typical meal would be vegetable soup, beef stew, rice pudding, bread, tea or coffee. Even during those horrible days when the invader returned five nights out of seven, no one went hungry.

Those nights were bad. Nancy Astor, the mayor's wife, turned her terrific energy into the task of evacuating and finding homes for the children. She phoned a thousand people she knew; told them what their quota of children would be and then delivered them. They say now in Plymouth that neither the mayor nor his wife slept a wink during those first three days of horror.

Today Plymouth is virtually a city without children. Can you imagine Plymouth, Mass., without children, Mr. Mayor?

Every large untouched building not used as hospital or feeding center may be a rest center. Mayor Astor believes, and experience has taught all of us here, that people are not frightened when they are with others. These rest centers are open all night. If your house is hit and you have been shaken up or wounded slightly you rush to the nearest rest center. There is hot tea and a chocolate bar and a hundred of your friends and someone to play the piano.

Tonight Lord Astor managed to get a military band to play on the hoe. This is a broad plateau looking out toward the sea and it is here that Drake once played bowls. Everyone left in Plymouth came to listen to the band and to dance. A group of Welshmen came to help out. Astor got them to sing. Their voices carried over the water and they might well have reached German territory to tell the Nazis of the defiance and of the endurance of this city which is fighting back so magnificently. One of the Welshmen had written a song that afternoon. This verse is typical:

*We'll be coming back to Plymouth by-and-by.*
*When old Adolf's in the sweet by-and-by;*
*When we've made a mess of Goering and Goebbels is in mourning,*
*We'll be coming back to Plymouth by-and-by.*
*We'll cheer our Winston Churchill by-and-by.*
*When he makes our skies more clear by-and-by.*
*We will welcome Franklin Roosevelt and thank him for his help;*
*To smash the blinkin' Nazis from the sky.*

Three thousand people danced and sang, Mr. Mayor, until it grew dark. They knew that the raider would be over later but this was their way of telling him to do his worst.

I got talking to a tall, helmeted policeman. He was smiling at the dancers and he said unexpectedly, "How can old Jerry beat us? They're all going to get it again and here they are dancing and singing. No, old Jerry can't beat us. Not as long as we've got Drake's drum."

He told me the legend—to him a living legend—of the drum which Drake carried on the Golden Hind, carried around the world. The drum is now at near-by Buckland Abbey. Back in 1918 when the German fleet surrendered and the British ships closed in around the enemy vessels, men on board the admiral's vessel heard the long beat of a drum. When, after careful search, neither drum nor drummer were found, even the admiral accepted the fact t this was Drake's drum. They reme bered the poem:

*Take my drum to England, hang it the shore, strike it when your p der's running low.*
*If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit Port of Heaven and drum them the channel as we drummed th long ago.*

### The Drum Says, Fight On

"Now and then that drum sou again," the helmeted policeman assu me. "Our forefathers heard it when Mayflower beat its way out of the sou It sounded when Nelson came to Pl outh to be made a freeman of the and it rolled again when Wellin sailed from here to fight Napoleon. on the first night of the bad blitz heard it roll again and you'll not fi man, woman or child who'll deny it told us to fight on and we will."

Plymouth is very much alive, Mayor, although her shrines and buildings are dead. Her shops ruined, her churches and homes hopeless masses of debris. One t remains untouched—the tablet c memorating the departure of the grims to your Plymouth. Mr. Ma Plymouth, England, needs no hel fight back. Bombs are helpless ag her courage, her resourcefulness, he durance. But Plymouth needs hel rebuild the shattered city. Plym alone will never be able to repair Guild Hall, the Royal Sailors' Rest Athenaeum, the Plymouth Library Church of St. Andrew's, the pri house—or a hundred other buil sacred to the people of Plymouth.

And there go the sirens, Mr. M Jerry is here on schedule time. loaded with bombs and he'll drop in a few moments, but they are potent, useless weapons against magnificent courage and endura the people of your mother city. P outh is fighting back.

Sincerely yours,

QUENTIN REYNOL

"Yes, son, you've practiced faithfully and I think you're a good boy. Now, for heaven's sake, go on outdoors and play!"

GEORGE HAMILTON

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"At the Alert!"—the command that swiftly swings the Air Corps into action. Then speed and precision — from command to combat — become paramount in successfully carrying out a defense mission. Speed and precision in producing an ever swelling number of Basic Trainers, Bombers, and Pursuit aeroplanes is Vultee's defense mission. Vultee is "At the Alert" — In the Vanguard of Production.

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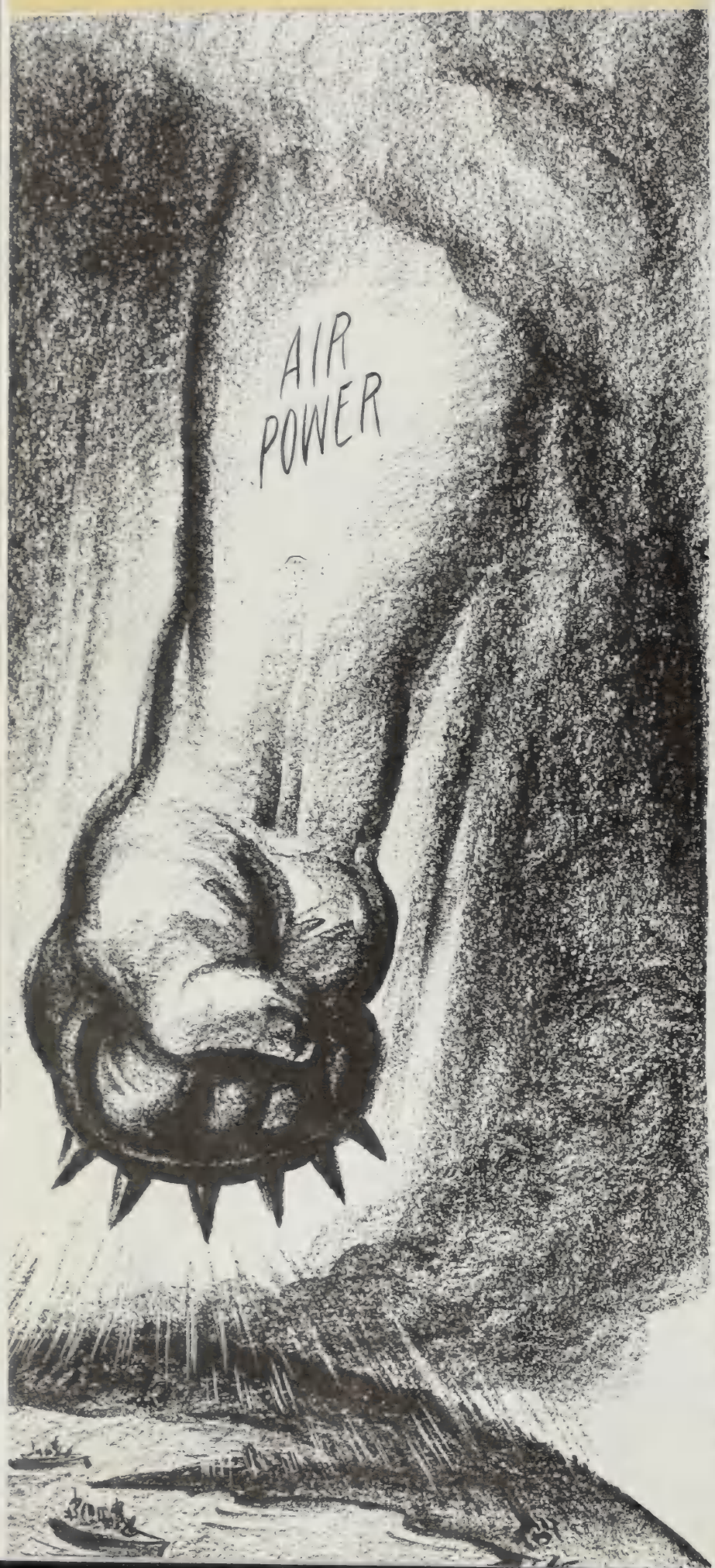
# AIR POWER COMES OF AGE




AFTER Crete and the Bismarck nobody outside Bedlam has any doubt about the striking power of an air force. The only machine able to resist a hostile airplane is another and better airplane. Against attack from the air the best ship in the German navy went down. Against air bombs the valiant seamen and the splendid ships of the British Mediterranean fleet were helpless.

We cannot afford to ignore these plain lessons if we want to survive as a free people. In addition to whatever else we want and need to defend ourselves, we need planes and many more planes than we are producing now.

We don't have to fool ourselves or to try to fool anybody else. Our only possible enemies—Germany, Italy and Japan—know very accurately what we have and what we are producing. The fact is—and it's no secret from possible enemies—we have not enough. Not that we have not done well since once we started. We were slow in starting. Whatever our shortcomings, we are all responsible for that, too. The incredible happened. We did not believe it would. So we were caught unprepared.

We don't have to continue unprepared, however, and we are not. Neither the government nor the aircraft manufacturers have performed any miracles, but hard, honest and intelligent work has been done and is being done. Good ships are being built and good minds are being focused on problems of design and of mass production.

We still continue, however, to act as though air power were an adjunct, and a subordinate adjunct, to something else. We underrate the importance of the air force. The military men and the admirals quite naturally have managed to keep the air force subordinate to themselves.

Collier's is not setting itself up as another strategist. Quite enough amateur strategists are struggling for attention. We won't add to their numbers. But without assuming an expert wisdom that we don't possess, we may point out that air power should be raised to equal rank and dignity in our defense establishment with land and sea power.

It is foolish to dogmatize as to just how this should be done. Perhaps a Secretary for Air in the Cabinet would fill the bill. Or perhaps a single department of defense, with co-ordinated, co-equal bureaus for air, land and sea, would be the proper formula. Of one thing we're convinced—that the naming of General Henry H. Arnold as deputy chief of staff for the air arm, though a step in the right direction, is not a long-enough step.

It looks as though we were going to rely upon planes to do most of whatever fighting falls to our lot if war be ultimately declared. We shall need planes to keep enemies away from our shores—not that any military authority expects any serious effort at invasion of continental United States—and we shall need planes for offense—if we get into the war.

The only force anyone has pictur carrying the war to Germany is an force. If we are forced into war will want planes capable of su fighting. We will want long-ran bombers in multitudes never bef assembled.

We are getting up speed in prod tion. We are probably past the wo of the delays due to strikes. Org ized labor is at heart as much int ested in maximum production as a other group of Americans. Stupid a foreign-inspired local leadership to bad interruptions in California elsewhere, but that is over. Our gu is that the Army won't find it necess to intervene in many places.

We need and we are getting a la army of trained fliers. Fortunately, Civilian Training Program is be continued and expanded. There some 65,000 licensed private pilot the United States and 17,000 priva owned planes. These men and wo are obviously not military pilots. S of them at least are able to do defe work in an emergency. We hope no departmental rivalries or jealou will prevent the full use of these c ian pilots and plants for what services they are actually qualifie perform.

Air power has suddenly come of It behooves us to gather up and ut all the air power we now possess to make more of it as rapidly as we

This does not mean that other w ons of offense and defense can sa be neglected. Hitler keeps more 4,000,000 men under arms and H put every ounce of German na building talent into making the marck the mighty "unsinkable" she was. Hitler does not discoun values of fighting armies and figl ships. Nor do we. The Navy no ready for action, not as large as it be, but first-rate and prepared.

What the future holds for us, c any other people, no one can surely. We do know that we an other free and independent nation faced with threats more terrible anything that has menaced mar since Napoleon Bonaparte ro over the face of the world.

We know that if we are to su against the enemies that may a us we shall need all of the force, the intelligence, all of the uni spirit we can muster.

We cannot afford partisan qua We cannot afford bickerings bet men or struggles for advantag tween labor and management c tween any other competitive gr We can't afford political experim tion, however inspired by ideali

The American people, slow to and eager to avoid war, realize realities. So our energies are reso mobilized. We are getting reac any contingency. We have perfo no miracles, but we are not la When the tale is told we will down unimpaired the heritage of dom and justice our fathers wor ing the centuries.

# Collier's

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MPANY— THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

## Panzer Diary

BY W. L

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# )o you See a Boy?
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# 'es. He has Ability, Integrity, a Fine Personality.

# .nd a Bright, Friendly Smile that may well have come
# om his Lifelong Devotion to Ipana and Massage.

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**Guard the beauty of your smile. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and Massage**

*ome dental care than brushing*

eth is only half the job. Gums, . In fact, dentists are almost n massage.

*ortant?*

y foods require so little chew- exercise needed for healthy often become soft and sensi- ned condition with a tinge of

*"pink tooth brush" occurs?*

"Pink tooth brush" may not y your dentist can decide that. He may merely tell you that your gums need work and stimulation. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

**Q.** *Can Ipana and massage effectively ward off "pink tooth brush"?*

**A.** It can be remarkably helpful . . . if you *faithfully* massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums *every time* you brush your teeth. For Ipana is specially designed to do more than clean teeth. Used with massage, it helps make gums stronger, healthier. That is why Ipana and massage is such an important aid in warding off "pink tooth brush". . . in helping to give you stronger gums and brighter, more sparkling smiles!

**Ipana Tooth Paste**

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JULY 19, 1941


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# ANY WEEK

JUST as we were about to plunge into a philosophic crack about international conditions we heard from Brazil. The welcome alternative comes from São Paulo. At the gentleman's purpose-defeating request we shall not publish his name. "I am a good fan of the Doctrin of Monroe," writes he. "Like him I think we of Americas ought to be friends for to assegure the paz of this hemisfer. So the friendship among us must be large. So I'm going to ask you a favour. Can you send my name and address to a good girl. I will be very obliged to you. My English knowledges are till now very larges and very good, but I think she can understand my futures letters like you are understanding this one. I am 19 years old and every-thing interests me. . . . I received your magazine from a nice and good North American girl. . . . You can say to this girl that if she wish I can write letters in Portuguese or Spanish, too. The friendship among us must be the large. You know, of course, that the Int. Correspondence Sistem is a good factor for the increase of public relations. And this from your unknown but very much obliged friend in Brazil."

IN OUR stealthy way we are doing our best to undermine this country's morale. We have this from Miss Bennye Kautchemann of Los Angeles, California. Miss Kautchemann points out, pretty clearly, too, that this is no time to undermine the country's morale. Actually, we're not the culprit. Miss Kautchemann admits this, specifying our associate, Kyle Crichton, as the underminer. "Once the faith of the United States is destroyed in our beloved movie stars we will be lost," says she. "Particularly Larraine Day—my pet. National Defense is not helped by Mr. Crichton calling Miss Day a dead loss. I dislike the crude, unkind pen of Mr. Kyle Crichton. He is a shrew—a male shrew. He is hard-boiled, crude, exciting, dramatic, tough, shallow, Godless, false, tense, frothy and profane—the big sissy. Love and admiration of our favorite movie stars is necessary to the safety of America in these dark days. Hollywood is the true capital of our country. I shall never read Kyle Crichton again. The rest of your magazine is okay."

PROBABLY nobody, not even a *daily* columnist, knows less about what's about to happen in the world than we do. But your demands upon us forces us out into the shameless open. We're asked about the possibility of victory, defeat, American participation in the war, the aftermath of the war. Most questions are simple and we understand them. But simple or complex we're about ninety-nine per cent confounded when called upon to reply. For example, here's Mrs. Winnie Border of Frederick, Maryland, wanting to know what we're going to do with our huge Army mobilization if peace returns to Europe. "Are we," demands she, "going to leave those boys sitting around in camp? And for what?" We don't know. We have several letters in the same vein. We showed them to a friend of ours. "That's nothing," scoffed he. "If the war stops, what are we going to do with Mayor La Guardia's spare time?"

PLEASE don't think that we're making light of the world's woes. Actually we're merely whistling our way past the graveyard. Our sorry inclination is to think too much about the miserable tragedy of Frenchmen fighting Frenchmen—not in France for France but in the desert, one side fighting for Hitler and the other for what's left of a badly battered honor, willing to die for something really French that was betrayed and sold by politicians. We think that this is the war's most demoralizing horror. So you can see why we hate to take our cover off and understand, perhaps, our whistling. We had in mind to say something about Britain's mistakes, too, but can't find the grace to do it. America has made several on her own hook—good, solid colts by Indecision out of Half-Way Measures. For example, the Selective Service Administration recently bade draft boards to defer farm labor. The farmers need labor and England needs food. But the best intentions of the Selective Service people aren't maturing. The draft boards are obeying. Young men who would, for some mysterious reason, prefer not to be in the Army, are winning exemption by saying that they are farmers. What they're not saying is that they abandoned the farms for the higher wages of industry. The deferred lad leaves the draft board, hurries back to his job in the shops. The industrialist needs him, too. And the farmer is still calling for help. Something could be done about this but it won't—and we're rather glad. After all, we're fighting dictatorship—orally anyway—not courting it. But there, dear friends, you are.

WE ALMOST forgot to tell you that on the gates of the motorcar entrance to the War Department there's a sign: "Speed Limit Eight Miles an Hour." We mightn't have noticed it had we not seen a group of gentlemen standing on the sidewalk nodding toward it. We hurried but not fast enough what they were saying. But catch what turned out to be t word. "Okay," said the fat or write to him. Maybe you're r is our new National motto."

IT WAS while pondering th we walked along the lovel back of the White House. Th House grass has a quality like, as though each blade h clipped individually and admi to with devotion. We can't re all the random thoughts tha spired in our mind but we member that we were slappe suddenly and that our reve shattered. There, amid all th quil green, stood a half-pint which a couple of nice, hearty a very popular brand of whi remained. It was leaning ag elm tree. A cop joined us. "T right," he said. "Gives tou wrong idea. Of course, they don't belong to anybody i (nodding toward the White "but it don't look right. enough talk going on as it passed the spot again about later. The bottle was gone. the cop. Not that we imply either.

WHILE eager to be as opt conditions warrant we're una tend much encouragement like Mr. Joseph P. Ardwy Alto, California. Mr. Ardw derstandably exercised abou pects of gasolineless Sunda our impression, however, fornians would not be inclu boon, that only pipe-lineles of the Atlantic seaboard wo excluded from the delights jams and carnage. But M sees in the gaslessness of t Sabbath a somewhat broade ity. "Do you think," asks addition to gasless Sundays have Ickesless Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, F Saturdays? Or might we v ing Ickesless Mondays, Tuesdays, Lindberghless W Knoxless Thursdays, Stims days and save Saturdays f cise of the almost lost art freedom? Let's try."

USELESS. . . .


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*Meanin' what?*

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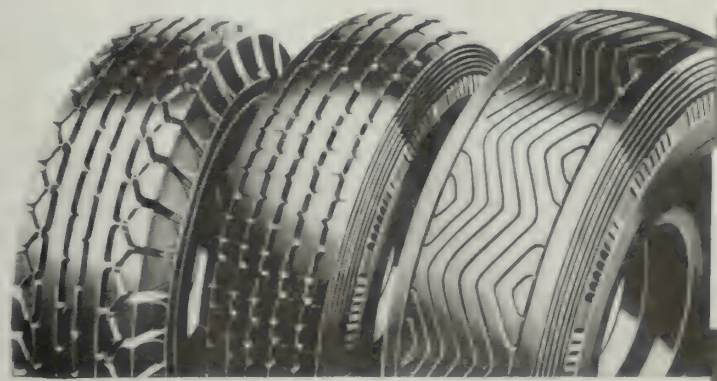

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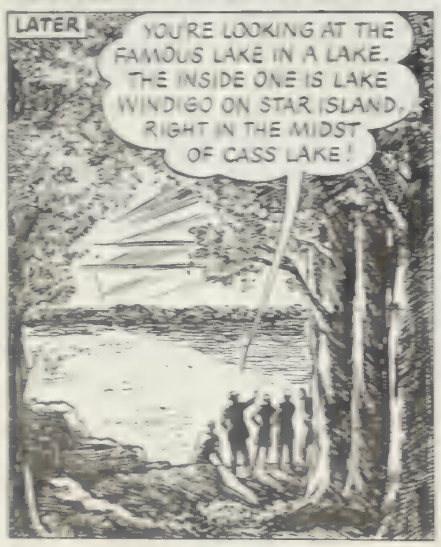
WONDERS OF AMERICA

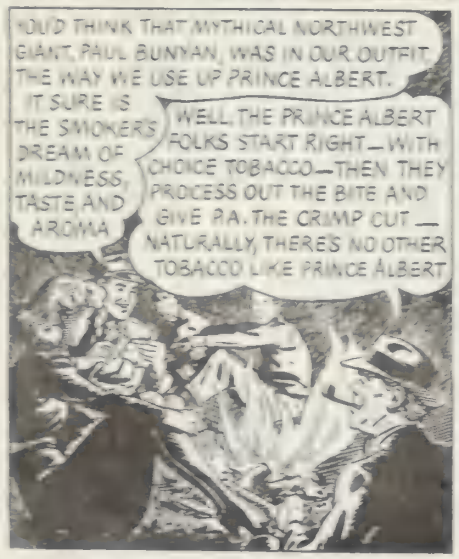
*Famous Lake in a Lake*

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

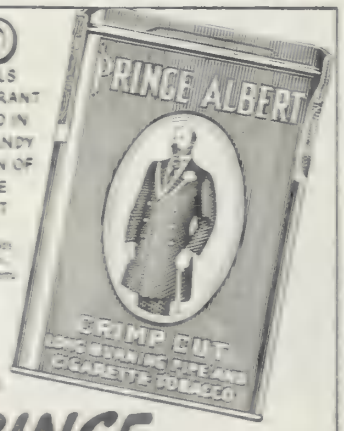
**86 DEGREES COOLER**

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — *COOLEST OF ALL!*






50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT




PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

## By Freling Foster

*Latest* inventions include an electrical instrument that, used like a physician's stethoscope, reveals the health of trees; and a device that, when attached to a piano or organ, writes the notes on music paper as the composer strikes the keys, thus freeing him from the work of penciling in his composition.

*The* "Daily Bulletin," published by the Division of Press Intelligence in Washington for government officials, contains a day-by-day digest of all important newspaper stories and editorials and magazine articles. During 1940, it printed summaries of 665,891 of them, or an average of 12,806 a week.

*In* one large American airplane factory, the vault that contains the valuable blueprints is equipped, just inside the door, with an invisible beam of infrared rays. Every person who enters, with or without authority, breaks the beam, which switches on a movie camera, producing irrefutable evidence of his presence in the room.

*Names* of American race horses may be used again after the animals have been dead for fifteen years. About a thousand thoroughbreds, however, have achieved such fame in their time that their names will never be given to another horse, among them being Man o' War, Seabiscuit, Gallant Fox, Whichone, Sun Beau, Hanover, Blue Larkspur, Whirlaway, Boston, Teddy and Lexington.—*By Ben R. Tidyman, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

*The* Maharaja of Bhagvatsinhji of Gondal, India, not only abolished about fifty taxes when he ascended the throne in 1869, but he has kept his country free of all forms of taxation during these past seventy-two years—a feat believed to be unparalleled in modern times.

*Excluding* quicksilver, tin is our most expensive common metal. It costs three times as much as aluminum, four times as much as copper, seven times as much as zinc, nine times as much as lead and thirty-one times as much as steel.

*The* only child in medical his produced by a female Siamese was a son, born in 1910, to Ros Rosa-Josepha Blazek, a pygop type of congenitally united sis who were born in Skerychov, hemia, in 1878 and lived until —*By Lowell W. Bradford, buckle, California.*

*America* has social clubs, su the Somerset in Boston, w members are not obliged to checks or receipts for cigars, rettes, drinks or meals; and restaurants, such as the Au C d'Or in New York City, menus and wine lists do not in prices.

*Most* original features of th practical typewriter of 1874 re standard today, such as the cylinder, with its line-spacin carriage-return mechanism, th rangement of the type bars s they strike at a common c their actuation by means o levers and the printing throu inked ribbon. And the pos of the characters on the key have not been changed.

*Between* April and Octobe year, about three million A cans suffer from hay fever, by the air-borne pollen of sor varieties of plants. Incide the pollen of goldenrod do produce the symptoms, unle rectly inhaled, because it heavy to be carried about wind.

*Among* nature's mysteri the Barisal guns, strange b sounds, as of distant cannon, are heard frequently in parts of the world, usually near large bodies of water. cause has never been satisfa explained, but they are belie be of subterranean origin. United States, they are hea Lake Seneca, New York.

Five dollars will be paid for each i or unusual fact accepted for this Contributions must be accompanied factory proof. Address Keep Up World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, City. This column is copyrighted by The National Weekly. None of the i be reproduced without express perm the publisher

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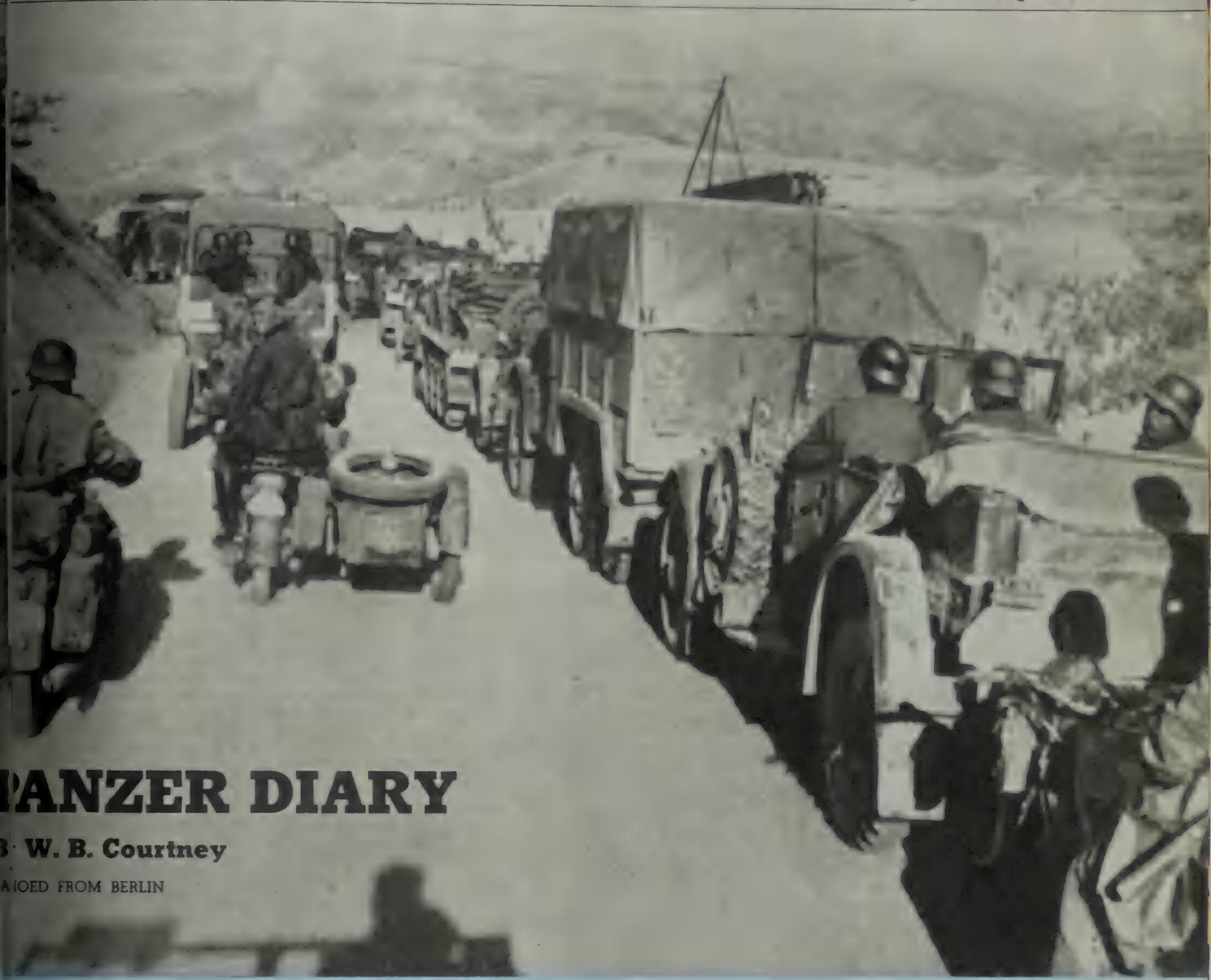

WIDE WORLD

The German Panzer column, with fighting and supply equipment, pushes on into Serbian Yugoslavia. Traffic guides on motorcycles rove up and down the column as trouble shooters

# ANZER DIARY

· W. B. Courtney

AIOED FROM BERLIN

**B. Courtney, Collier's war correspondent, rode with a azer division from Berlin to Greece. He saw the invasion brave nation. He reports what he saw of mechanized quest from a German military motorcar. Not pleasant e or report but useful for our own defense.—The Editor**

OU have read a lot about the other ide of blitzkriegs—that is, how to un away from them. Here is your hance to ride as part of one and see from the inside; and to get, more- e a Panzer-eye view of the peoples ountries blitzed.

like hitchhike on a comet, this down more than 1,200 miles gh the Balkan heart of Europe with anzer divisions of a modern "light- campaign. A smudged comet ing on its wake, not incandescent. y fragments but the drear litter of Its head burrows against the com- ont and glows from gun flashes and the fires set by Stukas. Swirling in its long tail are the dead bodies of men and beasts, the muck from millions of rolling wheels and shuffling feet, the smoke of broken towns, the shattered beauty of bridges, the carts of refugees, the wrecks of trucks and planes, the shell pocks in the earth. It bores across the map with a vast and ceaseless roar in a welter of choking exhaust fumes and the sickish odors of decay under dust so thick the sunlight over Greece is paled. Everywhere in your race from the sodden, late Baltic winter to the early Aegean summer the landscapes remind you of home scenes, if the people and the activities don't, God be praised.

Hungary could be a green prairie state of the Midwest such as Iowa, but she's only as big as Indiana. Yugoslavia resembles our Middle Atlantic group and is about the size of New York and Pennsylvania together. Bulgaria is West Virginia in appearance and Maine in size; while Greece has the coast ranges and valleys of California.

The first morning you waken in the train speeding to the blitzkrieg jump-off point, Vienna. German soldiers guarding the right of way indicate you are still in the protectorate, as the former Czech republic is now called. Otherwise the countryside of rumpled meadows and combed fields and far-off blue hills, freshly laundered by the night winds and rain, might be Maryland.

Spring is waiting for you in Vienna but so is your big gray army car, and the one doesn't give you time for the other. You're off to the front, down the valley of the beautiful yellow Danube. You're just one in a rushing flood of scores of thousands of vehicles of various types and sizes. Panzer war is Sunday traffic every day. Look at your map and you will see why Vienna now, as in the days of old, is the natural starting line for military sweeps by land from Europe to the Near East. The hordes from Asia, the legions of the Knights, all passed along this classic road of war. People run out to cheer you as their ancestors through all the centuries ran out to hail. War has always been part of the routine of an average lifetime here. It's a discouraging place for a pacifist.

The Panzers have stepped up the pace of war from three miles an hour to fifty. But your car, a casual, often runs up the column at seventy or even eighty miles an hour, and you're so glad you fixed those insurance papers before you left home. If one of the Panzer vehicles breaks down in this nonfighting zone, its crew works ten minutes endeavoring to repair it while the rest of the column passes on. Ten minutes would give them time to catch up again to their place in line. If it's not started in ten minutes, it's nosed off the road and abandoned for later salvage. Its crew

doubles up somewhere in the column. If a vehicle breaks down within the forward or combat zone it's ruthlessly discarded at once—the column must not halt. And if there's a precipice at the roadside, as so often happens, that may be the end of motorcycles worth hundreds or tanks worth hundreds of thousands of dollars—all, perhaps, on account of no more than a dirty fifty-cent spark plug.

The commanders and the lead and tail drivers in each section of a column have a pair of little round metal disks on long handles. One is green, one red for signaling traffic intentions to their own and to overtaken or following units. Traffic guides with wide metal placards across their breasts held by chains around their necks hover at key places while others on motorcycles rove up and down the column as trouble shooters. When two columns pass in opposite directions—with dispatch riders, motorcycle police and casual staff cars threading between them on a primitive twelve- to fourteen-foot back-country European road designed long ago for the oxcarts of peasants and the coaches of Magyar nobles—the roar is unbelievable, but so is the efficiency and the absence of disaster. Still you wonder if you will ever again be terrified on Wilshire Boulevard, the Outer Drive or Merritt Parkway.

### One Man Stops a Blitz

If home reading or von Stroheim movies have given you notions about German highhandedness, you're due for a surprise when you hear the way Austrian village cops yell at Panzer drivers and make them obey local traffic rules. And for a big laugh when at the Hungarian frontier you see the formidable columns halt meekly before the hand of a feather-plumed gendarme, then slowly pass over and resume speed on the left side of the road.

All the countries of middle Europe have American right-hand driving except Hungary, which clings to the English left-hand system and isn't going to change, mechanized war or no. The English influence has always been strong in Hungary. When Hungary joined the Axis, Britain held a legation here long after the customary diplomatic practice dictated. In Budapest you are told it was because this was England's best "listening post" in southeast Europe. With the information radioed daily from here, England was able to maintain an accurate weather chart of south Germany for the guidance of the RAF.

Buda is filled with needle-waisted young Hungarian officers in operetta uniforms, and when you cross the Danube to Pest on the east bank you have a melting view of Saint Margaret's Island, lush under the noon sun with its newly leafed horse chestnuts and plane trees standing in a foam of lilacs and forsythia. Going to war through Hungary is a parade. Village kids chase the Panzers, screaming *Heil Hitler!* Giggling peasant girls with red boots and gaily colored dresses sit in clutches on the roadside banks, like the bright piles on remnant counters in a dry-goods sale. The men salute gravely. Hungary, getting a lot for little out of this war, is very happy over the whole thing. Already the first battle-stained Germans pass us homeward bound from the near-by Slavonian front which they took and then gave to the Hungarians. Soldier-fashion the world over, they have chalked slogans on their trucks and tanks and decorated them with captured trophies—a Serb helmet on each headlight, a gas mask on the radiator is the usual grotesquerie. People toss lilacs and the good blood oranges of Hungary to them. But most of the worn-out boys who are not actually driving are catching shut-eye.

### On to Yugoslavia

You know the birth rate is due for another boost in Germany. It has been that way since this war began. The vital-statistics graph has taken scared-cat falls and leaps coincident with the beginnings of each campaign and the leave periods thereafter.

Tonight you halt in Szeged (pronounced Sheh Geh Deen) for your last chance of a clean bed. Tomorrow you really say goodby to Europe when you leave Hungary. In Hungary, moreover, you bid farwell to the most decent, the cleanest, friendliest people you can find anywhere—and the prettiest women.

Your car is a Horch—smooth, fast, big, powerful with its Mercedes-Benz motor. It has to be rugged to take the beating of a Panzer drive over sometimes fantastic mountain roads. The top is down, German army style, and come rain, dust, wind and sun you'll sit out there for eight days—and like it. Your driver is Lance Corporal Otto Boehnke, who talks vaguely of being a chauffeur in private life for a prince. That doesn't convince you. Too often you've been hurled around *Kedächtniskirche* into *Kurfürstendamm* by Otto's taxiing. Every day you watch Otto's ears and the back of his neck turn redder and his hair change from black in the morning to the yellow of the roadside sand at night. The worst comes on the day following the night in Salonika when Otto in some way got hold of a bottle of hair oil. Before noon there is a deep, horrible, greasy sand dune atop his head. Otto's intensely single-track mind keeps us flirting with eternity. To conform with regulations Otto always puts his cap on before entering a town. He uses two hands and looks in the rear-vision mirror while the car with unslackened speed fends for itself.

Otto never misses returning a wayside *Heil.* He can *Heil,* drive, eat, talk all at once with only two hands. It to these activities he adds drinki a bottle while overtaking a column at seventy-two miles that you find yourself upside do ditch.

You cross at dawn into the Vo section of Yugoslavia with a Hu supply train. It lolls along in contrast to the huge Panzer fight supply equipment. Here are hooded wagons that would have at home behind Napoleon. drawn by four horses—with th table lilacs stuck behind their where a single husky coolie suffice. The Hungarian soldie differ strikingly from the lively Germans. They are mainly of the last war—genially villain peasants with ruddy cheeks, pal kled eyes, long blond mustache sheepish air about the whole b The mere crossing of a politica between Ohio and Kentucky put a land where faces are not smili smoke and dust has scarcely b from the fighting here. There is ing. The Yugoslav boys, wi funny three-quarter-length pan length vests and pancake hat moodily. Little girls run indoor people don't look.

You reach the Danube again Sad. The wrecks of two giant rest like prehistoric fish skeleto river over which you take the ian army pontoon ferry. Now y the Serbian core. Your civili puzzles wayside folks between and Greece, but you're in a Ger and therefore must be one of querors. Yet, of all the races ple you meet, only the Serbs you with unrelenting hatred your friendly approaches.

### Germany Paid for the Dan

A few miles south of Novi Sa Belgrade road is where the pa the river, fierce and wide h forced. The Danube is the particularly of those nations for forms a frontier. Its bridges ways been the first things c diplomatic relations were broke are old bridge foundations a Balkan Danube but no old bri military opinion the three technical feats of German arm war—achievements that are stil in mystery but will be boned professional war students for tions after their precise histo vealed—were three crossing Kattegat to Norway, the Medit to Libya and the Danube at points. The latter was no ordin toon exercise for engineer troop

Here on a gentle ridge for all pute is the price Germany pai crossings at this point—the g young Germans. By a coinci poignant it is scarcely credib are four young pear trees set within shadowing distance. O they were planted only a few fore the war began by the peasa

(Continued on page 45

WIDE WORLD

**Bridges were destroyed to halt the Nazi advance. But engineers quickly threw up an emergency bridge across this river and the blitz rushed on**

WIDE WORLD

**A land-mine explosion in Thessaly creates mounds of rubbish through which**

**This vivid pen picture of mo warfare, especially the des tion of the technique emplo by the Panzer divisions their advance through the kans, stimulates the imagina and gives a timely messag students of new tactical met**

**Maj. Gen. Robert C. Richar United States A**

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

# Reunion

## By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**Night after night, lying awake, he had stared at the ceiling and tried to remember just how her face looked**

HAT was the hard part of it—getting the words out. It was hard because his throat stuck together, and e him swallow, and he was not sure o he was going to sound. But he ght of his father, how his father ys said he didn't like boys who d like girls, and who couldn't keep chins up like in the army. "Hello, mmy," he said. He was glad he ded all right.

"ow do you feel, darling?"

"ine."

was going on ten, of course; and h you are going on ten you do not n how you feel. You do not say much you have wanted and wanted e home again. You do not admit what you really want now is to to her and fly up into her arms, ling and crying, "Mummy, Mum- and hug her tight. You keep your up, and you stand very straight and ng and inquire in a polite, grown-up , "Have you both been well?"

"ery well, thank you, darling, and "

"h, fine."

Is mother's face was beautiful. t after night, lying awake in the ge bed, in the strange house, he stared at the ceiling and tried to mber just how her face looked, and ake it appear in front of him in the ness; but there were so many ex- ions of her face that he remem- , and they crowded so fast on top e another—like a lot of pictures on the same negative in a camera t he had never been able to think r face very clearly. But he had able to think of her voice, night after night, just exactly as it sounded now: "I've missed you, darling."

"I've missed you, too."

You are almost a man now, and you do not tell her about the nights when you would lie awake in the strange bed and think of the bombs, think of her in London with all the bombs. You do not tell her how you would roll over and bury your head in the pillow so as not to worry Mrs. Pierce, who was being so kind to you. You tell her instead about all the nice things she'd like to hear: "At Christmas I had my own stocking, and we went to the theater twice."

"I'm sure you're quite spoiled, darling. Have you been a good boy?"

"Pardon?"

"Have you drunk your milk?"

"Oh, rather, I've put on eight pounds."

"Oh, my goodness me, how wonderful. Pretty soon you'll be as big as your father. . . ."

HE DID not see how he could ever be as big as his father. His father looked like a giant in his khaki uniform, very tall and handsome. His mother had sent him a snapshot of his father when he first put his new uniform on, at Christmas time, and he had shown it to Mrs. Pierce, and to his teacher and all the boys at school, and he had been very proud; but now for some reason it was hard to talk to his father. He had always been silent like this in front of his father. His father seemed to find it hard to talk, too, and he kept clearing his throat, and starting his sentences explosively with "I say." "I say, I suppose you can play the piano now."

That was a joke. The first letter he had written home, he had complained because Mrs. Pierce had wanted him to take piano lessons. His father had been amused, but his mother had said that it was very kind of Mrs. Pierce and he should, of course, take advantage of all these wonderful opportunities he could not get at home.

"I suppose you're better than Paderewski, eh?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly," he said, staring straight ahead.

There was a little pause. There were always these little pauses when he talked to his father, and his mother would glance swiftly from one face to the other with an anxious, understanding smile.

"I say, your bicycle's still in the cellar, you know," his father said after a moment of silence. "Nobody has touched it."

He was glad about his bicycle. He had wondered whether anybody had been riding his bicycle while he was away, Woodie or any of the gang. He always kept his bicycle on a rack in the cellar, very clean and shiny. Mrs. Pierce had not wanted him to have a bicycle, for fear that he would be run over.

"And Tag's waiting for you upstairs," his father said. "He's been sleeping on your bed every night while you've been gone."

The bed at Mrs. Pierce's was much bigger than his own bed at home, and he had a reading lamp and a radio beside the bed, but there was no dog to sleep on the bed. Mrs. Pierce did not like dogs. Mrs. Pierce's house was a beautiful house, not tiny like his own house; but all he could think of, all he had been able to think of for a year, was being back in his own house again. He could not wait to dash upstairs and see Tag again, and see his bicycle in the cellar, and the paneled kitchen that smelled of spice, and the bathroom with the high tin tub, and the creaky back stairs, and the yard. All he could think of now was being home, and never leaving home again.

"I say, this is quite a thing, isn't it, the three of us getting together like this?"

IT WAS a dream. He knew it was only a dream. He had been looking forward to it for so long; but it was not real. It would all be over in a minute, like waking from a dream, and he would say goodby to them, and he would go back to Mrs. Pierce's house again. Already the man beside him was saying, "I'm sorry, Geoffrey, but I'm afraid our time's up."

"Are you sure you're all right, Geoffrey?" his mother asked.

"Oh, fine," he said.

"Goodby, darling."

That was the hardest part of all. "Goodby," he said cheerfully.

"Thank you, Geoffrey, thank you, Mr. and Mrs. North, and now this concludes our special two-way broadcast between New York and London," the man beside him was saying, "in which the magic of radio has served to reunite . . ."

Afterward you go downstairs and have some ice cream and then you go back to the house with kind Mrs. Pierce. You do not let on how you feel, because, of course, you are going on ten.

# The Real Thing

By Homer Mc oy
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HO

**If and when Mr. Arnold's romance goes bust his wife won't tell the judge she found it monotonous**

BOB ARNOLD came back to Hollywood from his week end at Coronado with the light in his eyes. Coronado is this refined resort down the coast.

"Joe," he explained to me, "I am in love."

"That is pure routine," I said, "and I am not impressed."

"Please don't scoff," said Bob solemnly. "This is the real thing at last. The name is Sally Van Cortland."

"You are sure you didn't fall in love with a Pullman car?" I asked.

"I fell in love with the most wonderful girl in the world. She is beautiful, a brunette with blue eyes and a breathtaking personality. But there is one small catch."

Bob got up and looked at himself thoughtfully in the mirror.

"Joe," he asked, "do I look too much like a movie actor?"

"Not if you keep your hair cut short," I said.

"Could I pass for a young society guy who is spending a few months in southern California?"

"Well, you have played a few character roles tougher than that."

"I am glad to hear you say tha Bob said, "because that is just am so far as Sally Van Cortland cerned."

"A neat bit of casting," I said, wish you would explain."

"Well, it is like this," Bob s meet this gorgeous creature beach. We go into the water t We get along swimmingly."

He stopped with a look of sur his face. "Did you like that one

"It was fair."

"Thank you," said Bob. "I m member to use it again sometime after getting along swimmingly up to the hotel and she introduce her folks. They are very social are from New York and will Coronado until next spring.

"When I tell them I am from wood they seem to stiffen. May imagine it, but they know ver about the town and the movie b and I get the impression they do to know any more. So I put my it. It just slipped out, Joe, an sorry I did it, but I tell them I a Boston, very intimate with the and Lodges, and am just sort o ming in Hollywood. For a lark turn on a slight Back Bayish ac was easy because, you remembe to talk that way two pictures ag

"Now what happens?" I asked

"What I have to do is to kee thinking I am a society guy," B "That is, until I marry her. D you I am going to marry her?"

"You didn't mention it," I saic

(Continued on page 54)

**"Well, it is like this. I meet this gorgeous creature on the beach at Coronado. We go into the water together. We get along swimmi**

# They Call Her Mac

## By Barbara Berch

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MON

Dorothy McGuire, star o Claudia, is a 23-year-old Irish American girl from Omaha who besides being theater mad wants to fly an airplan

DOROTHY McGUIRE is a pug-nosed, slightly blond version of Greta Garbo. She's twenty-three, from Omaha, owns up to big feet and is tarring in Claudia, newest success on Broadway. Jews, because the kid is packing them in, face to face ith Gertrude Lawrence, Katharine Cornell, Ethel larrymore and the rest of the Class-A roll call.

Everybody is delighted with Mac's success. The Valgreen gang (cliff dwellers at the fabulous drug-tore on Times Square where want-to-be actors sip hocolate sodas, talk theater and get the latest cast-ng tips), the hangers-on, the stars, the press agents, ne stagehands, the producers. She's such a real merican gal that folks sort of sit back and revel in ne miracle of this one in a thousand who hurdled the road jump without any distinguishing marks like ink hair, a gravel-throat or six discarded husbands.

When the show was being cast, Author Rose ranken insisted upon a girl for the name part who oked eighteen and had twenty-five years' experi-nce in the theater. She probably wanted a genie; she ot Dorothy McGuire. Mac's a dud at rehearsals hen the seats are empty, but give her a houseful f people and she—well—she turns out to be a laudia. Translated: a baby-faced sex-box, run-ing around in dirndls and ginghams and twining her-lf around the furniture like a triple-jointed gazelle. he'd be called skinny in Omaha, but in New York ne's ethereal.

Dorothy McGuire lives on the fifth floor of a house n 54th Street. Visitors clump up five flights of stairs meet a grief-stricken McGuire and a colored maid amed Bertha, muttering volubly about an elevator, nd isn't it a shame no one ever finds it?

Her apartment is in the process of being furnished nd at this point it's rugless and drapeless. A sofa, a esk, a table, two chairs, a good chair and a pile of ooks are all she has. First thing she did was to ar-nge the furniture and plop the sofa in the middle the room. (Bertha doesn't like it there, so when lac's out, she shoves it over to the side.) Three uarters of the stuff is mid-Victorian, the table and airs are 1941 beach.

When I saw Dorothy McGuire she was wearing a llow cotton house coat with a pearl-and-diamond ip. Her face was shiny and her hair uncurled. She ied to be—as she put it—"sweet, without gushing nd losing character." Once in a while she'd forget nd be actressy but it didn't happen often. Most of e time she talked about Rose Franken and Time of our Life, and My Sister Eileen, and Claudia, and a d named Gene Kelly who's starring in Pal Joey.

### McGuire vs. Fonda

She tells you she was an ornery youngster with an nderstanding ma and a passion for play-acting. First ing she did was the lead in A Kiss for Cinderella, the Omaha Little Theater. Henry Fonda, an-her Omahan turned actor through the years, revis-d the scene of his childhood and starred in the piece. ac, with no respect at all for Fonda's stature, stole e show, but Hank withstood the defeat well enough go on getting good and famous in spite of it.

Next, a session at a convent for Mac, where they d a religious play and she was offered the leading ale role. Not for her. She'd play the feminine lead, s, but no male characterizations, thank you. She t the role of the Virgin Mother Mary.

Then she went to a female seminary in New Eng-nd that she didn't like much. Contrary to the usual ocedure she forgot to invite her mother for gradua-n and wore an old white dress from the convent.

Finally, The Try. New York. She had raved out being an actress for years, and it was time she d something about it. She wired her mother to me to town, and Mrs. Mac promptly moved her in th a sister Nebraskan who had leased an expensive artment on the East Side and no wherewithal to y for it. Mac came in mighty handy that winter.

They dined on tuna fish four nights a week, ran out madly, and were so Bohemian that Mac got k. "You can't eat everything out of cans, forget to ep and expect to be as healthy as Tarzan's Jane, w can you?" In-between times, though, she learned w to look for jobs, where to go for casting tips, who s regular, who was not.

"I also learned how not (*Continued on page* 51)

# The Strong of Heart

By Georges Surdez

**Under the terror in conquered France, unbeaten Frenchmen still fight on in the only way they can**

"I saw your back when I came down the stairs. You were hunched up, with your face turned a

THE Boches have a small outpost about six hundred meters down the road, with two heavy machine guns." The guide cleared his throat, then went on in his leisurely Normandy drawl: "And they have guys on motorcycles going around, but they travel very fast, can't see much and never stop at the farms."

"How frequent are those patrols?" the British flying officer asked. His French was correct, but accented.

"That depends, monsieur. Sometimes more than others. For instance, when there have been some of your planes flying about, they're all over the place, with searchlights." He seemed to see through the darkness, led them through the woods at a good pace. He spoke in a normal voice; that he would be executed if the Germans discovered that he aided British agents did not seem to weigh on his mind. "But Monsieur need not fret, I shall hide him with good people."

"You are very amiable," the officer said feelingly.

"Oh, monsieur, one does what one can."

Their chatter irritated Sergeant Pilot John Collins. Day was not so far away, when they might be discovered. The officer was in uniform and had little to fear beyond being taken as a prisoner of war. But he, Collins, also in British uniform, might be identified by someone as Jean-Pierre Ruhault, local boy, a born Frenchman, hence not a regular but a partisan, for the Free French forces were not accepted as belligerents by the Nazis. That would mean an armed squad in short order.

And he would be shot at Bresimont, the nearest village, so that his mother would hear all about it, and probably die. Her heart was bad, had been bad for years. Ruhault was beginning to regret having volunteered so readily for this mission, without knowing what it involved. The order had been so simple, when the captain had read it off in camp: "Men familiar with the following regions of France, their geographical details and dialects, are invited to report themselves for special duty."

Ruhault had given his qualifications, and been instructed, very shortly, to present himself before a British major, at a certain address in London. The Frenchman had been overjoyed—out of the interview might come a good job; translating documents, for instance.

"You speak English remarkably well," the major said. He was very young for a man of his rank—a smooth, intelligent-looking chap of twenty-four or twenty-five. "What schools did you attend?"

"Country schools in France, sir," Ruhault had replied. "But I was restless, did not like farm labor very much, and ran away very early. The sea was but sixty kilometers from us. I worked on sailing boats taking vegetables from Brittany to England. Also, I learn languages easily."

"You speak the Normandy dialect?"

"Naturally, sir. I also speak Breton and Flemish. We had sailors in our crews from all over northern France. I was sergeant-observer in our aviation, sir, in Syria, and I also speak Arabic, but not very well."

"You remained in England voluntarily, Ruhault?"

"Yes, sir. I am convinced the war is not over for France."

"Let us hope you are right," the major approved with a smile. "How would you like to take a trip to France?"

Ruhault had felt as if he had sunk to his thighs in ice-cold water. So that was the idea—they wanted him to go back as a spy. He did not like the prospect, but what was there to say? One could not tell that cool fellow that one was afraid. He had nodded vaguely.

"You're the only man who quit ills the specifications," the officer wei on. "You know the region we are inter ted in, can note the changes. You u er- stand maps? Naturally, if you a an observer. You have done para ute work? Splendid. If you are luck the whole thing will not keep you c of England a week.

"You will land about here." T tip of a pencil indicated the spot. The nearest German posts are here and here—and here—little danger of ing

(Continued on page 46)

# Dina Cashman

## By Kathleen Norris

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*The Story Thus Far:*

WHILE supporting her poverty-stricken family by working in a grocery store, not far from San Francisco, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman takes a brief outing in the Sierras. Her companion is the man she loves—Vere Holland, a young Yale law-school student, who, having met her by chance, *seemingly* adores her.

The outing, a happy one for both the girl and the boy, ends. Dina returns to her home, a dingy Railway Flats; and Holland goes back to Yale. Then, a few weeks later, Dina makes a dreadful discovery: she is going to become a mother!

Desperate, in need of wise counsel, she confides in her best friend: Tom O'Connor, who, loving her and longing to marry her, realizes that Dina merely likes him—that she can never care for him as he cares for her. He advises her to go to New Haven, find Vere Holland and marry him. He offers to give her money for her expenses.

But Dina thinks she has a better solution of her problem. Summoning all the courage she possesses, she calls on wealthy Rogers Holland, Vere's uncle, at his stately Burlingame mansion. She tells him the whole story. Holland, listening, is courteous. He feels sure, he says, that Vere's mother (a spoiled divorcée) will not permit her son to marry a girl from Railway Flats. Then he makes her a curious proposition:

Recently jilted by a beautiful woman—who has married Andrew Havens, an artist—he is giving a dinner party. The Havenses are to be among his guests. Will Dina (who is extraordinarily beautiful) attend the party? Will she come and, pretending to be very close to him, do what she can to arouse "Aline's" (Mrs. Havens') jealousy? Of course, Mr. Holland tells Dina, he will remunerate her very handsomely.

Dina decides to co-operate with him. In clothes provided by Mrs. Bucket, Holland's housekeeper, she goes to the party. And when it is over, Aline is seething with curiosity as to the relationship between Holland and his "ward"—Geraldine Cashman! . . . Vere, in New Haven, writes one or two noncommittal letters. He says his mother has assured him that "everything will come out all right." He says that he is contemplating a trip to South America!

Trusting Mrs. Bucket (a splendid woman), Dina tells her of her problem. Mrs. Bucket suggests that Dina become her assistant, at the Holland place. Dina declines the offer—she would be too near home! Mrs. Bucket then says that Mr. Holland is planning to help the girl out, financially. "After all," she remarks, "his family has done you a wrong."

Dina listens. Then: "No, no, no!" she exclaims. *"I did it myself!"*

### V

VERE'S twenty-four," Mrs. Bucket went on; "what he ought to be is horsewhipped and stood up before a priest and married to you. What he ought to be is taught his responsibility to his child."

"I don't think either one of us thought much of the responsibility," Dina put in faintly as Mrs. Bucket, knitting furiously, stopped short.

"It doesn't matter what you did, you were both in it, and to have you driven out of your home, away from your mother and father when they need you, and when you need them, and to have her—his mother, writing that she refuses to have anything to do with the matter, I tell you it's all unfair!" the older woman said vigorously.

"Did she write that?"

"That's what she wrote. And that the boy had some—I don't know whether she said 'chivalrous' or 'noble' or what she said—some notion that he was responsible. Some notion, indeed!" the housekeeper repeated.

Dina sat silent, her very soul racked.

"But then why doesn't he come back?" she presently asked. "He knows, he must know, how I feel! I wouldn't want to do anything that would hurt him—that would change his life. But just to have him to talk to—" Her voice suddenly thickened.

"I don't understand it and I don't understand *them*," Mrs. Bucket said. "I know Mr. Holland wrote her, and I know he feels that she and Vere should make it right by you. I don't know what he felt when *he* wrote, but I can tell you *her* letter made him mad. I've never seen him so mad!"

Again Dina found nothing to say. The shame of being discussed, pitied, casually abandoned by the man she had so loved kept her silent.

"I'll not die," she thought, "and time will go by, years will go by, and there

*(Continued on page 29)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

**"You must excuse me," said the hard voice, as its owner turned to Dina, "but you know yourself that is the truth"**

# SHORTY

**By John Randolph Phillips**
ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT

**He strode to the counter. A five-dollar bill appeared in his hand. "Here, Shorty, old kid," he said. "Buy yourself an all-day sucker"**

**He won the girl, he wor the game. Up to that point it was just one success story after another. The tough going came later**

GUYS like Shorty Slagle have no business falling in love. Somebody should tell them that love is for the six-footers. A five-foot-seven guy like Shorty goes out to his car in the dark and finds a girl like May Lanning sitting in it sobbing. She puts her arms around his neck and says, "I'm a heel, Shorty, a contemptible little heel."

Shorty was a bug and a nut. Nuts and bugs about baseball. He sent Bill Harrigan and Lou Nagel from campus to big leagues. Oh, the scouts would have discovered them sooner or later. Shorty just made it sooner. Because Shorty wrote letters to managers and scouts.

Tom Fitch, one of the best scouts in the business, has a file of them six feet high. They afford him amusement on rainy days. He chuckles over such pronouncements as the following: "You'll take one look at this Harrigan, Tom, and you'll think Cobb just carried a bat to brush the flies away with. . . . I won't say our boy Nagel is as good as Dickey yet—he's only nineteen—but I really believe that when a runner starts to swipe second on him he could peg the ball clear to center and the center fielder would still have time to run in and make the putout at second."

But there is an excerpt from one letter that still leaves Tom Fitch feeling murderous: "You haven't been down to see Vic Tully since last year. Don't sell this boy short, Tom. Why, he can throw a doughnut faster than Walter Johnson in his prime could throw a baseball."

Shorty ran the Kampus Kitchen at Westmoreland A. & M., this institution being an agricultural and mechanical college down among the pig paths of the South. If you were a student you crossed from the school grounds to the corner of College Avenue and Georgia Street and entered the Kitchen. You'd have a sandwich or ice cream or pie or maybe a small steak and, sitting there, you'd draw Shorty out. He wasn't much older than you, say twenty-five, and he had friendly eyes and a humorous mouth and somehow you felt you could be familiar with him.

"HOW many consecutive years, Shorty, did Cobb lead the American League in hitting?"

"Nine," Shorty would say.

"Who hit the first home run with the bases loaded in a world series?"

"Elmer Smith, in nineteen-twenty, for Cleveland against Brooklyn."

Then you'd try to get funny and you'd say, "It was nineteen-thirty, w 't i that Ruth hit sixty-two homers

Shorty would fix you with a t ibled gaze. "Ruth never hit sixty- , o sixty-one, either. It was sixty the year was nineteen-twenty-seve

By then you'd have finished at was you'd ordered and you'd s "Be all right to pay you Friday, Shori "

"Oh, sure," Shorty would say. Don give it a thought."

Friday would come and with you check from home and somehow you forget Shorty. But he never mne you. In fact, when you did final reca the debt, he'd act surprised and y the thing had slipped his mind, to You knew he was a big liar, but th on made the feeling around your h rt al the warmer.

There was no summer school a West moreland A. & M. and consequ ly ne rush of business at the Kampus tchen in those months. So Shorty had ne to

*(Continued on page 38)*

# Red Sands in the Desert

By Frank Gervasi
RADIOED FROM CAIRO

**After a while you get used to bombs and land mines, but the eternal, infernal sand—Collier's correspondent in Africa pictures death and destruction in the desert**

THE *Tenente* lay on a stretcher on the powdery floor of brown sand in a wall tent in the British dressing station just this side of Sidi Barrani. Next to him lay Giovanni and, next to him, a wounded German. In the farthest corner there was a Tommy with a bullet in his lung. Outside the desert sun was boiling in the white-hot sky. Sand as fine as tan-tan talc was stirred by a dry, hot wind. Just beyond the hospital camp, a portable village of brown tents and trucks and hastily dug slit trenches, there was a ridge of sand dunes so dazzlingly white they stabbed the eyes with a thousand hot needles. Beyond them was the flat turquoise water of the Mediterranean. The sea looked serenely, invitingly cool. But inside the tent it was hot, and the Tommy lifted his pale lips from his teeth in a smile and said the word "water" twice. Outside you could smell the sea but inside there was the smell of death.

The Tenente was very young. He was incredibly dirty with sweat and mud and blood, and his hair stood in tangled, wiry mop with streaks of brown sand in it. I leaned across him to hear what Giovanni was saying. Giovanni told me the Tenente was in the Bersaglieri. These are the Italian sharpshooters. They wear plumes in their hats, somber cockades of blue-black feathers which rise and fall when the Bersaglieri run in their quick parade step. I remembered how fine they looked when they ran under and past the balcony in the Piazza Venezia in Rome. The Tenente didn't look fine now and neither did Giovanni.

### What Good is Glory Now?

Both looked like broken men and the war was over for them. They had lived one day as lions. Better to live one day as a lion, Mussolini had told them, than a lifetime as sheep. It was easy to see the Tenente and Giovanni would now prefer being live sheep than dead or maimed lions, but there was nothing they could do about it now. Giovanni had a stump of a right arm and there was a nod of gratitude to the handsome young British doctor who adjusted the bandage and said to Giovanni, "Feeling better, old boy?" And Giovanni hadn't the faintest idea what the doctor had said and he merely smiled and nodded.

The Tenente died while I leaned over to talk with Giovanni. He didn't say "Viva Mussolini" nor "Aia Aia A Aia" nor any of the Black Shirt clichés he'd been taught since childhood. He

*(Continued on page 35)*

WIDE WORLD

**A British officer and an Italian prisoner carry a wounded Italian to an ambulance after an engagement at Tobruk. Another wounded Italian crouches in the sand awaiting his turn**

**Thousands of Italian prisoners plod wearily back to prison camps behind the British lines, following the British smash into Italian Libya. They are guarded by British Tommies**

BRITISH COMBINE

FORT TILDEN, Long Island. Few times have the cit-
zens near this fort felt the concussion of its sixteen inc
gun. But one day last month the crew of thir -six
rammed a ton-and-a-half projectile into the breech
backed it with 800 pounds of powder and experi ment-
tally blew it 44,000 yards to sea. Cost: $3,000. Shell may
be seen in air directly below Coast Artillery
insignia (right). The gun can be fired at
ninety-second intervals; between shots the
fifty-foot barrel is cooled by cold-air jets

# OUR NEW ARMY

### UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. This is the third and probably final chapter of the DIV. Red-skinned Selective Service al entitled, "Lo, the Poor Navajo d No," or, "The Axis Powers Mean hing to Me." In a beyond-the-law lerness around the common corner Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colo-o, isolated Navajos on remote Indian rvations are reached by the Army short wave and word of mouth (Col-'s March 22d and April 26th). About 0 have signed up but a few Utah lcitrants, cut off even from their brothers, remained silently apa-ic about the whole business. After cent lapse of time, Indian mounted ce tracked down the disinterested ies. One of them got away, hand-s and all, but eleven others were ked on down to Salt Lake City, re they waived preliminary hear-and were bound over to the next ral grand jury, meeting in October. of the Navajos, never off the reser-on before, spoke no English, but rpreters learned that the mavericks se to ignore the draft, not because 're advocates of peace but because don't cotton particularly to The at White Father. Hitler and Mus-ni don't even enter into the question; lads never heard of dictators. The ives may not languish in the clink, igh; they're clamoring to register , and officials may let them. Chances they never will end up in the Army. of the others have passed the phys-and educational requirements. It ably won't be long before the native ericans, loosed from the hoosegow, be ambling back to the reservation, dering what kind of screwball coun-this is anyway.

RECENT rash of promotions caught Master Sgt. Dale Peak, of the rtermaster office, short of chevrons. id of their new ranks the soldiers cised considerable ingenuity in dis-ing them. Some painted their stripes on work uniforms, others bid fancy prices for chevrons discarded by men moving up. Most farseeing was the buck private who, just promoted to Private First Class (one stripe), was caught sewing on his sleeve a staff sergeant insignia (three stripes above, one below). "I'll fix it so only the top stripe will show," he said, "and then unfold the others as I'm promoted."

### IDAHO

9TH CORPS AREA

BOISE AIR BASE. Surrounded by swift-flowing irrigation ditches, this new air base, home of the 39th Air Base Group, 42d Bombardment Group and 16th Reconnaissance Squadron, is nicely arranged for easy guard duty. As Pvt. Roger A. Williams, Headquarters Squadron, 39th Air Base Group, explains it: "The guards just keep an eye on the ditch. If a soldier jumps it, he's all right. If he lands in the middle, it's time to get a whiff of his breath. If he can't make the ditch in two jumps, he belongs in the guard house."

TOP-RANKING noncoms living in nifty new homes built for them by the government have been told they may get a boost in rental allowance, even if it takes congressional action to put the jack under the usual $22 a month. Now let's get this straight. The noncoms get $22 a month allowance to pay the landlord. The landlord is the government. So now the government wants more rent. You figure it out.

### MISSOURI

6TH DIV.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. In the Mark Twain National Forest this post of some 30,000 men is rapidly and virtually taking over the whole southern half of the state. In St. Louis, a portion of Forest Park has been commandeered for a week-end tent camp within sound of the Municipal Opera stage and the zoo's sea lions, which give out with a noise like a top kick. Fort Wood construction workers left all the forest they could, cutting down the Ozark scrub oaks only where buildings and drill grounds had to go. All around here are spots where city hunters and anglers have been prowling for years. Men from the fort are using state fishing licenses sold by the P-X. If shotguns were included in the post's recreational equipment, they could bag plenty of wild turkey. Meanwhile, state liquor officials, local sheriffs and town marshals are cracking down on the beer-license holders who are selling the hard stuff, and the run-of-the-still bootleggers are being heckled considerably.

THE gambling joints, dance halls and other places of diversion that sprang up while the $70-a-week cat skinners and $100-a-week carpenters were nailing the fort together are beginning to feel the pinch as the $21-a-month boys roll in. They say that during the boom a gambling place offered not only to cash the workers' checks but throw in a premium, too, knowing that both the checks and the premiums would stay right in the house. One of the best-known gamblers in St. Louis strolled around the vicinity and decided to have no part of it. "Too raw for me," he said. "I always figured on a nice, equitable thirty-seventy split, but I wouldn't undertake what these boys are doing."

RED CROSS Director R. L. Sauter has handed out several loans to men who have suddenly been called home. Says Mr. Sauter: "One man showed us a wire: 'Your grandmother is dead, come home at once.' Our local Red Cross office reported that it was true. His grandmother was dead. Had been for years."

### ARKANSAS

35TH DIV.

CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, Little Rock. One gag that doesn't date back to 1917 has been worked out at this post. Several of the boys bought miniature broadcasting sets with a range of several hundred feet and have been using them to broadcast phony alarms, disguised as police bulletins, to radios in near-by tents. Favorite routine is to sneak into a tent while one of the occupants is on leave in Little Rock, tune the radio to the right wave length and broadcast a lurid account of the search being conducted for the missing man, along with juicy details of the jams he has got himself into. It gives his tent-mates the meemies. Probably worries the Federal Communications Commission, too.

### PENNSYLVANIA

28TH DIV.

INDIANTOWN GAP MILITARY RESERVATION, Jonestown. After a slow start, this headquarters for the famous 28th (Keystone) Division, and with available housing for 21,500 troops, is going full blast. Six thousand recently inducted draftees brought the present strength to about 20,000 in the 15,000-acre cantonment thirteen miles north of Lebanon.

MOST sports-minded of the outfits at Indiantown Gap seems to be the 108th Field Artillery, commanded by Col. Edward Hubbs. Recently and formally opened was the 108th's thirty-foot boxing ring, a versatile affair which can be changed in one minute to an outdoor theater, and in another forty seconds to a pulpit or reviewing stand. Division Commander General Edward Martin not only approved of Col. Hubbs' brain child but said he thought it would be a good idea if all other outfits fashioned their outdoor rings likewise. High light of the ring's opening was the performance of Pvt. Irv Buchman, who played traps in the band from 7:30 to 8:15 P.M., then shed his uniform, climbed through the ropes and handily won a fight in the 150-pound class. Boxers, by the way, keep in trim by running three miles—after drill.

### KENTUCKY

1ST ARMORED DIV.

FORT KNOX. Some of the clerks and radio men attending the Armored Force school here think the Army's personnel system is all right; or did, until they Learned All. Seems that while a few of the boys were getting a breath of air outside one of the buildings on their first day, a jeep rolled up and disgorged four (4) luscious babes, who raced up the steps of a building adjoining the classroom. Before the lads could even begin to wonder what kind of course the Army was giving for women, one of the students with shaking hand pointed out to his bug-eyed pals the large painted letters above the entrance through which the gals had passed. Reproduction Department, the letters said. What —ahum—spoils the story is that the R.D. turns out all the printed and mimeographed matter used by the school, and the girls—yeah, yeah—operate the machines. Hmf.

### SOUTH CAROLINA

4TH ARMY CORPS

CAMP CROFT. Spartanburg. Down in the cotton-field and peach-orchard section of Dixie this giant infantry-replacement center (the others are Camps Wheeler, Wolters and Roberts) is all set for its ultimate capacity of 18,000

*(Continued on page 61)*

GRAPH BY RUDY ARNOLD

# Advance Agent

## By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

*The Story Thus Far:*

LIEUTENANT FRIEDRICH RÖMER, a young German flier who has been captured by the British, escapes from a prison-bound train in Ontario. A resourceful, daring man, he reaches the United States. Then, alarmed by the questions directed at him by a man who has given him a lift in his car, he knocks the man out, and drives away in the car.

He knows that Nazi agents will aid him in Detroit. But, afraid to pursue his course toward that city, he drives east, reaches Vermont. And, listening to the radio accounts of his amazing getaway, he knows that he is in peril. . . .

Gail Armstrong, a young widow who lives in the small Massachusetts city of Windham, promises—most reluctantly—to marry Lynn Scovil, a wealthy man who is known for his radical theories. Like "Connie" Scovil, Lynn's daughter (who works in a little shop owned by Gail, because she does not care to be just a "rich man's pampered child"), Gail mistrusts Scovil's anti-American ideas. Nevertheless—while Connie is seeing much of a young newspaperman—Bill Jay, who works for a New York newspaper—she accompanies Scovil to Manchester, Vermont, where they are to be married.

On the evening of their arrival in Manchester, Gail suddenly realizes that she may or *may not* love Scovil. Whereupon, she hops in her car and drives toward Windham. Before she has gone very far, she sees a man—athletic, attractive in appearance, apparently a gentleman—being pursued by some policemen. Then, yielding to a sudden impulse, she picks him up, carries him away from his pursuers.

*The man is Römer.* He admits that he has had some trouble with the authorities. And Gail confesses what she has just done. As they converse, some police appear. The car has just stopped; and Römer, hoping to hide his face, throws his arms around Gail. The police, believing that they have encountered two "neckers," go away. After which, Römer—unable to control himself—kisses Gail.

When they drive on, the German says that he must find a hide-out—a quiet, secluded spot—for two or three days. Gail recommends Camp Ryegate, which is not far from Windham. They drive there. Arrived, Römer leaves the car, walks toward the camp. *And Gail?* She does not want to admit it, but she is well aware that the stranger's kisses have thrilled her as no other kisses ever have!

**Bill sat up groggily, leaning against her. "Don't argue, Toots," he said. "We do exactly what we're tol**

### III

AT CAMP RYEGATE, Lieutenant Römer had done everything that was, for the moment, possible—he had wired to the forwarding company asking for money and he had kept reasonably patient. If the money came before evening, he could be in Detroit tomorrow morning. If it did not come, he must rely on his wits. The trouble with his wits was that they had landed him on the bank of a Massachusetts pond, hundreds of miles from where he ought to be. Possibly the police were still after him; certainly he had lost another twenty-four hours, which was much worse. He had been given a job to do; it was assumed that he might fail but it was not assumed that he would fail because of his own stupidity. Very possibly he had already done just that. No, his wits had so far proved unreliable. They had better improve fast.

He spent some time wandering about Camp Ryegate, where, it was essential to remember, he was registered as John Page. It had not been designed for people of his profession. Sited on a hill at one end of Ryegate Pond was the Ryegate Inn, which appeared to be a swankier place under the same management. The camp itself was some thirty cabins in a pine grove back from the shore, with a dance hall, recreation halls, a cafeteria, the usual tennis courts, the usual canoes and speedboats. There were noisy children, their mothers in denim trousers, adolescent boys and girls in shorts. Shrill cries came from the tennis courts but were smothered by the shouts of swimmers and the barrage of outboard motors on the pond. His delightful companion had done the place complete justice: no one would look here for a criminal.

Back at the office, he found that no telegram had come, and stood trying to master his impatience by studying the skiing photographs that hung on the walls. A moment later he regretted that he had ever worn a ski. For a man came out of the private office and instantly the lieutenant's mission was in danger of becoming finally impossible.

This was a man about his own age, with the body of a trained athlete and a handsome, stolid face—and the lieutenant's memory, which was trained for such emergencies, identified him as a skimeister at Arlberg in the Austrian Tirol nine years ago.

"Mr. Page?" The lieutenant nodded. "I am the proprietor of Camp Ryegate. The name is Booker." Yes, but it had been Bucher at Arlberg. Mr. Booker was a refugee. "Kindly come outside."

This was his first taste of the total vigilance that he must maintain from now to the end—or as near the end as he might be permitted to get there was no convenient way Camp Ryegate. . . . Mr. Booker past the kitchens and worksh where a couple of workmen wer ing shovels and axes in a ligh Here he stopped and said, "We v a little ride, Mr. Page."

The lieutenant looked at him "I'm not sure I'm in the mood.

"This morning the state po quired at all camps for an escap tomobile thief, Mr. Page. The baggage in your cabin."

That suggested that the pr was thinking of his camp's

*(Continued on page 23)*

Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—Ray Oglesby inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before auction
"Luckies pay higher prices
"—to get lighter, milder leaf like this!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer of Winterville, N. C.
"LISTEN to the bidding at 'most any tobacco auction—and you'll see right fast that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, lighter leaf. Like any smoker, that's the tobacco I want—so naturally, I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment!"
Yes, Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. No wonder that with independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite over all other brands combined. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

# The Sun never sets on GILBEY'S GIN

It gives you a deep sense of satisfaction when you order a drink *"made with Gilbey's Gin"* to realize that at the very same minute other men who know fine liquors are sitting at far-away windows with that same familiar Gilbey's bottle beside them. For nearly a century now, the sun has never set on Gilbey's Gin . . . because millions of men have found, *as you will, too,* that Gilbey's makes a great drink *greater!*

*The INTERNATIONAL Gin*

*National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits*

# Advance Agent

Continued from page 20

ectability. The lieutenant experi-
ted with a calculated anger. "I paid
he cabin," he said insolently. "Be
ood as to stay out of it."
r. Booker scowled. "Guests at
p Ryegate must have baggage. I
not mention you to the police but
have a telephone." His face con-
d with a sudden and violent rage.
nnation! Come with me or I will
you in."
e threat did not impress Lieuten-
Römer, who was prepared to en-
ter threats from now on. Nor did
harsh and even cruel anger that
rearranged that handsome face in-
t him much. But his wary atten-
had caught a fleeting expression of
siness, which was an odd emotion
kimeister Booker to be feeling in
circumstances and had better be
ved up. "All right," he assented,
l take a ride. If I don't enjoy it,
Booker—we'll come back."
e proprietor accepted the arro-
and they rode with their feet
ing over the end of the truck. The
hood was that Mr. Booker in-
d to escort an undesirable guest
he back way, to maintain the moral
y of his camp. But Mr. Booker
looking at him with a steadfast
e, which corresponded to the lieu-
t's private emotions about him.
e I seen you somewhere before?"
Booker asked abruptly.
, by no means! Not with the en-
ob hanging on that identification.
nk not," he said stonily, "I would
nber your manners."

T caring for each other, they rode
r some five miles up steep back
, and came out in a clearing where
were various shacks, a smooth hill-
sloping up, and the poles of what
obviously a ski tow. Several men
working here, and the lieutenant
nized the place as the last descent
ki run which he could see curving
m above. The bare scar twisted
gh the trees for half a mile, and
uld imagine it sloping up beyond
f sight. Yes, it began at the sum-
f a small mountain, where there
a couple of cabins and a cleared
ay leading to the first drop.
y got off; the truck bumped on
e far end of the clearing. Mr.
er gestured toward a wooden
, and they sat down.
u sent a telegram by the office
one, Mr. Page. . . . Please do
g hasty," Booker said, and the
nant's eyes must have flashed. "It
to the Interoceanic Forwarding
any of New York and it was
l Philip Garfield. It asked that
y be wired to Philip Garfield in
care at my camp, Mr. Page. Also
d that a shipment had been de-
again."
ing only that earlier flash of un-
ss to act on, the lieutenant acted
He stood up; he spoke softly:
friend, it may be your habit to pry
he affairs of your guests, but I do
ermit it. I like it so very little that
uld be happy if you would try to
me when I leave. Which is right
He had been altogether right—
ough Mr. Booker was now very
indeed, that same uneasiness
d more strongly in his face. He
ed up quickly, putting a taunt
his voice, "If you want to start
hing, why not now?"
Booker's face blazed with a de-
to start something. But Mr.
r's hands, the lieutenant carefully
, were pressed against the seams
of his trousers—like a soldier's. "Who sent you to my camp?" he muttered.

"Say 'Sir' to me!"

It took Mr. Booker at least thirty seconds, but he said "Sir" and the lieutenant had a changed and much clearer idea about him. "No one sent me here," he said. "Telegrams I send are no affair of yours. Do not be fool enough to say anything more. Now take me back to camp. And stay out of my cabin."

The man would have liked to punch his face—and, what was more important, he was not surprised at being bullied. "I do not care if you are Philip Garfield or John Page or John Doe," he said sullenly. "But you sent a wire to that company." He looked hard and spoke a sentence in rapid German. When the lieutenant gave no sign of understanding, he repeated it in English: "There is a man near here whom you must see."

"Must?" the lieutenant said gently.

"You appear at my camp. You wire the company. So you must see him."

The lieutenant relaxed into amiability—and into German: "I have a few hours—till late afternoon. I will see your man if you can be quick about it."

Mr. Booker also relaxed but still could not be amiable: "It will take arranging by telephone. You had better stay right here till I come back for you."

**"A clown couldn't look like Uncle Emmet, dear, and even if a clown did look like Uncle Emmet, we mustn't ever let people know we think so"**

PERRY BARLOW

CONNIE had spent an active two hours sweeping and dusting the bookshop when Gail came down to breakfast—in a yellow nightgown that was a grievance in itself. And also in a dour mood that would not respond to Connie's cheerful chatter. She was obviously not saying anything about the house party she had decided to come home from; it was a fair and hopeful guess that there had been a quarrel. She went upstairs to get dressed, and Connie went back to being a wage earner.

So here was Mr. Lynn Scovil coming into the bookshop at ten A.M., which indicated that it was Mr. Scovil whom Gail had quarreled with.

HE TRIED to be pleasant to Connie, asking amiably stupid questions about the bookshop and Martha Case College. Nobody could work harder than he at being a good guy, and nobody ever did it with a colder calculation. He probably thought he was being benignant when he said, "I suppose I'll never understand it, but parents can't insist on understanding any more. I'd be happy to give you anything you want but if you have to get it for yourself, go ahead. I'm there if you need me, and the latchstring's out for you to pull any time you feel like it."

Gail came down and there was a tableau, antagonism and something that looked like fright in Gail's suddenly flushed face, a ten-thousand-volt anger in her father's. Connie quivered with satisfaction, for this must have been a high-pressure quarrel. She got out of the bookshop fast. Maybe they'd break it up right here. No, she gloomily decided, the form sheet showed that he would make one of those orations and Gail would dissolve in penitent and acquiescent tears.

She went into the sweater shop and began to unpack some cartons of fall stock. Pretty soon Bill Jay strolled in and, as always, the sight of her seemed to hand him a hearty laugh. "You won't admire the Martha Case girls this fall," she said. "What are we showing? Men's jackets, men's sweaters, men's shirts, men's ties and scarves, men's raincoats. I told you I was out in front of the new mode."

"Yeah, in candid slacks—and unconvinced that a girl's best friend is her girdle."

"You peeping Tom!" she said withheringly. "Maybe I ought to fix it so you could see Gail through the yellow chiffon she had on a while ago." She stared at his clothes. "What are you made up as? A scoutmaster?"

"I'm going for a bird walk. I want to borrow Gail's binoculars."

Last night came flooding into her mind. That dark scene was improbable by daylight but she could still twitch with the scare it had given her. "You're going to go poking into Camp Ryegate."

Bill nodded. "I never saw the Y.M.C.A. mixed up with the underworld before. Makes an interesting mixture."

"I'm going with you. . . . Oh, yes, I am! If I can take beer by the barrel, I can go on bird walks. Besides, you'll look a lot more convincing as a nature lover if you've got a sweetie with you."

That must have made sense, for he said, "Can you leave your job?"

"We sold a book ten days ago—somebody was caught between trains. We won't sell one of those girdles you leer at till college opens." She went upstairs for brogues.

THEY drove to Camp Ryegate and wandered among the cabins, tennis courts and docks. It was as mild a place as you could find anywhere. Just some people enjoying an inexpensive vacation. A lot of women who would look better in stylish stouts, and Connie took care to point out that the world contained girls more angular than she. Just ordinary people having a good time. "What did you expect?" she asked. "Al Capone hijacking the United States mail? You'll be lucky if you can sneak up on a life guard kissing a stenographer."

"I didn't write that script about the truck," Bill pointed out. "What's the rest of the setup here?"

"There's the Inn—twelve dollars a day. There's the ski run. There's some shacks on top of Taylor Mountain—call them a youth hostel."

He said they'd take a look at all of it, so they drove toward the ski run, parked the car, and started overland by a little trail. Bill got winded easily and she was careful to stop often and look at nature, tie a brogue or just lean against a tree and gabble like a college girl. If they should walk in the woods all day, she wouldn't protest, and even a girl who wasn't crazy about him would keep him from overdoing. But it was hot work and he was exhausted when they came out above the bottom slope of the ski run. He sprawled in the shade of a big pine and panted. Sweat was running down his forehead and she knew he hated his weakness. She sprawled beside him and pretended to be worn out.

His grin flickered with what she could almost interpret as affection. "You have nice impulses," he said.

But that one daring leap into personalities was all he was going to venture. He turned over on his stomach and looked out at the steep slope and the clearing at the bottom, where some small dots were moving about at the end of the ski-tow. "What happens here?" he asked.

"The best of us—the Scovils and Bookers—start out on Taylor Mountain. You break your ankle anywhere on the course. Between the top and here are about five places where you're scheduled to break your leg. If you don't, there's the tow to the summit again."

"Sounds legal enough, if tinged with

**1. I have to laugh at my Daddy!** Just because he turned over a new leaf and acts like a different man, he wants everybody to give *him* credit for it. But he's not fooling Mom and me . . . we know how he got to be such a nice man!

**2. He used to be grumpy** as an old bear. He'd growl and bang around, and Mom said: "Poor Daddy misses his coffee. The caffein keeps him awake, so he had to stop drinking coffee . . . and it makes him awful mad."

**3. I didn't understand,** but that afternoon when Mom was reading a magazine, she suddenly said: "My goodness! This ad gives me an idea! I'm going to try it on your father." She called the grocer, and that night at dinner . . .

**4. Mom served coffee!** Daddy blew up! "Take it away!" he shouted. "You know I can't touch the stuff! Wouldn't sleep a wink!" "Oh, yes you would!" Mom laughed. "This is Sanka Coffee! It's 97% caffein-free and *can't* keep you awake!"

**5. "Don't believe it!"** growled grumpy old Daddy. So Mom read him the ad: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."

**6. So Daddy drank two cups.** Next morning he felt fine, 'cause he'd slept just dandy. So now he's cheerful every day, and when he talks about how good he feels, my Mom just winks at me . . . and then I have to laugh!

SANKA COFFEE

**REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE**

**Makes delicious iced coffee**

Use Sanka Coffee when you make iced coffee this summer. It's delightfully cooling and refreshing . . . and it lets you sleep!


idiocy." He got out the binoculars and began to study the scene below him. Little circles of light under his eyes fascinated her and she was extremely content with today. He was so homely that he was enchanting, and you could trust Constance Scovil, Martha Case College, '43, to know what she wanted. "Couple of people digging a posthole," he reported. "Probably no dragnet out for them. Couple of others piling brush —no Tommy guns in sight. Guy smoking in the shade of the truck—no previous convictions, I guess. Your pal Booker is talking to somebody. Not Lefty-the-Gyp—looks more like a movie actor. Sweetheart, we aren't getting anywhere for the New York Globe."

He put the binoculars back in the case and turned over on a hip and elbow, obviously dissatisfied. "Tell me about Booker."

"He's mine host. He runs this place like a chronometer. And they don't make better skiers. He's what two cocktails make you dream you might get to be."

"That makes time with college girls?"

"Darling," she said earnestly, "if it makes you jealous, he just bowls me over."

"If I find you falling for an athlete, I'll warm the seat of those unfeminine slacks."

CONNIE was dazzled, for that really looked as if his better nature was beginning to assert itself. But with Bill Jay it was one step at a time and a long wait between steps. Still, here was a summer day and a pleasant hillside and no one but her to talk to when he wanted to talk. Connie listened to the birds and looked at Bill. She watched the workmen below them and looked at Bill. She pulled her short socks and looked at Bill. No getting around it, she was skinny. If she had a shape like Gail's there would be less of this frank companionship, Bill would grin less and look closer. Or—Mathilde Winkler. Her father's—well, say it, her father's former mistress—came into her mind and she was hot with resentment for Gail's sake. But you could say this about Mathilde, when men looked at her it was without frank companionship.

"Okay," said Bill, "and the clean-cut, athletic innkeeper went to Trail-side Tavern to meet a racketeer. And it's a good guess that the same inspirer of college girls met that truck and helped the racketeer on his way."

"Nuts," Connie said. "It was movie stuff last night. You don't know that anything happened and my bet is that nothing did."

But Bill was dead serious: "Maybe . . . Connie, get it through your blond head—whoever those babies were, there's a wide streak of the rattlesnake in them. I was a fool to take you there."

That depressed her and she resented his casting a shadow on a very satisfactory hour. "That's just your depraved mind writing headlines."

"I'm a pretty good newspaperman. I get around. You're a college girl—you're a rich man's daughter—"

"Is that my fault?"

"The point is, you wouldn't meet those eggs socially. You don't know what goes on. Somebody ought to tell you there are hard guys in the world—people whose business is violence. There really is the underworld—an organized network of very hard-boiled people who would be distinctly out of place at Martha Case College."

"Sure, I read the Globe. What about it?"

"What about it? Why do they make appointments in Windham?"

That was his point, it had been his point last night, and no doubt it ought to make her shiver, but it only made her wish that he'd take an inte important things. But this w morning hour for self-reproach.

"I'm a newspaperman. And am stuck in a summer resort and through my lungs when I climb Am I on the job when a swell breaks about an escaped a Washington gets tough at last w people I know most about—am ing out? No, here I am on a h telling you how good I am. The at war and it hasn't got any use f ples, Connie. I ought to be carr gun or learning to fly a plane or running a truck. Am I? No, witheringly—"getting my strengt —sitting on my tail—watching people do the jobs. The hell crocks! They ought to be drowne

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You ass, you're all wrong!" She sh eyes hard but felt a tear on one

That tear must have scare badly for he patted the cheek. "You're all right, Connie," and s unsteadily, "Remember you sa He came out of the mood and a little. "Furthermore," he s liberately, "I lie in the teeth say you don't look nice in slack got out the binoculars and th scanned the hills above them. the glasses away. "Excuse th pity," he said, "but you get the I'm fed up with doing nothi anyway when I fall over somethi look into it. This is just a th place where you wouldn't expec I'm stubborn enough to see wha find out. I won't find anything something to do. Come on, we' the job. Let's take a look at Mountain."

"Can you make it?" Instan knew that was a mistake.

"Yes," he said furiously, "I ca it."

Okay. They took to the trail but probably not slowly enough now he didn't pretend but ke ping for breath. Little whit showed on his cheekbones and sorry for him but had learned son. . . . They came out on a s several hundred feet higher, and started up toward the next was a delightful trail, their s kept touching, and Connie was to climb all day. It reached flat place where the ski-tow was again, and Bill leaned against panting. And a man came out f hind a pile of cordwood and sa vate property. Get out."

"We're just on the trail birds," Connie said; and Bill sai it easy, Mac."

SHE wouldn't have been so Offhand she would have said was a Boris Karloff part. He lo finished or even in the crude s he looked threatening. He sai is private property. Get off it."

"Wait a minute." Bill came from the tree. "We aren't ru with your wild flowers. We're ing a walk on this trail."

"Yeah. It ain't your trail, Get off it. Fast."

"Oh? Some good reason shouldn't walk it?"

The man looked tougher s took a handkerchief out of h and, wiping his forehead, too forward. Then in half a froze the handkerchief was flutteri ground and his fist flashed caught Bill on the jaw. Bill w on the gravelly trail and the standing over him, and Conni forward to kneel by him, with conviction that the man was kick him, and she blazed up "Get away from him! If you t I'll kill you."

The tableau sorted itself out. Bill s up groggily, leaning against her. "on't argue, Toots," he said. "We do e ctly what we're told."

He got to his feet and she thought s was going to be sick but she wasn't. They started down the trail, and the n followed them for a few yards, still l king tough, and yelled, "Don't come b k." The ghastly violence still nau- s ted her, and it was hard to tell w ether Bill was leaning on her arm o she on his. Trees hid them and they k t on. Till Bill stopped and sat down o a boulder. There was a big red s tch at the corner of his jaw. Also h eyes were hard and hot, and the w te spots on his cheekbones didn't n an weariness now. She grabbed his a and demanded, "Are you hurt?"

"I felt it. Nice if I'd had a base- b l bat. What a crock! Sorry, Con- n I'm a normal male and if anybody g s knocked down in front of a pretty g , I want to be on the sending end. In Hollywood they fix it so the tough g gets it. Take my word for it, I'm e barrassed." He swore some more a his eyes were still hot. "Maybe you g the point now. Here and there a p son can run into a hard guy."

"I get it." She was still shaken. "I th ught he was going to kick you."

"In the ribs. Or the stomach." He c ped his hands around her cheeks. "You're all right—you'll do to take a g." He dropped his hands—the o "I never liked being pushed a nd. I like it still less when you're th audience. Would a passer-by be in- te sted in why you meet a guy like th in a place like this? Have you st ted wondering what there is on his tr l he doesn't want looked at? The G be is sending me to find out."

THE crisis planned for was to have be- un at Detroit. The crisis actually ar- ri d at had begun in Windham. Give a child a book to read in a strange lan- g ge, take the handkerchief off a blind- fo ed man's eyes in a dark room—and y would have something very much li Lieutenant Römer at Pinnacle M nor, the Berkshire estate of Mr. L n Scovil. Or, he reflected, set a man d n on a high wire above Niagara—he w ld have to walk or plunge.

Mr. Lynn Scovil, however, was as bewildered as he, and was moving as warily. The first step was to decide about Scovil. By now he clearly understood Booker. That sullen and suspicious man was merely one of the many listeners assigned by the *Nachrichtendienst*—the general staff's organization in foreign countries—and required to hold themselves ready for such jobs as they might be able to do. He probably knew nothing more than the name of the New York headquarters, the forwarding company. A small cog, a stupid and unimportant man. But he had reported to Mr. Lynn Scovil—so where did Scovil fit, how much did he know and how much authority did he have? The lieutenant had seen his name in newspaper stories that had nothing to do with the *Nachrichtendienst*, he was obviously a rich man and a man of ability, he was striving hard to understand the situation and probe the lieutenant's business—and that was all, the rest would have to be picked up along the way.

The lieutenant saw that much, knew that Booker had acted because of his telegram, and believed that the best policy was to keep the initiative in his own hands. So, after they had spent half an hour talking amiable commonplaces—while eying each other like prize fighters before the bell—he took the initiative.

"Mr. Scovil, my liberty is in your hands," he said. Vigilant to catch the slightest clue, he noted a fact that might be important: that Scovil liked holding someone's liberty in his hands. For there was a flash of satisfaction in his wary eyes and the faintest possible suggestion of a smile on his lips. "The truth is, I am a German aviator," he went on. "Three days ago I escaped from a train that was taking me to a prison camp in Ontario. I have managed to get this far."

Scovil nodded, his face attentive and impenetrable. "That was Monday night? You probably know that the newspapers have been full of you ever since—and the radio. The Canadians are annoyed and the Americans are sympathetic. Your name would be von Römer?"

"Römer. Senior Lieutenant Friedrich Römer."

So he had taken his first step on the

## UTCH

By Larry Reynolds

"Them bathroom scales of yourn, they ain't correct, are they?"


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Berger

**Bud:** C'mon, now! A big locomotive for the team!

**Sis:** Well! Well! I never knew cheerleaders did homework. But why don't you open up and *give?* That yelp would make any team run the wrong way!

**Bud:** Who asked *you* in here? Cheerleading has to be practiced, like anything else. You have to develop timing—and rhythm—and pep.

**Sis:** Pep, is it? Well, you don't get *that* in front of a mirror! You can't have it unless you *eat* right, and a few more *vitamins* might do wonders for your *oomph*, my lad. Scram down to the kitchen. Here's where we do a favor to dear old Alma Mater.

**Sis:** And right here is where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have 'em all, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important ones—vitamins $B_1$ and D.

**Bud:** Holy cats! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be this much fun, I'm going to be the most vitaminized cheerleader you ever saw.

# Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

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high wire. . . . They were on the terrace of a millionaire's estate and in midafternoon of a brilliant summer day—what would happen now? What happened was that Scovil became a gallant gentleman who could admire gallantry, a sportsman who could praise courage even in an enemy.

"Don't be apprehensive," he said. "You will come to no harm through me, Lieutenant. You have done a brave thing against tremendous odds."

The lieutenant's respect for him increased. Mr. Scovil was covered; since anyone could admire a brave thing done against the odds, he had given away nothing—and it was still the lieutenant's move. Or was it? Scovil began to ask questions about the escape. They rose and strolled over the wide lawns while the lieutenant sketched an outline of his story, Scovil making appropriately amused comments, and nothing was advanced—they were still sportsmen.

THEY were statuary and stone benches walled around with arborvitae, Scovil sat down, took a cigar from a silver case, lighted it, and gazed inscrutably at the lieutenant. "I shall be happy to entertain you here. I'm not clear what your legal status is. You were probably safe from the Canadians as soon as you crossed the line—in any event, you can't be surrendered to them." He met the lieutenant's eyes, and the initiative had passed to Mr. Scovil. "I think you should report to a German consul. Probably at Boston."

The lieutenant smiled. "I think that's the law. But I've had three days to think it over. The consul must report me under bond to the American authorities, who will eventually order me deported. Since I can be deported only by way of Japan and Siberia, that practically means something like a detention camp."

Scovil's face showed a polite regret—as if it were too bad that such a brave enterprise must end so ignominiously but, as one man to another, nothing could be done about it. "I'm sorry. However, I think that is the law."

He took another step along his high wire: "Truly . . . I should like a few days. I've thought I should prefer to report to the consul at Detroit. You could serve me handsomely by helping me to get there."

At last something showed in Scovil's face but he could not make out what it was. "Detroit?"

"I believe the name is von Weitbrecht."

"No," Scovil said, "the consul at Detroit is not named von Weitbrecht."

So they ceased to be sportsmen admiring each other and reverted to the status of prize fighters before the bell. "You sent a wire to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company at New York," Scovil said. "Why?"

"Excuse me—it was on business. Moreover," the lieutenant gave his voice an edge, "that wire landed me at your house, Mr. Scovil. By way of Booker. And I cannot like the man—he is stupid and his temper makes him unsafe."

The bell had rung for the first round. "I happen to be acquainted with the forwarding company," Scovil said. "I can't imagine what business an escaped prisoner of war could have with them. I can't understand, either, why you should want to go to Detroit. I think I must insist on your seeing the Boston consul."

The lieutenant stood up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Scovil. This has been a pleasant hour—there is no longer anything in it for either of us."

"As you remarked, I hold your liberty in my hands."

It was more than a gleam of satisfaction: Scovil's face was actually avid. The lieutenant took a step forwa and a step in space, over the Nia gorge. "It works two ways," he gently. Then he abandoned gentlen "You aren't what you seem to be, Scovil, and I am not a fool. By authority do you interfere with What concern of yours are my grams? What have you to do with company? And if you have anyt to do with it, how do you presum question me?"

"There are holes in your story," vil said harshly. "An escaped pris of war is safe the moment he repor his consul. You aren't interested— want to go to Detroit. You want t a man who has nothing to do wit consulate. It is you who are preten to be something you are not, Lieute Römer. My job is to find out what are."

"Your job is to render assistance called on and ask no questions," lieutenant said, very coldly.

"You will find that I have a little importance than that." The lieute kept observing that curious avidity- key to Mr. Scovil was his ego, but could it be used? "Already I can you from disaster. Detroit! They pick you up the moment you got th

"What has happened at Det More hung on the answer to that tion than even the lieutenant guess—job, mission success or fa the future.

"I am not permitted to know." vil was sarcastic. "As you say, so can take orders but must not under them. I wonder if anyone knows has happened. But—a good many been taken, so many that it is ar barrassment."

"Von Weitbrecht?"

"No. He is not even implicated you couldn't possibly get in touch him. And—you are doubtless ve genious, Lieutenant, but if you tri the F.B.I. or the Secret Service grab you at once."

SO HERE was where he began to payment for his one mistake. long series of accidents had broug up against a stone wall. Von Weit had gone underground, the one pensable, the kingpin. That w one thing which meant failure, must not happen, and it had hap Or had it? "He is not even implic What did that mean? Did Scovil what it meant? Obviously, no. whatever it meant, the situatio disastrous and no plans were goo

"You see, I am important to Scovil said, with that odd insi The man had to assert his import had to make it clear that the lieu was altogether in his hands. "Y fumbling in the dark." A goo blinder fumbling than Scovil know. "You can't even comm with the company except in amb telegrams. You blundered upo do you think you can go on blun I can put you in touch with th pany. You can get instructions t me—and whoever you need to se have been very lucky for thre Lieutenant—is it safe to rely o What are you to do now? We ha be allies."

So, at Windham, Massachuset dreds of miles from Detroit, th exquisitely calculated plans ha blown to bits. It was as if the arch of a bridge had been destro instructions, no arrangements worth anything at all. At leas would have been co-operation troit—here he must go it alo blind, over the gorge.

"I will stay twenty-four ho said. "You must get someone he the company by tomorrow. M grams must have told them th

one they expected on July twenty-
n. Tell them I am staying with you
they must send someone who knows
ything. Also I must have the pa-
that were sent in. Also complete
rmation about von Weitbrecht."
ovil nodded but was obstinate: "I
t know who you are."
will talk to your superiors," the
enant said brusquely. But that was
wrong tone—he must be wary of the
's ego. He became affable: "My
fellow, I'm under orders—please
t press me. What you have told me
ges everything. I'm completely in
dark. But you have done me a
orable service."
ovil ate it up—and if he liked flat-
be sure he would get plenty of it.
u are certainly no aviator," he said.
he lieutenant smiled. "The British
e me one. They had no intention of
g our people know they had me. . . .
s sent in on the clipper from Lis-
as a Swiss banker, with all my
rs in order. But the British took me
t Bermuda and flew me to Halifax.
ll have to be determined," he said
ly, "where that leak was. Well,
put a flier's uniform on me, named
Oberleutnant Römer—I suppose
is, or was, such a man—and sent
off to a prison camp. I got away.
terrible question is whether I got
in time."
ch better! He had thus made Sco-
n insider and Scovil loved it. So
were again the most amiable com-
ons in the world. "There is to be a
arty at my home tomorrow night."
il smiled. "For the praiseworthy
ose of supporting a symphony or-
ra. That makes it convenient for
to be my house guest. Whatever
enger they send will be another
—and I think I know who it will
.
must have decent clothes at once—
e these. I must have some money.
ome kind of a story to explain me."
f course!" Scovil was now eager
anything—a country gentleman
ng hospitality. They started back
s the lawn to the house, a great
Tudor place with stables and out-
ings beyond. "You will get a good
's sleep," he said. Then, "I must
your English is remarkable."
smiled. "The *Grossgeneralstab*
its men. My father spent ten
in Colorado as a mining engineer.
duated from a Denver high school
well, till the time comes, let's say
a California college as well."

"That might be very awkward." Scovil said quickly.

He smiled again. "There is a certain amount of awkwardness in our job. But Massachusetts is a long way from California."

He began to think better of himself. He had handled the first emergency. He had Scovil in a useful state of mind, and Scovil was not likely to be dangerous except as a pompous man hungry for importance. He wondered why and how such a man had been drawn into the network—money, social position, excellent contacts, no doubt—then he stopped wondering. For a while there was nothing he could do, the ball had passed to other hands until tomorrow, and he might as well relax. Worry about Detroit and the severed ends of his mission would get him nowhere. For tonight he would take his ease at Scovil's house. Imprisonment, flight, drowning, rifle fire, a paralyzing mistake, news of an unpredictable and perhaps fatal development—well, he could use a little ease.

AS THEY approached the house, a car came up the drive, swung around the circle, and stopped. At sight of it Scovil halted on the grass and said, "Quick—what American name can you use?"

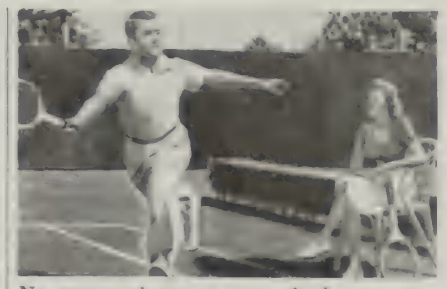
His aliases glimmered in his mind: Friedrich Römer, Philip Garfield. "I am registered as John Page," he said.

A woman got out of the car and, waving, started toward them, a tall, dark-haired woman in a gray dress. And his release from tension and his hope of ease had been premature. For he knew that woman and had driven that car. In the afternoon light she was even prettier than she had seemed on the romantic drive down back roads, tall, high-breasted, her body exquisite in motion, her face clear and sweet. It might not be Lynn Scovil who held his liberty in his hands, it might be this woman . . . who stopped abruptly, looked straight at him, and turned pink with an emotion that clearly was not embarrassment but anger.

A temporary providence, however, led Scovil to interpret her anger as directed at him—and the lieutenant realized that his host must protect himself as well. Scovil stepped forward and said, "I did not expect you so soon, my dear. This is John Page, who has come for our party." He put his arm around her waist. "Mrs. Armstrong, John, my fiancée."

His fiancée stepped negligently out of

"How do they stack up in Vitamin $B_1$?" WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

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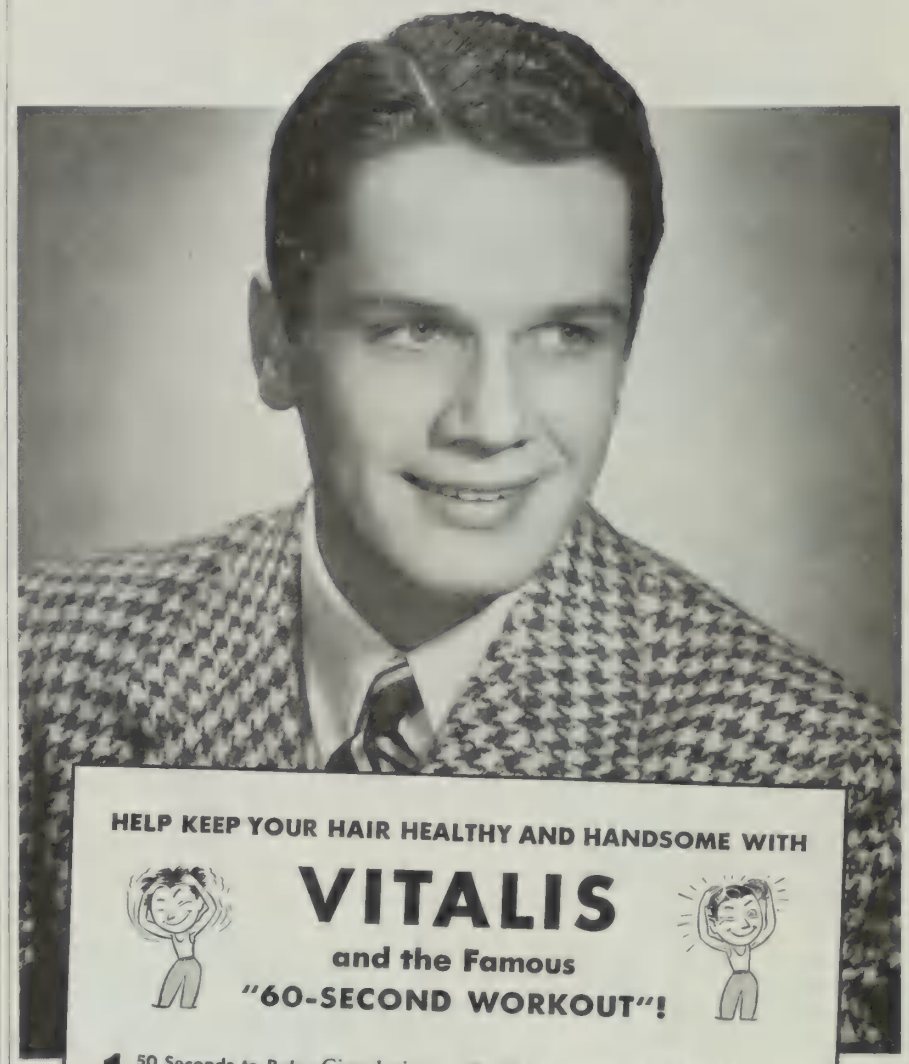

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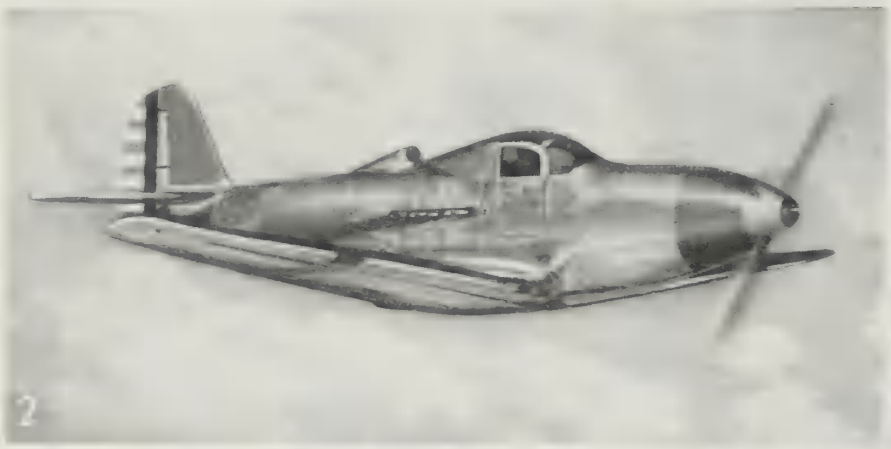

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that arm but stood beside him. She did not see his discomfort, for her eyes, scorn clearing them of anger, were fixed on—on the guest. "Mr. Page." The three syllables were clear ice. She swept some of the same disdain over Scovil. "I don't remember hearing about him. I thought you would be alone."

The lieutenant was working hard to interpret the emotions that showed in Scovil's face. There was the sharp anxiety of this immediate meeting; there was also an anger that could be believed in, for Scovil would anger easily, and there was some queer doubt and questioning of Mrs. Armstrong. Scovil was not master of the situation and in a moment he abandoned it altogether. "I'll have something to drink brought out," he said, and literally fled into the house—but not before an urgent command showed in his face, a glance at his friend John Page which meant, "You handle this."

CLEARLY Mrs. Armstrong was glad to have him go. She stood straight and contemptuous, her eyes level. "A guest, Mr. . . . Page? In those clothes?"

"They look worse with every passing day," he said. "We must do something about them."

"You found it not so urgent to take a plane?"

Damnation! Had the romantic satisfaction of last night's drive betrayed him into another imprudence? He could not remember mentioning Detroit, but if he had there might be hell to pay. Certainly Mrs. Armstrong knew nothing of Scovil's function but for the moment it would have been less awkward if she had known.

He said, "I found Lynn's name in the telephone book at Camp Ryegate."

"I see—" skeptically. She sat on the stone steps, relaxing not the slightest bit of her scrutiny. "Your old friend Lynn! How relieved you must have been to find an old and probably dear friend in a town you had never heard of before. At a time, too, when you needed a friend. Have you told him that you're a—what was your own phrase?—a fugitive from justice? Have you told him you're a car thief?"

"No. You may, Mrs. Armstrong."

"Oh, no, you'll tell him—I'll see to it that you do. He is an impulsive man, Mr. Page—he is very easily taken advantage of. I don't like your riding into town ahead of the police and then victimizing him. . . . I'm interested in you. Just what kind of impostor are yo

"You were less solicitous about last night," he observed.

This time her flush was darker—it was embarrassment, not anger. "Y she said, "I made a first-rate foo myself."

"You will make a fool of you now," he said quickly, "if you let imagination run wild. You're right, Mrs. Armstrong. I knew not about Windham last night, and I d know Lynn Scovil was here. And y have not told him that I came into fleeing the police."

"Why not? How can you accep

Sunnily, "For the reason that I ha yet had time to tell him. . . . But have had time to get your poise Mrs. Armstrong. So remember th was the fiancé who told you we'r friends, not the scoundrel. There reason why I shouldn't tell him circumstances in which I got to W ham. Why can't we tell him toget He looked into dark eyes which, ever scornful, were as attractiv he remembered them. He smilec pudently. "Shall we tell him—al circumstances?"

The dark eyes hardened still wavered a little, and then, turning softened to a smile. "On the wh she said, without antagonism at with even a hint of laughter i voice, "that might be carrying scientiousness too far."

Pinkness invaded her cheeks and she was really smiling. "No. T no need to bore him with too mar tails. You can skip some."

Unquestionably she was one element of danger in an equilibriu ready so precarious that there was hope it could be maintained. Bu smile had some safety in it and he could prolong the safety if he maintain the smile. . . . A housen a white coat came through the carrying a tray of drinks, and a m later Lynn Scovil appeared.

Mrs. Armstrong turned towar fiancé's old friend, swiftly. "I believe anything about you," she pered. "You're an impostor and venturer and doubtless a scoundre Probably the truth about you curdle my blood. But I seem you, Mr. Page." She was openly ing now, as she added, "Cons how I've behaved with you, it's well I do."

*(To be continued next week*

**"All right! All right! Y'ain't parked by no pump! Y'ain't parked! There ain't no pump! Okay! Okay!"**

## Dina Cashman

Continued from page 15

other things to think about and out."

ant you to promise to write me— p in touch with me," said Mrs. t. "I loved Vere when he was a oy. Once when Mr. Holland vay"—she hesitated, went on in what hurried tone—"once when away Vere came here to stay; a lovely little boy then. Your ill be his child."

love him, don't you?" Dina said; en, without waiting for her com- to speak, asked, "You think we o marry?"

ll, of course you ought to marry!" er woman answered promptly.

n doing—what that would do, to Dina hesitated.

would do nothing to him that 't be for his good!" Mrs. Bucket ed. "It would do nothing to him uldn't bring him to his senses! nsense they talk about his posi- d what his friends would think, child's rights ought to be the l only consideration!"

n't know how to thank you, Mrs. ," Dina said, getting to her feet. t know what I would have done adn't been so kind to me."

wants to see you," the house- said, with a jerk of her head the front of the house.

Holland?"

he said he wanted to see you you left."

I go into the library?"

tell him to send for me if he ne."

crossed a narrow hall, crossed shadowy wider hall, knocked on ary door. When she opened it Rogers Holland just as she had n him, busy with his stamps, ing glass assisting his strong ses.

e in, come in, Geraldine," he Sit down. Did you talk to Mrs. "

just been talking to her."

s sat back, squared himself little in his chair, fixed his eyes pipe he began to pack with to- rom a limp, old leather pouch. what's the plan?" he said.

going to stay at home and keep until April anyway," Dina told And then I'll leave with some and go to some city—San Fran- aybe, and—and do the best I "

what will you live on?"

—" She began gallantly enough, voice wavered as she spoke and int. "I have the money you e," she said, "it was much too ut it will carry me for two or more. I can live on a dollar a an get some job somewhere, to eds or wash dishes. And in July o the hospital."

leave the baby there to be ?"

she said. "I've been thinking at, and I won't do that."

't?"

I was thinking of Mamma," id with some difficulty, "and of e she was ever able to do for us, how she's always loved us—" pped, her head held high, her esolutely steadied.

le love adopted children," Rog- watching her.

done enough to hurt him," the , very low. "I'll not let anyone n."

that's a heavy handicap, my r a girl to make herself responsible for a child, take it about. You'll find yourself bitterly criticized for that."

"I wouldn't do that. I'd find some kind woman who liked babies, and board him with her. It wouldn't cost much, and I could see him, and he would be mine."

"And come back to the family?"

"If I could. I'd live at home again, and get a job, and see that my little sisters had a break."

"Never telling your people?"

"Not if I could help it, no. I'll say, in April, that I've had a job offered me somewhere—somewhere far away. If it was just San Francisco, Pop would want to take me up and find out all about it. Then I'd write. I'd manage somehow to have the letters postmarked Chicago or Minneapolis—places Pop couldn't follow. And then, afterward, I'd come back."

"And nobody'd talk about you, suspect what was going on?"

"Not down our way," Dina said with a sad little smile; "everyone's working and everyone's thinking about money or fun— Oh, they gossip a lot," she admitted; "but not about anyone coming or going. We're all moving around down there, anyway, going after jobs or changing jobs. Only one person there knows."

"And that's—?"

"That's a boy named Tom O'Connor. He's wanted to marry me for some time," the girl said unemotionally. "I told him because I had to tell someone; I was frantic. I didn't know what to do. But I feel different now."

She looked composed, pale and resolute, and yet strangely young and helpless, sitting in her big chair.

"What did Tom say?" Rogers asked.

"He was sorry for me. I could tell he was terribly sorry for me. He thought Vere ought to be made to"—she paused, —"but I told him that there was no use talking that way," she finished with a wearied sigh.

"I thought the same," Rogers said briefly.

"I THINK now that Vere never thought of it the way I did. I know he feels bad," Dina offered, after a moment, "but I don't think marrying ever came into his head, really, any more than it would have with a little boy. I was the one who talked about that, and then he would agree with me—oh, sure, we'd be married when we were older, and he had graduated from the law school at Yale."

"Even so, I suppose a boy might change his line of thought," Rogers suggested.

"I suppose so," Dina said, as he seemed to expect a reply.

"You lost your friend Tom? Were you engaged to him?"

"Oh, no. I never would have married him, I think. But now, he seems to be the person that's kindest, that understands." Her eyes watered, although she tried to smile. "I've just," Dina said in a stronger tone, straightening her back and making herself look directly at him, "I've just made a mess of everything, and hurt everyone! But I'm not going to let it go on this way. I told Mrs. Bucket I'd keep in touch with her, and I will. I'm not going away for a while, anyway. And I want to thank you for the money, because that's what I'm going to start on. That's *all* I have to start on."

He was silent for a full minute, watching her. It was a hard minute for Dina for she felt rather deflated after her burst of determined bravery, and anxious only to get away, to be alone, to have them stop talking about her and let

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her decide herself what she must do, and face what she must face.

"And you're nineteen, Geraldine," the man said thoughtfully.

"Twenty in August."

"I suppose that if I offered you money, enough to keep you going without work and without worry, you'd not accept it?"

Her surprised eyes met his.

"But I would!" she said. "I would because of—because of the baby. I have to think of him." She added the last phrases hesitatingly, after thought.

"Then we'll talk of that later. What I'm trying to say to you, I suppose," Rogers said, "is that you have had a very unfair deal. Oh, I know, I know," he interrupted himself hastily, "that girls know everything nowadays, that you were old enough to know better and that women even today have to pay the bill for this sort of thing. But when I got all this in the mail—" He turned aside to pick up a slim sheaf of papers. "It made me pretty—damn'—mad. I've heard from Caroline," he said.

"Vere's mother?"

"Vere's mother. She sent me a wire first, and then a letter. Now she's here."

"She's come to California!"

"Yes. She's here. Come over here to this chair, Geraldine." He indicated the seat opposite his own at the desk. "That's the wire," he said, pushing the yellow sheet toward her.

Dina read it slowly, twice.

"Story preposterous," it read. "Advise you to have nothing to do with party you mention. Caroline."

The girl swallowed with a dry throat. She looked at her companion expectantly, seeming to find nothing to say.

"Meanwhile I had written," Rogers said. "I wrote that I had met you, that I thought you were a nice girl, that you were very young. I said that I had seen the boy's letters to you, and that there was no question in my mind that—well, that things were as you had stated them to be. I advised her to come home and bring Vere with her. Her answer was to walk in here day before yesterday.

"She sat there where you're sitting now and we went into the whole thing. I told her my honest opinion, that the only salvation for Vere was to stand by the girl he had said he loved. The very thought drove her frantic. Her idea was that there must be someone who would gladly marry you for a little money, and she proposed to send me a check. The check came this morning, made out to me, with this letter."

HE PICKED up a thick, large piece of paper scrawled upon in a bold, spreading hand.

"'My dear Rogers,'" he read. "'I have always been interested in your charity cases and would be glad to have you use this money wherever you see fit.' You see," Rogers said, laying down the letter, "she runs no risk of being identified with Vere's affair. And she encloses a check for two hundred and fifty dollars."

Dina's face was blazing; her throat was closed; she could not speak.

"Caroline was always large-hearted," Rogers observed dryly. "But remember, Geraldine," he went on in another tone, "ninety-nine mothers out of a hundred would act in exactly the same way, no matter what their position. She happens to be a particularly cold-blooded woman, ambitious for her son. But the general maternal idea, I believe, is to ignore the woman who has led an innocent boy astray, and forget the whole matter!"

"I understand." Dina had to clear her throat to make herself audible. "I understand, of course," she added, "that it *would* spoil all her plans for him. But I'm surprised—I'm surprised at Vere," she finished in a low tone as if she spoke to her own thoughts.

"They've talked Vere into t rather they've blustered him into ing as they do," the man said. "I told him that what you fear ver ably isn't true, and that all b into scrapes like this, and the s way out of a bad business is to pay the bills and next time be more careful about taking stran on parties."

A red-hot wind seemed to be ing Dina's naked skin. She was ing a little hard, her eyes fix mouth firmly shut.

"Now Caroline," said Rogers, to this extent. There *is* a man marry you. It's for you to say feel about that."

"You mean Tom," she said O'Connor? No. Not if I had floors! Not if I had to beg! N Vere Holland won't have me, anyone as fine and good and st Tom!"

ROGERS fitted his short, squa tips together and looked thoughtfully as he spoke.

"I wasn't thinking of Tom," "I was thinking of somebody different. You were here the ot and played the part of hostess," went on, his eyes narrowed, fixed on her face. "I put you at of my table and I liked your lo Thinking it over afterward, Mrs. Bucket, who, by the wa of my best friends, that I saw why you shouldn't stay here. plenty of room—we aren't usin rooms in this house—and, I can wait for her child and plans for what she wants to ward.'

"Mrs. Bucket agreed that it perfectly possible, but on o tion—"

"But I've just been talkin Dina broke in impulsively, "I'm more grateful than I can s for thinking of it, don't you it was Vere—"

"But wait a minute," he i in his turn. "You haven't h Bucket's proposition. 'Mr. Ho said, 'ask her to marry you.' she was joking, of course. I'm twice your age; I've been a w five years. To you I seem man."

Dina had shrunk back in her face was scarlet.

"I thought about it," the m thought what a young fig mean in this house, someon with me, someone reporting den or the news or the tro kitchen. It was a completely to me, but it grew on me. It until I came to see that I wo arrangement very much."

"Oh, you are very kind," breathlessly; "but I couldn You know all about me—y would know—they'd never l never forget! I couldn't— I'm enough to talk the way you t to—to ask proper questio *couldn't.*"

"You seem to feel," he ob ruffled, "very much as I flabbergasted for a whole days! I've been in love years with one woman. You other night—Aline. I'll be i her—or in hate with her," t terrupted himself to change bitterly, "as long as I live.

"If you were here, Geraldi of her less. You'd be comp You'd never be my wife; yo like a daughter; you'd be footsteps and opening doors them in the house. But just here would—" His voice sa tallic, revengeful undertone. thinking of Dina now, per

onscious of her presence. "—would be-
in to repay what I owe her," he said
minously. "She hates you already.
nd he—that handsome artist nonentity
he married—helped it along the other
ight. I could have blessed him for it!
fter you left he began it. Who were
ou? Did we all realize how unusual the
olding of your face—or some other
alf-baked artist's phrase—was? He
as anxious to paint you.

"I'd have him paint you!" Rogers
dded with a chuckle. His face, flushed
ith bitterness, reminded Dina of her
rst impression of him—a great spider
a web. But as suddenly as he had
one into the mood he escaped from it.
What do you think?" he asked.

"That—that I couldn't let you do it!
's not your fault! It's not your re-
onsibility!" Dina said slowly.

DON'T imagine," Rogers began again,
"that your life here would be par-
cularly pleasant. I'm not a pleasant
erson. I'm twenty-one years older than
ou are. This is a gloomy house, with
tragedy in it—the tragedy of a sick
oman's life, of lost children. The rain
lls here and the trees creak and there'd
e nobody in the house of your age or
our interests. You could read Dickens
nd Trollope and Scott if you liked, put-
r in the garden with McPherson and
e Mexican boys. But you'd be lonely.
ou'd be cheated. You'd be condemned
life with a cranky, unhappy, frus-
ated old man."

"I'd have my child," Dina said stead-
y.

"Yes, that's another point. That's the
oint I'm counting on to persuade you.
he child will be a Holland, after all.
e'll have his rightful name and his
ance. This child of yours would be
orn in wedlock, legally mine. Let Caro-
ne Holland say what she would, she
ouldn't deny him that right."

"She'd—she'd tell everyone!" Dina
ummered, the room dizzily going
ound her.

"Tell everyone that Vere wouldn't
ay the man, that the Holland money—
e money I'm to leave some day—is
oing *not* to him but to his son—*my* son
hom he'll never have the right to
im?" Rogers countered.

"No," the girl slowly admitted. "She'd
ever do that, she couldn't do that."
nd then, in sudden tears: "Mr. Hol-
and, then you don't think Vere will
ome back—Vere will never know how
much I need him!"

He made no answer. But as her brim-
ming eyes were raised to his she saw in
the half-smile, half-frown on his face no
hope for her.

There was room for no more. The
library door was quietly opened by Mrs.
Bucket, who came to her employer's
side.

"Mrs. Holland," she said.

"Oh. Ask her to come in," Rogers re-
plied quietly.

Dina had not time for more than a
sensation of terror, a wild impulse to
escape somehow, to get away at all
costs, when a woman came into the li-
brary, gave her one careless, scornful
glance in passing and took possession of
a chair between her own chair and that
of Rogers Holland.

"Come in, come in, Caroline," Rogers,
rising, said lazily, amiably.

"I had your letter this morning," the
woman said abruptly.

"I thought we could talk things over.
Caroline, Miss Cashman," Rogers said.
"Geraldine, this is Mrs. Holland."

"Orkman said it was a threatening
letter."

"Oh, you saw Orkman?"

"I telephoned him and read it to him."
Except for the slightest inclination of
her head and a cold stare, she had paid
no attention whatsoever to Dina.

"And he thought it was threatening,"
Rogers murmured.

"He said I was under no obligation at
all in the matter, that it was entirely
optional with me, coming here at all."

"Surely you knew that, Caroline?"

"Certainly I knew it!" said Caroline
Holland impatiently.

"Still, I don't quite see where the
threats come in," Rogers mused.

"He said, 'He isn't threatening you, is
he?' He used that expression."

"Oh, I see. But you came anyway."

They hated each other—these two. In
a sort of terrible fascination Dina lost
consciousness of the chill of terror that
had shaken her.

"I came," said Mrs. Holland, "because
I want to be done with this business once
and for all. It is a brazen attempt to in-
volve my son in something of which he
is entirely innocent. He hardly knows
this girl. You must excuse me," said the
hard voice, as its owner turned to Dina,
"but you know yourself that that is the
truth!"

A hard voice and a hard woman.
Beautifully groomed, seeming, as far as
the copper-dyed hair and the enameled
face were concerned, to be sculptured
rather than human—a woman in whose
ears pearls were snugly placed, on whose
beautiful, manicured hands were dis-
played two large rings, whose furs

"I declare! It's the same guardhouse I used to visit in 1917 to see your father!"

REAMER KELLER


# "War is H--l" Until Mum goes under Arms!

The young lieutenant could chauffeur a tank—juggle ballistics—lay a deadly barrage—quote Foch at the Marne with equal aplomb. But the only company that gave him "Attention" was Company A—and he had to "command" to get it.

Girls never danced with the lieutenant—twice. Socially he wasn't making the grade until a nurse told him: "Handsome—maybe the brave deserve the fair, but remember the fair deserve a break!"

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wrapped her slender shoulders and touched her proud chin, whose tailored suit was of the correct length and style, and whose aristocratic, narrow feet were lifted on high-heeled slippers.

"My son," Caroline Holland said, "was simply stupefied with amazement when he understood what all this was about. He is—you know how young he is, Rogers; you know how completely unfitted he is to deal with a situation like this!"

"Yet the situation has to be dealt with, doesn't it, Caroline?" Rogers said blandly.

"A boy that age," she said, "faced with a thing like this! He aged. He aged overnight. I never saw anything like it. 'I don't know what to do!' he kept saying."

"He didn't come west, did he?"

"He couldn't." She hesitated, spoke irresolutely. "We've had trouble enough," she continued, "keeping him from being dropped from college without running any risk of his asking for a leave. Not to come home to this sort of outrageous accusation and scandal!"

"I THINK we ought to think of Geraldine as well as of Vere, Caroline," the man said. His pudgy hand moved to the papers on his desk.

"Of whom? Oh, of—of *her!*" Her contemptuous look moved to Dina, moved away. "Certainly we should," she agreed sharply, "but not at a cost of his career, his whole life! During the Christmas holidays while we were at Palm Springs, we met the Worthingtons—you know the Philadelphia Hosworth Worthingtons; she was Miriam Hosworth. Kathryn, the daughter, goes to Selwyn's in Virginia—well, that's neither here nor there. But she's simply devoted to him, has asked him down for the Easter holidays—all that. It would have been simply *ridiculous* for him to come west with me now. What was he supposed to have done, if he had?"

"He might have married the mother of his child," Rogers answered simply.

"Oh, well!" Caroline Holland said with a sniff. The sniff said plainly, "I don't believe one word of it!" She said aloud, "Oh, I know. I know you have some letters of his, and hers which I've kept. But Orkman says there's not one whit of evidence there. I'm sorry; I'm wretched over the whole thing. But that isn't the way out. We'll have," Vere's mother went on, in a lowered, reasonable tone, "to make some provision, and you'll have"—she glanced at Dina again—"you'll naturally make whatever arrangements seem good to you. But mind you, Rogers, I don't for one moment assume any responsibility. Neither does Vere's father. 'I'll ship the boy to South America first,' Van said."

"And what did Vere say to that?"

"My heart ached for him. He kept saying, 'I can't believe it. I can't believe it!' And when I was leaving, poor boy—bothered with his studies and worrying about whether he can keep up or not—he said over and over: 'Whatever you say is right I'll do, Mother. I'll do whatever you say!' "

"So that if you said he had better come west and be married, you think he would?"

Mrs. Holland held her head high.

"Which, of course, I wouldn't!" she said firmly.

"You don't think that's his duty?"

"I don't think that would be for the happiness of anyone concerned. Not for yours or his," she said to Dina; "your lives have been completely different; your backgrounds are different. It's too bad, but it can't be helped."

"So that you think the situation had best be left as it is," Rogers said. Mrs. Holland bridled, spoke in an affronted tone.

"Not at all. Although I can unde stand you want to make me out absc lutely hard-hearted about it!" sh added, with a resentful glance. "I thin that it has happened before—it is a ways happening—and the only thing t do is keep it quiet and—and help out, c course. But even if I were convince that it is actually true," she went o "which I am not, I would feel that t wreck two lives is worse than—tha wrecking one! Besides, things aren't th same today as they used to be! It isn ruin for anyone, any more. Why, ever one knows about Hilda Fletcher daughter—all that money, and Juni League and Europe and Palm Bea and all the rest of it—and yet last ye she married one of the Boones!"

Dina had sat absolutely still duri this conversation, her face very pal her eyes moving from Rogers' face that of Mrs. Holland, moving solemn back again. But now suddenly s spoke.

"I—I would try to make Vere a go wife, Mrs. Holland," she said. "If—i could see him, if I could talk to him—" Her voice faltered to silence.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," Ver mother said decisively. "He has bor enough about it all! And this—I h this telegram this morning, Rogers," s added, taking a folded yellow pa from her bag. "I wasn't going to me tion it, but now I think it's only fair let you know. This was Van's idea, a while what I just said about keepi Vere in school was quite true, he is there now at all. They've left, he a young Worthington and a tutor; th sailed this morning."

Rogers took the telegram and rea aloud: " 'Boys off at nine. Worthing family all present at dock to say good Confident this is best plan. Love Mimi. Van.' "

"So you see that's *that,*" Carol said nervously with a nod.

"Yes, I see that's that," Rogers agre

"And I trust that as far as Vere a I are concerned, the matter is settle she added, rising.

"It would seem so. But wait a m ute; don't be in any hurry to go, Ca line," Rogers said. "I'm sure you'd interested in hearing about our plan mine and Geraldine's."

CAROLINE HOLLAND, after a m ment's sharp scrutiny, dropped b into her chair. "I can't see that t concern me!" she said. But her v and manner were uneasy.

"But they might interest you," Ro said politely. "Geraldine and I," he w on, with a smile for the girl who loo worn and white, shrinking back in big chair, "are going to be married."

Caroline glanced quickly at him ag and smiled. "My dear Rogers—" began deprecatingly. She gathered her furs, her gloves and purse. "*Real* she murmured, rising.

"You don't believe me?" Rogers s unruffled.

"I think it a rather—transparen She emphasized and dragged out the words with an accent between am ment and scorn. "*Really,*" she again.

"No, wait a minute!" Rogers pur it, his own smile quite matching own. "I have suggested the arranger to Geraldine and she has done me honor to say 'yes,' haven't you, G dine?"

"Yes," Dina said, as unexpected herself as to the other woman.

"Well, I am sure I wish you every happiness," Mrs. Holland civilly, turning to go. But by the plete silence of the other two her tude was shaken. "That isn't goi alter my position. Or Vere's either, added. She looked from one to the for a break, breathing fast.

the contrary, it confirms it," the aid.

re was another silence. Dina l at no one, but the eyes of Caro- d Rogers were fixed on each other. at are you talking about?" Caro- presently exclaimed. "I never such nonsense."

elt you ought to know," Rogers d her. She sat down again.

on't in the least understand what bject can be in making such a re- Rogers." Her tone was steel. But vas still a hint of uneasiness in it. eard it, and she knew Rogers did, manner became even more de- e and urbane.

ean that there is to be another Iolland here very soon," the man

're joking!" Caroline said breath- But *she* was not joking.

at all. I've been lonely here long . We need young blood in the . It might have been Aline, of Well, that evidently wasn't to e been engaged twice to Aline, e, and somehow it didn't take, either time? Last month, just as s some bills were cleared off, she d someone else. Now *I'm* going ry someone else."

ers," his sister-in-law said in a e, a tone changed suddenly from gry and scornful one she had at ed to one of nervous appeal, "you o this! Think of the family. Think talk. Oh, you know," she broke say apologetically, "you know laze up—I'm that way! But for sake—and everyone's sake—and d Mother Holland's sake, if she ere to know it—don't—*don't* do ing you'll regret all your life!" l Vere's sake," Rogers supple- l it mildly, looking down at his fingers on the desk.

anything you like—we'll all do g you like," she began; "but nything as—as ridiculous—as !

ll, Geraldine, I like that, don't ? Rogers asked.

was incapable of speech. She d a frightened smile.

marriage ridiculous?" Rogers . "Why is it? What's ridiculous t?"

not going to say anything more e I know you're not serious," e said, breathing quickly, and for an effect of calm.

quite serious."

'll make yourself a laughing- Rogers!"

full minute there was a strained l in the library. Dina thought ld hear her own heart beat; she could hear a bird busy in the ivy outside the open window, but these sounds seemed to underscore rather than break the stillness. Caroline Holland sat erect, a little stain of real color had crept up under the artificial color that was so delicately added to her cheeks.

"I don't see any particular object in prolonging this," she presently said. "I appreciate your attempt to bully me into doing what you wanted about this, Rogers, but it has failed. Good afternoon. If you really—if you really cheat Vere out of—but you won't! Let me know when you come to your senses!"

Neither Dina nor Rogers moved or spoke when she had gone until they heard the crunch of her car wheels on the drive outside. Then Rogers put his head down on his crossed arms and began to laugh deeply and noiselessly. When he raised his head Dina saw that his eyes were full of actual tears of mirth.

THE car went on and on through an uncertainty of rain and of spring sunshine, over long Dumbarton Bridge, on between the flat bay meadows that were rich with deep green grass, through the little towns whose corners were occupied by gas stations and marked by roadside signs. The swift, smooth motion and the sharp turns made Dina feel ill; she shut her eyes and leaned back against the cushions.

Rogers had brought a handful of mail, some magazine articles and a government pamphlet or two to read; he was completely occupied in his corner of the limousine and paid no attention to her except for a rather abstracted greeting when they had picked her up at Bonita station.

But when they had been more than two hours on their way, and Livermore and Stockton were behind them, he suddenly folded all his papers together, put them carefully into a leather attaché case, put away his glasses, and said with an easy friendliness that indicated that they had just joined each other: "Well, how goes it with you?"

"Fine," Dina, who was feeling ill, said faintly.

"We're coming into Sacramento," Rogers said. "Have you ever been here before?"

"No. I'm going to be sick," said Dina, whose mouth was marked by lines of green.

He picked up the speaking tube; the car drew up beside the road.

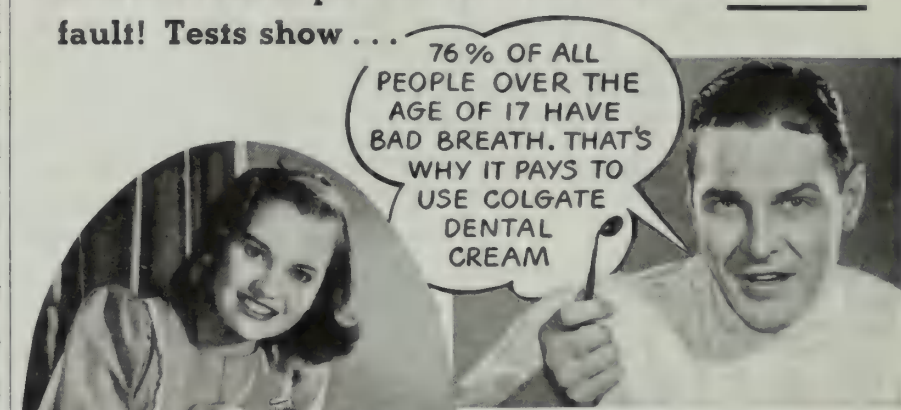
"Get out and walk about a bit. You'll be all right."

Dina staggered to a fence, clung to it. The day was very warm and the spot happened to be completely unprotected:

"I'm waiting for someone"


SOMETHING EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW...

Bad Breath is a romance-robber . . . a friends-loser . . . a success-stealer. For others always detect it before **YOU** do yourself. And it's such a common fault! Tests show . . .



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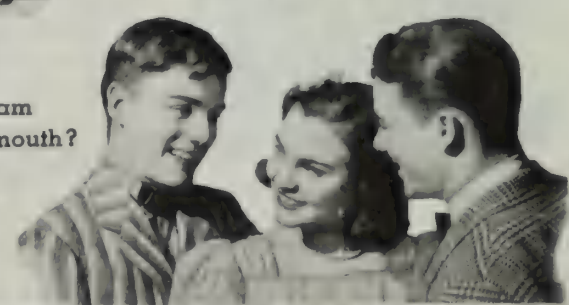

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● "Ingram's quick-action cream is unique! The smallest dab lathers up into generous clouds of lather that cools and conditions your skin for shaving while it wilts your stubborn whiskers.

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**INGRAM'S**
**SHAVING CREAM**


the sun beat down upon her bare head.

"I'm so sorry about this!" she whispered, getting back into the car after a wretched interval, wiping her colorless lips and her wet eyes.

"I'll tell you," he said, "suppose we go to a hotel in Sacramento and you lie down for an hour or two?"

"Oh, now I'll be all right!" she said.

"I practically didn't eat any breakfast—was late getting away. A bite won't do us any harm, but you can walk up and down in the shade if you like."

It was February, but awnings were already in sight at the capital, and women were wearing summer clothes. Dina walked to and fro for a few moments, felt herself restored, and joined Rogers at a table in the coffee room. If she could have some very hot green tea, she said, and some very thin toast—

"Bother you, my eating ham and eggs?" Rogers asked, looking across the table.

"No, unless you ask me to eat them. I've been like this every morning for a month now," she smiled. "So it wasn't the drive."

"You're not being let off anything, are you?"

"Not much."

"THAT place where you live, Geraldine," Rogers presently said, with his mouth full of eggs and toast, "that's a funny place for a man to move his family into."

"Pop never liked it," Dina hastened to say, "but you see when we came up from southern California we simply had to move into whatever we could get."

"And that was the only place?"

"The cheapest."

"Oh, of course. You were short of funds."

"Short! We had none." Dina showed her white teeth in a sudden laugh. "Donny was the baby then," she said, "and there were six more of us and Mamma and Pop, all in the one car and a trailer."

"Good Lord!" Rogers said. "And your father had no job."

"No, but he got one almost at once. With a man named Hansen. Mattresses—making over mattresses."

"Making over mattresses, eh? Bring me another cup of coffee," the man said to the waitress.

"And bring me some more hot water, please," Dina added.

"So your father got a job remaking mattresses. In — that — particular — neighborhood," Rogers said, in his musing way, "that must have been quite a job. Twenty-seven meals a day on that pay, was it?"

"We had relief then. Off and on we've always had it. And milk; the Woman's Civic Club sent us milk."

"I can see you are going to be a source of unlimited delight to me, Scheherazade," said Rogers. "I don't have to walk the streets of Bagdad nights. You will tell me about—what is it? Railway Flats."

"Bonita is the town; the station is where you picked me up this morning. I don't know whether it was something the matter with me," said Dina, "but I never liked the Arabian Nights. They sort of bored me."

"You lived in Railway Flats and the Arabian Nights bored you?" Rogers asked politely. The girl laughed.

"I like true books best," she said.

"Like?"

"About real people."

"The books at my house are mostly old-fashioned, I'm afraid."

"I love them old-fashioned."

"Well, now, let's get down to business," he said. "How much have you told your own people?"

"Nothing."

"They don't know we're getting married today?"

"They never heard your name."

"And what do you propose to do, go back tonight?"

"I hadn't thought. But wouldn't it be better for me to go back tonight and go on just the same until I get a good chance to let them know?" Dina began timidly. "My brother Art wants to stop school at Easter and get a job."

"Mattress making?"

"No. He went out with the surveying gang last vacation and he thinks that as soon as the rains are over he could go again. He gets two dollars a day. I think Pop'll let him."

"You still all obey your father?"

"Oh, yes. Pop's never mean to us, unless he's been drinking. And even then," Dina said leniently, "Mamma usually gets him right to bed. My father's father was a judge," she added.

"I thought there might be something of that sort in the background," Rogers observed.

"He had a horse and surrey; they lived in a small country town and they had a colored servant named Nabby, and Pop says everyone respected him." It was obviously a quotation; she relished the phrases.

"You're probably like your grandfather," Rogers said thoughtfully.

"Pop says I'm like his mother."

"I dare say."

"Our names, unfortunately, won't help us much to keep this quiet," Rogers said thoughtfully, after a silence. "William Rogers Holland and—what is it? Geraldine Cashman?"

"Margaret Geraldine Cashman. But they've never called me anything but Dina."

"My mother's name was Margaret. I like that name. Well, I suppose," Rogers mused, "we'll have to let the thing come to light by itself. No announcement."

"Oh, no announcement!" she protested, alarmed. "Can't we keep it a secret for a while?"

"I've been thinking about that, and I think not. I think the thing for me to do is stop in at your house tonight, meet your people, explain that we've been married and then take you home."

"You wouldn't tell them—about me, I mean?"

"Oh, no, no, I won't tell them anything ever that you don't want me to. You don't want to do that?" he asked, impressed by her visible distress. "Why not? It's the only dignified way, Geraldine, for both of us."

"BUT it's not fair to you!" she burst out suddenly, red-cheeked. "You—you're doing this for me—I can't do anything for you! My father—and my sisters, maybe—they might come to the house and—I don't know what they'd want or what I'd do, and I couldn't stand them bothering you and apologizing for them! Because—" Dina struggled on, against a rising tide of wild tears now, "I love them. I can't help it—"

"Calm *down*," he said firmly, interrupting her by closing a heavy gloved hand over hers. "I'll take care of that if it comes along. I'm asking you to do what I want you to do. I like the idea of having a sweet woman at the head of my table, someone to talk to, someone to listen to me. I've not wanted to marry since Anna died until Aline came along, and all the old feeling came back. Perhaps I've never wanted to marry at all. But I like company. I'll like very much showing you stamps, taking you on a walk now and then, having you around. You needn't worry about me."

Dina considered it. She was tired now, her face pale and strained; when they went out to the car she subsided into a corner like an exhausted child.

"I'll do what you want me to do," she said simply.

*(To be continued next week)*

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**A LITTLE SOUR,**
(Juice of half a lime)
**A LITTLE SWEET,**
(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
**THE TROPIC SUN,**
(A jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label)
**WITHOUT THE HEAT!**
(Ice and shake well)

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING...
BACARDI

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N Copr

## Red Sands in the Desert

Continued from page 17

ered only two words Italians always er when they are hurt. He said audi-y, "*Mamma Mia,*" which means "My other." The Tenente had a stomach l of shrapnel and he wasn't thinking all about Mussolini when he died. ovanni crossed himself with his left nd. The sharp-featured little padre h the patient eyes—he was an Irish-n from Dublin—pulled the rough y blanket over the Tenente's face, t just before he did so he made the n of the cross over the forehead. The rman looked on with puzzled eyes. never stirred.

Just before I left the tent the mmy's lips moved and I went to him d he said, "Yank?" He'd seen the ss "U. S. War Correspondent" on shoulder straps. I said "Yep" and put on a feeble grin and did the mbs-up sign and I did a thumbs-up k at him and went outside and sat the dusty edge of a slit trench and ted a cigarette.

A slit trench is a shallow ditch into ich you can dive when the bombers ne. You have to have them even in ospital camp. The Germans aren't careful what they bomb.

What a price the Tenente and Gio-ni and a thousand like them have d for the consummate vanity of one n! For more than twenty years Mus-ni strove to metamorphose a na-of laughing peasants into stalwart riors and he produced only an army stumblebums who won't or can't t. Shame is written in the faces of thousands who are herded back m the front as prisoners.

One prisoner told me he'd fought in in, in Abyssinia and in France and d never fired a rifle. "Why," he ed me, his fingers gathered together he Italian gesture of inquiry, "should ll anybody?" Another said the Ger-ns deserted them, ran away from ir artillery when the tanks advanced l left them to face the British with y rifles in their hands. At least fifty o gathered around while I talked h their spokesman in the presence of escort officer mumbled and nodded ir heads in assent.

The Italians are the infantry for the my—the road builders and the hers and carriers—and the Germans the mechanized fighters. There is no love between them and this a German officer and four of his companions made clear to me when I asked them how he liked being allied to the Eyeties. His scornful "*Ach*" was nearly as eloquent as the look on his face. "They run," he said, "and they run," and some day, I suppose, we will have the straight of it, but the Tommy knows they all run when the heat is on. Enough tanks and motorized transport to keep tanks and guns well fed with ammunition will make any soldier run, and Germans are not excluded.

The debris of Mussolini's African Empire litters the desert and the desert roads from Sollum to Mersa Matruh. For miles on either side of the road there are abandoned guns and bursted trucks and dead tanks. There are heaps of bags of dried peas, beans and pasta. There are gasoline dumps and piled barrels of wine, and anywhere along the line months after the December campaign Aussies, Anzacs and Tommies—and American war correspondents—ate Italian tinned beef and cheese and drank Italian Chianti.

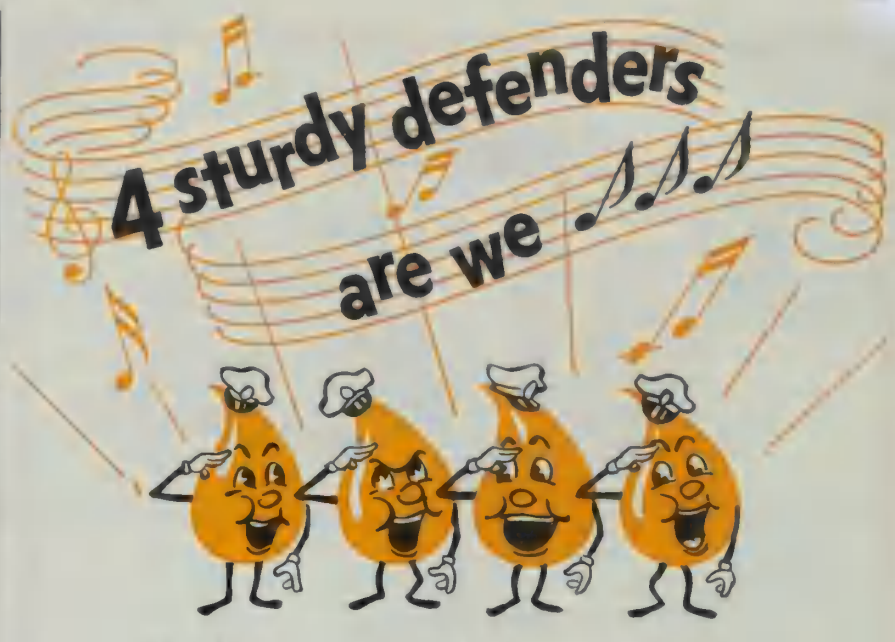
### His Gods Were Hitler and Hess

There are fields of discarded tunics strewn in a litter of mess tins and odd boots and rusting rifles, machine guns, cartridge belts and empty food tins. They belong now to the horned vipers and the black and golden scorpions and, could Italians in Italy see, they would know that Mussolini's dictum that Mussolini is always right is something less than true.

While I smoked, the padre emerged from the tent and asked me if I'd like to talk to an unwounded German prisoner and I said I would and Gunther was brought out. The padre introduced me as an American officer and Gunther stared at me, unbelieving. His brown eyes opened wide and his thick underlip dropped and then he smiled and said, "*Ach, Korrispondent, nein?*" We all laughed quietly at the padre's little joke. He'd wanted to startle Gunther into believing America had entered the war, but no matter how hard he tries a war correspondent simply can't look like an officer and Gunther wasn't taken in.

I gave the German a cigarette and

"Well, Smith, if you're going to ask for a raise, come on in and get it over with!" SIDNEY HOFF


**Inside your engine there's a fight**
**as HEAT**
**—and GRIT**
**—and WASTE**
**—and WEAR**
**attack with all their might!**

**But here's a squad that's duly set**
**to COOL**
**—and CLEAN**
**—and SEAL**
**—and OIL**
**and never miss a single bet!**

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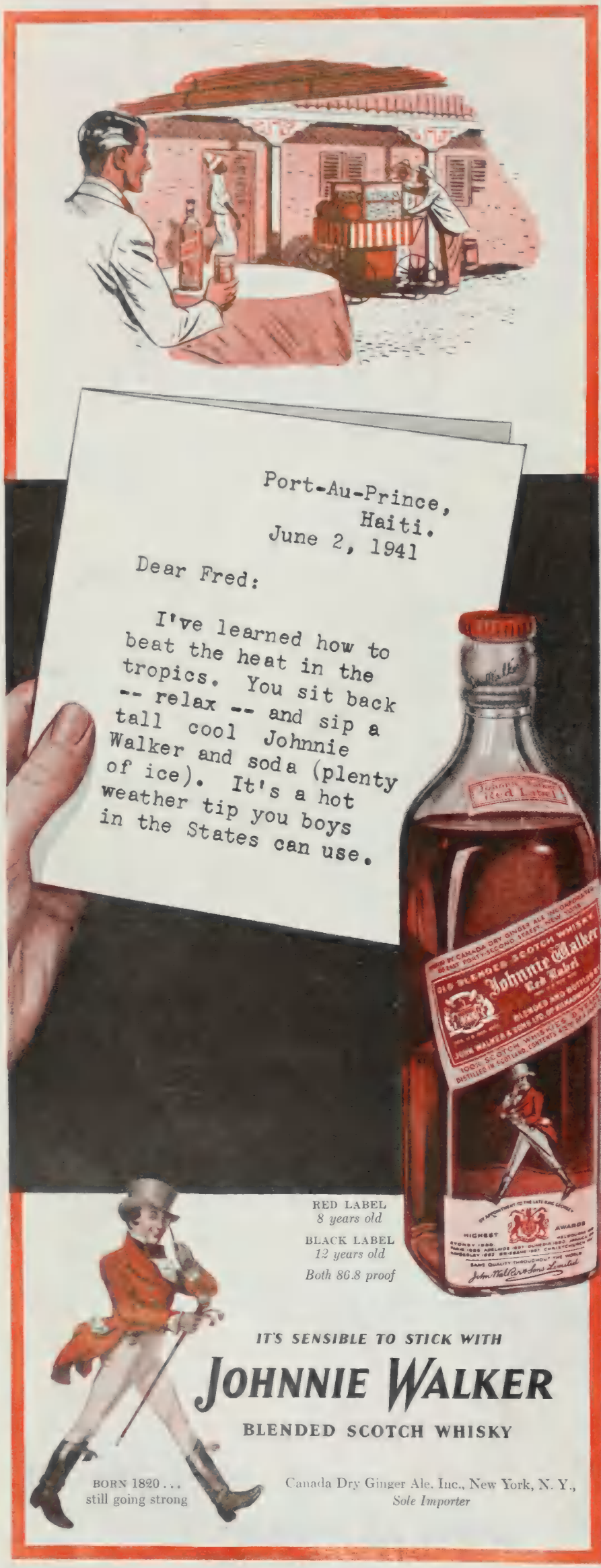


he half sat, half leaned in the trench with us. My escort, a British staff captain, translated for us. Gunther was a lance corporal in the signal corps and he'd been in an advanced enemy observation post when he was taken. He wore the cotton gray-green field uniform of the regular army and he was an ordinary conscript, which means just an average German who'd reached maturity under Naziism. His gods were Hitler and Hess. He wanted most to talk about Hess.

Gunther had heard on his wireless one night that Hess had lammed, as they say in Chicago, to Britain. He was puzzled by that. Hess, the super-Nazi, first in the hearts of German youth, had deserted Hitler, and Gunther knew there must have been good reason. He said he was bewildered and that his comrades had been shocked by the news, too, but he insisted morale among the troops was excellent.

### Sand Gives You Gyppy Tummy

Gunther had a broad Berliner's face with light brown hair. His chin was downy, his face smooth and brown and he'd been much in the sun. He said he hated the desert. He said all the Germans hated the desert. He poked his right foot into the sand in the bottom of the trench while he talked of the desert and I saw he wore rubber-soled canvas shoes with leather trimmings around the tops and where the laces go. You need stout, heavy-soled leather in the desert.

Then of his own accord he returned to the subject of Hess. *"Ich kann es nicht verstehen,"* he said. You try to be very gentle in talking with prisoners and try not to ask embarrassing questions, but I couldn't help asking him what he thought of Hitler. There was no resentment at the question. Gunther was thoughtful. Up to now he said Hitler had been wonderful, *"Schoen."* But as for the future Gunther didn't know. *"Ich habe ein wenig Angst,"* he said, which I thought sounded as though he was anxious about the future. An orderly brought Gunther a steaming cup of tea.

A group of Tommies had gathered at a respectful distance from the padre, the staff captain, Gunther and me, and they wanted to know what Gunther had said and when we told them that Gunther was worried about the future of Germany and that he thought Hess' desertion was a blow to Naziism's prestige at home they started to laugh but we stifled it before Gunther could become aware. The English treat their prisoners decently.

At that medical station there is the world's finest chef. Lots of things have changed about war. For one thing it moves now faster than it ever did before. Fronts roll forward or backward eighty miles in a day. But the bully beef hasn't changed. It's the same old corned willy and I hate corned willy especially with sand, and in the desert bully always comes with sand. With the unimaginative assistance of Baker, the batman, the escort officer and I tried hard to disguise the bully. We fried it, boiled it and mixed it with canned peas and tinned potatoes but it always tasted like bully—corned beef and sand. Only at the medical camp did the bully turn up in a new dress. What a lunch we had in the cool darkness of the mess tent!

I'd like to give that chef the Victoria Cross. Bully came smothered in onions, carrots, peas, potatoes and Yorkshire pudding and there wasn't any sand. Anybody who can keep sand out of the food in that stretch of purgatory known as the desert is a hero. Even when there's no wind your every slightest movement raises puffs of powder and it falls from your clothes into the coo ing pots. After you've eaten your fi peck you get something called gyp tummy, which means Egyptian stoma and is a form of dysentery. The Tommy desert lizards who've been he for years seem immune to it. Docto figure they've each eaten at least o hundred pounds of sand in their c reers in the desert. And the gener figure that if the Tommies can take t sand they can take Hitler.

After lunch we walked across t white dunes to the clean beach. W dropped down on the cool, wet sa and took off our clothes and lay in t sun. The dunes hid the tents behi us and the war very suddenly dropp away in the past.

The captain talked about his wife England and his nine-year-old son w rode so well. He could jump his po and had a good seat. And I told h about my wife and sons and the f we'd had in Bermuda the year bef —Kathryn running down a green slo her hair streaming blondly, the wi whipping her loose sports skirt as chased young Tommy, who'd wande off to the cow pasture where there w a petulant bull which didn't like you Tommy. And Sean, the older b climbing a calabash tree, and when w both finished bragging about our fa ilies the captain said, "When do y think it will end?" and I said, "I do know." He said, "Hell," and we b turned over on our stomachs and asleep.

The sun was very red in the west wh we awakened and the captain sa "How about a walk across the dune and I said, "Okay, why not?" Our s tion wagon had stripped its gears on tortured road up to Sidi Barrani fr Mersa Matruh. That's where Ant had a date with Cleopatra once where the captain and I had met ear the previous day. We had nothing do until somebody came along to tow back to Mersa Matruh or another hicle came to carry us forward. W just started off to explore the du when there was a shout from behind was the cockney voice of the med camp's sergeant major, a man called latrines "lattrynes."

### Death in a Fountain Pen

"Oi say, sir," he shouted, "better go up there. Them dunes is fair a with mines, more than two hundre them." And he told us about money boxes and the fountain pens the thermos bottles. The money bo a hand grenade about two inches in ameter and three inches high, wit rounded top. When new it has a br aluminum color. When it lies in sand a while it corrodes and looks another lump of desert rubble. Italians pulled the shims which acti the bombs and scattered them al just before they moved out of coastal plain away from Sidi Bar and beyond Sollum when the Bri marched to Tobruk last winter. money boxes—they look like pe banks—don't explode unless struck handled.

In the camp there were ten or ele Tommies with feet or hands blown by these bombs from having ki them or picked them up.

You can drop your fountain pen where on the desert now and it ca the finest, shiniest fountain pen in world and it will lie just where you it. The Italians—the British call t Eyeties—scattered lots of fountain about in their flight from Egypt. T explode with the same effective viol of the money boxes.

The third form of booby trap, thermos flask, was the most inger of all. These were laid level on

ound and were actually thermos bot-s containing a deadly bomb. If you're ficiently foolhardy you can pick one provided you hold it perfectly level. soon as you tip the flask a mercury bble inside makes contact between e explosive contents and if you're ky you'll lose only your hands.

You have to be careful walking across e desert. There are other traps for bs. Invisible bits of wire between o clumps of camel thorn which when oped over detonate land mines. You rn to camel walk in the desert pick-; up your feet carefully as a camel es and setting them down in well-osen spots.

### Where Bombing is Intimate

t was nearly two miles across the ert from the hospital back to our n camp by the roadside and our crip-d station wagon. They were unload-the ambulances when we'd left and Irish colonel who commanded the dical station and his English surgeon tain and the sharp-featured Irish plain were busy all through the ht.

t's very still in the desert at night d if the wind is right you can hear nds for miles. Don't let anybody you the wounded don't cry. They't maybe when you see them in pitals after the scalpels have done ir work, but it's different in the base pitals just behind the lines when the ting's been heavy. The heavy desert v was falling as the captain and I irmed, fully clothed and dirty with d, into our sleeping bags, and there no moon and across the bleak and cken land there came the cries of wounded—Germans and Italians l Englishmen who'd bounced and ged in ambulances twenty or thirty es from the battlefield to the hos-al.

omething happens to you up for-d, and the captain and I talked about ust before we dropped off to sleep. ng up at the front is like being in gland, more particularly in London. only in London and in Halfaya pass re the Libyan escarpment drops hundred feet to the sea and forms main gateway between Egypt and ya that the war makes sense. Lon-is a front as are Halfaya pass and ruk and Sollum and the wastes of that waterless, treeless, blasted earth known as the Libyan plateau. In any of these places where Britons are dying for an idea the war makes sense; and wherever there is music and the brittle upper-octave laughter of paid women and champagne and butter and caviar it doesn't make sense.

Up forward what doubts you may have about the war quickly leave you. You share the mass effort of Englishmen to overcome an enemy and to survive his assaults with bombs and shells and machine-gun bullets. You hear a bomb whistle downward. Its piercing scream rises until it vibrates within you to the exclusion of all thought or emotion or other sounds and you know this one is for you. You wait and then it explodes not far away like the bombs in London, not next door but upon you and you feel the rush of sand over and the snarl and whine of shrapnel and then you know you are all right. You swallow and try to still the beating of your heart. You know you are all right when you can hear anything.

There's something intimate, personal and circumscribed when planes bomb a camp of ten tents. It's an intimacy with death you never feel in vast London. Here in the desert it's a struggle for survival and for victory and it is all as sane somehow and reasonable as a desperate game of chess. Here there is hate. It wells in your chest now and then and surprises you, but it's there. It's there until the impact with the enemy is over and the wounded and the prisoners come back and then, for a brief while in the slough of boredom and sweat and sand between attacks and counterattacks, you and the Germans and the Italians around you don't hate.

And then the planes come flying high as they did one night over Mersa Matruh. You are lying in your tent and you curse them in the sky. You clench your teeth and fists and wonder whether you should dive into a slit trench or remain in your sleeping bag, but whichever you do you say, "You swine, you damned swine!"

The captain on the camp cot beside me was snoring. Far away up forward bombs were dropping. I tried to count the distant, muffled bursts and very soon after that I felt my face wet with dew and the light in my eyes, as the batman rattled tins getting breakfast.

"What is it that you can't tell the players without a score card?"

A. JOHN KAUFFUS

STOKELY-VAN CAMP, of Indianapolis, one of the world's largest canners of fruits and vegetables, bought their first Truck-Trailers in 1934. And immediately, they learned something important—*that Trailers would enable them to double their sales territory from each distributing point!*

Why? Because they could profitably *pull a big load* with a small truck...while a truck big enough to *carry* the same load would be unprofitable!

So now, Stokely-Van Camp use a fleet of 12-ton Fruehauf Trailers—pulled by economical 3-ton trucks—to carry produce to and canned goods from their 41 plants serving every corner of the United States . . . hauls ranging from "just around the corner" to 800 miles or more.

TRUCKS NEVER IDLE

They learned how to benefit still further. Trucks idle during loading and unloading were unprofitable..and on shorter hauls they were idle as much as half of the working time. So they adopted the "shuttle system"... one truck handles three detachable Trailers. Truck and driver are constantly busy . . . while they're pulling one Trailer, the second is being loaded and the third unloaded. And, although shuttling is sometimes considered as a short or medium-haul operation, Stokely-Van Camp uses it on runs as long as Indianapolis-to-Chicago.

Their executives say: "While loading and unloading our Trailers, we're not tieing up valuable trucks. You would not hold a locomotive on the siding while loading a freight car, would you?"

However much your hauling operations may differ, it's very likely that the Truck-Trailer method would be profitable for you, too! A Fruehauf transportation engineer will gladly study your job and advise whether you can use Trailers to advantage. Why not call him...today?

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*Freight shipped by Motor Transport doesn't wait for scheduled departures. It leaves when it's loaded... and it's never sidetracked.*

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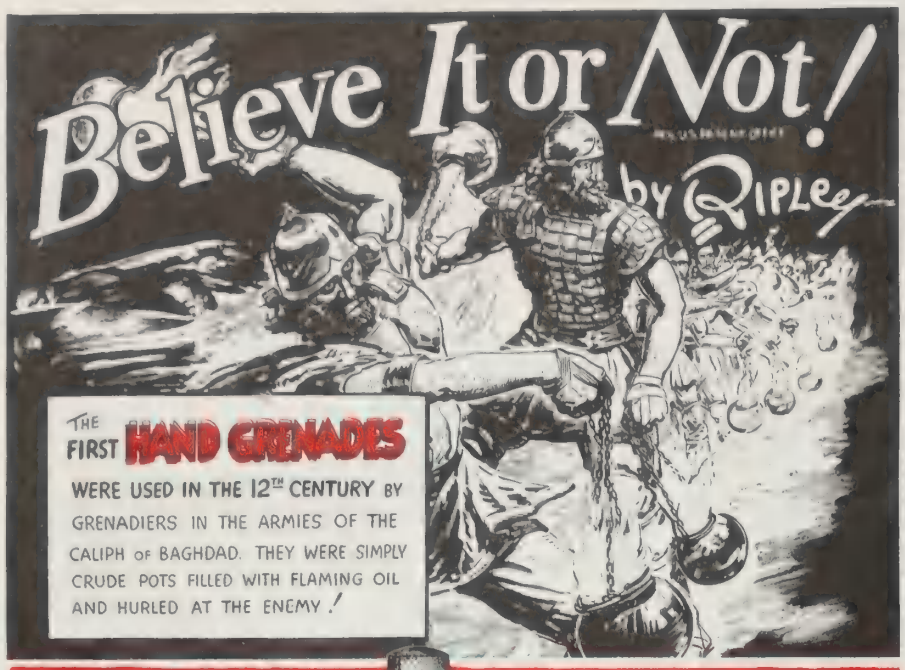


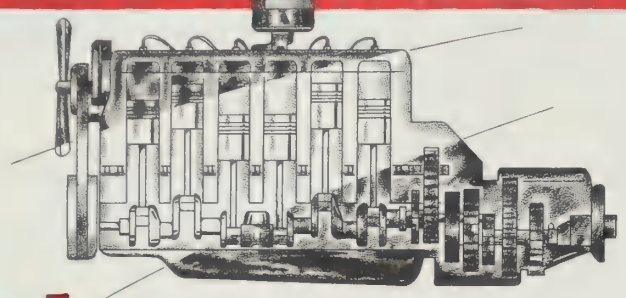

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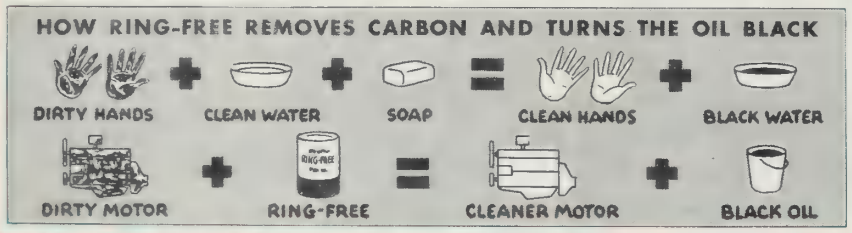

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## Shorty

Continued from page 16

cruise around looking for good young ballplayers who might be persuaded to enroll at A. & M. That's how he discovered Vic Tully. The varsity baseball coach filled Shorty's tank and sent him down to Whistling Rock.

Shorty fell all over himself contacting Vic Tully after the game. Young Tully was nineteen and lean and tall and powerful and he had just fanned seventeen opposing hitters. His fast ball was as live as a rattlesnake. He wasn't a bad-looking kid, either, with his curly dark hair and restless black eyes.

Sure, he'd like to come up to Westmoreland and pitch that summer for the Westmoreland town team and then maybe, if it could be arranged, enter A. & M. in the fall. But a hitch developed. The sponsor of the Whistling Rock team—he was the local druggist—accosted Shorty: "Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Slagle, but Vic gave me his solemn promise he'd pitch all summer for my team. If he left, we might as well fold up."

"Oh," Shorty moaned, because his mother or somebody had given him fixed ideas about the sanctity of promises.

"The guy's crazy," young Tully said. "I never made him any promises."

"In that case—" Shorty began, and then broke off to regard the druggist with righteous suspicion.

"The guy's crazy," Vic repeated.

"Okay, Vic," the druggist said. "I could have guessed it. You can't let a man down fast enough, can you, after he's outlived his usefulness to you?"

"I don't keep promises other folks make for me," Vic said triumphantly.

RIDING north to Westmoreland with Vic at his side, Shorty was jubilant. He'd sent Harrigan and Nagel to the majors, and other discoveries of his were doing well in fast minor leagues. But he'd never had a pitcher before; that is, a *real* pitcher. This kid was it. To be sure, he was wild as a rabbit—he'd shown that this afternoon—but he could be cured. Shorty would see to that.

They rolled into Westmoreland. "Any girls in this town?"

"I've seen one or two around," Shorty replied noncommittally.

Bighearted Dave Huffman ran the Westmoreland town team and also operated a lumber yard. He gave the kid a job in the lumber yard and pitched him on Saturdays. Shorty did his part, too. Vic's meals at the Kampus Kitchen were free and he slept in Shorty's room. In addition, Shorty had the kid out four afternoons a week, when the day's work was over at the lumber yard, teaching him control. And he was a hard taskmaster, Shorty was. Even when fatigue made the kid sulky, Shorty kept everlastingly dinning control into his ears.

"Bring your arm over farther, you dumb monkey. . . . That's better, kid. That's wonderful. . . . Now, again, and if the next three ain't in there you get no T-bone steak tonight!"

No turkey gobbler was ever prouder than Shorty when Vic held Westmoreland's chief rival to three hits. Dave Huffman beamed, too, and raised Vic's pay at the lumber yard, at the same time giving him less to do. Vic was running around now with Dave's sister and presently he left Shorty's room and went to live at Dave's house. This, too, was free.

"I like that kid," Dave told Shorty. "We've got this big, airy, vacant room and there's no reason Vic shouldn't have it. Boy, was he fast today!"

A prominent A. & M. alumnus agreed to do something about financin through college. Shorty swelled to pop. That was what he'd been ing on. He sat in a trance behi counter in the Kampus Kitche was lost in a dream of the futur ready he was watching Vic Tully 'em down in the majors.

Vic pitched hot ball all that su His only fault was a tendency t an occasional bad inning. Then when the opposition bunched a fe on him, did his old habit of wildn turn. But it didn't happen ofte when it did Shorty would argu lently that the best of them had th days now and again.

That fall Vic entered A. & M still took his meals at the Kitche now and then he said, "I'll be you back one of these days, S

"Don't give it a thought. You me back when I see you tossing the big time."

"You'll see me, all right, pal."

In the spring Vic pitched the A frosh to the state freshman char ship. He suffered only one los coming when an opposing tean denly filled the sacks on him wit solid base knocks. He went to then and walked four men in a ro

The following summer he p again for Dave Huffman's tea roomed at Dave's and ran aroun Dave's sister, Nora. His soph year he went up to the varsit mowed 'em down again. Shorty eleven letters to Tom Fitch an finally came down in self-defe see the kid pitch. And it was a trick of fate that he should co a day when Vic suffered a bad after some guy had found him home run.

"He's got lots of promise, S Tom said in the Kampus Kitche he's got a lot to learn, too."

That summer Dave Huffman to make a bunch of money with h team. Vic would not only win for him, he'd be a drawing card to none in that section. But Vic offer to pitch in an industrial s league a hundred miles south. and Dave went with him to the r station.

"Dave's been counting on Shorty whispered. "Don't w change your mind?"

"Can't afford to," Vic an "Dave'll make out all right. This means too much to me."

LATER Dave confided to Shorty and Nora had a bust-up. that's why he wanted to get away came in the other night crying. know what the trouble was. N good to him. I hope she wasn't too

"Ah, shut your mouth," Shor loyally.

He missed Vic the first month summer and he read over and ove every notice about the industrial in which the kid was pitching. after the first month, he didn't m He didn't miss anybody. Inst sticking to his knitting, he ma mistake of falling in love.

She was a slender, blue-eyed, little person and her name wa Lanning. She wasn't "glamorous there was a quiet, restrained lo about her that Shorty Slagle w have traded for all the glamor world.

May came from a hick tow miles north. She'd taken a posi stenographer in the bursar's o A. & M. Rooming just around t

she formed the habit of taking her ls in the Kampus Kitchen.

he was friendly enough but in a re-ed way. She'd smile at Shorty and forget him. But there came a it when she dropped into the Kitchen a late dish of ice cream and a guy downtown started to get fresh with

Beat it, son, beat it," Shorty said.

he downtowner outweighed Shorty at least thirty pounds and he was osed to argue until he got a fair look horty's eyes. He was no dumbbell. ook him less than a split second to ize that this was no routine bounc- Sudden death looked out of Shorty's

Thanks," said May Lanning, and all sudden wanted to say more and did I've always admired a man who d handle a situation like that with- knocking somebody in the head."

ee, th-thanks," Shorty stuttered.

Won't you sit down while I finish ice cream."

at did it.

hen Shorty liked you he couldn't nough for you. When he fell in love as one for the book. Flowers and ly and magazines he gave her, and her to shows, and placed his car at disposal. She went home for week and Shorty sent her telegrams. He her to ball games, teaching her the le points of the game and telling too, about Vic Tully. He'd never a great one for dances, but he dis- red that dancing with May came r the head of life's special activi-

took him the longest kind of time orral courage enough to pop the tion. Then, waiting for the answer, ame to know what the dictionary nt when it defined agony. There no moon that night but a whole d of stars. Afterward he thought possibly he'd have had time to t them, every one, before she spoke. nally it was over and the stars n't quite as bright as they'd been. voice trailed away. It seemed, how- , that he could still hear its reluctant es dying in the night.

"You wouldn't want to play at love, Shorty. You'd want me to be sure."

"It's all right, honey," Shorty said gently. "I can wait. I'm the best waiter you ever saw." That was it, keep your chin up. He'd just taken a high hard one for a called strike, but he was still in there swinging. "I can wait," he repeated. "Now look, Sunday I'll be busy. Whyn't you take my car and run up home to see your folks."

"You're a darling, Shorty," May said, and her eyes were wet.

TWO weeks later A. & M. opened and Vic returned. Shorty let out a gasp of surprise. The kid had grown an inch and put on at least fifteen pounds. He looked great, striding into the Kitchen. Also, Shorty saw with pleasure, he'd shed some of his rough edges.

"You've gone and taken on some class," Shorty kidded him happily.

Vic grinned. "The shortstop down where I was pitching has a couple of sisters. They go to school up north. I ran around with 'em a lot. I learned to dance."

Shorty snapped his fingers. "Dance? Say, that's fine. May Lanning—the girl I wrote you about—wanted to go to the dance at Sweetwater tonight. I can't take her. But you can. Take my car and you and her go. You'll like her, Vic, and she's been anxious to meet you. . . . Say, yonder's Dave Huffman. He'll be glad to see you."

"Why?" said Vic. "He was like a dog with a sore tail when I wouldn't pitch for him this summer. Gave me a pain. If he wants to see me—"

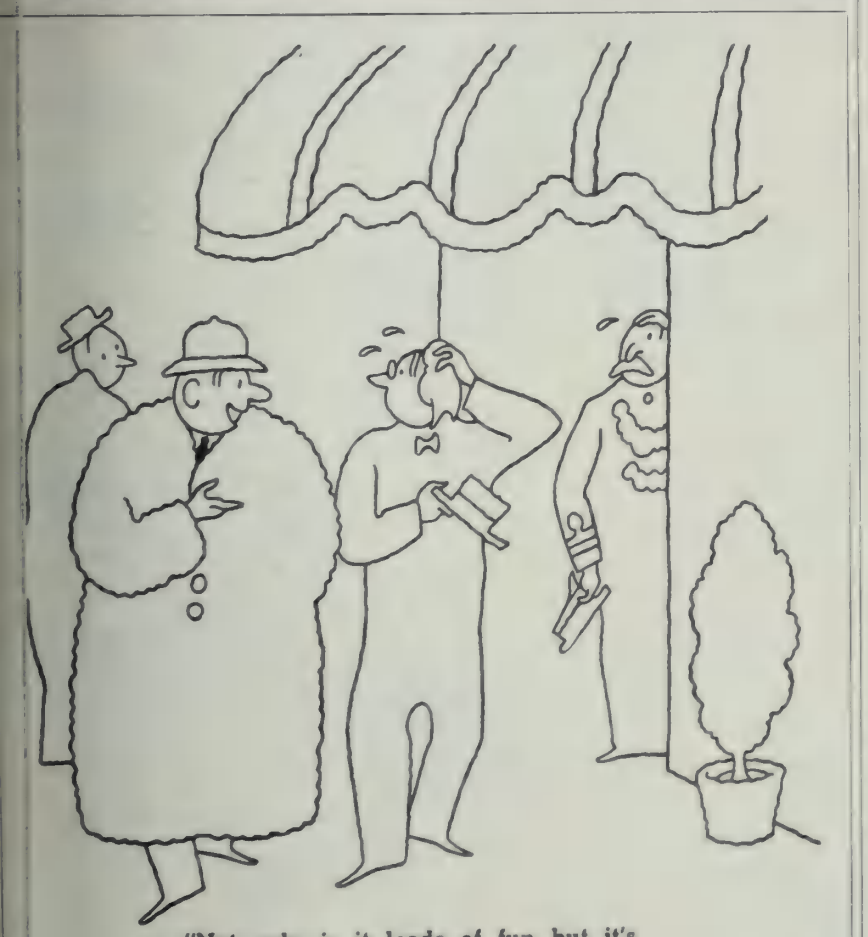
"Okay," Shorty broke in. "I'll go call May now."

Next morning, when May came for breakfast, he said to her, "The kid's great, isn't he? I knew you two would hit it off."

"You never told me he was so good-looking," May said.

"Guess I never thought of it. He's better looking, at that, than he used to be."

"He's a swell dancer, too, and he has a very nice voice. We sang all the way back from Sweetwater. He—he wants



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Whitey: "Um-m-m! And it's just within our reach!"

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to take me to the dance downtown Friday night."

"I knew you two would hit it off," Shorty repeated.

"You—you hadn't planned anything for that night?"

"Don't give it a thought," Shorty said. "I've got to work on the books Friday."

Fall and winter slipped away. Shorty was busier than ever. But he didn't mind, because when he was too occupied to take May to a dance he could always depend on Vic to pinch-hit for him.

May didn't know it, but Shorty had taken an option on a cottage out past the A. & M. grounds, and he was working day and night salting the old dollars away. . . .

The baseball season opened and Shorty took May to the first game. Vic tossed a two-hitter. In addition he poled a home run and won his own game. Shorty almost exploded with delight.

"You're a lovable nut," May said impulsively. She looked at him, then looked quickly away. . . .

Vic won five games in a row. Then the team went on a trip and he had a bad day against Duke. After that, however, he settled back into winning stride; and after each game Shorty wrote a letter to Fitch, enclosing the box score.

But Shorty didn't see all those games. There were times when the team played at home that he was unaccountably absent. The boys began to inquire, and Shorty would say: "Where was I last Wednesday? That's the day Buckroe played Tech. I could've been over there scouting Buckroe for you guys."

"Didn't know you were a scout, Shorty."

"And you probably don't know that frogs ain't got wings. Look, you fellas, if you beat Buckroe in the big game two weeks from now you've got the state championship sewed up."

ALL but one day of the two weeks had passed and the Kitchen was crowded that night. A mob of students milled in and out. Half a dozen members of the baseball team lounged around one table, discussing the game next day.

"You can take those bums." Shorty told them. "I don't care if Buckroe come up year in and year out wi best college hitters in the country smiled in a secret and special way. can take 'em, with Vic pitching."

"My pal!" Vic cried, and winl his teammates.

They began to kid Shorty then. wouldn't have hurt his feelings fo thing under the sun, but they lo kid him. "Is it true, Shorty, th Yankees are going to put you in of their farm system?"

"They could go farther and do w Shorty snapped.

"I heard Bill Terry's going in front office and wants Shorty to age the Giants."

"Ah, tie a can to yourself," Sho torted. "You better be thinking that Buckroe gang."

THE telephone rang and it wa saying she wanted to see Short would come down to the Kitchen an hour and wait outside in his ca sounded nervous. Shorty walke to the table. All the players ha except Vic. Dave Huffman stood table.

"Look, Vic," Dave said, "how coming out to the house for suppe the game tomorrow? You haven around since last year."

"I've got another engagemen answered. "Sorry."

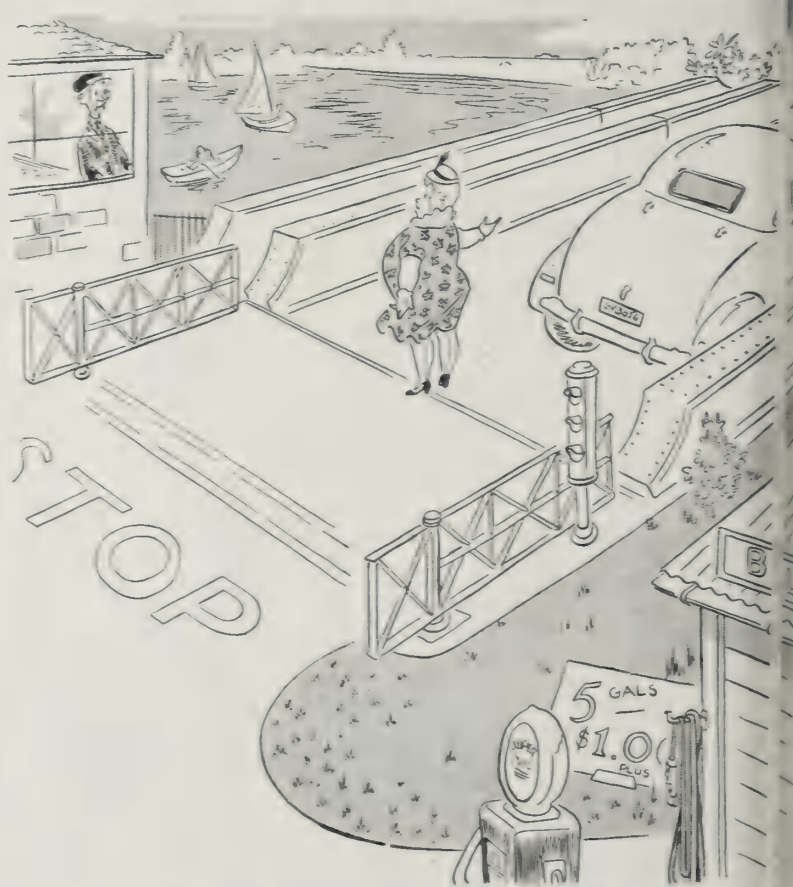
"Well—good luck in the game, said. Vic made no reply and walked out of the Kitchen.

Shorty felt curiously tense. N sent Dave around to see Vic. She have had more pride than that; b did funny things, women, and y sorry for them. He knew Vic tightened up with excitement ov all-important game tomorrow.

"It's none of my business if yo want to see the girl again, Vic, least you could do would be t Dave with respect."

"I've got that game tomorrow about, Shorty."

That statement was just what t tor ordered, so far as banishing resentment was concerned. On




**"I'm out of gas. Would you raise the bridge so I can roll back to the service station?"**

# At the work-day's end, there's rest . . . in beer and ale

*The haying is done . . . The shadows in the barnyard are long . . . It is good to sit down . . . With a smile of welcome, the farmer's wife brings him a glass of mellow beer . . . Her proud eyes say, "well done!"*

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he smiled his special, secret smile. Inside his coat pocket his fingers curled lovingly around a little brown-backed memorandum book.

"Look, kid, I'm going to be busy a while, but you come back in an hour. I got something to tell you. I got something for you."

Vic wandered out. Shorty glanced at his watch. In twenty minutes he'd meet May. The crowd began to thin. But a big man with red hair strolled through the doorway and Shorty nearly jumped out of his skin. He rushed Tom Fitch to the last table in the back, snatched a couple of cans of beer from the icebox and dashed back to the table. Words tumbled from his lips.

"And," he concluded, "you don't have to worry about interfering with his college education. He's quitting after this year, anyway; he told me so."

When at last Shorty was gasping for breath, Tom Fitch got in his say: "I didn't come to scout your boy, Shorty. I'm following this Maguire in center for Buckroe College. Say! He offers at a ball like DiMaggio and he covers that center field like a tent."

"You ain't interested in my boy?"

"No, Shorty, I'm not," Tom said gently. "I saw him in that semipro league last summer and I saw him pitch against Duke this spring. Long as things are breaking right, he's got a real, live fast ball and a sweet curve. But you let two or three good batters in a row find him for solid hits and he blows. Your boy just hasn't got the heart and the guts, Shorty."

"You'll see!" Shorty said vehemently. "Tomorrow night this time you'll be eating them words."

TOM FITCH departed for his hotel. Still sitting at the table, Shorty drew out the little notebook. His fingers handled it with affectionate care. This—ah, this was a labor of love. For weeks now he'd been secretly slipping off to Buckroe to see the Buckroe games and in the little book was recorded the weakness of every batter on the Buckroe team. "With that information memorized," Shorty whispered, "Vic will stand 'em on their heads. Boy, will he be surprised to find out what I've been doing for him and the team!"

Shorty glanced at his watch and jumped. He'd forgotten May. She was sitting in his car when he reached the dark street and she was sobbing. It took her quite a while to tell him, but not once did he interrupt. Some inner voice kept saying to him: She likes you because you're jolly and safe and dependable and at the same time a funny kind of little bug, too. But she loves him—or thinks she does—because he's gay and reckless and exciting."

"I'm a heel, Shorty, a contemptible little heel."

"No," Shorty said. "No, it's not you that's the heel."

"You—you mustn't blame—him. He feels—"

"I can blame him for not coming to me instead of sending you. As for the way he feels, he just feels that he sees something he wants and the hell with everything else."

"You're being—unfair."

"I've just been dumb, that's all. But I'm a wise man now. I can tell you every jump he'll make in all the years he'll live. I know, for instance, what he'll do if Tom Fitch signs him. There was a little druggist down at Whistling Rock. There was Nora Huffman, and Dave Huffman, too. I'm next on the list."

"He didn't send me," May said. "I just thought—"

"You just thought it was the decent thing to do. I'll take you home now, honey."

"Please—please—"

"Please wish you happiness? Okay."

When Shorty entered the Kitchen again, Vic had returned and was sitting at the back table. Shorty stood a full minute in the doorway eying him grimly. His fingers touched the notebook in his pocket. "If it weren't for the team," Shorty muttered, "be damned if you'd ever see this little book now, my boy."

He moved quickly to the table where Vic was and sat down: "Look, kid, here's the state championship all wrapped up and tied with ribbon. I been scouting Buckroe for you and the boys. Right here in this little book is the weakness of every hitter in the whole blamed line-up. Like, for instance, King, the lead-off man, will break his back going after low, slow curves on the outside. Frame, the number-two boy, hates 'em fast and inside. Maguire, their big brag center fielder, gets smoke in his eyes if you shoot 'em outside high and hard. And so on down the line-up."

"Gosh, Shorty." Vic picked up the notebook.

"It's all there in black and white," Shorty continued triumphantly. Then he added with apparent irrelevance: "Of course, when you get to the big leagues, they'll give you a lot of dope, too; but you won't find big-leaguers with the same weaknesses the college boys have got. You beat it to your room now, Vic, and memorize this dope."

THE Westmoreland-Buckroe game of that year will be long remembered. For seven innings Buckroe got not even the fifteenth cousin of a hit, while a home run gave Westmoreland A. & M. the lead in the fifth. Tom Fitch sat in the stands and sent one little surprised cuss word after another. Shorty Slagle sat beside him and noted that Vic Tully pitched to King and Frame and Maguire and all the others just what the little brown notebook had prescribed.

In the eighth came Buckroe's only solid hit of the day, a double by the first batter to the plate. Tom Fitch grunted expectantly. But Vic, not having to use his own mental resources, just pitching from Shorty's book, retired the side without damage.

IN THE ninth, after two were out, a lucky handle hit and an error put runners on second and third, with the great Maguire coming to the plate.

"He'll blow now, sure," Tom Fitch said.

"He ought to," Shorty said. "But I don't think he will."

And he didn't. Vic reared back. It was nice pitching when you didn't have to use your own head, when the pressure wasn't on you. Nice, this pitching from a little brown notebook filled with that goof Shorty's laborious scrawls.

So he reared back. "Maguire gets smoke in his eyes if you shoot 'em outside and high and hard." Maguire got smoke in his eyes, all right. Three times. And went dragging on back to the bench, with the game ended.

"I'll sign him," Tom said quietly.

Shorty Slagle said nothing, just led the way to his car and drove it back to the Kitchen. Tom put in a long-distance call to his boss. Then he and Shorty, waiting for the call to come through, had a beer apiece.

"He still ain't as good as you think, Shorty, but he's too good not to take a chance on. . . . There's my call now."

Tom disappeared inside the telephone booth. Shorty sat wondering what to do. He didn't know what to think about Vic as a candidate for the big time. Maybe the boy could learn to work under pressure. He was young and might toughen in high-class company. "Suppose," Shorty thought, "I was to tell Tom what I know about Vic, about the druggist at Whistling Rock, about Nora Huffm about May and me. Tom would thi I'd turned against Vic out of jealou And maybe I have, at that. Suppos told about the little book. Tom wo say the club could give him the sa kind of dope about batters, and it wo work about as well.

"Then there's May. She loves Vic a I don't want to spoil her chance to ma a good provider. She'd marry him a way—all the more if I talked agai him. I guess there's nothing I can do keep still. This thing has got beyond place where I can do anything about

Shorty sighed and shrugged. T Fitch was still talking in the booth. Tully came in and sat down in one the stalls along the wall. Shorty lool at his watch. May Lanning came in schedule. Shorty waved her back Vic's booth, waited a minute, and joi them there.

"You had it today, Vic," he said.

"I had it, all right."

"He was wonderful!" May said.

"Fitch sent word to the gym for m meet him here."

"I think he'll give you a try-o Shorty said. "You'll have to be goo

"A cinch," Vic bragged. "Lo Shorty, here comes Fitch now. . . . H Tom. . . . Look, Shorty, Tom and got to talk business."

A fragment of a smile dusted o Shorty's face. He glanced at May saw her mouth go suddenly tense tight. "Okay, Vic," he said, "I'll beat

Presently Vic's shout rent the air. was talking to no one in particular, telling the world in general that he going to be a big-leaguer. "Boy, boy!" he shouted.

May spoke to him. Shorty didn't h any business straining his ears to o hear what May said. He should h started a spirited conversation with T Fitch, who had wandered up to front.

"Shorty's fed you for three ye Vic," May said. "Don't you think—

"Shorty? Oh, yes, I guess I ough slip him something." With May be him he strode forward to the cou and halted. A five-dollar bill appe in his hand. It was the last half ten-spot Shorty had lent him three before. "Here, Shorty, old kid, yourself an all-day sucker."

May walked outside with him. she was a fast talker when she wa to be and she was back in two and a minutes. Around the counter plunged, then stood perfectly still Shorty reached for her and found

A FEW weeks ago Tom Fitch blew Westmoreland and stopped in Kampus Kitchen to pick a crow Shorty Slagle. Mrs. Shorty, the fo May Lanning, was present but soo cused herself and left the men to

"That Tully of yours turned out the damnedest lemon, Shorty."

"Yeah. I saw where the club rele him. He was good but he couldn't it. You guessed it, but you didn't it, and neither did I. He was so d good," Shorty sighed. "There's thing maybe I should have told That day you signed him—that gan pitched—he was coached for every of those batters. I'd scouted them in the big leagues, and given him weaknesses. If I'd told you that would you have done, Tom?"

"Hell, I'd have signed him. He lo too good. And what you did for hi could do better. We did! It mad difference."

"I sent you Harrigan and N Shorty reminded him. "The club to forgive me one lemon."

"It was more my fault than Shorty. I should have played my hunch about the guy. You ever see now?"

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# HE TOOK ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

## AND I LEARNED ABOUT THIS

# NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

**1 WHAT EXCITEMENT** we had at the ball game last week! Our team was three runs behind in the last half of the ninth inning. Our best hitter came to bat with the bases loaded. *Smack* . . . he hit the ball straight at us. Quick as a flash, Nick—he's my husband—jumped up and caught the ball as it zoomed into the stands for a *home run!* The winning run . . .

**2 WE SCOOTED** for the dugout and got the players to autograph the ball. *Gee*, it was thrilling! As we were leaving the ball park, I spied old "Doc," the team's trainer, and said, "Your boys were *wonderful* . . . *where* do they get that energy?" . . . "They train hard," he answered, "and eat the right foods. W-h-y-y just a few weeks ago we discovered a *swell* breakfast treat . . . Post Toasties . . ."

**3 "YOU SEE, MA'AM,"** he explained. "Post Toasties give you Vitamin $B_1$, the element so necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite. Food experts tell me it's the 'missing vitamin' in America's diet. 3 out of 4 people don't get enough of it in their daily food. And Post Toasties are now generously enriched with it . . .

"But that's not all. Post Toasties have a *swell* corn flakes flavor. They're much crisper, easy to digest, and packed with food values that give our boys the quick-energy they need to play championship baseball . . ."

*A Post Cereal made by General Foods*

**4 ON THE WAY HOME** I got some Post Toasties. Nick and I just couldn't wait till morning to taste them. We had 'em that night for a snack. And were they GOOD! So crisp and golden-brown. So downright *delicious*. Post Toasties are on our menu to stay. Like a home run, they're a *real* 4-star hit!

Serve *your* family the *new* Post Toasties. No other ready-to-eat cereal is so economical as corn flakes. No other corn flakes give you *extra* taste, *extra* nourishment, *plus* Vitamin $B_1$. Post Toasties are your *best buy!*

# ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

## FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

# Panzer Diary

Continued from page 10

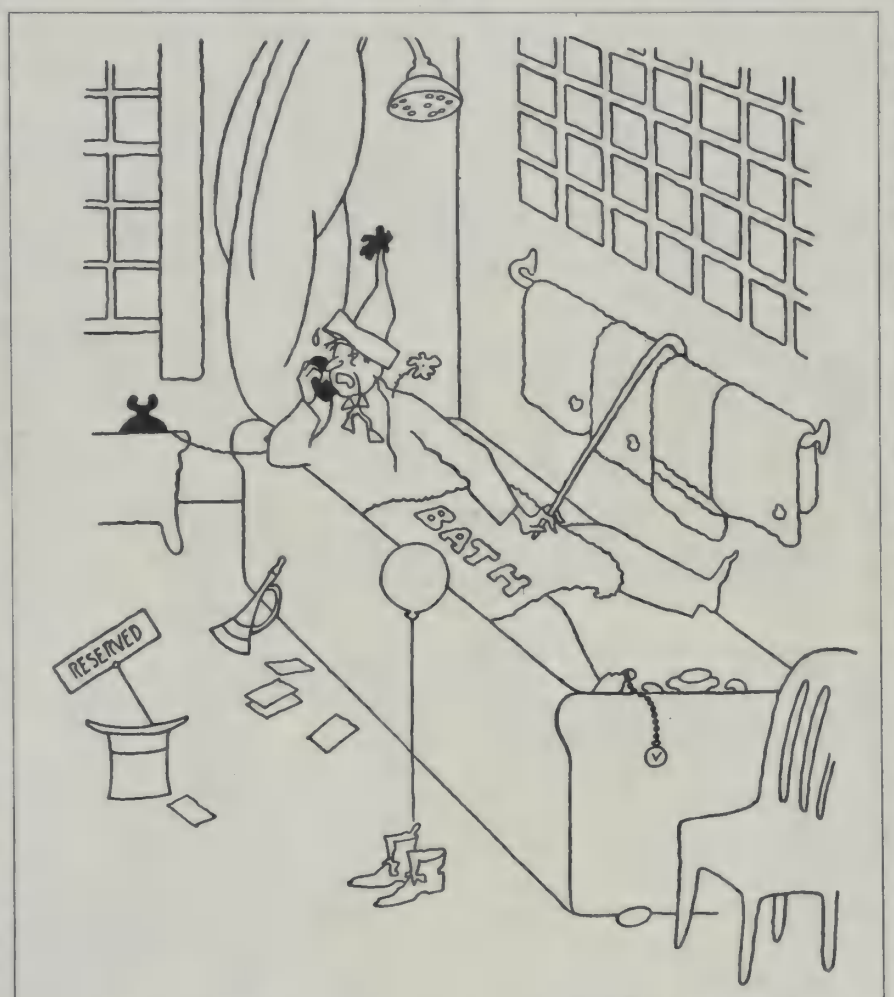
the road skirts. The buds are and sturdy on their branches, with nise of life beginning; while on the w mounds near by there is settled ly the impersonal face of life l. You think you will like to re- ber those trees in years to come as ıels without rancor for the young ers whose graves are covered now he tender green mist of the first of ıany springtimes they will never

· second night you halt at Jagodina, n old Serbia. It was a vicious fight ıetween Serb infantry in the streets erman planes skimming the roofs, ınique in that no bombs seem to been dropped. All machine-gun in the iron shutters and house bite downward. Most of the civil ation, scattered through the hilly ryside, has not returned. Signs German soldiers to respect de- property. You actually see ı shop windows littered with candy ıuvenirs lying free to hand but un- ed. Another sign warns if Ger- ırmy telephone or telegraph wires t the ten people nearest the place e shot. War is no fooling in these astnesses. Have you ever stayed own of, say, 20,000 in which doors open and shutters bang with no to fasten them? A city in which s no sound of children playing in reets or dogs barking?

### The Good Earth

raining and bitterly cold and you tery and depressed as you prepare s remote Serbian mountain place p on the floor of the schoolhouse. ınink of your friends in the States, now settling down to their five- cocktails and pretzels. Probably one another you're a lucky guy— places and see interesting things! instance, all these bare, unwashed *che Soldaten Füsse* peeping from blankets in the light of the 's dim candle—and those Balkan leas waiting patiently in the straw ı. One comforting feature: there none of the dreaded *Wansi* or ned "Balkan Eagles" here. You hem bedbugs. They don't like That reconciles you to the straw. German soldiers look upon the northern plains of Yugoslavia with ment. When the columns halt nen jump down and run into the They fist the tilled earth, rub it their thumbs. "*Schön!*" they ex- "*Schwarzer Boden! Sehr Gut. rzer Boden.*" Their peasant eyes ghtly excited over this rich black- his obvious fertility that is un- in their homeland's thin soils. ough modern years the indifferf Germany's domestic agriculture en one of the important back- factors of her restlessness among tions. Also one of her essential esses. Now all the way down to beyond the first Macedonian into Greece you see fine growing est lands—scores of thousands of miles of good earth being laid y the peasants' bullocks for this seeding. In Greece there's citrus ive and vine culture on every nd general farming in the narrow , providentially or manually wa- and endless herds in the granite- uplands. You know, of course, all these Balkan hills lie abun- ineral resources for war and in- "Add all this to Poland and the one officer remarks thoughtfully, oof Germany can't be starved out this time. Vitamin diplomacy, as we call it now, will be just as futile against us as it would against the United States. Any nation or combination of nations that means to beat us will have to do it the hard way."

All through Serbia, Bulgaria, Macedonia you get a vivid, sometimes odorous, colorgraph of one of the major political and social problems of Europe. Racial minorities. If you did a conscientious job of segregating the hues in this Balkan human paint bucket, putting frontiers between them, you'd have a map decorated with a billion pigtails. If Hitler's great plan for the resettlement of Europe is ever applied here on a full scale, moving day in the Balkans will likely affect every man, woman, child and goat. You see all kinds from purest blond Aryans to sootiest Levantines. Now a spotless, orderly German village—is there one corner of middle or eastern Europe without a German minority?—and then the next town on the road a squalid, livid Oriental hutch. You are reminded of the famous one-sentence description by an American correspondent in the last war: "The Balkans ought to be the most fertile place on earth—they're knee deep in fertilizer." There's no melting pot here, only a witches' cauldron; no coagulation of north and south blood and only a little of east and west. Yet ambitions for autonomy live, breed and glow in every mud-colored pool, and prides and prejudices burn with an intensity you cannot know back home. In the illiterate Serbian back country, for instance, there's a custom among white peasants of sealing up their daughters in hillside caves on the autumnal eve of their marriageable spring. Provisions for comfort are made; work, food, warm clothing, heating material and sanitary necessities being passed through a small hole. The idea is that by spring, when the girls are released from confinement, they will have bleached out the sun and weather tan and their white blood will be proved visibly for the benefit of prospective suitors.




**"I don't care how sleepy my voice may sound. I'm not still in bed"**

GARDNER REA

### "Here Come the Tommies"

Hordes of Serb prisoners trudge dismally along under guard to one side of the road, and the Panzer soldiers pay no more attention to them than to goats. But suddenly you feel a current of excited interest running up the Panzer column even before you hear a shout carried back: "*Hier kommen die* Tommies." There's a general standing up in each truck, scout car, tank and a craning of necks. Along come three captured British and one Greek truck loaded with Australians. The Germans and Australians stare at one another gingerly as if at creatures from different planets, as if each half expected the other not to be familiar human types at all. If there's a halt the strange embarrassment melts, the Germans gather around for a close look and there's grinning on both sides and halting experimentation with languages. At Nis —pronounced Nish—Serbia, you encountered the first British prisoners, 250 of them, mostly Anzacs with a few South Africans and one Englishman. They were the rear guard captured at Florina. The German officers give you permission to interview them, but the Australians remain cagey. Maybe you're American, maybe not. They're a fine, upstanding lot but it is obvious they're disgusted as they look askance at their Balkan surroundings and Serb fellow prisoners. Finally one blue-eyed private from Kensington, Australia, blurts out: "What was the matter? Hell, we had it just too easy against the Italians in Libya—what you Yanks call a pushover. It spoiled us for the tough game."

The German officer tells you admiringly, "The Serbs are no trouble. They don't want to escape. But those Tommies! You've got to watch them every minute or they're over the barbed wire."

It's the Greeks, however, who really furnish this campaign with its most extraordinary touch. The Croats, Macedonians and Greeks are disarmed, then freed on Hitler's orders as fast as they are captured. In this Athens push we see only the Greeks with the heat and weariness of battle still on them. A few hours ago these swarthy little men would have shot you, now they bum a cigarette or a crust. Only the heartbroken Confederates of our own Civil War and the forsaken grenadiers of Napoleon's Grand Army after Moscow, streaming home on foot from the redoubts of their vanished dreams, could match in modern times the tragedy of these Greeks walking home from a war they won, yet lost. Day after day you see them wandering across a classic landscape of green bottom lands studded with Lombardy poplars, of slopes etched by cedars and hemlocks and olive groves, of snow-capped mountains and storied passes; until even the roar of the Panzers cannot withhold from your inner hearing a remote echo, nor their dust obscure from your imagination a faded picture of two thousand years ago. In the square of every village, in the shadows of bomb-ravaged walls, they sit like brown clouds of migrating sparrows through the noon heat. The German soldiers let as many as possible climb aboard the Panzers and supply trains moving back from the front.

### Parade of the Conquered

A few ride on asses or in carts. Occasionally you meet an officer in his Britishlike uniform, crouched just behind the donkey's ears while the rest of the animal's back is piled high with luggage—including even trunks. But the lucky who ride are few in number. The whole map of Greece is crisscrossed with lines of walking, limping, crawling men. Morning, afternoon and all through the night they plod in silent, moody files beside the roads. Sometimes you can see only their heads bobbing along over the tall grass. Sometimes on the soft earth of the plains they trudge in rutted paths that scores of thousands of feet have worn knee-deep. The lines move in both directions, while at right angles thin straggles cross the roadless fields toward out-of-the-way villages. They don't follow the road's spirals up the mountainside but take short cuts from lip to lip, and on top you find them again sunk in exhaustion or bathing their feet in streams. The majority have all their equipment, including blankets, and most have staves cut from thorn bushes to help them up the steep, rocky ways. Some have good shoes but of those many are worn and flapping. Some have only rags on their feet, while others with great festering sores hobble along barefooted. There's no arrangement for feeding these sad wanderers. In each village the entire population turns out and gives bread until there's no more bread. It is an everlasting tribute to Greece that her sick-hungry, sick-desperate soldiers have resisted the precedent of history to form robber packs.

*(To be concluded next week)*

# "HAVE A PIPEFUL OF MY TOBACCO"

**WHY IS IT** that men who travel on the Pullmans would never think of saying to a stranger: "Try my shaving cream"—or: "Have some of my toothpaste?"

**YET THOUSANDS** of men take a certain pride in sharing their pipe tobacco.

**MEN TELL US** that those words "Have a pipeful of my tobacco" are almost an **EDGEWORTH** trademark.

**FRANKLY**, we believe that's the way **EDGEWORTH** has grown. One friend gives another friend a pipeful—and a new customer is won over.

**SO INSTEAD** of writing the usual kind of an advertisement full of words and claims, we say to you: "Have a few pipefuls of our tobacco." Just send us your name on the coupon below, and we'll gladly mail you a generous sample.

**SEND FOR SAMPLE** (At Our Expense)

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Remember, both the REGULAR for Manhattans and the EXTRA DRY for Martinis are available in America's favorite brand of vermouth. W. A. Taylor & Co., Sole Agents.

MARTINI & ROSSI


## The Strong of Heart

Continued from page 14

discovered; you have eight square kilometers to land in. By keeping the loop of the river on your right, you will surely reach this road. Follow it until you get here, and cut across to here—"

"That's a quarry, sir."

"Exactly. I see that you do know the ground. Someone will be waiting for you, to whom you will deliver a package entrusted in your care upon taking off—"

"Explosives, sir?" Ruhault's eyes widened.

"No, my dear chap—" The major chuckled: "Pigeons."

"Pigeons?"

"A dozen pigeons. Carrier pigeons, you understand? The Hun is constructing something or other in a cove, three miles from the bridge. Probably nothing more than barges. But we're interested. What it is—that's not your job to find out. We have two or three good volunteer agents. But it may be important for us to know immediately if a move is made. Radio messages can be intercepted, as we discover, sets discovered, seized. Pigeons, the oldest method, often prove the best."

"That's all I have to do?"

"Practically all. The man who meets you will tell you where to go, and you will be helped from place to place to an embarkation point for England. The service is subject to changes without notice"—the major smiled—"but works very well. Fortunately for us. You have not been home for a while? You will travel mostly at night, and few people will see your face clearly."

RUHAULT produced a photograph of himself, showing a large, round-faced lad of twenty. The major contrasted this snapshot with the man before him.

"You haven't been home since this was taken?"

"No, sir. You see, I went to Algeria, and stayed two years. Then I volunteered for Syria out of turn, had no chance to get leave home. I landed at Marseille on the eighth of May, and was supposed to get a week home. But you know what happened on the eighth. I was sent to the front. Then I crossed to England."

"You've changed."

"I have grown, sir, and I've served in Syria. I've been sick, at times—wounded once. And I have seen my country defeated."

"Yes, that can't have been very cheery." The major lowered his eyes, offered the Frenchman a cigarette, cleared his throat and went on: "Whether you wear a uniform or not, if the Germans spot you, you'll be arrested. They have a very careful system of checking up on civilians. So it won't hurt to wear a British uniform. You will be supplied with the proper papers. So that if you are caught, you will risk detention, that's all."

Ruhault smiled bitterly. "Oh, if I am arrested around my home, there will be some dog or other to tip off the Boches. There are swine who'll do anything for a hundred francs or a favor to the guys on top."

"Precisely what I was going to speak about. Do not reveal your origin, do not admit understanding patois." The major hesitated then added: "I have noted your name and the address of your parents. In case anything unfortunate occurs, we shall not forget."

The plan had been carried out point by point. Ruhault had parachuted into the darkness, landing safely in a field. He had rolled up his chute, according to instructions, and concealed it in a hollow tree. At the appointed place, his first faint whistle had brought out the volunteer agent, who had taken the crate of pigeons. By dawn, Ruhault had been hidden in the attic of a farmhouse, where he had spent a comfortable day.

Tonight, another man had led him to the river, they had crossed in a rowboat. In another farm, a newcomer had joined them: Flying Officer Wyllis. His plane had crashed near Rouen. With a will power incredible in a man of his soft appearance and gentle speech, he had been on his own for three days and four nights, working patiently toward the coast. A peasant found him asleep under a hedge and had supplied him with shelter, food, and later, guides.

He appeared to make it a point to be as unconcerned as his guides, evidently, for he conversed as he walked: "How strong is that post down the road?"

"Maybe thirty men. But they gather quickly. The other night, when some of your planes flew over this region, they had more than a thousand men around here in less than an hour. With anti-aircraft cannon on automobiles." Suddenly, he broke off, and said quietly, "We better sit down. Here's a patrol."

He settled behind thick bushes, and the two others imitated him.

Ruhault remembered having seen this chap in peacetime: A sort of tramp, who did odd jobs—a bit of spading, trimming of trees—and poached to supply near-by inns with game out of season. There had been nothing heroic about him at any time, and yet here he was, cool and quiet, risking his life casually.

The faint chugging of motors swelled to a roar, a bright light slashed through the trees. . . . The light swept on along the road, the motorcycles hurled by very swiftly, chugged away, vanished.

"Sixteen men," the officer said. "Usual number?"

"About, monsieur. But they have six light machine guns, and they know how to use them."

They waited a few minutes, then risked crossing the broad road. They climbed an embankment, scaled a stone fence, walked through an orchard. Ruhault was panting with anxiety. [illegible] seemed heading for his father's [illegible] He was torn between hope and gr[illegible] his parents recognized him, there [illegible] be a scene. But what could he d[illegible] could not have foreseen that his [illegible] would be mixed up in this bu[illegible] They were quiet people, who ha[illegible] couraged his venturesome caree[illegible] father did not even mix in loca[illegible] tics: "Brings you nothing but b[illegible]

His father had had four years [illegible] 1914-1918, and always said he wo[illegible] risk his hide for anything or a[illegible] And his mother had been an a[illegible] pacifist. They certainly would n[illegible] prove of his continuing to fight.

THEY were out of the orchard. [illegible] passed the big barn, the shed wh[illegible] machines were stored. The guide [illegible] up a handful of dirt, which he [illegible] against an upper window. Th[illegible] handful produced results. The [illegible] opened with a creak, and a c[illegible] voice queried:

"Who the devil are you?"

"This is Gervais, old man."

"I might have known it. Wha[illegible] want at this time of night?"

"I've some company for you."

"Again? Can't you take the[illegible] where. How many?"

"Two. Two Englishmen."

"Can't they stay home? The[illegible] and dump their dirty stuff on ou[illegible] and we've got to take them i[illegible] Clara! Clara!" Ruhault knew [illegible] calling his wife, heard him ac[illegible] somewhat lower tone that carried [illegible] in the stillness: "It's that Gervai[illegible] He's got two English for us to h[illegible] Do you mind?"

And for the first time in severa[illegible] Ruhault heard his mother's voi[illegible] in emotional greetings, as he [illegible] ways imagined, but in the scold[illegible] patient tone she used to the do[illegible] he chased the hens around the y[illegible]

"That no-good Gervais, the ci[illegible] He'll be the death of us, with h[illegible] and's ways. I'm not going to st[illegible] much longer—awake at all hou[illegible]

"I'm so glad that Harry has at least one day a week when he isn't cooped up in that stuffy old office"

# FOR DEFENSE
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MOTORISTS WISE

# SIMONIZ

*Makes Cars Stay Beautiful*

**She:** "Boy—that Dole Pineapple Juice looks good. Gimme! Gimme!"

**He:** "I don't know anything better."

**She:** "The other day I read that Dole Pineapple Juice was high in quickly-available food energy."

**He:** "No wonder it's so refreshing."

cook, cook. And shot without a thank you if the Prussians find out what we're doing. Well, let them in—they're here, what can we do?" She came to the window, a patch of white against the darkness. "Eh, Gervais, you bum, no thanks to you, hein! Are they hungry, your Englishmen?"

"Very hungry, Madame," Wyllis answered cheerily.

"Oh, they speak French? Well, that's something. Take them to the kitchen, Gervais. I'm coming down."

There was a rasping of iron bars, and the three filed by old man Ruhault, standing in shirt and trousers, into the big kitchen. The farmer fussed with matches and a lamp chimney.

"What are they this time?" he asked.

"Aviators. One of them had to jump out last night, the other side of the river. Casimir put him up until dark. The other's walked all the way from Rouen. You can keep them in that old cistern. I'll fetch them out tonight."

FATHER RUHAULT had contrived to light the small lamp, which he set on the ledge above the big cast-iron stove. The light was weak, but Ruhault discerned familiar details. Only one thing was missing, the shotgun over the fireplace. Probably confiscated by the Boches. But there was the old calendar, which he had brought at least fifteen years ago from a visit to town.

"They can't see the light from the road," Father Ruhault explained. "Anyway, they wouldn't see anything wrong—it's almost time to milk the cows. The cow, I mean! I had six, and they left me one, the dirty crooks. Sure, they paid me, with their lousy Boche money, which they won't take themselves." He indicated the dishes on the table. "Cider's in that pitcher. You can eat bread until my woman gets down to cook. We haven't much left, but I'll bet you'll lick your fingers when you're through."

He sat down and poured himself a mug of cider. "Well, when are you English going to come back?"

"As soon, as we can," the officer assured him.

"Better take your time," old Ruhault started to chuckle, in friendly derision. "They're not cripples, those Boches! They have material. Not intelligent, really, but they're organized." Heavy steps came down the stairs, and he whispered across the table, straight into the face of his son: "Not too much war talk, eh? Our eldest boy's a prisoner in Germany, and the other's somewhere in the colonies. Haven't heard for months. You know how women are."

"Yes, yes," Wyllis reassured him. He was all of twenty.

Madame Ruhault greeted them politely as she passed by the table. Then she busied herself with paper, kindling and wood. Ruhault watched her intently. The light was weak, poor, but occasionally her full, pink face was revealed sharply. Her hair was much grayer, but her expression was as he remembered it, placid, serene. Every movement of her heavy body was deft, quick. She set some left-over soup to heat, started beating eggs for an omelet.

"Slice some bacon, Pierre," she ordered her husband. "You can gab later. You'll have some soup, too, Gervais? Then you better leave room for it and not empty that pitcher by yourself. I'm not reproaching you, but if you get drunk the Prussians will pick you up. And when you're drunk, you talk too much."

"Who'd get drunk on cider?" Gervais grumbled. But he left the pitcher alone. Father Ruhault served the soup. It was hot, and thick, with potatoes and bits of pork.

"You boys still have your mothers?" Madame Ruhault asked, her back turned.

"Yes, madame," Wyllis re[illegible] promptly.

"Your comrade doesn't [illegible] French?" Madame Ruhault turne[illegible] head and looked toward her son's [illegible]owy figure. "He doesn't talk mu[illegible]

"I speak French, madame."

"Well, have you your mother [illegible]

"Yes."

"They don't know where you ar[illegible]

"No," both fugitives answere[illegible] once.

"Sometimes I wonder which i[illegible]ter," she went on talking, "to kn[illegible] not. I know where my oldest i[illegible] every mouthful I eat. I wonder i[illegible] feed him enough. Then I wonder [illegible] the one in Syria.

"Give them their omelet, Pierre [illegible] I give them some coffee."

The omelet was fine, with a d[illegible] flavor. Madame Ruhault was [illegible] near the stove, in a battered easy [illegible] Wyllis had cigarettes left, offered [illegible] around. The two countrymen h[illegible] their pipes to show they needed [illegible]ther solace. Ruhault took on[illegible] Madame Ruhault almost laughed [illegible] when the boyish officer offered h[illegible]

"Oh, I know your ladies smok[illegible] it would become me just like an [illegible] hat on our cow."

Wyllis had crossed to the la[illegible] get a light for his cigarette. R[illegible] feared that if he did the same his [illegible] would recognize him, suffer a sho[illegible]

He rose also, hesitated, then r[illegible] up and took a match out of a [illegible] the mantel. He turned his head [illegible] striking it. He was very uneasy, [illegible] to talk too much, tormented by [illegible]sire of identifying himself. [illegible] would have to go on, and his [illegible] would then have something ver[illegible]nite to fret about: whether he [illegible] reach England safely or not.

"It'll be daylight soon," the [illegible] spoke up. "Maybe we better [illegible] place fixed up—"

Old Ruhault sucked at his pip[illegible] smoke.

"I left the blankets and stra[illegible] the last pair, and some old boo[illegible] magazines. You can hear their p[illegible] long way—when they turn the b[illegible] near the tracks. As far as their f[illegible]trols are concerned, their poli[illegible] give them away. Our French do[illegible] the smell of them, and yell like t[illegible] long before they're here."

"They're good to their dogs," M[illegible] Ruhault said, "better than to the[illegible] During the fighting, they used t[illegible] their wounded right out of their c[illegible] the fields." It seemed to Ruha[illegible] she was looking hard in his di[illegible] with that peculiar alertness he [illegible]bered. He and his brother ha[illegible] her "X-ray Eye," because she c[illegible] fishing tackle hidden in pocket[illegible] missed the bulge of cartridges [illegible] blouses.

RUHAULT choked at the th[illegible] his mother being arrested, p[illegible] prison for sheltering fugitives. Th[illegible] would shoot her, too, with all [illegible]malities, in public, as an exam[illegible]

"Ah, well," she said, rising, "[illegible]ter's hot. I better do the dish[illegible] boys mustn't drink too much [illegible] gives you the colic if you're [illegible] to it. My man will find you a [illegible] calvados to take into the cist[illegible] damp."

The four men sat at the table [illegible] in low voices, about the war, a[illegible] one who had been discovered [illegible] fugitives and shot without trial [illegible]trol.

Suddenly, they ceased speaki[illegible]ing her dishes, her back turned [illegible] Mother Ruhault was singing, i[illegible] sweet thin voice.

Ruhault knew the song—W[illegible] Night Gently Lifted—it was [illegible] plaintive chant of the Great [illegible]

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Lessay. His mother was happy. And his father, pipe poised, mouth opened, seemed petrified.

*"But when the end of vacation time came,*
*When toward school one had to start,*
*Before me you rolled endlessly,*
*Long as an eternal regret—*
*Oh, my beautiful moors wide as the sea,*
*Oh, my Great Moors of Lessay!"*

They remained silent until she sang the last line. There was a queer spell to the tune, the simple words of the ancient, sentimental ballad, in the dark kitchen with the yellow glow of the the small lamp and the coming dawn whitening the windows. It was a sane song in an insane world, a free song in an enslaved land. It seemed that while Mother Ruhault sang, the invaders' might was suspended as if by an incantation.

"Say, woman," old Ruhault spoke after a while. "You haven't sung in a long time. Not like that. You sing as if —well, as if the kids were small, and we had them home—"

The mother was replacing the dishes one by one in the high cupboard.

"Oh, maybe one of them is around somewhere to hear," she said. "One never knows. And in case he was, it would be a shame if he thought his mother had forgotten him."

Old Ruhault swore under his breath.

"I was afraid of that. She's been too quiet about things." He evidently believed that his wife's mind had snapped under the strain of waiting, privations, despair and danger. "Now, Clara, let's—"

But young Ruhault was on his feet, holding back his father. "Mamma's all right—we're the damn' fools—"

He ran to his mother's side and caught her in his arms. She tried to speak, then the tears came, her solid bulk quivered. The strong hands, the hands of a farm woman, ran over his face, his shoulders, then clung as if she would never let him go. But this did not last very long, and she started to speak:

"You're too skinny. I guess you don't get home food everywhere, hein, you vagabond!"

HE LED her back to the table, as she wiped her face with the edge of her apron. He shook hands with his father, touched the tough, bristling cheeks with his own. The old man continued cursing, from surprise and emotion.

"Thunder of Brest! So you're English now! Thunder of—"

Wyllis, who never lost sight of conventions and tact, excused himself and led Gervais outside. For a few seconds, each one of the three babbled and questioned:

"When did you know I was here, Mother?"

"Oh, even before you came, I think. When your father woke me up, I was dreaming that you were a little boy again and climbing into the pig's sty—you remember that mean one we had? —and I was running to catch you. Then I looked out of the window, and I wanted the one who didn't speak to say something. And when I was dressing, I felt all funny inside, as if I wanted to cry. Then I thought I was a fool to imagine things, because I always feel like crying when those poor young English come to hide here. They're so young and so brave, you can't believe it, and they always apologize for the trouble they give me.

"Then I saw your back when I came down the stairs. You were hunched up, with your face turned aside so I couldn't see it. Just like when you had made up your mind not to go to school, but to run off and go on a boat again.

"You wouldn't look me in th then, and I'd always know. I use upstairs when you were eating, an your stuff better, put in more soc wool things. Don't you remembe ways gave you a very big lunch away, those days? I knew there use talking to you. When a boy the sea, he wants the sea.

"Then I thought I was going that I always thought those poor who come through looked like your brother. Then you got reached for a match in the box mantel, without looking, when were some right handy on the ledge. Also, you kept looking place where the shotgun used Your father buried it when *they* to search the farms for guns."

"Why didn't you speak to me?

"I didn't know if I should. I perhaps you had some reason others shouldn't know who yo But I couldn't keep myself from you know. Why didn't you spea self?"

"I was afraid—of a shock. Be your heart—"

"This isn't the season for hea ble," she said, and laughed. better go and get that cistern rea sun's coming up and they may st ing around early. We can t night—"

FATHER RUHAULT rose, tou son's shoulder with a clumsy of affection, lighted his pipe a out. Ruhault was silent for so hesitating to grieve his mothe But what must be said must be

"I'm sorry, Mother, but I'll go on."

"Oh, I know that. Nobody with you. You're a grown n must do what you think is right not the kind to hide when ot fighting. You'll get back to safely, they're all trustworthy from here on."

"Even if they catch me, I car English. Don't worry. Even if I've been arrested."

"You won't be." Absent-n she poured him another mug "There were a couple of arr month, but we found out who out. You remember Lorme postman? He was everywher bike, and he was the only one the chance to see everyth learned without being spott stranger. Maybe he was wo *them* long before they came. gave him false information hiding place, and the Prussi there the next morning."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. *They've* bee for him." She smiled sadly heard Gervais talking the ot when he was mentioned. He never killed an animal be wouldn't bring in a sou for hide.' There's his wife and kids. But he didn't think people's."

The good woman spoke of kil ally, placidly almost. It was a thing for the safety of the co that was all.

"You better go now. And d out until we call you—somet stop at the farm and hang a see you before you go, and make up a nice lunch for y away. When this trouble is fi you come back for good, we'll flour and butter again, and I'll apple-jelly pancakes the wa them."

He halted at the door.

"We'll win, Mother, we'll —"

"Of course," she said with fidence. "We can't have forever!"

## They Call Her Mac

Continued from page 13

t long with agents. Everyone of ought.I was a snip."
ook a year. Her year of adjust-ne calls it. During this period, the blues—oh—about every y. Then she began to catch on ted pushing around as much as being pushed. When she found ough the Walgreen grapevine, rtha Scott might be leaving Our r Hollywood, she flitted over ed for the understudy job.
lled," they said.
ke to read for it, anyway," she
way," they said. "You're not ."
the type," she said, "And I read."
—will you go away?"
you tell me what you're going y letting me read?" she said.
ell, she read—and she got the

ought herself a pair of flat-hoes from Gimbel's basement, ed as far away from Martha possible. "I was a foot or so an she was, and I didn't want ind out." A week later, Martha Hollywood call, and Mac took e stayed on until the end of the being Dorothy McGuire, of a, she managed to get more e-tip into the theatrical scene shipped off to Chicago for a John Barrymore's My Dear Followed, a good-sized role in' the Dream—a lemon—and n Medicine Show. She was in ly, too, last season. She worked , but never made much money. when she gets the time, she's learn to fly. She knows of a school on Staten Island where get eight lessons for sixty dol-lying represents our era, our e emoted, flinging her arms out ally, and smiling. "It's young e and—" She struck another n she relaxed and went on as othing had happened. (It's all happens with the best of ac-

nny," she went on. "You knock or months, years, sometimes, f a sudden you wind up in a everybody makes a fuss over keep reminding yourself that xt year you'll have to start all over again or perhaps get into a flop or two. That's what keeps you balanced. You see your friends who were starring last year living on handouts this year and it makes you stop and think the whole thing over. Sure, it's fun to have a part like Claudia, but you see what I mean?"

She returned to her decorating problem—just as a delivery boy arrived with a new table, in exchange for the old. (Mac was properly contrite about the secret elevator again.) She's definite about not wanting a rug so she's using her bath mat in the living room to keep people from slipping on the hardwood floor right into the fireplace. "I'll have to get one sooner or later, but don't you think the room looks as nice without one?" The tablecloth, a brilliant floral silk affair, was originally going to be an evening gown. "Looks much better here, doesn't it? I never go out, anyway."

Bertha, her domestic gem, is also from Nebraska. She cooks and cleans, helps her move the furniture around three or four times a day, gets her ready for the performances and spends a good part of the time taking her delicate charge out of drafts. She was with the McGuires in Omaha some years ago and as soon as Mac realized she was going to bloom in a hit show, she wired to her mother for Bertha's address. Next day, a wire: "Will take job. Send details. Bertha."

Mac still runs around with the Broadway youngsters, eats hamburgers and plays the Game (charades, this year) at two o'clock in the morning. Lynn Fontanne and Helen Hayes are her twin goddesses and Gene (Pal Joey) Kelly, her present crush. She has no idea what love and romance will do, in competition with her career—"the boy I'm really interested in is out of the profession so that mixes it up pretty thoroughly."

She started to roll her hair up in curlers. "I don't know—everybody expects me to be like Claudia and I'm not, really. She's a very witty girl and I'm just—me. So people either think I'm bored or boring—well, nothing I can do about it."

She shrieked: "This hair! They're starting to complain already—'McGuire, for heaven's sake, do something about that straw—!'"

# 3 out of 5

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100 out of 151 Lifeguards, who were interviewed in a recent coast-to-coast test, reported that they preferred the delicious peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

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# Barkers are Best

## By Frank J. Taylor

**Those clever seals you see on the stage, in the movies, were probably caught by Captain McGuire. It's a good business, not confining**

CHARLES KERLEE

**Captain George M. McGuire, whose business is catching and crating live seals and shipping them to zoos, circuses, animal trainers and the movies the world over. Below, Al Newton and Danny Pico, whom the captain hired from a ranch in the back country, demonstrate McGuire's humane trapping technique. The seals get tangled in the net, dive for safety, and when they come up for air the boys lasso them**

FRED BOND

MR. DANNY PICO, whose great-grandpère was one very grand hombre, being no less than Don Pio Pico, the farewell Mexican governor of California, looked with much disgust at Mr. Al Newton, balancing himself warily in the bobbing rowboat.

"A fine way for honest cowpunchers to make a living, Al!" bemoaned Mr. Pico.

"Cowpunchers?" snorted Mr. Newton. "We're sealpunchers, Danny."

Whereupon Mr. Newton, whose grandpappy helped General Fremont capture California from Danny's forebear for one more of these United States, twirled his lariat and let fly across the Pacific Ocean. As the loop settled in the salty water off Santa Cruz Island, twenty miles from Santa Barbara, Mr. Pico heaved on the oars. When the threshing and splashing subsided, Mr. Newton pulled in a young seal, lassoed around the neck. Slipping the rope between the slats of a floating wooden crate, Mr. Newton pulled the struggling seal into the box, and clapped the lid closed.

"Take it easy, Baby," Mr. Newton cooed, lashing the crate to the rowboat. "Now you're a McGuire seal and maybe you'll grow up to be a great movie star in Hollywood."

"A fine way for honest cowpunchers to make a living!" repeated Mr. Pico, disconsolately.

"Arf! Arf! Arf!" barked the seal.

"Go ahead and bark, Baby," said Mr. Newton. "The cap'n loves a good barker."

Which is the truth. In the lexicon of brisk-stepping, sparkly-eyed old Captain George M. McGuire of Santa Barbara, whose business is catching and crating live seals and shipping them to zoos, circuses, animal trainers and the movies the world over, there are two kinds of seals:

"Barkers," says the captain, "and snoozers."

Snoozers have their good points. They're easier to handle, especially if you're valet to a carload of seals traveling across continent. Maybe they're better pets in a downtown apartment but barkers make the best trained seals. They're smarter and they bring the fancy prices from the seal trainers. In a game like the captain's, where you're supplying live seals backed by money-back guarantee, you like to deliver them on the docks at New York or Buenos Aires or Stockholm or Sydney in A-1 barking condition.

### With No Competition

Lively little Captain McGuire has been doing just that for over thirty years. "I supply the world with sea lions," reads the slogan on his stationery. This is an entirely modest statement, because the captain, thanks to his improved seal-catching technique and the money-back guarantee, has no competitors. In three decades, the captain has captured and delivered "in A-1 barking condition" no less than three thousand seals. They've brought him almost half a million dollars, many of which the shrewd skipper has salted away in Santa Barbara real estate against the well-known rainy day.

"One of these days I'll be getting old," says the captain, who is only eighty-seven now.

The captain is all-fired proud of the way McGuire seals are doing their stuff all the way around the world. He's shipped seals to nearly every zoo in this country and Europe. He's delivered seals, still barking, to zoos in Africa, Australia, Japan. The captain's a little worried about the fate of some of his seals in the warring countries, because a full-grown seal eats about twenty pounds of fresh fish a day, and he fears that if and when the Germans or the Poles or the Italians get hungr feed themselves before the seals might even eat the seals by

But over here in the U.S.A. seals are doing right well, tha Frank "Bring 'Em Back Alive was out early last year to pull seals alive from the Pacific O his Jungleland show at the Ne Fair. After looking the situati he decided to let the captain the seals f.o.b. Santa Barbara. have been going over big in va too, and one McGuire seal by t of "Slicker," who almost stole from Carole Lombard in Spaw North by swimming a life lin the drowning heroine in the time, is getting rich in Hollywo records show that Paramou Slicker $6,514.32 for three off-and-on work in the pictur isn't half bad for Captain H Winston, who bought the seal a little pup from Captain McG a paltry $125.

Which shows where the mo the seal deal. Captain McGuir begrudge the bargain. A seal he leaves seal training to the ists, experts like Winston, or M ling, who runs a seal aca Kingston, New York; or Capt Tiebor, who educates seals in for the Ringling Circus; or Cap liam Pickard of Tonawanda, N They earn their money, he sa

### Opportunity Knocks

Diminutive Captain McGuir into the seal game more or le man's-buff style three and a ades back. He was only a ki then, just plain George M. the papier-mâché merchant. he noticed an advertisemen paper which read:

"Wanted—party with $2,500 venture guaranteed to pay out to California and possibly to E cluded."

Well, McGuire had saved th a half grand, so he answered t tisement, and shortly found hi to face with an old sea salt R. J. Mullett. The skipper sh Guire a sheaf of correspond zoos in this country and Europ ing bona fide orders for live proposed that McGuire join trip to Santa Barbara to catch another to New York and I fill the orders.

"It looked pretty good, bel reminisced Captain McGuir jumped at the chance, though seen a live seal at the time."

Arriving in Santa Barbara, the beaches near the city covered with seals lazily slee sun. Captain Mullet's techr sisted of slipping up on a sle and clouting the animal ove with a club. When they reg sciousness, the amphibians boxcar rolling east. The ca McGuire rode with them as

Captain Mullett snoozed of the trip. Several seals die from injuries. McGuire had of their remains. Arriving i McGuire sold a brace of li Lincoln Park Zoo. He sol Cincinnati, more in Buffalo delphia. Reaching New eleven seals, he delivered Bronx Zoo, shipped the rem to Liverpool. His partne Mullett, shipped to Atlanti

"He got anchored there, s to Detroit," explained M counted my money and h what I'd started with, with a trip thrown in."

McGuire returned to his pa

*(Continued on page*

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# Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.


## The Real Thing

Continued from page 12

told me you were only in love with her."

"Well, she is the future Mrs. A. I know it would be all right with her if I told her I was a movie actor, but, damn it, I didn't, so now I am going to go on with the show. She is coming to town next week end and you are going out with us."

"I'll play it straight," I said.

"It won't be so hard," said Bob. "All I have to do is keep her away from the movie crowd where I am known. I will take her to places where the society folks gather, places like the Town House and the Vista del Arroyo Hotel in Pasadena."

"You can swing it," I said. "Go easy on the mugging. Take some of the chromium do-dads off your car. Take off the siren, the Great Britain license plates and the zebra-striped seat covers."

"All right, Joe," he said. He pondered a moment. "The only thing that worries me is the autograph hunters. That would be a tip-off."

"Frankly," I said, "I do not anticipate much trouble along that line."

SALLY VAN CORTLAND was a production. She had class. Compared with her, our Hollywood glamor girls seemed pretty cheap and phony.

Bob was splendid as the young scion from Boston. At the time he was working in a football picture. He had almost a crew haircut for it. He looked as if he had been to Harvard and played polo. We went to the Town House Saturday night. Bob made two turns around the dance floor with Sally. Then they came back to the table. Bob was limping.

His face registered pain, but not too much, not contorted, just good restrained stuff.

"What's the matter?" asked Sally, concerned.

"Charley horse," Bob groaned, smiling wanly. "Left leg. Got it in scrimmage today."

I glared at him. Sally asked, "What do you mean, scrimmage?"

I kept glaring. A flicker of fright passed over Bob's face.

"Oh," he said, "a couple of fellows and I were tossing the football around a little this morning, just for fun, and I guess I overdid it. That's all."

After we had dropped Sally off at her hotel I said to Bob, "Listen, you dope, you make a few more slips like that and your little game is up."

"Okay, I'll watch it," Bob said, "but I am certainly getting a workout in the picture."

"Bah!"

There wasn't much doing for me at the studio Monday so I watched them shoot some scenes for Buck That Line, the gridiron epic featuring Bob Arnold.

The field was populated with husky football players from Southern Cal. and U.C.L.A., but none of them were so impressive as Bob.

The director was trying to get a shot of him lugging the leather for a short gain. On a simple reverse. There was nothing simple about it. Not for Bob. He threw himself for a three-yard loss.

"Cut!" bellowed the director.

"Somebody tripped me," said Bob.

"Yeah, you did," the director said. "Your left leg tripped your right. Let's try it again."

Longer runs and more complicated plays followed. A slippery back from Southern Cal. would double for Bob. This back would dash 60 yards. Then they would take a close shot of Bob falling on his face across the goal line.

Bob saw me and came over. He was embarrassed.

"Hello, Tom Harmon," I said. "You had quite a workout."

"Can't seem to get going today," he said. "Leg's better, but I'm stale. Why, back at school—"

"Look at me, Bob," I cut in. "I am not an interviewer. I am good old Joe Townsend. I am the guy that sat next to you on the subs' bench for three years. Back at school. You got in a game once. We were leading seventy-two to nothing, as I recall. There was one minute left to play. In that one minute you managed to make thirty yards—the wrong way. Remember?"

Sally got me aside the next time she came into town.

"Joe," she said. "I am getting very bored with Bob. He is absolutely crazy about football. It is all he talks about. Downfield blocking, quarterback sneaks and triple passes behind the line. I have almost had enough."

I was alarmed. "You be patient," I said. "Bob is the finest fellow in the world, as you know. He just gets these little enthusiasms, but they don't last."

Bob's football fever lasted until the night of the press preview of Buck That Line. He was terrific in the picture. He won the big game singlehanded. He did everything but catch his own passes, run his own interference and kick the ball out of the stadium. He was anybody's All-America.

He was strutting a little when we walked into the foyer after the picture. Harve Harris, assistant director, clapped him on the back and said, "Nice game, Arnold."

Harve was kidding.

"Thanks, Coach," said Bob. He was not kidding. He wore a faraway look. Harve and I began to laugh. Bob gave us a double-take. Then it was all over. Realization dawned. You could almost hear the thud as he hit solid ground again. He began to laugh with us.

"Okay, okay," he said. "Let's have a drink."

Bob and I drove down to Coronado to see Sally. We had a fine time. Bob was himself again. Football was not mentioned. Sally was tickled.

"I told you so," I muttered to h

"Joe," Bob said to me after w turned to Hollywood, "we are en and will get married very short they don't put me in Hot News week."

Bob was cast in the picture News. He played the part of a dy young city editor.

Sally sought me out a week aft News went into production. "Bob ing strangely again," she said.

"I suppose he is," I said. I w miliar with the script of Hot New

"For one thing," she said, "he take his hat off. He wears it time, inside and outside the hou

"Don't tell me, Sally," I said. L me tell you. He barks at you?"

"Out of the side of his mouth."

"And he sneers?"

"Constantly."

"Of course," I said, "there is a cigarette hanging loosely fr lips."

"That is all true," said Sally, is not the worst. He has beco cynical. He is against all of the emotions."

"Like love?" I asked.

"Yes, Joe," Sally said, looking able. "He makes fun of our e ment. If it means so little to h ought to call it off. I am going him back his ring."

"Don't do it, Sally," I begge more scared. "Again, I ask yo patient and big about it. I figu will be his own sweet self in abo

I made a quick, silent check shooting schedule of Hot News.

"In about three weeks," I con

"Very well," said Sally. "I'll k ring."

BOB finished work in Hot Ne Friday. Sally came into town three of us went to the Vista del Hotel in Pasadena Saturday nigh B was charming. He was sweet an tive to Sally. He was just a gr over heels in love.

"Darling," he said to her, "s live in Brentwood?"

Sally looked at him skeptically weeks ago," she said, "you told r riage was for weaklings."

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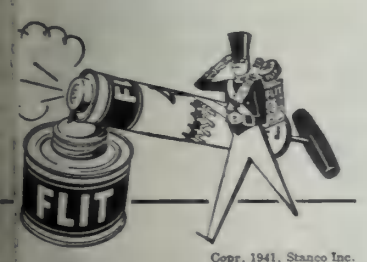


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"I said that?" Bob was aghast. "I don't believe it."

"And," Sally went on, "you also said love was a trap which a man ought to avoid if he really wanted to accomplish something in this world."

They were lines right out of Hot News. Bob was stunned. He shook his head, and suddenly he looked at me and Sally and smiled sheepishly.

"Maybe I did, but forget it," he said. "I am weak as lemonade and I want to put my foot right in the trap."

"In that case, dear," said Sally, "I believe I'd like Brentwood."

"Great!" said Bob, kissing her.

They set a date for the wedding, two weeks away. They planned a honeymoon, in the High Sierras. The studio messed that up. The studio made a gangster out of Bob.

A tough, but lovable gangster. A guy from the wrong side of the tracks, a victim of circumstance. In the end, naturally his fundamentally fine instincts triumph and he becomes a respectable citizen.

Bob was given this Jimmy Cagney sort of role. He was a tough guy, all right. He was especially tough with women. He really kicked them around, verbally and physically.

I WENT down on the set and watched them shoot the scene in which Bob gives his sweetheart a belt on the side of the head that knocks her flat. Pure Cagney stuff. His sweetheart, of course, loves it. When she comes to she falls into his arms.

"I don't have to work for a couple of days," Bob said to me when the scene was finished. "I'm driving right down to Coronado to see Sally."

"Have fun," I said, "but watch yourself. Remember you're Bob Arnold, not a gangster."

He looked at me through narrowed eyes and his fists clenched. "I don't know what you're talking about, wise guy, but I don't like it. See?"

He sounded like a Dead End Kid reached voting age.

Late that night I got a long-distance call. It was from Coronado, from Sally. Her voice sounded muffled, as if she had been crying.

"Did it hurt much when Bob hit you?" I asked hopelessly.

"You know about it already?" Sally sniffled.

"I just guessed," I said.

"Joe," said Sally, "I think he is a little crazy."

He is not crazy, he is an actor, I thought, and a pretty good actor, too. I said, "It isn't that, Sally."

"Whatever it is," she said, "I'm through with him. Definitely."

Bob came to my apartment about two in the morning. He was upset, but even more bewildered. And he wasn't the tough guy any more.

"I can't understand it," he moaned when he got through giving his story. "I didn't mean to hit her so hard. Anyway, she shouldn't have got so sore."

"You can't blame her, she doesn't see enough movies," I said.

"We were all set to get married," he said. "Well, I'd better try to forget about her."

"You better had," I said. "Find some new interest. Raise petunias or collect old birds' nests. Because you are not going to marry Sally Van Cortland."

He got up. "I'm through with everything," he said tragically. "I'm going to chuck it all and get out of town."

Bob disappeared. It was too bad, but there was nothing I could do about it. A man has his own life to live. I had work to do and I did it.

I ran into Sally once. Guess where? Ciro's. Guess who she was with? Dick Huston, the actor.

"Why didn't you and Bob ever take me to places like this instead of those stuffy spots?" she asked me. "I love this movie crowd."

"Ha-ha-ha!" I laughed ironically.

I was assigned a writing job on a script for Sam Moss, the producer. Sam wanted a gay, easy comedy with a male lead of the Clark Gable type.

So the hero developed by myself, and several other writers, was the smoothest article ever. He had a way. Women were putty in his hands, and they were always in his hands. He wouldn't take no for an answer.

He moved from romance to romance with the self-assurance of a heavy tank.

The big scene was pretty good. We had the hero swoop down on his indignant sweetheart, grab her and elope. He was irresistible.

It was funny, the way my magnificent idea came to me. I had just put the finishing touches on the scene and was sitting there at my desk, fashioning a chain of paper clips which, I feel confident, I can do better than any other writer in Hollywood. The idea came to me all of a sudden.

I called Bob's agent. "Where is he?" I asked.

"Palm Springs," the agent said.

"Of course, thanks."

Then I went into Sam Moss' office. "Sam," I said, "I don't want to butt into your business, but have you decided on anyone for the male lead?"

"Not yet, I haven't," said Sam.

"What's the matter with Bob Arnold?" I asked.

Sam caressed his nose, the way he always does when he is thinking hard. "I hadn't thought of him," he said.

"Sure you haven't," I said. "He's right here on the lot, so why use him when you can borrow somebody almost as good from another studio at more money? Quit being a producer and be a smart guy for a change."

Sam called up fifteen minutes later: "I've been thinking and I got a guy who's a natural for the lead in the picture."

"Who?"

"Bob Arnold," said Sam.

Bob was called in from Palm Springs and the picture went into production fast. Bob breezed through it. He was great. He was especially good in the elopement scene. He was another Gable. He even acquired, and improved upon, Gable's neatest histrionic trick—that of making a sucking noise with his tongue against his teeth, as if he is dislodging tenacious tidbits of stringy roast beef.

RIGHT after the big scene was taken, the finale of the picture, Bob came bursting into my office. He was all poise and self-confidence. "What's this I've been reading in the columns about Sally and Dick Huston?" he asked.

"They're getting along all right," I said. "Let them alone."

"Hah!" Bob smirked. A smug, Gable smirk. "I'll see about that."

He flashed me a quick, sidelong glance, made that tongue-against-the-teeth smacking noise and tore out of the office.

The next day I got two wires, from a little town in Arizona.

"It happened last night in Yuma," one of them read. "Honeymooning." It was signed by Bob. The other telegram was signed "Sally Arnold." It said "Bob simply swept me off my feet. He's wonderful."

Sam Moss called me into his office. I was feeling fine. Old Joe Cupid Townsend! I showed the telegram to Sam.

"Good," said Sam. "I hope the two kids will be very happy. Now about my next picture. It's an original story and there's a terrific part in it for Arnold."

"Let's hear it," I said.

"Well," Sam began. "Arnold is this young artist who divorces his wife . . ."

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# PIN ON YOUR HAIR

**By Ruth Duvoisin as told to Selma Robinson**

**Don't sit back and envy the glamor bobs of the debs and movie stars. Buy yourselves some hair pieces or even a wig. They are as easy to get as a hat—and they stay on too**

MONAHAN

**Bonnet with a bang, which Sally Victor, Manhattan milliner, designed for a gal who wanted a fringe without sacrificing any of her own hair. Pompadours, side-curls or figure eights may be similarly attached to the hat**

JACQUES DUVOISIN

**It takes this highly paid worker a day and a half to make the natural-looking part in the wig, drawing one hair at a time with a microscopic crochet needle through closely woven flesh-tinted gauze. Tools and hair are imported**

MONAHAN

**This hair is not home-grown bu of Pat Garfield's friends susp She learned the trick in Holl where the stars, both male and don wigs for instant groomin a strenuous day under brigh**

DON'T look now, but the lady on your left is wearing a pompadour that never grew there. And that girl on your right, the one with the cute side curls, simply pinned them on before she went out. Bangs on a comb, stately coronets of braided hair, luscious chignons mounted on hairpins, and gleaming cascade bobs on an elastic have gone to the heads of the nation to the tune of ten million dollars' worth of hair goods a year. It's an industry that may hang by a hair, but definitely is on the crest of what looks like a permanent wave.

For across the counters of department stores and chain stores, in beauty parlors and even in millinery shops, women are buying hair goods for fun rather than necessity, casually trying them on right out in the open as though they were hats, shamelessly proud of the invisible combs to which the clusters of curls are attached.

It is definitely a movie-inspired fashion, learned from Joan Bennett, Norma Shearer and Ginger Rogers, who appeared in coronet braids and figure-eight buns and super-super bobs, though their own hair was known to be short. Not even a movie star can make hair grow faster than half an inch a month. And male audiences who marveled at the luxuriant fashions of movie heroes, were surprised to see unofficial photographs of Fred Astaire and Charles Boyer with sketchily covered temples. Could it be that screen stars wore wigs and chignons and toupees? Could be!

Probably every woman, at some time or other, usually when she's about to disappear under the dryer, has wished it were possible to send her hair out to be dressed while she stayed at home with a good book. Well, it is. Wigs!

Women with little time but a great need for perfect grooming—doctors, lecturers, swimmers carry their coiffures in their travel kits, confident of being well-groomed no matter what the time or town or weather. They are neither bald nor meager-haired, simply busy.

When her own pretty blond hair becomes mussed after a strenuous day of posing and costume changes, Pat Garfield, one of the more glamorous models to illuminate Fifty-second Street, simply slips on a wig that weighs no more than two ounces, and fits like her own scalp. It takes a couple of wearings to convince yourself that your wig won't fall off, says Pat. After that, you will take on anything, even cheek-to-cheek dancing or driving in a rumble seat.

But most women, and men, who wear wigs, consider them necessities, not luxuries. Victims of the disfiguring aftermath of disease and accident would be lost without the transforming effects of clever wigs. Wigmakers even have new eyebrows for fire victims, for burns often leave deep scars that may destroy the hair root. Fever, scalp ailments, childbirth, shock and heredity may cause baldness or partial baldness.

Today, wigs are marvels of skill and artistry.

They even age! Many a blond wig or raven black toupee comes back now and then for a few gray hairs, to grow older along with its owner. They may be waved and rewaved with the prevailing hair fashion, no matter how giddy. They are brushed and combed daily, cleaned once a month, and fingerwaved at a cost of about $1.50, less than the average woman spends every week or ten days at a beauty salon. Though some women have as many as ten wigs for use on any occasion, most wig wearers have two or three at a time, to allow for cleaning and other emergencies.

Wigmaking is a craft that is passed along from generation to generation. The famous London wigmaker, Dermott, learned his profession from his father, who in turn had it from ther. J. P. Fleischer, who mak of the wigs in America, is succ many another wigmaking Fleis takes at least ten years of app ship before a wigmaker has enough technique to work on t cate hairlace foundations for wigs in which a single broken unravel the whole piece.

Good wigs are not cheap—eve made by hand, by expensive fit blending and weaving. The costs about $50.00 and artisti haired wigs may run as high as

About five million dollars' cleaned and sterilized raw hai million pounds of cut hair or ha ings, are brought into this coun year under the closest scrutin government. It is an internatio ness with itinerant peddlers the most remote hamlets of North Africa and Asia in searc —a few trinkets are all that women ask for their hair though cut hair brings good pri ticularly if it is drab-blond or long. But the war has made to get and supplies are d American women supply no m five per cent of the hair used We expose our hair too rashl ravages of sun and shampoo, European peasant shawls hers, dom washes it.

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# Barkers are Best

Continued from page 52

siness. A year later, Captain Mullett ned up anew, with another sheaf of lers for seals. Again the wanderlust rged in McGuire's veins. This time, sold his business completely. Again ey clouted seals on the beach near nta Barbara. Again McGuire did all work, hosing off the perspiring seals railway yards, disposing of the dead mals, selling the live ones. Again ptain Mullett dropped anchor with share of the profits, never to turn up in. McGuire returned to Santa Bar-a, convinced there was a better way capture seals than to clout them over head.

It wasn't humane," he explained, d it injured too many seals."

### Seagoing Cowboys

Up on a ranch in the back country saw Al Newton and Danny Pico las-ng calves for branding. Al and Danny e daredevil young whippersnap-s, lean and lithe. The captain ex-ned his plan to them, a net across mouth of one of the caves in Santa z Island where the seals slept at t, a brace of cowboys in rowboats to e the young seals, just as Al and ny were roping calves.

Can you boys lasso seals?" he asked.

We can lasso anything, Cap'n," re-d Mr. Newton. "Can't we, Danny?"

Sure we can, Al, but . . ."

Sure we can. We'll rope your seals you, Cap'n."

hat's how the McGuire technique of punching started. Al does most of roping, Danny handles the oars. ny's a fine roper, y'understand, but grandfather was a very great hombre the Mexicans are a proud race. In nt years young Clint Guldagger, the ain's nephew, who has joined him he business, has developed into flight lassoer, too, but Al's the seal-cher who's brought in the bulk of the 3,000-odd McGuire seals scattered over the globe.

The captain, who somehow became attached to the title old Captain Mullett left behind, has put some finer touches to the technique as the years rolled by. He uses two nets across the mouth of the sea-lion caves now. One, with eighteen-inch mesh, keeps the full-grown seals in the cave. Farther out to sea is a net with six-inch mesh. It holds the eighteen-month-old, half-grown pups, in which the captain specializes. He works the old psychology game on them.

"They get tangled in the mesh and instinctively dive for safety," explained the captain. "Then they come up for air. When their heads come out of the water, the lasso falls over them."

From the floating wooden crates into which the seal pups are pulled to be lifted aboard the fishing smack the captain rents, the animals are transferred at once into wire cages. This, too, is capitalizing on seal psychology.

"Seals are curious animals," confided the captain. "They want to see what's going on, all the time. When we shipped them in wooden crates, they couldn't see and they'd thrash about and hurt themselves. So we put them in wire crates. They can see what's going on, so they're philosophic about it."

They're even philosophic about having no food, the captain says, but they can't get along without being sprinkled with a hose several times a day to keep their skins cool. On the dock, the Captain sloshes sea water over his seals, but fresh water will do. But no fish, nor any other food, is given them en route. That's another angle on seal psychology.

"Seals can fast for a month," elucidated the captain. "They get pretty hungry, but they don't starve. When a seal reaches his destination, the fellow who's to train him gives him the first fish. A seal never forgets that first fish, and he'll do anything for his trainer.

"The trainer starts with a couple of small boxes. When he climbs on the box, the seal gets another fish. After he can do that well, the trainer starts tossing a ball to him. When the seal catches it, the reward is a fish. Then more difficult tricks."

None of that for the captain, though. He ships his seals the day they're caught. He handles only the large-eared California sea lions, *Zalophus californianus*, in case you're zoological-minded, because they're the smartest of the species. His sealpunchers have strict orders not to drop a lariat on any dumb snub-nose seals, Townsend seals, fur seals (which are flighty and temperamental) or Stellar sea lions (which grow as big as young elephants). The *Zalophus-cals* cease taking on weight when they hit around two hundred and fifty pounds.

Contrary to the popular notion, it isn't cruel to lasso seals and ship them to zoos or circuses or shows, because they live about twice as long in captivity as in their natural habitat. The explanation, says the captain, is that sea lions lose their sight when they are about ten years old. In the ocean they can no longer see to fish, and die of starvation. In captivity they draw their twenty to thirty pounds of fresh fish a day without having to catch it, and live the life of Reilly to a ripe old age. Provided you don't mix males and females in the same pool.

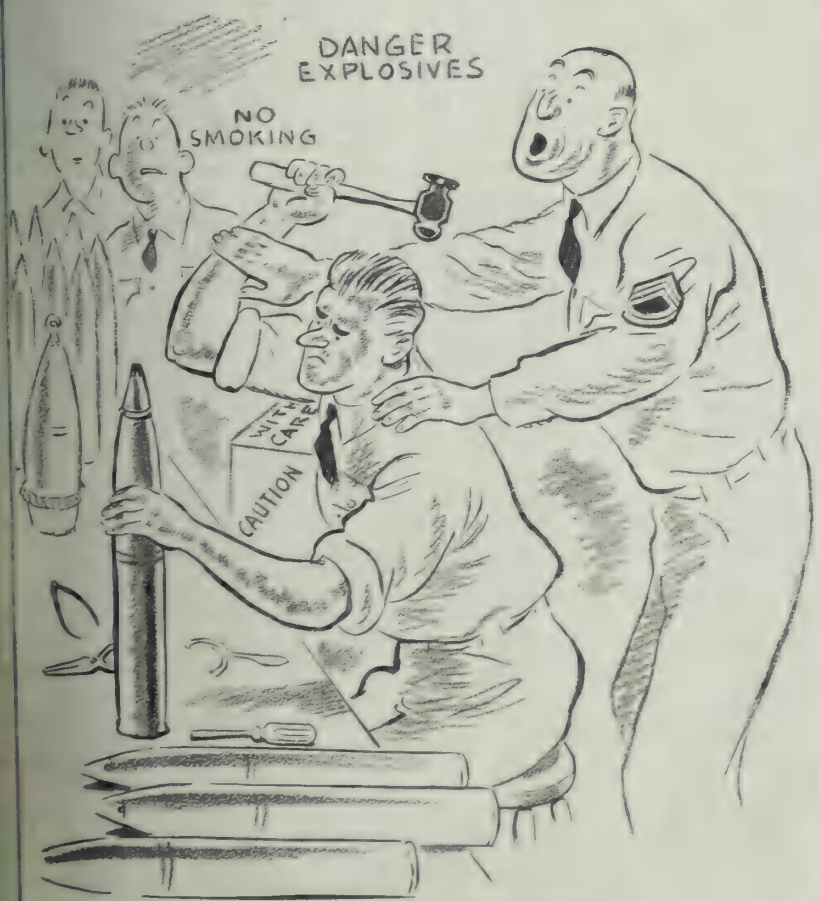
"A dozen males will live harmoniously year after year in the same pool, and never scrap," said the captain. "Put in a female and half of them will be dead in a month."

Yet, curiously enough, though seals live happily in captivity, they refuse to mate. The captain doesn't know the answer to that one, but says it probably has something to do with seal psychology. Once, though, on one of his six trips with a load of seals for European zoos, Captain McGuire heard a hissing like that of a cat when the car arrived in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Investigating, he found a new-born seal pup in one of the cages, spitting at him. By the time the car reached Kansas City, another little spitfire was hissing from another cage, and a third was born in New York. That was about the Captain's luckiest break, because, seals with pups in captivity being such a rarity, a London zoo paid a fancy price for the trio of mothers and their offspring.

### These Seals Seldom Bounce

When Captain McGuire launched his seal-catching operations, the standard price for a healthy young sea lion was $175, but the market tapered off considerably as the energetic little skipper stocked the zoos of the world. The money-back guarantee still goes over big, and only rarely a McGuire seal bounces. The last one was a McGuire seal shipped to Denver.

"He was a snoozer," recalled the captain, in disgust. "Snoozed his head off all the way to Denver. Snoozed when he got there, and wouldn't eat. So I wired them to send him back. When the train he was on hit the ocean at Ventura, he sat up and barked, so the expressman said. When he got here, I took him out on the pier and doused him with salt water right out of the ocean. I held out a fish, and you ought to have seen him grab it. So I sent him back to Denver, barking his head off all the way. Know what was the matter? He was homesick, that's all."

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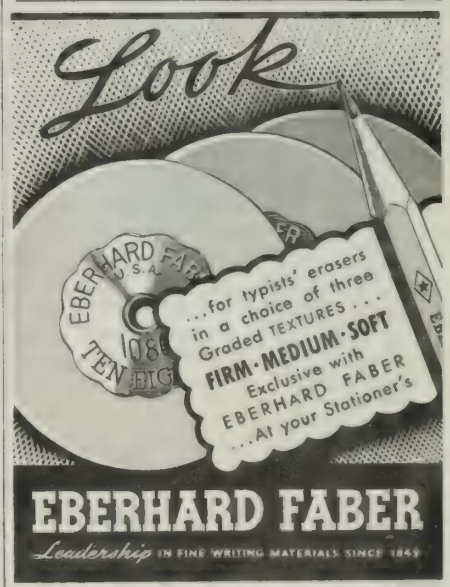




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# Wing Talk

YOU'RE hearing a lot about jet propulsion these days. It's because the airplane has been so refined aerodynamically that everyone turns to horsepower for greater speed. Greater horsepower is coming but engineers have found that there is a lot of horsepower going—out of the exhaust stacks. Some say that only about 40 per cent of the total heat energy available in the aviation gasoline is converted into horsepower in the engine. There's a lot of energy in that other 60 per cent of waste heat.

Designing for jet propulsion is relatively simple: the exhaust stacks are directed rearward and the size of the outlet adjusted to the correct value. The stack then operates as a rocket but of low efficiency; yet a substantial forward thrust can be generated.

For a rocket to be efficient, the opening must be small and the pressure of the gases high. If the exhaust stack opening on an aircraft engine is cut down below a certain value, the gas backs up into the engine and reduces the engine power more than the "rocket" adds. For the present it is possible to capture a couple hundred horsepower that otherwise would go out the stacks. In recent tests of one airplane fitted with special jet-propulsion stacks, the top speed increased about 15 miles per hour, and that is all right.

FOUR hundred miles an hour! You picture an airplane hurtling through space so fast the ground is nothing but a featureless blur. Fly in a 400-mile-an-hour airplane at the high altitudes they operate in and it is a big disappointment, say those pilots who have. The ground seems to slide by about the same as at two hundred; the air-speed meter will read around three hundred. Well, where's all the speed? Take a slide rule known as an air-navigation calculator, consult your instruments, and after a bit of manipulation find that the speed is four hundred, if you did it.

AIRMEN can stand just about anything happening in the air but fire. In consequence, this hazard has been all but absolutely eliminated, particularly in scheduled airline operation. Sinc[illegible] engines are in the wings, possibili[illegible] fire ever reaching the cabin and [illegible]sengers is extremely remote. Neve[illegible]less, the war on airplane fires or na[illegible] fires has gone on relentlessly and fo[illegible] years a special government a[illegible] fire prevention equipment comm[illegible] has been hard at work. Fifteen [illegible]dred fire tests have been made i[illegible] actual engine nacelle with an a[illegible] high-powered engine similar to [illegible] types used on the airlines. The fin[illegible] to date have been transmitted to th[illegible]gine and plane manufacturers. Loo[illegible] if this problem can be written off.

DIVERS get the bends and so d[illegible] plane pilots, if they don't watch [illegible]. Our high-powered military airp[illegible] climb so rapidly these days, and [illegible] pressure decreases with altitude [illegible] effect on the pilot is the same as [illegible] diver coming to the surface too fas[illegible]

Under the old system of taking [illegible]gen for high-altitude flying, pilots [illegible] wooden pipestem stuck in the e[illegible] a rubber tube from the oxygen [illegible]. They held this in their teeth [illegible] breathed in extra oxygen along wi[illegible] rarefied air. Now the pilot wears [illegible] mask and pure oxygen is used—a[illegible] just at the point where he thin[illegible] needs it. For rapid climbs and hig[illegible]tude flight, the pilot breathes pur[illegible]gen for several minutes prior to ta[illegible] and continues to do so througho[illegible] flight. This materially reduce[illegible] nitrogen content of the blood, th[illegible] less danger of the bends, and the [illegible] efficiency is quite normal.

ROBERT A. LOVETT, Assistan[illegible]retary of War for Air, was a b[illegible] pilot in the last war and his job [illegible] push lumbering Handley-Page b[illegible] through skies alive with antia[illegible] fire and enemy fighters. When t[illegible] ended his family prevailed up[illegible] to give up piloting. Recently [illegible]cided to pick it up again, so he w[illegible] in a cabin monoplane with a ch[illegible] lot. His take-off was perfect. [illegible] good safe altitude his check pil[illegible]gested some turns. Instinctively [illegible]ing to that pilot seat in the flying [illegible] of the last war, he horsed o[illegible] the wheel for a left bank. Instan[illegible] plane was on its back. Bob [illegible] righted the plane and, slightly [illegible]rassed, started to explain that [illegible] a lot of muscle to bank th[illegible] Handley-Pages but the check p[illegible]terrupted: "Truck driver, eh?"

## Our New Army

Continued from page 19

t inees. Most of the 14,000 incumbents a from New York, Pennsylvania and I nois. Probably the most publicized r kie is Pvt. William McChesney Mar- t, former $48,000-a-year president of t New York Stock Exchange, now in C. A, 39th Training Battalion. His b ldies say he doesn't talk much; in f t, he probably said nothing more t n "Yes," when a sergeant walked up t him not long ago and asked him v ether he could read and write.

VISITING officers are pleased with the manner in which the citizens of S rtanburg (Pop. 33,000) are co-oper- a ng in providing entertainment and r reation for the boys at Croft three r es away. Most of the churches have s up recreation halls—and church at- t dance is not compulsory for the en- j ment thereof. One of the leading c rches bought benches and placed t m around its spacious lawn so the b 's could sit back and watch Spartan- b g go by. The pastor, horrified the c er day to see two of his deacons p ked on the lawn, hurried up to them. " et off that bench," he cried. "They're f the soldiers, not the deacons!" But t full extent of Spartanburg's co-op- e tion can be told in the sad plight of a cal lady killer not yet in uniform. "A fi thing," he complained. "I called six o ny best girls tonight and every one of t m has gone to a Camp Croft dance."

### PUERTO RICO

CAMP TORTUGUERO. Second Lieu- tenant Angel Ortiz really earned his g d bars. The way it was told to us, S vetail Ortiz had just finished two y rs of service in the Puerto Rico Na- t al Guard, and had pinned some b nd-new bars on his shoulders, when h outfit was mobilized. M.D.'s looked h over, found him underweight, and l him loose. That was last fall. Ex- L ut. Ortiz, a student at the University o Puerto Rico, went back to school and d gently applied himself to a build-up p gram which, by spring, brought him b k to Army standard. He volunteered f service, turned up as a recruit under h old sergeant and finally, three weeks ago, again won a commission. The hard way.

### GENERAL

LAST month for the first time R.O.T.C. graduating classes from the nation's colleges and universities were taken in active Army service as second lieutenants. The only exceptions were students under twenty-one, who'll have to wait until that birthday rolls around before they get their commissions.

ONE of the reasons some officials are smug about the question of equipment is that in some camps the old custom of working up an "inspection" routine still hangs on. Instead of arranging for a cross section of men and matériel the Army whips up a nice veneer, so that everything looks like peaches and cream. The inspecting party's route is chosen to avoid all eyesores and show off favored installations; funds which may or may not have been earmarked for general maintenance of the post are spent to freshen up those sections of camp which will be seen; armament and equipment are snitched from various units and massed to give the impression of adequate strength. Result is that bigwigs get the idea that the post is well equipped, troops well trained, the C.O. a go-getter; and nothing is done about the shortages in equipment, arms and funds. Instead, the C.O. gets a congratulatory letter, the men roll their guns and trucks back to their proper units and training lurches on.

"POSSIBLY," writes Mr. C. J. White, of Louisville, Ky., "you can quiet my alarm as to what Uncle Sam is doing to our boys. One of mine, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, closes a letter received today with the following: 'Write soon and give me the news but please don't send any more money. It is appreciated, of course, but not at all necessary. You know, you can get along in the Army just as well without money as with it. Love, Walt.'"

A HOPELESS case.

G. W.

"Captain Chadwick is busy at the moment. Could I have him call you back?"


FANGS BARED, THE JUNGLE BEASTS CROUCHED TO SPRING!

*A true experience of* CHARLES "TEX" STONE, *Dallas, Texas, world's foremost hunter of big game with bow and arrows*

"RETURNING FROM A HUNTING TRIP in the African bush one night," writes Mr. Stone, "I stopped to re-set a heavy log trap. Putting aside the haunch of meat I was carrying, I lifted the deadfall. Suddenly I slipped! The log fell, pinning me flat!

"THEN I HEARD A LION ROAR! It had followed the scent of the fresh meat! As I worked frantically to free myself, there was a stealthy rustle in the underbrush! Then I thought of my flashlight . . . switched it on . . .

"TWO ENORMOUS LIONS stood snarling at me . . . ready to spring! But the piercing beam held them at bay. Digging frantically at the soft earth, I finally got free of the trap. Thanks to those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries, I was soon back at camp.

(Signed) Charles "Tex" Stone

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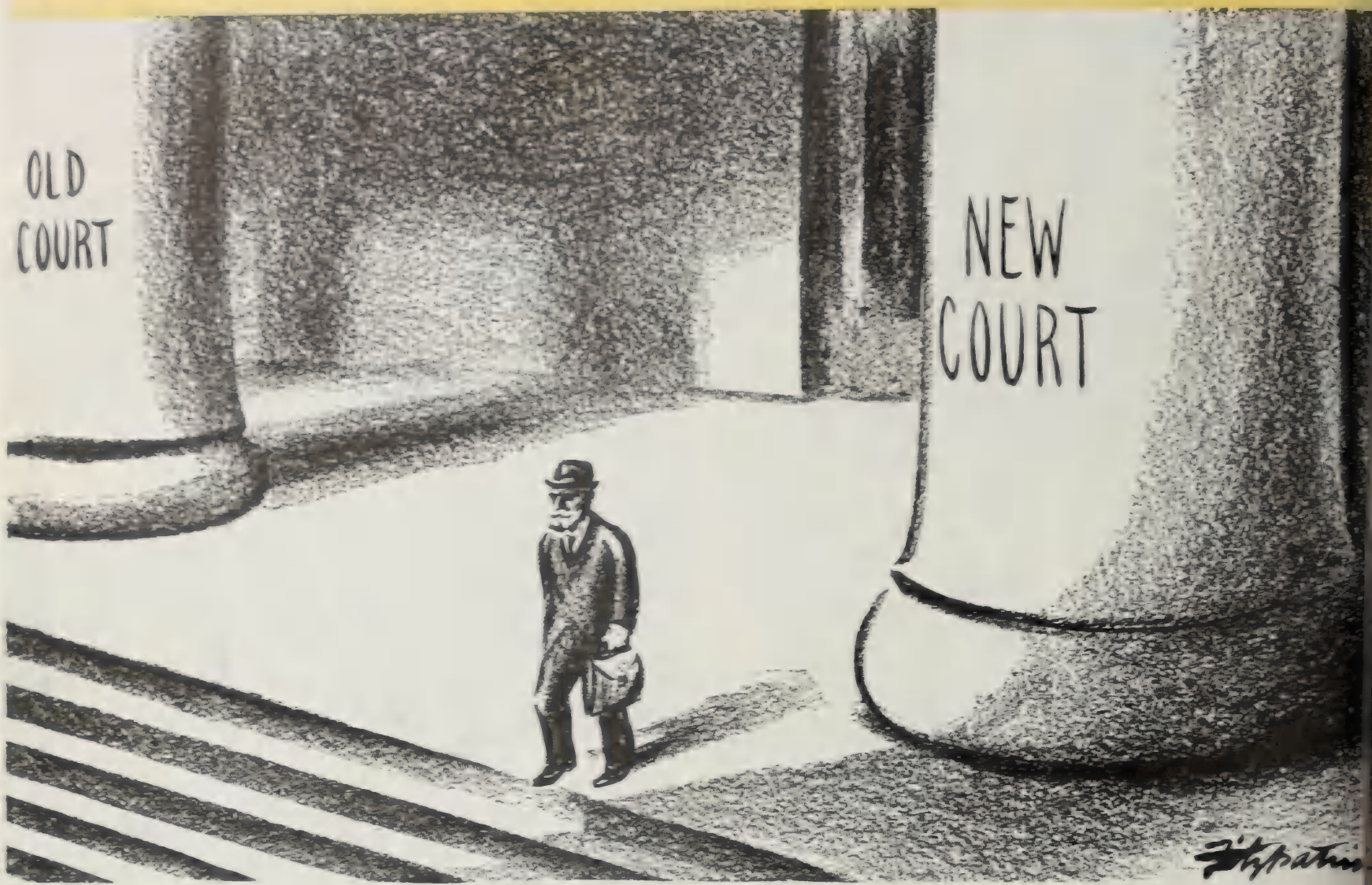


## Team Up with Britain Now?

CLARENCE K. STREIT and his associates in the Union Now movement make a dynamic suggestion:

That the United States take the initiative in proposing that ourselves and Great Britain, together with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Ireland, form a provisional Federal Union of democratic nations now . . . that this union "offer immediately to negotiate with the Axis on these terms: No annexations or occupations of foreign territories, no reparations and indemnities, and the settlement by arbitration of all disputes leading to the war that cannot be settled by direct negotiation" . . . that if this offer is rejected, the union notify the world (1) that it will hold the English Channel at all costs, and (2) will admit to union membership and protection, as soon as they somehow become free, all such nations as governed themselves democratically before this war and are now slaves to the Axis—meaning such nations as France, Belgium, Norway, etc.

The Union Now people claim that such a move would have two main effects; namely, that it would insure the democracies against losing the war, and would fan in the conquered countries a spark of revolution which sooner or later would upset Hitler's whole applecart.

A little more than a year ago, it is recalled, Britain offered federal union to France, whose government had fled to Bordeaux. The French cabinet turned down the offer by a small majority. There followed the downfall of France, and the gradual hooking of France into Hitler's war machine.

It is claimed that had Britain made the offer as little as ten days sooner, France would have accepted—and that this would most likely have ended the behind-the-scenes bickering between the Churchill and Reynaud governments, kept France in the war, frightened Italy away from the war and prevented many of Hitler's later triumphs. By acting now, it is claimed, we can prevent disaster to democracy all over the world.

Collier's neither endorses the proposal nor condemns it. We are, however, glad to give it this public explanation, even if that makes some people mad, as it probably will. We think a respectful hearing should be given to any scheme for confining totalitarianism to those who really want it and guaranteeing freedom of choice to those who want such freedom to choose their own forms of government.

We'd like greatly to hear this latest Union Now proposal seriously and objectively discussed. And as Old Bill said in the previous war, if anybody knows of a better 'ole, we'd like to hear about that, too.

## KWH Conservation

HOW about daylight saving time all over the United States for the duration of the defense emergency? Power shortages are building up or threatened here and there. The best single way to husband the kilowatt hours for the defense industries would be simply to set all of us to using one hour less of artificial light per day, all the year round. Make it two hours, and conservation would be twice as great.

A time limit on the proposed nation-wid light saving law would no doubt be adv for the benefit of any communities tha want to go back to Standard Time wh emergency is over. But we'll make bold t dict that there will be only a corporal's of such communities, once the whole c has given daylight saving a fair trial.

## Goodby, Mr. Hugh

ALL the compliments showered on C Evans Hughes as he quits the Chi ticeship go double with us. He's a gra man, he has deserved well of the Repub long may he flourish.

With the melancholy predictions ab Supreme Court as rebuilt by Frank Roosevelt, though, we can't agree in lar

True, Felix Frankfurter seems a bit bu Frank Murphy has yet to turn in a guished opinion, and William O. Doug parently would be happier off the big But all that seems beside the point.

What matters, as we see it, is that the got the kind of Supreme Court they within a reasonable time after they gre of the kind of Supreme Court they ha Mr. Roosevelt first became President got a Supreme Court which is at least t reflect popular wishes, and which ha pletely lost the out-of-this-world aura had. That seems a step ahead to us.

So all aboard for a new era in Suprem decisions—and let's not forget that the 99% certain to arrive when this new Co have grown old and unresponsive, and w to be "unpacked" just as its predeces

# Collier's

JULY 26, 1941

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## What German Paratroops Carry

BY FRANK GERVASI

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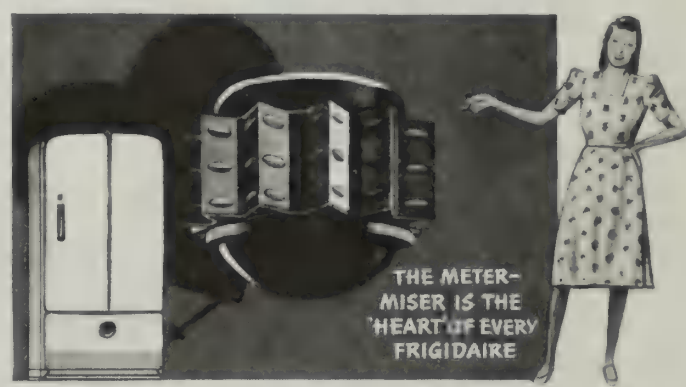
***"IT'S NOT AN ORDINARY REFRIGERATOR*** . . . oh, no! Chilling coils within the walls keep vegetables dewy-fresh and preserve precious vitamins. And I don't even have to cover foods! That nice, friendly salesman showed me lots of other models, too—each one just bursting with features you'd *expect* from General Motors. For example—

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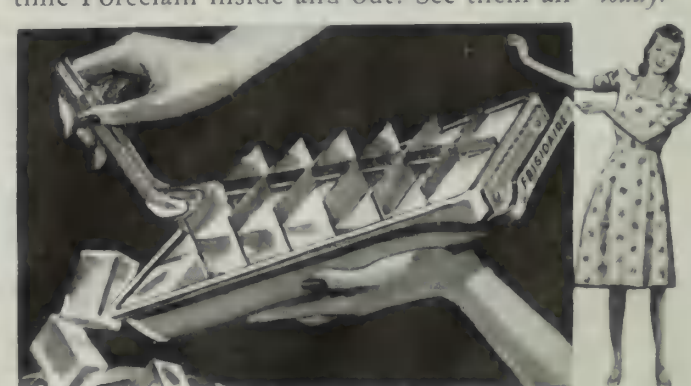


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COVER JAMES CHAPIN


# ANY WEEK

THE chances are dazzling that you don't care much that we have recently visited the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Nevertheless, we get that way every now and then. Once under a similar emotion we called on the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. About the Bartholdi symbol in the harbor, however, we noticed as we stood at its enormous bronze feet that a gang of men were repairing and refurbishing her. One was on her right shoulder. Another was scaling her vast face which, incidentally, is turned toward France. The first was yelling something at the fellow on the bridge of her nose. The second was nodding his head—yes. We don't know what the man on her shoulder was saying. But we like to think that he was asking a question—"D'ya see any tears in her eyes?"

WE HAVEN'T kept count. We don't know, for example, how many organizations there are in this country devoted to lashing us into a holy war frenzy against Hitler and his pathetic stooges—Mussolini, Darlan and the rest of the quaking crew. However, we're inclined to agree with a letter we've just got from Mr. Jere Hannibal of Del Rio, Texas. It should be understood at once that Mr. Hannibal is no appeaser. Nor has he been swayed away from a healthy prejudice by the false promise shoutings of our isolationists. "Yet," sighs Mr. Hannibal, "can't some of these firebrand organizations be persuaded to stop duplicating effort and turn their uproarious energies to exhorting the United States to put its own house in order? If we can't lick our own Quislings, if we haven't got the will nor the strength to be firm with outlaw strikes, materials hoarders, food speculators, nonco-operative industrialists and free-lance profiteers, how are we going to lick a one-purpose, ruthless Hitler? That man started right: He licked his own country first."

IN INCREASING numbers we're receiving letters from Englishmen—chiefly soldiers—telling us that this magazine is a very present help in time of need. Almost invariably, however, the letters contain a request that we put the writers in touch with nice, good-looking American girls. We agree with a certain modest heartiness with the first but are having some trouble understanding the American girl yen. Of course, we know that the American girl is pretty peerless, but we're wondering what's wrong with the English girl, or what's become of her. There's a lack of patriotic gallantry in these letters. Mr. Edmund Tenbury, of Great Grimsby, asks for the name and address of "one of your slim young unbombed beauties" and Lance Corporal G. Trippin, of Maidstone, Kent, desires correspondence with "one not too young, a flibbertigibbet, nor too old, a maiden aunt." These are samples. Out of them all we gather that war has not been kind to the British girl, that a bomb-sheltered life has not endeared her to the British youth. And this is more tragedy than we thought because we saw several of them just before the war and got so enthusiastic that we had some trouble with (1) a cop, (2) a Horse Guard and (3) a beautiful English actor. Baybee! That mouse in the red hat at the Savoy Bar, for example. Her name, oddly enough for an Englishwoman, was Vi. On this score, therefore, we're not wholly in sympathy with such as Mr. Desmond Charles Stoan, of Tynemouth, North Shields. He says: "I should like a pretty American girl who is not purposeful, who has no powers of analysis, who has more chic and less intellect, who is not out to reform society to meet The Aftermath. I ask only that she be able to read and write small words."

THE War Department has just sent Mr. Ed O. Jambrich of Evansville, Indiana, a copy of the official Army Song Book. This inspiring compilation has been got together in the interests of soldier morale. The theory is that selections therefrom be sung by soldiers in their spare time, thus keeping them from less healthful recreations. Mr. Jambrich notes with some satisfaction that the songs that soldiers sing officially have not changed since he was in the Army twenty-three years ago and that jive has not crept in with its modern dissonances and pagan cacophonies. But the old slow narcotics—Auld Lang Syne, Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny, I Been Workin' on De Railroad, Juanita, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Pack Up Your Troubles, Smiles and My Wild Irish Rose—are in there with the other deathless drippers. "I notice though," writes he, "the inevitable sign of the fifth column. In this collection there are such songs as Minstrels Sing of An English King and Home, Boys, Home. The former, if sung in the words that we gaffers used to use, is not warranted to fill us with reverence for our English ally. Maybe you rem[illegible]t. And the latter is filled w[illegible]ntent, reminding the lads that there are pleasanter places than Army camps. However, I do find that they've left out I Wanna Go Home, a nostalgic ballad of bawdy birth which we used to sing in France and which the morale mamma[illegible] to have proscribed. They wen[illegible] as to ask General Pershing to [illegible] singing of I Wanna Go Hom[illegible] Pershing, bless his tough ol[illegible] threw them out, roaring: 'Who [illegible] don't?' "

WHEN Quentin Reynolds ret[illegible] England for this magazine he t[illegible] him a movie of one of Ameri[illegible] gest airplane plants. He in[illegible] friend Lord Beaverbrook t[illegible] The tremendous Beaverbrook[illegible] know, has been Britain's Mi[illegible] Aircraft Production, setting [illegible] under all but impossible c[illegible] which America might profita[illegible] at. He is now Minister of Sta[illegible] of Assistant Prime Minist[illegible] point is that we think Beav[illegible] letter to Mr. Reynolds worth[illegible] "My dear Quentin: I am m[illegible] ful to you for bringing the fil[illegible] shall, of course, be very glad [illegible] I should not receive congra[illegible] from you. I should give than[illegible] you have done to explain th[illegible] struggle to the American pe[illegible] nation will live free and t[illegible] will always remember you [illegible] tude and devotion."

HOWEVER, our Jim Mar[illegible] returned from a survey of a [illegible] our military morals reports [illegible] New Battery Park Hotel in [illegible] North Carolina, is adverti[illegible] as "the most antistreamline[illegible] the United States." And th[illegible] Fitzgerald, Georgia, has d[illegible] forgive and forget. In Fitz[illegible] the south side streets are [illegible] Southern generals; all the [illegible] streets for Northern gene[illegible] latter verifies what we've [illegible] pecting. Mrs. Jennie Zoe H[illegible] Montgomery, Alabama, is [illegible] movement aimed at the s[illegible] of Darnyankee for Damya[illegible] although we have heard no[illegible] him directly, we have rumo[illegible] Honorable Pat V. James, of [illegible] Mississippi, is out to abolis[illegible] son-Dixon Line. And wh[illegible] nothing to do with that. Mr [illegible] Byles, of Little Rock, Ark[illegible] tifies us that there's a roa[illegible] near Tulsa, Oklahoma, [illegible] plays the sign: Polly Doe[illegible] Man's Friend.

STRING beans a specialty


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# Why you should act your age

AT ANY AGE, it is wise to know your safe limits of work and play. As you pass forty, however, it becomes increasingly important to understand and respect those limits.

After forty, diseases of the heart and circulatory system begin to take their heavy toll. It must be remembered that heart muscles and blood vessels grow older just as does your external appearance. As they do, coronary heart disease and circulatory diseases, particularly, are more liable to develop.

So it is the better part of wisdom to act your age—to adjust your habits, modifying your activities to match your capacities—even though you don't *feel* the need of doing so.

For instance, after forty it is well to avoid sudden indulgence in unusual or over-long exercise—don't be a "week-end athlete." Ease up on your more strenuous activities, and get plenty of rest. Avoid overweight, and take more seriously the annual physical examination that so often detects the first stage of trouble before serious symptoms appear. Above all—*follow your doctor's advice.*

This doesn't mean that you must *worry* about your heart, or entirely abandon your usual recreations. Sensible consideration for your heart, on the contrary, should bring *freedom* from worry, and the likelihood of enjoying *added* years of fun and usefulness.

Of course, warning symptoms of possible heart trouble, such as fainting, shortness of breath, sense of oppression or pain near the heart, call for the immediate attention of your physician. He may make use of such aids to accurate diagnosis as the X-ray, the fluoroscope, and the electrocardiograph. He knows best how to guide you in safely and sensibly acting your age.

For valuable information concerning the hearts of young and old, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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# WING TALK

HANS GROEN

**Army Air Corps Cadets who don't make the pilot grade now have a second chance as navigators, gunners, bombardiers**

QUALIFIED though he may be in every respect, the Flying Cadet has no assurance he will come out of the Army training schools with a pair of wings. It used to be that when he was washed out the Army Air Corps was through with him and he was through with the Air Corps. But not so now. The lad who has the educational and physical qualifications, but is a wee bit short of that certain something that spells the difference between a pilot and none at all, and who still loves to fly, has another chance. He can become a navigator or bombardier. And he can keep his commission as a second lieutenant, for which he worked so hard.

It takes more than a pilot to take a heavy bomber to distant points, perform the assigned mission and return to base. That pilot couldn't do it if he didn't have a good navigator to get him to his objective and a good bombardier to know just when and where to drop the bombs to destroy the objective. The three constitute an inseparable team and the boy who can direct the bomber to the objective, maybe thousands of miles distant, and the boy who knows just when to lay the eggs from 30,000 feet or even higher, means just as much to the Air Corps as the boy who lifted that load off the ground and brought the ship home safely.

THE day is not far off when the air will be teeming with 50,000 or more airplanes—military, airline and private. Up to now the system of airway traffic control has been adequate for the volume of traffic. But as air traffic of all kinds increases, so is there the need for more protective measures. In anticipation of the day of crowded skies, the CAA has gone to work on a collision-prevention system which should be ready for practical application when the airways really become congested.

The system now under study is an elaboration of the radio altimeter developed a few years back by United Air Lines and Western Electric. By sending out a radio wave toward the earth and picking it up on the rebound, the pilot has accurate information at all times as to his height above ground. (The standard airplane altimeter registers height above sea level.)

Now this radio altimeter, or terrain indicator, also can be used as an obstacle detector by projecting the beam horizontally. The CAA engineers hope to radiate enough energy so that the beam will go 20,000 feet vertically, and also 20,000 feet horizontally, which is important.

With the detector sweeping the ways in all directions for a distanc about four miles, should another p be at that same level, the radio w would hit it, bounce back to the rec and give the plane with this device cient time to do something about

ONCE upon a time a guy who w voluntarily jump out of an airp with a parachute was catalogued flag-pole sitters, human flies and n thon dancers. How they have vindicated!

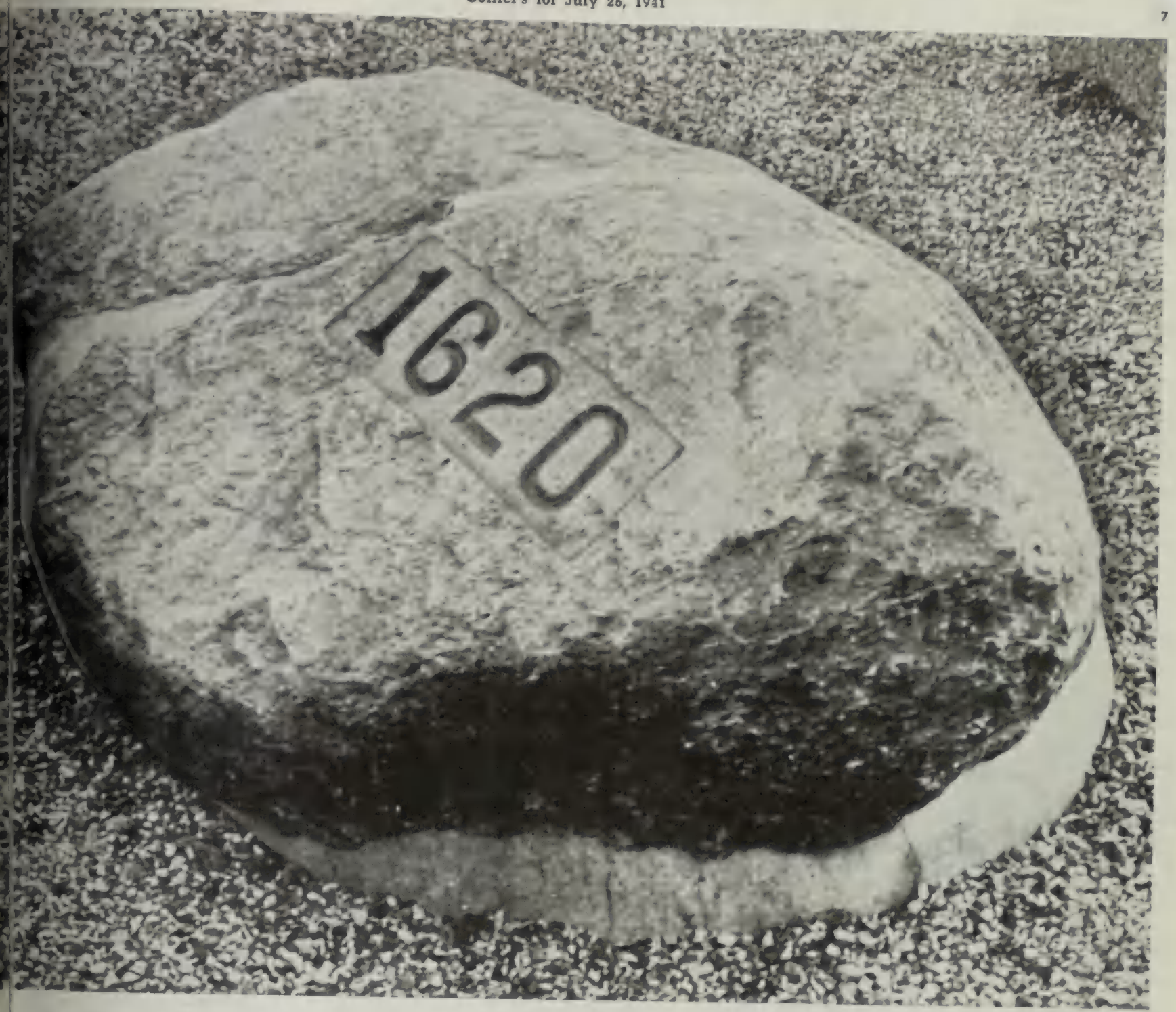
The exhibition parachute jumper no chances at first, but as cash prizes up for spot landings, the boys worke delayed jump, pulling the ring wher were uncomfortably close to the gr But they were always in the air an from entanglement with the plane which they jumped.

Our parachute troops have no latitude. When they jump out of a carrier, their parachutes open autc tically by means of a 12-foot strap end of which is attached to the pack and the other anchored t plane. Then they've got to hit a tary objective, a bridgehead, a roads, or an airdrome, and go into immediately with their tommy gu hand grenades. And there's only o to assure that marksmanship—jur low attitude, as low as 350 feet. Th duces those prime essentials, spe surprise, and also reduces the c of being picked off on the way dov

GATHER around, all you kids to now have suffered, as y reporter has, because you are not c feet tall with big broad shoulde lots of beef on the bones. Your Air Corps looks to you, more tha one else, to save the country fr vasion by bombers. How? B in the cockpits of our intercepto suits and fighters.

For high performance, this ty has to be kept to a minimum of weight. It's come to the poi where the pilots have to be tailo Latest orders from the Air Corps the cockpits large enough to modate pilots from five feet fou feet ten. So, you tall, handsome go over to the bombers and lea us short people to operate the ing pursuiters and shoot down bad bombers that dare to appr shores.

F




# Good Old Rock—

P IN NEW ENGLAND there is a rock at the edge of the sea.

unadorned. The hand of man has changed it by cutting on its surface the date 1620.

housands visit this rock and are inspired. Plymouth Rock is a monument to courage, tude, endurance, unselfishness and vision... most superhuman degree.

ymouth Rock might well be called the thresh- of the American Way of living.

he pioneering spirit which created this na- has, to the everlasting credit of our people, r faltered.

here is a good measure of this indomitable rican courage in the car that proudly bears ame PLYMOUTH—famed as the pioneer tter engineering in a low-priced car.

its start, Plymouth faced real obstacles. It was an unknown car. It was meeting competitors strongly intrenched. But by pioneering out ahead of every other low-priced car—with such advances as hydraulic brakes, all-steel bodies, and many more contributions equally important, Plymouth marched through all obstacles—including the most trying business years of our time. Success was swift, spectacular, continuous.

The triumph of Plymouth pioneering is one of the brightest pages in the history of an industry celebrated for brilliant achievements.

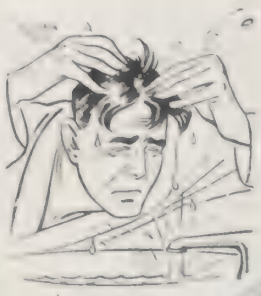
More than four million Plymouth cars have proved on the highways and byways of the world that forward-looking ideas, well carried out, win a quick and loyal following.

Looking ahead—you can count on Plymouth to advance the tradition which its founders began by making a better car. People have come to say—"Plymouth builds great cars." Building the best car a low price can buy is the rock upon which Plymouth's public service is based.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

# PLYMOUTH

**CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO.1 CAR**



## DON'T DOUSE EVEN DURING SUMMER!

No matter how unruly summer's sun and winds make your hair, don't douse it with water or anything else. "Dousing" makes hair look unnatural, pasted-down. For handsome, natural-looking hair, follow the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method below.

## TO KEEP HAIR SMART . . .

## AND CHECK *DRY SCALP* TOO!

BEWARE the effect of summer's punishing heat on your scalp. When needed natural scalp oils are dried out, Dry Scalp sets in, with falling dandruff and wiry, unmanageable hair the common results.

The 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method gives real protection against Dry Scalp . . . plus the smartest hair-grooming you've ever had. And here's all you do:

**1. EACH MORNING,** shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair.

**2. BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO,** as an extra precaution, massage vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Start fighting Dry Scalp and improving your hair's appearance today. Get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic now.

**'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.**

**By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking.**

## Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# KEEP UP WITH THE WOR

## By Freling Foster

*Sports* records made by women include the twenty-six-mile run by Violet Piercey between Windsor Castle and London in three hours and forty minutes in October, 1926; the lifting of a 365-pound bar by the 126-pound Ivy Russell of Croydon, England, in March, 1932; and the successful landing of a 792-pound blue-fin tuna fish by Mrs. L. G. Bloomingdale off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, in September, 1940.

*Thousands* of Hindu ascetics in India wear all the hair they ever grew, saving the combings and interweaving them, from time to time, with their braids. When these men reach old age, they may have as many as 150 of these plaits of live and dead hair, most of which are so long that they trail on the ground.

*During* recent weeks, German airmen, when forced to bail out over the English Channel, have first dropped a small collapsible dinghy whose equipment contains a bottle of green chemical. When they reach the boat and pour this liquid into the water, it forms a highly visible spot about them and greatly enhances their chances of being detected and rescued by brother airmen.

*Mercuric* salts, especially the chloride and iodide, are believed to be the most powerful of all disinfectants. One part of perchloride of mercury in 500,000 prevents the growth of anthrax bacilli and one part in 2,000 kills all known bacteria.—*By Alfred W. Olson, Nashville, Indiana.*

*The* Remarriage Table of the Dutch Royal Insurance Institution, which gives the probability of the remarriage of a surviving wife, is considered so accurate that it is used by some departments of the United States government when computing a lump-sum compensation payment to be made to a widow by the employer of her late husband who was killed on his job. —*By A. G. Goodrich, San Francisco, California.*

*Not* long ago, a stud among a large number of p ascertain how closely the judge the length of a mi ringing a gong at the begin end of their estimate, reve their average guess was on five seconds.

*A federal* law requires a can coastwise vessels to ca tain quantity of "storm o put overboard during stor lay the roughness of the *Kenneth I. Foote, Belmon chusetts.*

*Des Moines* has a Rail whose members, from all life, are so enthusiastic ab on streetcars that they ha their own, which they from time to time, for a trip about the city.—*B Schelles, Des Moines, Iow*

*The* British Overseas Corporation operates th commercial airline, run tween London and Auckl Zealand, a distance of 18. On the west to east trip, fly south to Monrovia cross Africa to Khartoun north to Cairo, thence t Delhi, Calcutta, Bangk pore and Sydney, going oceans and serving tw countries on four contine

*No* strike has occurr stove-manufacturing in the past fifty years. The group, now known as the turers Protective and De Association, and the la now known as the Int Moulders and Foundry Union of North America 1891, and have since kep tual promise, to settle ences through strike-free bargaining.

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LL the money in the world cannot begin to compensate for all the suffering and sorrow caused every day by highway accidents. Each year thousands of little boys and girls are left fatherless or motherless and the lives of thousands of other innocent children are sacrificed needlessly—all victims of the dangers that lurk in unsafe tires. Why not protect these precious lives against highway accidents with Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tires? This new type of tire is *Safti-Sured* against the hidden dangers of blowouts and skidding — and *Safti-Sured* for longer mileage by the remarkable new wear-resisting Vitamic rubber compound. Put a set of these new Firestone DeLuxe Champions on your car today. Your nearby Firestone dealer or store will gladly tell you how little it costs for the priceless protection of the world's first and only tires that are *Safti-Sured.*

THE NEW *Safti-Sured*

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EVERY big military training c is a city in itself. Like any cit needs telephones.

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*"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BRO EVERY MONDAY. (N.B.C. RED NETWORK EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIM*

HARDIE GRAMATKY

rkably well drilled, the parachutists rallied about their officers—who used colored chutes—and were fighting within two minutes after landing

# ELL FROM ON HIGH

BY FRANK GERVASI
BY RADIO FROM CAIRO

**Contained in this article are excerpts from the German operational orders for the capture of Crete—published here for the first time. They are "as detailed as the working drawings of a battleship" and they show how the air-borne conquest was carried out. Here also is the account from British eyewitnesses of the fierce and incredible battle for the island**

EFF is an old reporter friend of mine. We vered Europe together for years and every w months we'd meet in Paris, Budapest, Berlin in the old days. I hadn't seen Geoff ey two years, not since one day in London re the war when he told me he was joining He said he was sick of reporting. He said he lomats and politicians. War was coming, and they were doing nothing either to prefo it or avoid it. Geoff said he wanted to fight. tired of talk and newsprint and of men of fa h and little knowledge.

'he I arrived in Cairo the gang told me Geoff n reece. He'd joined the army as he said he'd de was an officer in the New Zealand forces. s an Anzac even before he was a Britisher. ne bered him as a slight, sharp-featured little wn burning blue eyes and an inexhaustible ty and I could see him fighting Germans with ar grim look on his face he wore that night ured a typewriter in the hotel in Munich They ad Greece and Geoff didn't come to Cairo, and we all worried about Geoff. Greece, you'll remember, was just more of the same—one Englishman against five Germans, one British tank against fifteen German tanks, one Hurricane against twenty Messerschmitts. The British fought for nearly six weeks in Greece, bone and muscle against fire and steel, and then there was Navplion. The boys fought their way to the beach at Navplion as they'd fought free of France to embark at Dunkirk. In Cairo we wondered what next.

Yesterday I was sitting in the main salon in Shepheard's and thinking how like the movie conception of a harem the place looked, with its Byzantine columns and mosquelike high dome and the brightly striped silk coverings on the low couches with their mounds of pillows. It was cool in the salon. The doors and windows of the hotel had been shut to seal out the heat hurled from pavements and masonry by the relentless sun. I hoped vaguely that it would rain. I wished fervently that all the rich refugees who clutter Cairo and Cairo's better hotels would suddenly go away because they reminded me of Paris,

Amsterdam and Athens. The light was uncertain, so I didn't recognize Geoff at first.

He'd grown square and sturdy with a face chiseled in bronze and his eyes held a level look of fierce contempt. Geoff's mouth cracked in a smile when he saw me, and that look left his eyes and he said, "Hello, guy." And I said "Hello, Geoff." And he dropped onto the couch. He said he'd just returned from Crete. His legs were sunburned where his khaki shorts ended and his long woolen socks began. His hands looked as though he'd been grubbing in nail kegs and tanning fluid and they had been cut and scratched a thousand times and were healing. Otherwise there wasn't a mark on him that you could see.

He said he was on the wagon. He said he was saving it up until later in the day. At six o'clock, he said, his leave would begin and he would be getting drunk, and would I join him? I said I would, and then I asked him how it had been in Crete. He just looked at me and said nothing and I was trying to think of something else to say when he said, "It was awful. It was just bloody awful."

They didn't mind the bombs. Except where bombs hit groups of men squarely, they didn't do much damage. A bomb that explodes fifty yards away is harmless if you're in a slit trench. It was the strafing that was bad. The Germans have developed the technique of strafing into a fine, cruel art. They strafe and scatter small fragmentation bombs that spread over a wide area and there is nothing you can do about it but stand there and keep firing your Bren gun at the Messerschmitts, and there's small percentage in that because as you fire you give away where you are and if the bombs don't get you, then the next Heinie will. "They hosed us with bullets," Geoff said.

The men lay in zigzag trenches. They'd lie for three or four hours at a time trying to shield themselves from the bullets. The German planes held the British in their trenches with the strafing while near by they dropped paratroops by the hundred. One day they dropped 5,000 in a few hours, the Germans falling out of the big Junkers planes thirty at a time, three planes at a time, three planes every seventy seconds.

"After a while," Geoff said, "you get used to strafing. You're not afraid. You just lie there, your guts tied up inside you into one cold, painful lump. I remember finding an old newspaper lying in the dirt in the bottom of my trench. I pulled it out and started reading an article on agriculture. I read it all through and got drowsy and looked at the chap next to me and he was sound asleep and the Jerries were blasting us with bullets. Funny, isn't it?"

But the boys couldn't sleep long. Once the strafing ceased the enemy would come. Tommy guns blazing, mortars throwing five- and six-inch shells or mortar bombs from 5,000 yards. Some mortars! After a heavy strafing and mortar bombing the boys would lift themselves up out of the trenches to face the enemy. They'd stumble out, bayonets agleam, and go for them.

"I can't figure it out," Geoff said. "I always thought the German was pretty brave. But he isn't, Frank. He's no better than the Italian. The Jerry isn't for steel. They'd turn and run and squeal like frightened pigs. Either he isn't for steel or he had orders not to mix with us. When the German mixed with us we gave him hell. The enemy's losses must have been terrific. We butchered them, Frank. Still I think the German had orders not to mix it because when he did he lost the support of the mortars and it made it harder for the Messerschmitts to strafe and dive-bomb."

### Courage Alone Isn't Enough

Bit by bit he put together for me the pieces of the Cretan puzzle. And when he'd finished he'd proved again what had already been proved. Courage alone can't win battles and so far in their ventures in Norway, France and Greece courage has been the Briton's principal weapon. What Geoff had to say proved once again what every correspondent who has covered this war and the war in Spain already knew. It is that planes and tanks and rapid-fire arms will win every time over high faith and morale and rifles. More specifically, the battle of Crete showed the futility of any major military operation undertaken without superiority in the air and co-ordinated with at least equality in numbers of tanks and artillery and men in the field below. And Crete proved too that with aerial and armored equipment there must also be perfect ground organization insuring supplies of food, ammunition, water, fuel, medical attention and replacements of every description.

War is a craft, a highly technical craft, and in Crete the Germans demonstrated what skilled craftsmen they are. And they demonstrated that it is folly for any nation to oppose them with any makeshift military machine. No doubt the British will profit by what they learned in Crete, but for America too, now in the throes of assembling what will probably be the greatest military machine man has ever known, there are innumerable lessons in what happened in Crete.

But there's a long distance sometimes between things as generals would like to have them and conditions as they are. When you jolly well haven't got air superiority or tank superiority you've got to fight anyhow. Geoff reminded me of that and the son of a certain important British politician reminded me of that too while we had a drink on the terrace at Shepheard's. "We've just bloody well got to fight," he said, "and hold the enemy, no matter what the odds. And we're fighting for you Americans, old boy, fighting so that you'll have time to get ready."

Although in yielding Crete the British yielded an important strategic area, the punishment inflicted upon the Germans was of such proportions that the Nazi timetable for attack of the Middle East was seriously upset. German documents captured by the British showed that the Germans expected to conquer Crete in forty-eight hours, but the battle lasted eight days and the enemy was obliged to employ many times the number of troops and airplanes originally planned, which means whatever striking power they'd accumulated for action in Syria and the western desert in Egypt was proportionately reduced.

The strength and at the same time the weakness of the German military machine was demonstrated in the captured operational orders for the capture of Crete. These were as detailed ing drawings for the construc modern battleship. They lis equipment paratroops were re carry down to "pencil with poi tor, handkerchief and three toilet paper." Those who are to pooh-pooh the German use c columns might be disillusione by the following excerpt of o orders which Collier's was per see at GHQ: "Fifth-column m island of Crete, a proportion are Cretan, will make themselv to German troops by the 'Major Brock.' These people marched (probably they me ducted) to regimental battle h ters." So far as is known t first direct documentary proo man employment of fifth c as active participants in milita

### Individual Looting Verl

Here are further extracts captured documents, the fu which covers hundreds of pag mediately locate and arrest personalities, enemy divisio manders and other senior offic bers of the Greek governm mayor, bishop and chief of pol people may be used for host negotiations.

"Get interpreters. Write German-Greek pocket dicti most important points about ple for all commanders and ju manders. All British subje be provisionally arrested. If offers resistance ruthless me to be taken but otherwise s

"People working in the fiel to be allowed into town c

(Continued on page

**German parachute troop during the battle for th an official photograph r Berlin. Armed with nades and machine gun supplies dropped with are the men who won foothold in the eight-**

# Shy Young Man

By L. L. Foreman
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

**re you are," he said, "and where you are, and I've have a job." He knew s acting like a maniac, couldn't help it. "You e a job, do you hear?"**

HY bumped getting out of the elevator, and he said, " 'Scuse me," and hurried on. She went on her way, that was that.

But, though, he got to wondering finally found it was the perfume. Smelled it in the elevator, and when he bumped into her it had been fresh and unspoiled in his nostrils that instant. He liked perfume on and her perfume made a memory him. He strained to recall what she looked like, and remembered that her hair was blond and she'd been small and she'd carried some little green leather case.

Bit by bit he added her features. He had actually seen her face at all. He told himself that he must have a better look at her than he realized. Pretty soon he could see her in his head. She looked like the girl who sat across from him in school one seventeen year, and like a lot of since then, and like all the girls in movies.

A week he had her on his mind so much his work suffered, and that was out. They told him it was serious. Done better and now he was letting down. So he got mad for once, and said after working here for three years he considered himself in line for raise rather than a bawling out.

He thought that was pretty uppity they fired him. Maybe they were sorry after he'd gone, but they weren't going to run after him.

She still haunted his mind, and he made her for what had happened he searched for another job. He was a color matcher and handyman in printing-ink trade, and not a bad job. He tried the little places first because it was a little place where he'd broken in and been fired from. The big firms scared him with their laboratories and staff chemists.

"Who've you worked for?"

"Fabenner's . . . three years. Down Rider Street, near Ninety-fourth. I began as a mill hand, but I was working on the slab when—"

"Where? Oh . . . well, leave your name, and if anything turns up . . ."

That's what they told him at the big outfits when he finally got around to them.

When he went around to the biggest of the lot—Ruskin's—he wore a shirt he'd pressed over the steampipe in his room; the collar and cuffs, and part of the front that his coat and tie didn't hide.

He rolled a cigarette and smoked it quickly, and went inside before he could get too nervous. Thereby he missed the discreetly unobtrusive factory entrance, and got into the subdued splendor of the reception office. He heard the soft clatter of typewriters and adding machines somewhere, and his stomach felt empty. There would be no job here. He wanted to turn and walk out.

A voice said moderately, "Can I help you?" and he said, "Yes," and as he reached the reception desk he smelled the perfume.

HE SAW her sitting there, small and young and blond, trim as a racing yacht, but with softer lines, and he knew this was she. Besides, the perfume was unmistakable. He went all silly, and angry and desperate too. It was her fault, his being like this, out of work. And there she sat, cool and safe in a job, gazing at him with an impersonal appraisal that blankly denied any share of blame or even the smallest recognition of him.

He had not been eating much of late, but coffee and tobacco were cheap. His nerves were ragged. A kind of angry hysteria exploded in him.

"I want a job," he said, and planted his hands on the desk. "I've got to have a job."

She drew back, completely startled. "Really, I . . ."

"That damned perfume. I lost my job because of that. I mean . . . because of you. You and your perfume stuck in my mind and I couldn't work, and they fired me."

"But I've never . . ."

"And now here you are and I know where you are, and I've got to have a job." He knew he was acting like a maniac, but he couldn't help it. "You get me a job, do you hear?"

"Yes," she said faintly, and backed out.

Beyond the opened door he heard a man bark an irritated: "What? Why do you come to me about it? Don't bother me."

"But he says—"

"My dear Miss—uh—whatever your name is . . . What the devil's got into you? Go away, I'm busy. Now, look here, Bohn, if that ink hasn't been suntested how d'you know it's fadeproof? We've got to be sure."

"We *are* sure. The report from the lab shows—"

"Mr. Colter, if you'd just see him for a minute . . ."

"Huh? You again? How long have you been with us?"

"A-about four months. Mr. Bohn hired me when—"

"Yeah, I guessed that. Bohn, let her go at the end of the week."

She came back, a litle pale, closed the door behind her, and seated herself at the desk. "I'm sorry. He won't see you."

"Fired you?"

"Yes."

He slumped into a chair. "Sorry." He rested his head in his hands. "My fault." The fire had died cold in him.

She rose, and came around and sat beside him. Misery and disaster held hands. "That perfume . . . what is it?" he asked.

"*Eau de Chino*. Like it?"

"M-mm. Nice."

The door of the inner office opened. A large gray man with impatient eyes looked in, and bushed his brows the way a boss will do when he catches such goings on. He started to withdraw, changed his mind, and looked at them again.

"Miss—uh . . . is that the fellow?"

"Yes, Mr. Colter. He—"

"All right, all right. Let him talk for himself. Boy friend, I s'pose. Young man, do you know anything about ink?"

"Yes, sir. I'm a color matcher and—"

"That's what they all say. Ever match true English vermilion?"

"Well . . . I'm not sure, but I don't think it can be matched. I've got near it with a touch of madder lake and—"

"What about sienna?" The gray man eyed him without expression.

"Sienna?" He swallowed. "I've matched it fairly close, except for undertone. But I guess it's cheaper to use the sienna itself, unless it's for copperplate work."

"Why not for copper plate?"

"Well . . . they say it eats the plates. Maybe it's because it won't grind fine enough. I'm not sure."

"Are you sure of anything?"

". . . I guess not. No."

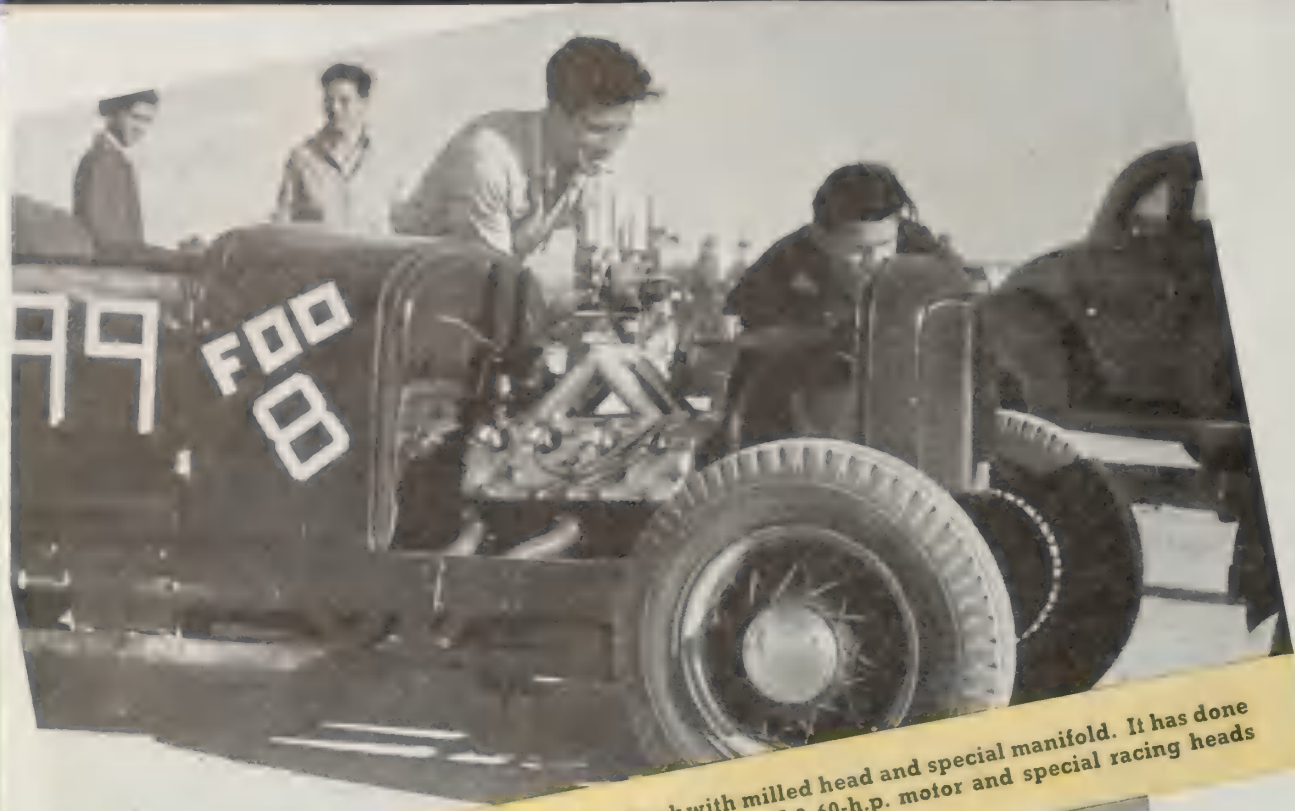
"Where've you worked?"

"Fabenner's. It's—"

THE gray man nodded. "One-horse outfit. But their ink's not bad. Hey, Bohn, start this fellow on the slab for a trial. He says he's a matcher, and maybe he is, but he's not sure. Oh, yes . . . and never mind Miss—uh—this young lady. All right, you go on in there."

"Yes, sir . . . thank you." He looked at the girl, and her bright eyes followed him. They would see more of each other, and both knew it.

Alone, she took out her pinch of handkerchief and smelled of it, and smiled. She was glad that amazing young man liked it. It was awfully expensive perfume. She had thought it altogether too expensive, when that blond salesgirl with the cute little green leather case dropped in this morning and persuaded her to try a tiny dab of it.




Dick Kraft's No. 299 is a converted Ford pickup truck with milled head and special manifold. It has done 125.52 m.p.h. Below is Frank Wilson's Austin with Ford V-8 60-h.p. motor and special racing heads

Below, a pair of young speed enthusiasts strip their converted light truck for a time trial. Windshield and headlights are being removed; SCTA safety rules forbid glass on cars in competition

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES E. KERLEE

# Gow Jobs

## By Edward Lawrence

**They put a sixteen-cylinder, souped-up motor in a flivver chassis and skim across the desert at speeds well over a hundred miles an hour. Jalopy racing is the West's newest and by far its most exciting sport**

THREE years ago in Los Angeles, qu dential districts were being invaded eyed kids in hopped-up jalopies. Up a the streets, stripped cars raced at dizzy, b speeds.

Citizens complained. Life and limb constant peril. The arrival of the police on to the hazards. At the first sound of the s darted into side streets in all directions, around blind corners on two wheels. Th ing traffic accidents made the public, the the law loudly vocal in condemning the m

This attitude, while justified, failed to a vital fact: All over the United States, villages and hamlets, grimy, greasy young these were and are producing mechanica pieces. Their ages range from fifteen t five, with a few veterans. Average is tw

Jalopy is a misnomer. Nothing that r the ground at 120, 130, 140 m.p.h. is a j probably was patiently built up from the markable collection of castoff automob ever assembled under a hood.

The jalopy is an accurate indicator chanical genius has been bred into youth. He was born into an age of speed accepted it as his natural heritage.

These boys were not to be denied. Th arose in a lack of space, proper cours suited to speed tests where, under safet tions and understanding supervision, gif mechanics could prove the practicabilit jalopy creations. City streets and highw place for speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h.

In sharp contrast to three years ago, t driver has come into his own. Today, yo him, and an endless stream from the sa pouring into sprawling aircraft factor equipped for his task in defense indus aviation schools he is being turned o master mechanic, the designer, creator power.

### A Natural for California

The jalopy builders can be seen goin at Douglas or Lockheed or North Am Vultee in the daytime. At night, they gently over their jalopies, although this they despise and never use, preferring spicy jargon, "Hot Iron" or "Gow Job." them have gone without lunches a clothes and cigarettes to try and rea dream—a rig capable of setting a worl speed record.

For a radical change is taking place racing, elevating it to a higher plane. tably true in southern California, key the mushrooming aviation industry, a back as 1927 a hotbed of the wild model

The Southern California Timing A Inc., was founded in 1938 by the cooler wanted to protect their hobby. The se the SCTA, Art Tilton, is an officer in States Air Corps Reserve.

Southern California is *(Continued o*

# The Weapon

## By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

**Bards are supposed to sing of battles, not to fight them. This is the story of a bard who fought his battle first and did his singing later**

S name was Rinco César Rivera. But no one ever called him anything but just plain Rinco-tinc. etimes the pescadores said his n a jocular tone; sometimes there touch of affectionate scorn in the ey idly tossed it after him. They it a man must have a strangeness ead to be always making up such songs as Rinco did. Especially e long-legged girl with the gray r in her eyes and the two thick of hair the color of half-ripe s grass coiled atop her fine, small

as Lía who gave him that name years ago when he sang her a h song: she laughed her husky at him and called him "foolish Rinco-tinc." Even that very first Rinco ever made was about the went a little like this:

*"Tinca tinca, Lía blonda.*
*Lía linda, tinca-tinc . . ."*

s a very silly song, but even then g it with a wide and eager won- his eyes, looking at Lía with the hair. That was when they were n together.

there was no laughter now in the of Santa Muritos. Not even in rt of Rinco-tinc. For the corvette arrogantly rode her anchor in f off Punta Marta, her gun ports g, the tyrant flag of Castile and aloft.

the drums of the landing parties l their dry, harsh summons. They d along the Road of Blind Beg- clusters of two and four, sword jangling, herding the peons be- em toward the sea-wall square. vo bullock carts—a marine on side of the wooden wheels that ipping dust like water—stopped poor house in the search for a pistol, an ancient flintlock some mozo might have hidden gainst the day when Guzman and ged army should arrive to set ntry free. For this was the time e recurring dream of liberty ran ke fire in a field across that con- rekindling a flame that leaped the hearts of little men.

ar was marching in the north st; Santander, crying liberty; l Rivas of the shaggy mane, the bull-like voice. Liberty! That word, harder to kill than a thou- en, rang like a tocsin with a bell- ugue through all the land. And ross the plains of Corbador Es- Guzman led a barefooted horde rmed men toward the city of Muritos, wanting only weapons e the tyrant out.

the three who watched from the lope of the city knew, and this w while high overhead the peaks mountains now darkened by There was Grandfather Tío; girl, and Rinco-tinc.

y have the last of our weapons the corvette," Lía said in her soft contralto. "They put fire to unded schooner. Grandfather he cried. "How did they find

old man sank back on his heels, hy hands resting hugely on his But it was Rinco who grayly d, "A man who knew told them." girl whirled on him: "You will again that Grebhardt is—"

ll tell you nothing, Lía." Slow

*(Continued on page 43)*

**coaped to the corvette's deck h naked cutlass in his hand, in the men after him. The pes- or poured over the bulwarks**

# Russians are Like That

## By Alice Leone Moats

### RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

ON THE morning of the day Germany attacked the U. S. S. R. a diplomat told his maid that the war had begun. She took the news with typical Slav fatalism. "If it's come, it's come," was her only remark as she picked up her dustcloth and went on with her work.

That just about sums up the attitude of the entire Russian population toward war. The atmosphere of calm that pervaded Moscow was quite extraordinary. There were no traces of fever or panic or excitement. There were not even any demonstrations in front of the German embassy while the ambassador was still there. People went about their business as usual and, except for nightly black-outs, the sight of groups of reservists marching toward the recruiting stations and the fact that all the populace were carrying gas masks in neat bags, the city looked just as it did in peacetime.

On June 22d I was awakened at nine o'clock by a friend in one of the embassies who telephoned to advise against taking an excursion to the country that I had planned for that day. He said the news had just come over BBC that the Germans had attacked Russia at 4 A.M. and Count von Schulenburg had gone to the Kremlin at 5:30 to make a formal declaration of war. Thinking my hotel uncomfortably close to the Kremlin in case of bombings, I decided to move to a friend's house and began packing. At noon I heard the blare of loud-speakers placed on roofs all over the city for broadcasts during patriotic celebrations. It was Molotov's now historic "Et tu Brute" proclamation announcing to the Soviet people they had been at war eight hours against the nation with which two years earlier they had signed a friendship and nonaggression pact.

Going down to the lobby with my luggage, I saw that all taxis had disappeared as if by magic from the stand in front of the hotel and that queues had formed, waiting to pick up taxis that returned from depositing fares. An Intourist car was ordered, but an hour later it became clear that none would be forthcoming. I left my luggage and set forth on foot. On the way I stopped at the American embassy to find that most of the staff already had departed, following plans, prepared well in advance for shifting offices, the ambassador's residence and living quarters to a country place twenty-six miles out of town. Most of the embassies, incidentally, had made similar provisions and had sent off women, children and supernumerary clerks the week before.

Having read accounts of the pandemonium that usually occurs under such circumstances, I expected to see large crowds of frantic evacuées rushing out of the city. Instead, the streets presented their usual Sunday appearance. As I walked along I was struck by the general air of serenity. The only noise was that made by the loud-speakers announcing a complete black-out of the capital and of Moscow Province, and giving instructions for full air-raid precautions. There was no trace of alarm on the faces of passers-by: they were quite expressionless. I tried to read significance into this fact and interpret it as due to shock, but later an Englishman with whom I discussed the phenomenon pointed out that Russians always look that way. Every now and then I would encounter a knot of people standing together, deep in conversation, talking over the news, but for the most part there were only strollers going about on ordinary errands.

One thing was strikingly evident: in a few hours the former attitude of mistrust toward foreigners had changed. Everyone I smiled at stopped and spoke to me. When I made it clear I didn't understand Russian, they usually asked if I spoke German. I always hastened to preface the affirmative answer with the statement I was American. Their remarks about what they called the treachery of those German gangsters were not flattering to the gentlemen in question, but none showed any anxiety as to the outcome of the war. They were sure of victory and, though the news was already out that Kiev, Sebastopol and several other towns had been bombed, with two hundred casualties, they refused to believe the enemy would ever get close enough to the capital to bomb it. I asked each person I talked with if the news of war had come as a complete surprise. All answered that, although during the last two weeks there had been rumors of impending trouble with Germany, nobody really believed such a thing possible. One woman gave as her opinion that the war wouldn't last long. When I inquired why she thought that, she answered, "Because he is no fool."

"Who is no fool?" I persisted. "Hitler," she said, and went on her way. I still haven't figured out what she meant.

#### Ivan Keeps His Balance

There were already small groups of reservists marching to the recruiting stations, all carrying gas masks and many carrying teakettles. The sight created no stir among the people and, although there have been many stories of weeping women following these men, I have yet to see any. Queues had formed in front of savings banks and food stores. There was a run that day on sugar, sweets, potatoes, flour, groats and noodles.

Since then an announcement has been made that there was food in abundance on hand, and buyers have gone back to normal marketing ways. The only long queues I have seen since the first day are lines of people stretching two deep for a couple of blocks, waiting to get into Lenin's tomb; those in front of shops that sell maps; those in front of post offices turning in radios to be stored for the duration (loud-speakers of the public radio system broadcasting Soviet programs remain in all homes), and those in front of newspaper kiosks.

It is interesting that line-ups for papers are particularly long when the Moscow afternoon paper comes out. It makes a specialty of advertisements of all kinds. The other evening, watching people who had bought the paper, I noticed all of them turned immediately to the back page, devoted to advertisements. In this moment of crisis they still had time to give attention to everyday problems. This is the off season for the theater in Moscow, but five theaters, presenting operettas, comedies and dramas, as well as the circus that opened at the outbreak of the war, continue to play to full houses. Movies also are popular. Now all the pictures are either war films or patriotic or historical, depicting the former Russian victories over the Germans, or anti-Nazi films. The newspapers have been writing up Chaplin's The Dictator in glowing terms as one of the best pictures ever produced, and there is talk of showing it here if it can be obtained.

Restaurants and night clubs are also keeping open on a "business as usual" principle. The Hotel Metropole dining room is crowded every night with people gaily dancing, drinking and eating in a rather eerie blue light imposed by the black-out. Last night I went to the Caucasian Restaurant, one of the most popular in town, and noted no change since my last visit. Cossack musicians and dancers were performing with as much noise and verve as ever, and I had an excellent dinner with caviar, shashlik, coffee and wine.

On the evening of the 22d I drove about town and was struck by the amazing efficiency of the black-out. The city in the twilight, typical of the semiwhite nights Moscow has in summer (it is really dark only between midnight and 2 A. M.), looked far more beautiful than it ever did when the street lamps were on. There was not a slit of light to be seen shining from any window, and hooded red and green lanterns held by traffic policemen lent a Christmasy air to the streets.

The next day there was an announcemen over the radio that seven people had been arrested for violation of black-out rules. It seems a very small number considering the unexpectedness of the German attack and the fact people had only one day in which to put up heavy curtains and dark blinds and to cover lamps. One man I know took so seriously that he nailed shades on all his windows, whi it impossible to open them d daytime. The result is that h a permanent black-out and dressed in a weird assortmen ments because he can't find h in the dark.

#### Too Much Efficiency

Night patrols that work t shifts went into action imn keeping an eye on houses, headlight dimmers. Strips we on windows to prevent shatteri ging of shelters and trenches all the courtyards of the city ar sand to put out fires appeare landings of apartment and off ings. Tenants of each apartm must take turns sitting up al listen for the air-raid siren in make sure everyone hears it an any heavy sleepers. Patrols ha so much zeal that one friend was warned for having a light o in the afternoon, and a man in try was told to do something white dog. At least it shows erring only on the side of ov Air patrols fly over the city night. By the 23d, antiaircraft peared on roofs and squares al city, and the evacuation of hos finished. To date trains and b tinue on regular schedules a as I can ascertain, no train ser been interrupted.

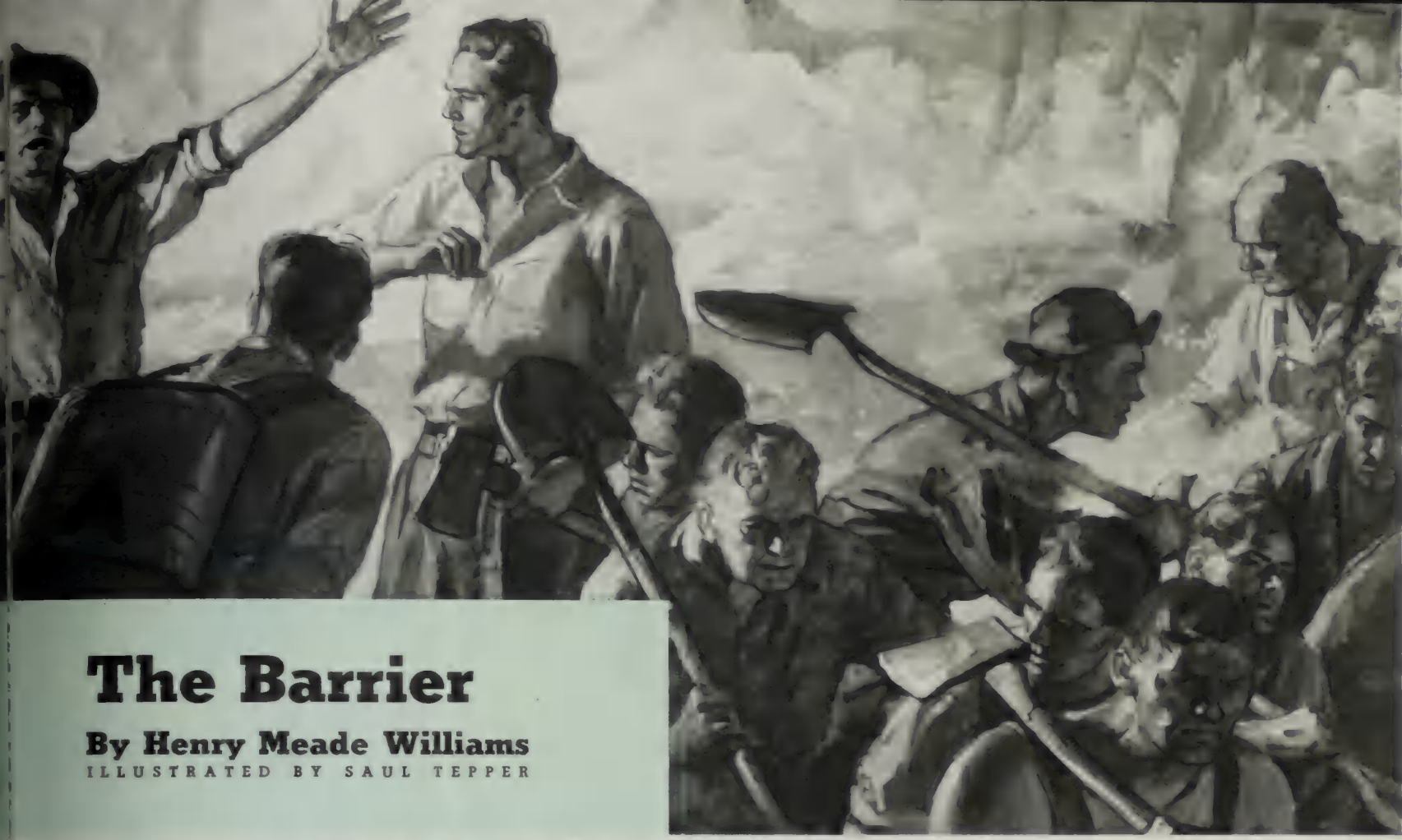
On the 26th the curfew law lished, instructing people to ke streets either in automobiles between the hours of midn 4 A. M. Theaters, restaurants public places must close at 1 and no vodka may be sold. the morning of the 24th we chance to see how effective th tions were, for at 3 A. M. we w ened by sirens. I dressed qu went out into the courtyard t was happening. A few pe hurrying past on the street, didn't look unduly excited. a drone of airplane engines and I was looking up at the effort to see them when an a gun was fired near by. I bro ords for the broad jump as I le into the house. Scurrying int ment, I found the servants there. The Russians and T absolutely calm; the Volga were rather nervous and rest terrific noise of antiaircraft chine-gun fire continued and prised to hear no explosions bombs. At one moment I d bomb had dropped in the vici turned out to be the crash ma door had to be broken hatchets. It had slammed member of the household rushed out in his pajamas.

The next day the papers an had been only a sham raid, p sound effects to test air-raid p

A state of siege was de martial law was imposed th over practically all of the U.S.S.R. Military authoritie all state functions in distric by martial law. They were right by the Presidium Supre

(Continued on page

**When the Nazis decided to extend to Russia the same protection they had already given Greece and the Balkans, Alice Leone Moats, special correspondent for Collier's, had been in Moscow two weeks. She was the only American magazine writer on the scene when war came. This story of what it did to the life and people of Moscow was radioed to New York a week after the shooting began**



# The Barrier

## By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

**Against the black clouds of smoke, new flames reached high. "Let's get out of here," Harry Turner said. Hamlen saw the men running down the woods road**

FROM his car, parked as usual in front of Will Libby's store, Scott Hamlen could watch the people of town go by.

It was midmorning and the sun, which had been red and burning over the blue sky, had now turned to glaring white. Its hardened Hamlen's mouth—for the heat, this brittle dryness, lay his hands of acres of forest lands.

He shifted his big frame, rerolled the sleeves of a clean white shirt above the forearms of dark-haired forearms. His broad cheekbones pressed against sunburned skin. He crushed the butt with the slow care of a man who made it a habit.

Across the street he saw that good-looking Oakley girl go into Mary Pater's millinery shop. She kept her head averted from Hamlen, but he knew she had seen him in his car and was aware of him as she pulled open the screen door and went inside.

Hamlen moved restlessly. He hadn't seen out Melissa Oakley yet, but on occasion he had been stirred by her manner. And he had noticed her interest in him by the way she looked at him when she thought he hadn't seen him. Sometimes, when they both noticed at the same time, it made them uncomfortable. He could see that she didn't want it this way—and tried to convince him—that she held the same distance for him as did others in town.

Why? Simply because he was still an outsider—a foreigner? No—it was more than that. He felt it was a wordless thing in their blood, almost a kinship that had them apart—the kinship of two proud people, who would not move into toward each other. And this strong pull and this strong antagonism already accepted by them—as a gentle curve in the road is accepted by local drivers—something there, never thought of as removable.

He lit another cigarette, buried the match in the ash tray and leaned back in the heat.

This car was his office. Sometimes a car and his car become one—you see car and you think of the man—then you see the man walking down the street and he looks strange, detached, like a hermit crab without his shell.

It was that way with Scott Hamlen and this yellow, torpedo-shaped roadster. The car had already become a familiar sight in front of Will Libby's store. To many, it was a boil of irritation. It reminded them of this hard, successful, ruthless man who had not become a part of the town—who accepted no help and had offered none.

A green pick-up truck idled by on Main Street and Hamlen saw the khaki-colored soldier's hat of Harry Turner, the fire warden. Hamlen hit the horn button on the steering wheel. The truck stopped abruptly and backed up to Hamlen's car.

Harry Turner, showing annoyance, said, "What's on your mind, Hamlen?"

"This," Hamlen said. "I saw a car with out-of-state plates go upcountry on Long Lake Road. Fishermen, I guess. That's pretty dry up there, Turner. Keep your eyes on them. I got a lot of money sewed up in those woods."

He handed Turner a cigar. He saw the warden light it, break the match in two pieces which he dropped to the roadway between the cars.

"Thanks," Harry Turner said. "I'll keep 'em in mind."

TOM OAKLEY, who had been watching this exchange from the stoop of Will Libby's store, came over to Hamlen's car. He was a tall, spare man, and like his daughter he had a proud way of carrying himself. The smoky blue of his eyes was the same. Those eyes moved slowly, mockingly now, over the shiny car to Hamlen, and he drawled, "Guess the warden kind of likes your cigars, mister. Yes, sir, a good cigar's a powerful thing."

Hamlen smiled. "Have one?"

Oakley brushed it aside. He leaned on the door of the car and said, "How you like our climate down this way? You get heat like this up to Boston?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, I never did see it so dry here before in my fifty-five years. Potatoes burned in the ground, beans frizzled on the vine—and the river's dried up."

Oakley raised his eyes when he said that and looked straight and sharply into Hamlen's. And Hamlen knew then what he was getting at.

Twice before Hamlen had had words with him—once over a property line—theirs was a common one for several miles on Hamlen's southern strip of woods; and once when Oakley tried to stop last spring's drive of Hamlen logs down Union River, because the river went through his land. Both times the dispute ended in Hamlen's favor and a bitterness had grown between them.

"We need water," Oakley said, "all of us along the river."

Hamlen's eyes hardened. "There's nothing I can do about it."

"You can open up that dam of yours on Long Lake. You can let the water come through. You can let us have the water we used to have before you put in that dam."

Across the street Hamlen saw Melissa Oakley come out of Mary Pater's millinery shop. She stood there, tall and straight—a hand holding back the dark hair which the wind was blowing. She looked at Hamlen and her father and came to them, as Hamlen was saying:

"The dam will be open for the spring drive—not before. I look for an easy winter without much snow and a low-water spring. I will need all that water I've got impounded behind that dam—I'll need it to drive the logs I'll cut this winter and the pulpwood I had peeled this summer." He found himself talking now more to the girl who was approaching than to her father.

She stood there, a little behind Oakley and to his left. She waited while her father talked out this new spurt of anger in answer to Hamlen. Then, in the first small silence she said quietly, "Scott, do you ever think about this town you are living in?"

"Plenty," he said. "What has it done for me that I should repay it?"

Oakley struck the door of the car with his thick-fingered, knob-knuckled hand twice. "We buy lumber at your mill. We buy gas at your new filling station."

Hamlen shook his head. "You buy only ten per cent of my milled wood. This town isn't my bread and butter."

"You get your bread and butter from the land that once belonged to us," Melissa said.

Even as she spoke, her eyes betrayed the direction of her words and the impact they meant to convey was lost. She was standing nearer now; he saw the smooth curve of her neck, the sun-drawn perspiration under her eyes and then he caught in the wind that already familiar smell of powder. This same wind brushed a tendril of her fine dark hair against her cheek.

OAKLEY, single-minded, single-purposed, drove home the point he had to make: "We need water. We will get water. There are laws."

"The laws are on my side, Oakley. You ought to know. We had trouble—twice before."

"You will always have trouble," Melissa said, "until you learn certain values."

Hamlen laughed. He liked this girl's straight, fearless talk and even as he realized she held him in no high esteem, he knew she was also curbing this other strong pull—as if there were some barrier between them.

"You haven't seen our dead fields," she went on stubbornly. "You don't know what you are doing to us."

Oakley said, "He doesn't think of fields. He dreams of pulpwood. You can't eat pulpwood."

"You farmers squeal about these conditions," Hamlen said sharply, "as if I were at fault. I don't stop the rains. What *is* this damage you speak of to your crops? Can it be seen?"

Melissa, whose eyes had lowered to the striped canvas shopping bag she carried in her hands before her, looked up quickly, but didn't speak.

It was her father who said, "Come out and see for yourself."

"I think I'll do that," Hamlen said, looking at Melissa. "I'll be through

*(Continued on page 33)*

# POOR MAN'S GARBO

## By Ted Shane

**This hot weather, Miss Margie Hart of Missouri very sensibly makes a living by her literal reading of her state's slogan**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

**The Hart strip-tease act lasts exactly four minutes from the time that Margie reaches for the first of a series of hidden zippers**

**Margie is adept at working her audi applause. She has a huge following ful fans, none of whom she meets**

WHEN Margaret Bridget Bryan Cox Hart steps on the stage, in a frilly, sweeping gown and a big picture hat, you imagine the scent of magnolias and old Suth'n homesteads. The music is very Stephen Foster. You expect a sad, sweet moan about her old Kentucky home, a stately minuet.

Nothing of the kind happens.

Instead, Margaret Bridget Bryan—she's a distant cousin of the Great Commoner—winks coquettishly, slinks around a couple of times, girlishly toys with her skirt ruffles, turns her back. Then grasping a concealed zipper, and with a simple, old-fashioned dignity that would have charmed an old-fashioned cunnel, suh—she goes into her great specialty (inspired by Gone with the Wind)—an old-fashioned Suth'n strip tease.

Known as the Poor Man's Garbo, unable to dance, sing or act, the ebullient, artistically modeled and very redheaded Margie Hart is America's Stripteuse No. 1 This may draw protest from other lovely and more gifted ladies in Miss Hart's profession but it is based on the barometer in America's Workingman's Opera, i.e., Burlesque—the box office. Margie packs 'em in. She works on percentage, and is now outstripping her nearest competitors—Ann (Innocent) Corio, and Gypsy Rose Lee by several hundred dollars a week. Recently in defense-rich Bridgeport, Conn., she hit a jack-pot $800 a week—unprecedented for burlesque!

Since Miss Corio sings, dances and soon will emerge as a fully clothed actress, and Gypsy Rose Lee (back from a Hollywood which didn't appreciate her robed) is admittedly talented and a novelist, why does the ungifted Miss Hart pack 'em in? The answer is that Margie, a poor gal from Edgerton, Mo., does something to the boys. Strong men grow weak with whistles and stomps, weak men are made lions again when Margie does her stuff. Once in Brooklyn she had to be rescued by house firemen—after 22 encores. Harvard students, and profs, too, feel the same toward Margie. She's lectured on male manners to them! Women, thirty-five per cent of burlesque audiences today, like her too—if in a more negative way. "They come to see my clothes," Margie explains waggishly, "and to make other comparisons!"

Margie entered this world in the usual disrobed fashion in 1916, in the town of Edgerton, Mo., pop. 452; chief occupation, farming; nearest city, Kansas City. She was one of nine children. Father Hart was an itinerant sewing-machine salesman, who carted his family around as he peddled machines and dreamed of returning to the soil. His grandfather had been a prosperous farmer and slave trader in Virginia, whence he had immigrated from Ireland.

"Great gran'pappy," explains Margie in a drawling, burlesquey way she has, "fit as a soldier under Lee. Today," she adds ruefully, "if it wasn't for the Civil War, I'd be sitting under a magnolia tree sipping a mint julep and weighing in slaves!"

She is very proud of her family tree. But the slave racket blew up, Gran'pappy Hart lost his plantation lands, and moved West to a farm where Margie's father was born, and eventually married a distantish cousin of William Jennings Bryan.

Life was hard. One day Margie and a school chum named Mamie Bohenstingle left the third year of a Minneapolis parochial high school to invade the theater. With $5 and a letter Mamie had to a booking agent, they hitched rides to Chicago. Mamie had had some theatrical experience. Before the truant officers had forced her back into the bosom of education, she had played in a "tab," or miniature musical show. Margie had no experience—and no exhibitionists in her family either.

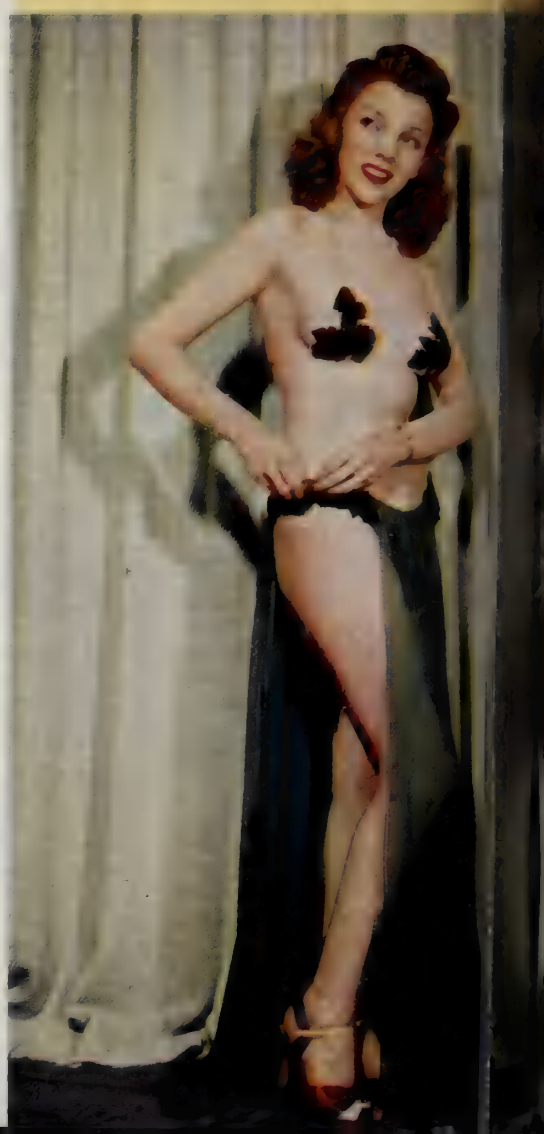
Margie felt no regrets at being wrenched from the joys of the mind. "I guess I was the dumb type," she recollects whimsically. "Even at 16, I had to draw apples to count. Besides, I was spending most of my afternoons studying the figures in the Minneapolis shows." Burlesque looked like a golden opportunity.

Mamie's letter produced jobs for both girls. They became parade girls in the rear rank of the chorus at the Rialto Theater in Chicago—the home of refined burlesque. This meant that for $18 a week they acted as background while more talented maidens undulated and kicked and allegedly sang between comic turns and strip acts. The girls shared a $3-a-week room, cooked on an electric plate, and Mamie Bohenstingle changed her name to Lolette Du Val. For two weeks Margie sent home more money than she had ever seen in her life before. The notorious hazards of such a life on a young schoolgirl! Margie replies witheringly: "Try working five shows a day, then rehearse till one in the morning for next week's show and show up for rehearsal again the next day at 11—and see how much time you've got to drink champagne out of slippers with glamor boys!"

Margie was pretty nuts about it all and most unhappy when her father suddenly appeared and returned her to high school. For two weeks she listened while Father lectured. In the end she went back to burlesque. She has been there ever since. "I promised my father," she explains, "to be a good girl. I proved you could be."

It wasn't long before Margie's true talents were recognized. She was given a specialty to do: In the midst of the gaiety and laughter, the entire cast suddenly formed a patriotic ensemble depicting the Birth of Liberty. Who should be standing in the back-

**Below, Margie is halfway through her greatest dread is appendicitis: "A w your face isn't as bad as one on your**



nd, bearing a torch and wearing a crown, her red flaming defiantly against dictators—every inch statue of Liberty—but Margie. She was stripped e waist, with blue touches to fit the red, white blue color scheme.

ne day a gentleman named Daddy Pickens was oved either by patriotism or Margie's commer- ossibilities that he signed her up for $50 a week. gie didn't sign without a struggle, for while she her onions, she also knew her limitations.

I'd seen Ann Corio work," she says, "and I never ght I could do as well as she did. Ann's a born ss."

the end the chance to help her family overcame nnate modesty and she left Mamie—pardon, te—who married some millionaire whose name es Margie—and went to St. Louis to study with reat Master. Pickens was something of a genius. nsed that the public requires new yearly models tertainment, had discovered Ann Corio, Gypsy Lee and Rosita Royce, an artistic young lady divests herself of a cloak of iron-nerved pigeons roost on her curves.

nce removing one's clothes is not just a matter zipping and stepping out, Margie spent two hard s just learning poise. Hour after hour she ed the stage of Pickens' Garrick Theater with k on her head, just balancing it.

fter about 500 miles of this Margie found she ooze around the stage, operating the muscles sary to keep the book from even vibrating. ns had her inserted into a rhinestone gown and racticed climbing in and out of it without falling. hen one night in 1934 Pickens put schoolbooks and pronounced the disrobing Duse ready for orld "première"!

t was a memorable occasion," she mocks, "all orld of St. Louis was there—in derby hats and hite ties. In fact, they had no ties at all. And, she shudders, "was I scared!"

e première was almost a flop. Cued to chant a romantic ditty called I'm Playing with Fire, oing to Get Burned, I Don't Know What to Do! inute Margie stepped on the stage she froze All she could see outside the spotlight's circle dark faces gleaming wolfishly at her. The or- a vamped and vamped, she finally opened her h. Nothing came out.

The audience began to titter. Just before they could whistle and hoot her out of existence she heard the orchestra leader crying hoarsely: "Peel, kid, peel!"

So she fumbled for a zipper, and found it. Suddenly all was right.

"The audience went off its rocker," Margie reminisces gaily. "Strong men went noisily mad. Suddenly I heard the dreaded words: 'Take it off! Take it off!' and I knew I was standing there with nothing between me and the future but a string of pearls. It was awful—but it was wonderful. I stopped the show —but I never sang another note in my life!"

Word of a new sensation immediately spread around the burlesque wheel of about 90 theaters. Margie Hart grew famous. After a few months, she left Daddy Pickens' Academy of Art and St. Louis, lit hotter fires in Chicago than Mrs. O'Leary's cow, assaulted and leveled New York. There she played two solid years in the old Irving Place Theater.

### There's Always the Road

First thing she did was import her family. She ensconced them on the upper West Side in the blue-mother-of-pearl bathroom fixture district. Things were looking extremely bright and the family was looking toward Park Avenue, and maybe Fifth Avenue in time—when one day Commissioner Moss of the Theatrical License Bureau, in response to a public indignation that thought Mary Martin stripping in a $4.40 musical comedy wasn't indecent but Margie Hart doing so in 40¢ burlesque was—broke up these dreams by closing burlesque houses.

Being a realistic gal, Margie packed the family to Sandusky, set her father and brother-in-law up in the garage business and took to the road. Since the hinterland has never failed in its true appreciation of youth and beauty, and burlesque has been a substitute for the fully robed theater—Margie kept her earnings at about a $200-a-week level.

This enabled her to keep up her purchases of furs (her great weakness), and the payments on the $50,000 annuity she had cannily started buying. One day, when her father failed in the garage business she made his dream come true. She bought a farm for him. She chose 120 acres near Lathrop, Mo.

Margie paid $7,500 for the farm, cash down, remodeled the house, then went out and stripped furiously to stock it with blooded cattle, modern equipment, college-grad hired hands. When she wasn't performing, she attended cattle auctions. At Christmas time she demanded cultivators and pigs from her swains instead of perfume and furs.

And to insure the flow of popularity, Margie hired a press agent, an unheard-of thing in burlesque.

He dubbed her the Poor Man's Garbo, began mixing her up in fantastic stunts. In Washington, where it is well known that congressmen often relax from lawmaking at the burlesque house,, he installed Margie in a heavy-veiled mystery outfit in the Senate gallery, and spread the story among gossip columnists a certain senator was nuts about her—even met her train. He got her to hint to newspapermen, for whom she has always had a yen, that she was the "Darling of the Diplomatic Corps." He even tried to syndicate a column signed by her called "My Night!" Editors, who also often shake off world events watching the Hartian movement, hypocritically refused to print it.

In New York the p.a. started a feud between her and Eleanor Holm, then the bumptious beauty of the World's Fair, during which Margie accused Eleanor of wearing a padded bathing suit and offered to show her how to take off her clothes in a strip duel for $500 —most beautiful figure take all. In Boston he hinted that a certain distinguished gent who adorned the front row daily and wore a beard was a Boston Cabot in disguise. (Actually it was a $5-a-day actor.) Heckled by a Bishop Hart, he tried to trace both ancestries to a common source and was run out of town.

When Gypsy Rose Lee went highbrow he even tried to make Margie read Schopenhauer. She did, however, agree to establish the Margie Hart Scholarship for an Ambitious Burlesque Girl at Bryn Mawr, which declined politely. At men's colleges though, Margie was received with open arms.

"Harvard men," she observed, "are gentlemen and you can always have a long talk with a Princeton man. He's almost like a reporter. But do they teach anything but blocking and tackling at Yale?"

Miss Hart, like most burlesque artists, has had her moments with the law. Broadmindedness varies with the locale. In Baltimore and Washington men bring their wives. In Los Angeles you can remove your skin and slink around in your bones, if the right party is in office, otherwise you've got to wear twenty petticoats during a performance. And burlesque impresarios, emboldened by police ostrichism, insist that performers grow more and more daring—and in time dig their own police graves, have their theaters closed, get fined heavily.

A few years ago, directly after a performance in Brooklyn, where she is a sensation only to her pals, the Dodgers, Margie was greeted backstage by a detective with a warrant. She fled to her dressing room. The law gave chase, got a foot in the dressing-room door and seized her finalities as evidence. That she was not seized in them was due to the prompt action of her lawyer. He got a restraining writ of habeas corpus, or something equally technical.

### The Case Was Dismissed

It was immediately suspected—and probably correctly—that the complaint had been turned in by a jealous theater rival, who was doing no business in his theater, whereas Margie packed the roof. Everybody hurried over to a private hearing. The lawyer argued it was all optical illusion, and for a time it looked as if the theater manager would have to pay a $500 fine and lose his license. But the case was finally dismissed when the lawyer proved a girl had a constitutional right to show her torso and that to enjoin this would violate the right of freedom of speech! It took some months to get back the evidence, however, and Margie was enjoined to put on some twelve square inches more of clothes thereafter!

Today, at the top of her business, Margie cannot be said to lead a hard life. Though burlesque houses are grimy and badly ventilated, with little air and no air-conditioning, and her star's dressing room usually boasts one naked electric light, little plaster on the walls and a few sticks of mouse-gnawed furniture—Margie enjoys her life and privileges. Comedians do not squirt her playfully with the seltzer bottle and, while her supporting artists move around in wheezy busses or day coaches, Margie is flown from city to city.

She requires no rehearsals, her act having crystallized completely, changing only with her costumes. Her act takes exactly four minutes four times a day. It comes to 96 minutes a week. Sometimes it takes a minute or two longer, for Margie is an adept at working audiences for *(Continued on page 48)*

**, Margie is any good-looking girl driving out to a country club for afternoon tea or some- . 'I don't know why I get all these swell things," she bubbled as she took me for a Maybe it's because I'm just a wholesome, clean American girl, trying to get along"**

# Panzer Diary

## By W. B. Courtney

BY RADIO FROM BERLIN

"This vivid pen picture of modern warfare, especially the description of the technique employed by the Panzer divisions and their advance through the Balkans, stimulates the imagination and gives a timely message to students of new tactical methods."

Maj. Gen. Robert C. Richardson
United States Army

**Especially adapted for mountain fighting of the kind that took place in Greece is this German combat car that lets down its wheels for speed on good terrain and resorts to its caterpillar tread when the going gets too rough. Below is shown part of a German motorized division moving up through the heavy mud of a tiny Balkan village en route to the fighting front in Greece**

### Conclusion

THESE roads of Europe and the Balkans may be narrow and unmodern by our standards. But they're sound. Conceived as channels of war as well as trade, they've been pressed, trod, pounded through many centuries by the chariots, elephants, wagons, horses of the legions of Persia, Greece and Rome as well as millions of unknown later soldiers until their foundations have been thumped halfway to China. Officers here think even our best roads in the United States, lacking this seasoning of time and history, would crack like pie crusts under the beating of panzer war.

Roads, of course, have an important place in strategy. Some damage has been done here by the retreating British and Greek forces to impede the onrushing Germans, but you wonder at its lightness, especially on mountain hairpins which are setups for air bombing. Moreover, you are filled with curiosity when you see on the fields at Salonika and Athens many British and a few Greek planes that were captured undamaged. Why hadn't they been flown away? How did their ground and flight crews leave? The Germans claim it was due to the swiftness of their advance plus the activity of the Stukas. The Germans, in conformity with panzer tactics, did not seek to damage the roads ahead of the fleeing enemy. Rather, they strove by speed and ceaseless harassment to prevent his doing so, for they needed those roads. In strafing the retreating British they took sly advantage of the old "scatter technique," whereby foot soldiers are trained to deploy off the road under low-flyin attacks. The Germans simply i the roads and bombed the roa sowing craters along them for n neatly as regularly spaced fen holes. You speculate upon wha be done for the betterment of hu if the vast money totals wasted destruction were applied to p constructiveness when you s smashed British rolling stock wh tually forms a hedge along the Larissa and Athens. The Germ cers compare the scene to Dunki

Merriment is caused in our column by the only signs in visible on the roads to Saloni Peiraeus. There are hundreds strung along the highways and at every little crossroad. Eac arrow and a single word. "Soutl

### What Jerry is Really Lik

What is the average German like? After eight days—a long this war—of sleeping beside floors and earth, sharing his foo arguments, headaches and gr got a picture although it is not American movie producer mig sider the box-office type. The that, save for his uniform, langu perhaps somewhat less inc toward horseplay, this Germ might pass for an English terri one of the new trainees at hom gled out, there's nothing for about him. He acts like a nor man youngster who gets home spends most of his leisure s ways to eat more, playing sen pieces on a harmonica or writin to his girl friend. He's youn natured, informal. You never goosestepping once he leaves U Linden and state reviews behi proportion of blonds seems no than in our own Army. He's not as you expected, but his physic tion is superb—Germany's mo of fresh air and outdoor sports b fruit. The democratic relation tween officers and men utterly you. They fraternize in public tronize restaurants together i that would not be countenance land and is frowned upon in th States. In Germany it is poli salute any roomful upon ente leaving. In Salonika you saw a colonel turn at the door before salute a restaurant in which th privates and noncoms.

In Larissa a Greek told you, pected somebody very tough. don't know how to think wi come racing into town on th tanks and guns you ever im and right away buy flowers and begin searching the wreckage, business places, for envelope can collect the stamps." Panze look H. G. Wellsian in their uniforms, which resemble sk Air corps wear slate-blue, inf and most other branches gray-

The Germans have a sent "Let the oak lie where it fall quently from the Danube to skirts of Athens you will mounded bookkeeping of war. entries, considering the mag the campaign. One contrad blitzkrieg is economy of a grim like the last war in which f lines churned vast countrys sterility, you may travel a miles or more now in the figh without finding a blemish landscape. Blitzkrieg really namesake—lightning. It jur place to place and destroys o it strikes, not where it frighten and panzers exact the heavie enemy material, rolling st

(Continued on page 4

# Dina Cashman

## by Kathleen Norris

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*e Story Thus Far:*

ONTRIBUTE to the support of her y, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman works cery store. Her home, at Railway Flats from San Francisco, is a dilapidated Occasionally her father finds some ob or other; usually he does nothing. ife is anything but pleasant.

ve with Vere Holland—a young Yale ool student—she takes a brief outing m in the Sierras. Then—a few weeks after Holland has returned to New —she makes a dreadful discovery: she to become a mother!

ed of wise counsel, she confides in her friend: Tom O'Connor. Tom urges her o New Haven, find Holland and marry ut she does not go to New Haven. In- he calls on Vere's uncle, Rogers Hol- his Burlingame estate, tells him the ory, asks him what she should do.

Holland is a wealthy widower. He as- ina that he will do everything in his o convince Vere's mother (a spoiled who, he feels sure, will not be any too toward a girl from Railway Flats) e boy should marry Dina. Then he he girl a curious proposition:

tly jilted by a beautiful woman—who ried Andrew Havens, an artist—he is dinner party. The Havenses are to be the guests. Will Dina (an unusually e girl) attend the party? Will she d, pretending to be very close to him, she can to arouse "Aline's" jealousy? e, he will remunerate her handsomely. decides to co-operate with him. In provided by Mrs. Bucket, Holland's eper, she goes to the party. And when er, Aline is seething with curiosity as relationship between Holland and his —Geraldine Cashman! . . . Vere's comes to Burlingame. Holland intro- ina to her. And in the course of a long itter—talk, the woman makes it clear will never permit her son to marry

Holland takes Dina's breath away with extraordinary proposition: *he asks her ill marry him!* Dina, astounded, dis- e idea with him at great length. Hol- ets all of her objections. And—"I'll do u want me to do," Dina says quietly.

### VI

EN," Rogers said, "we'll stop for ew minutes at your house and go way. We'll tell your people, r everyone else it can filter out rees. I haven't much hope that keep it a secret very long," he n, "and we don't want newspaper prowling around your father's e-or mine."

I hould hope not!" Dina agreed ly.

I'go in for a moment tonight, meet ll, and then we'll go off on a sup- honeymoon. Don't worry," he unsmilingly, as the color rushed ina's face; "what I feel for you hat sort of thing at all. I know your affections are. Instead of onte we'll go home, Mrs. Bucket e dinner ready at half past seven, g you up a tray. And that's an- thing," he added, "about Mrs. k. She spoke of you this morning Ns. Holland.' She asked if Mrs. ld would like her breakfast in bed, e knew you had been feeling ill mornings."

B she calls me Dina!" the girl said r.

I how she did. But she's changed of on accord, and very properly, too. ou you in a false position and it s er in one to have her call you thg else. So you'll have to put up a hat. And now about breakfast. ve either way, but I think it's easier tm downstairs to bring it up to . You'd be all alone in the dining m that house was built fifty years on breakfast rooms came in. But 'll sk you and you can arrange that rself. I've suggested she sleep up- rsn the room across the hall from yours for a while—until you get used to the place."

Dina looked down at the ring on her finger. They had laughed—it was one of the few laughs the long day had brought her, over the ring. Rogers had entirely forgotten to provide one; he had had to go to a jeweler's in Reno to buy it.

Looking down at it now her face wore an odd expression.

"Mrs. Holland," she said musingly. "I don't think I ever thought of it—this part of it, before. I hope some day," Dina went on, speaking a little thickly now, and with her eyes still fixed on the ring, "I hope some day I can make it up to you. I hope it will really be pleasant for you to have me in the house."

"I'm sure it will," the man answered. He took out his papers again; Dina leaned back and closed her eyes and presently drifted off to sleep.

TWO hours later, a little after six o'clock, they reached Railway Flats. At Dina's somewhat timid suggestion Hall and the car were waiting on the main street of Bonita, some three blocks away. She and Rogers picked their way through the unsavory lanes and along the plank sidewalks; the spring day had been long and languorous and sweet, its last light was just dying away from the unpainted shanties, the tin-patched roofs, the crazy-quilt of vegetable patches and fences and clotheslines.

The Cashmans were at supper. Dina had known what sort of a picture must greet Rogers' eyes as she opened the door, but even her imagination and familiarity could hardly have painted the details more glaringly. Everything that was characteristic of supper-time flurry and disorder was there: her father, mustached and lean and suspicious, was in his shirt sleeves, his chair squared about from the table, a handleless cup in his fingers. Her mother, incredibly frowzy of hair, a saucepan in one hand and a spoon in the other, was standing by the stove.

The children were scattered about, little Donny and Myrna and Dooley on chairs, Art half-standing, half-leaning against the sink, Lou beside Myrna. El'ner had stopped at the bedroom door in what was evidently a tearful retreat from the room. The air was thick with smoke, grease and steam; every surface of chair or table or sink board that could be used was crowded with odds and ends of food, dirty pans and knives, dishcloths, paper bags, sweaters, schoolbooks, rubbers, plates. The window shade hung in tatters, having long lost its lower rod. Some thick and gummy substance, spilled on the stove, bubbled and smoked as it fell slowly from point to point on the knobs and doors.

"Mamma," said Dina without preamble, closing the door behind herself and Rogers and backing up against him, "this is Mr. Holland, and he and I were married today!"

An electrified silence followed this

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

**Noiselessly she opened the door and peered out. The wide hallway was unlighted, but from below a faint light came up**

announcement, then, John Cashman spoke heavily.

"What are you saying?"

The children set up an excited babble of questions, exclamations and cries of surprise, through which Dina's mother said sharply:

"Why, Dina, what do you mean by going and doing a thing like that?"

THE girl glanced up over her shoulder at Rogers. His appearance was not entirely reassuring. He had worn an air unknown on this uncertain day, his hat, this hair was swept above his round, radiant face, his eyes bulged behind their strong glasses.

"We were married in Reno at two o'clock today," he said. "Witnesses and all. What were the witnesses' names, Geraldine?"

"I don't remember." In a sudden rush of love for them all, longing to be back in her old place with them all, she had gone to her mother and put her arms about the shapeless figure.

"Well, I have it here." Rogers took a folded paper from his pocket; afterward she thought how deliberately he had managed that her father should see the evidence of the marriage, but at the time it seemed strangely unimportant. "William B. Barker and Florence Wilkins," he said; "she was the clergyman's housekeeper, and his name—see here?—Harold Clark Kirkham, D.D.—and a mighty nice fellow, too."

"Married!" her father was demanding with hostility. He hesitated, ventured, "You've got money to provide for her properly, I suppose?"

"Why, you said there was a college boy, Dina!" her mother wailed. "I don't know what possessed you to do such a thing! Why on earth didn't you—"

"I'm not Vere," Rogers interpolated. "I'm his uncle."

"His uncle!" Mrs. Cashman gasped. "I don't understand it and I don't like it," Dina's father said without any particular emphasis.

"It seems funny you marrying anybody's uncle," Myrna put in.

"I guess Dina knows what she's doing," Art said in his new boy's voice. He walked over to her and kissed her said: "Congratulations, Sis."

DINA clung to him. "I'm sorry if I've upset any of you!" she stammered, turning to face the circle. "We just decided it lately."

"I assure you I'll take very good care of her," Rogers told them, looking at her father as he spoke.

"Well, I don't doubt that, don't doubt that," John Cashman muttered, mollified. "There, sit down—"

"And let us get you something to eat—" The situation was reducing itself to elements Dina's mother understood. "Dudley," she said, "you run over to Meyer's—he'll be open—"

"No, no, no!" Dina protested.

"No, thanks just the same. We're going home for dinner." Rogers looked intently and alert as he stood there among them in the minutes, peering through his glasses. "Geraldine'll be in to see you in a day or two."

"Oh, Dina, don't go away!" Lou wailed. Dina kissed her.

"I'll come back." She began to feel tired and weak: she had had eight hours of driving on a changeable spring day; the mephitic air of the car still was with her. Now her head was weary, there was a nervous, throbbing pain between her eyes and she felt as if the kitchen were beginning to waver up and down on flapping lines. The last greasy atmosphere rose about her in fumes.

She sat down suddenly, and asked Art for some water, which he gave her in a cracked old jelly glass, and things went on being dreamlike and unreal. Her mother asked if they were going to have a "place" somewhere, and Myrna said sharply, with schoolgirl impertinence, "Mamma, for goodness sakes, he'll have Hollland's uncle!" Dina promised Lou that she and Elmer not indeed all of them should see her soon, and they would all have ice cream. Rogers explained that the long trip to Reno had upset Geraldine and that she was tired.

"Reno! You don't mean that you were just divorced!" her mother exclaimed.

"Oh, no. My wife died five years ago. But in Reno you can arrange a marriage rather than in San Francisco."

Then they were out in the muddy area again, the Cashmans gathering against the red light of the doorway to visit them bewildered goodbye. Rogers gave Dina his arm over the planks and puddles, and she got into the car and sank into her seat feeling that at any minute she might faint.

After that it was effort upon effort. An effort to get out of the car, to mount the steps to the Holland doorway, to climb the stairway within, an effort to show her ring to Mrs. Bucker and begin to take off her clothes, an effort to wash her face, to raise her arms for her pajama sleeves, to move about the big chamber awaiting her.

"At first we thought, 'Oh, well, puppy love'; but now we find he's asked her here for a week end"

BUT the piled pillows of the old mahogany bed were deep and soft, and her lay her crouch a hot water bottle between the smooth, thick sheets. There was a tray with soup and chicken on it, and a blazing coal fire, and softened lights. Dina lay deep in luxury as if she would never move again. She ate languidly, less satisfied, smiled her acknowledgments when Mrs. Bucker put two books on her bedside table.

"I picked 'em for you because I used to like 'em, but they're real old-timey," the housekeeper said.

"Oh, thank you!"

"You're feeling better, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. It was just that I got so hot and tired, and I was nervous, I suppose, about telling my family."

"Did they make a fuss?"

"Well, they were terribly surprised, of course. But I imagine that they're just about now gotten round to saying what they think." Dina smiled again.

"Mr. Holland said to say good night to you, and that if you felt bad tomorrow we'd telephone Doctor Lilienthal."

"I won't. I really feel fine, and I'm glad my people know." Dina stretched out her hand on the blankets. "Thank you for everything," she said, her tone saying much more than her words.

Mrs. Bucker impulsively covered Dina's hand with her own.

"I hope you're going to be happy, Miss—Mrs. Holland," she said.

"I'm sure I will be," Dina told her soberly.

FOR a long time she lay still after the housekeeper had left her. Her first need was rest—body, mind and spirit. Just rest. Just to be alone in the silence with the fire sunken to a bed of glowing embers and the lamp at her bedside giving the only other light in the room. Dina could not think, she did not want to think. Her thoughts surged about aimlessly—now a feeling of wonder that Papa had not made more of a scene, now a regret that Myrna had chanced to wash her hair that afternoon and had had it bound up in a rag.

Again in the vice, grim, rubber-scented passages of the city hall where they had gone for the license, again in the stuffy clergyman's parlor, and the two strange and interested witnesses. The Reverend Kirkham had been unmarried but his housekeeper—or perhaps it had been his servant—had been glad to oblige, the other witness—what had been his name? Barker?—a neighbor living next door. And always, under and over all the other sensations, they were in the car again, rolling on and on and on between the hot greenness or sudden warm rain of the fields, and around the sickening curves of the endless highway.

Three times, or was it four times, she had had to get out because she was sick. She had been ill in the hotel room in Reno. Why had not Rogers been disgusted enough with her to abandon the whole plan? Why had he not walked out when first his eyes had fallen upon the Cashman kitchen, the head of the Cashman family with his shirt sleeves at the cluttered table?

Wonderment, doubt, stinging pinpricks of memory swept over her. She had gotten this far in her strange adventure. Tonight she felt incapable of getting any farther. Tonight she was unable to lying here, forever, forever, spent and silent, with her eyes closed.

But gradually the tide came in. Dina looked about the room, and thoughtfully. This was her home. The Dina who had crept in beside sleeping Dudley or Myrna, glowing over unpaid evenings at Corta's, planning to pay one more weekly dollar on a new suit, wondering if there was water enough in the house for breakfast, was no more. This was her home. This was her room.

A clock somewhere in the hall struck a slow, sepulchral ten. Dina hoped Mrs. Bucker had come upstairs to bed. The bulk of the house seemed crammed with mysterious, menacing about her. A spring breeze was wandering round the world, it whispered in her chimney, it peered at the old shutters that had closed at her windows. She got out of bed, she must see if there was a light in Mrs. Bucker's room, opposite her own.

Noiselessly she opened the door and peered out. The wide hallway was flanked by doors, and opened on one side to the great vault of the stairway. It was unlighted, but from the lower floor a faint light came up and was diffused in the gloom.

She got back into bed, settled herself on her pillows, opened one of the heavy, formidable-looking old volumes that Mrs. Bucker had brought up for her.

"I'm not going to think any more tonight. I'm going to read until I get sleepy," Dina said half aloud, and opened to the first page, brought her mind resolutely to the opening words of the book.

SHE must accept everything as she told herself, and keep herself busy and make them all, Rogers and the servants, like her. That was what she must do, not asking for anything, not seeming to be surprised or to care about anything.

Every morning her breakfast came upstairs on a tray at eight o'clock. At Mrs. Bucker's suggestion she started for a while afterward, reading the newspaper or reading one of the old-fashioned novels of Trollope, or Henry Kingsley, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Dickens she knew fairly well as the Cashmans had possessed few books but several volumes of Dickens were among them, and Dina had borrowed the rest from various sources, and most of them.

At ten she dressed and went downstairs, wandering out into the garden the day was fair, gathering flowers for vases, talking with the old Scotch gardener. At noon Rogers appeared, sometimes only to tell her that he was going to San Francisco and would be back for both lunch and dinner, sometimes to lunch with her, completely absorbed in the newspapers and mail. Art came to tell her that he had to do some errand; to see a stamp collector about a rare stamp he had recently possessed, to see his broker to meet a new banker or lawyer, and wished

(Continued on page 40)

# dvance Agent

John August
RATED BY RONALD McLEOD

took it on yourselves thhold some of my in- ions?" he demanded. e must be some check m," she said, but it was none of the defiance I would have expected

*Story Thus Far:*

LE both press and radio are featuring daring escape of a German aviator— utnant Friedrich Römer—from a train da, Gail Armstrong, a young widow who Windham, Massachusetts, finally real- t, on the verge of marrying the wealthy dical" Lynn Scovil, she is not in love. an hour before the wedding ceremony, chester, Vermont, she hops into her car rts for her home. On the way she gives o a man who admits, frankly, that the suspecting him of having stolen a car, ing for him. Liking the man, and trust- h. Gail tells him how she has run away covil. Then, approaching Windham, she im at the entrance to Camp Ryegate, a resort. And she is sorry, *very sorry*, e will never see him again. . . . *The man rich Römer*. . . .

Jay, a New York newspaperman, and Scovil—Lynn Scovil's daughter, who is by his anti-American ideas—drive to Ryegate, a group of cabins in the of "Taylor Mountain." While they are g the "mountain," a man comes up to nnounces that they are trespassing and Bill down.

recovering from a serious illness, is un- defend himself. He picks himself up and walks away with Connie. And he makes the resolve to investigate the camp and find out why, of late, it has been attracting so many ruffians. . . .

Friedrich Römer, registering as "John Page," takes a cabin-room at the camp. Then in need of money, he telegraphs to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company of New York, and asks that funds be wired to *Philip Garfield*, care of him—John Page. A short time later, the owner of the camp (whom Römer instantly recognizes as one Bucher, who had once been a ski-master in Austria) introduces himself to the new arrival, and tells him that, having read the telegram, he feels that it might be advisable for Römer (whom he calls Page) to interview "a man not far from here."

"The man not far from here" is Lynn Scovil. He receives Römer on the terrace of Pinnacle Manor, his beautiful Berkshire estate. Certain, after a brief conversation, that Scovil is a German agent, Römer confesses that he is working for the Nazis; his name, he says, is *not* Römer. Scovil promises not to report him; he asks him to become his guest. As they converse, Gail Armstrong drives up. Scovil introduces the German as John Page, and goes into the house. Gail and "Page" have a verbal sparring match. Then: "You," Gail says, "are an impostor, and an adventurer. But"—she laughs—"I seem to like you, Mr. Page. And it's just as well I do!"

## IV

AT THE bookshop, on Friday morning, Gail Armstrong seemed unable to give her emotions the right timing—if she had ever been able to. She had gone to Lynn's house yesterday prepared to make peace, repentant of her indecisions, and convinced that everything was clear and simple at last. She was not going to have doubts any more and she understood just why she had been behaving so idiotically. As for deserting him at the dance—why, just such a drama had been needed to make her sure that she did not want to desert him. As for an outrageous flirtation with a stranger—why, just such an experience had been needed to convince her that no man but Lynn could really attract her.

Calm second thoughts had made everything clear and she had gone to his house in a mood of penitence and surrender, prepared to accept his terms, behave sensibly thereafter and marry him at any time. The presence of the ambiguous John Page had frustrated that intention—but she was in the same mood on Friday morning when Lynn came to the bookshop.

But again her willingness was frustrated. The scenario called for him to be eager and impatient, but he was preoccupied, too concerned about something else even to observe her compliance. It showed in the quick movements of his hands, the brightness of his eyes, the unflattering fact that he hardly noticed her. Annoyed and resentful, Gail attributed his excitement to the mysterious Page and resumed the dislike of him she had conceived yesterday. Humor came to her aid—did she insist on a big scene, probably to violins? There would be time enough tonight.

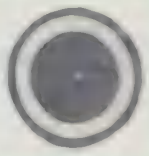
Tonight, it developed, was what was

*(Continued on page 36)*

## FIRST ARMY

Here reproduced for the first time is a complete set of shoulder insignia for the active units of the U. S. Armies. First Army covers Me., N. H., Vt., Mass., Conn., R. I., N. Y., Pa., N. J., Del., Md., Va.

First Army, Governor's Island, N. Y.



First Army Corps, Columbia, S. C.

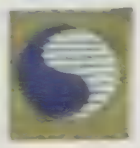
8th (Pathfinder) Div., Ft. Jackson

Ninth Division, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Thirtieth Division, Fort Jackson, S. C.

Second Army Corps, Wilmington, Del.

28th Div., Indiantown Gap, Penna.



29th Div., Ft. Geo. G. Meade, Maryland

44th Division, Ft. Dix, New Jersey

Sixth Army Corps, Providence, R. I.

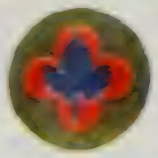
First Division, Fort Devens, Mass.

26th (Yankee) Div., Camp Edwards, Mass.

## THIRD ARMY

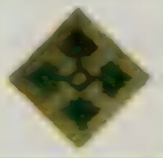
The letters A and O (Army of Occupation) denote the Third Army of N. Carolina, S. Carolina, Tenn., Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss., La., Texas, Okla., Colo., N. M., Ariz. Cavalry div. is unassigned

1st Cavalry Div., Ft. Bliss, Texas



43d (New England) Div., Blanding, Fla.

31st (Dixie) Div., Camp Blanding, Fla.



Fourth Division, Ft. Benning, Georgia

38th (Cyclone) Div., Camp Shelby, Miss.

Thirty-seventh Div., Camp Shelby, Miss.

Thirty-fourth Div., Camp Claiborne, La.

33d Div., Camp Livingston, Louisiana

Forty-fifth Div., Camp Barkely, Tex.

Thirty-sixth Div., Camp Bowie, Texas

2d Division, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

Gen. Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

## SECOND ARMY

Second Army is located in Mich., Wis., Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, W. Virginia and Kentucky. With exception of GHQ insignia (upper right) pictured patches are approximately one-quarter actual size

Second Army, Memphis, Tennessee

Seventh Army Corps, Birmingham, Ala.

27th Division, Ft. McClellan, Alabama

Thirty-third Div., Camp Forrest, Tenn.

35th Div., Camp Robinson, Ark.

Units at right unattached to Corps

2d Cavalry Div., Fort Riley, Kansas

5th Division, Ft. Custer, Michigan



6th Division, Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

COURTESY ARMY INFORMATION SERVICE SECOND CORPS AREA

Patch above represents new Armored Div. HQ at Fort Knox, Ky. 1st Armored Corps has Roman I in the yellow field; four other divisions (1st at Knox, 2d at Benning, 3d at Polk, 4th at Pine Camp), use Arabic Numerals.

GHQ Air Force, Bolling Fd., Wash., D. C.

## FOURTH ARMY

40th Div., Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Seventh Division, Fort Ord, Calif.

41st (Sunset) Div., Fort Lewis, Wash.

Third Division, Ft. Lewis, Washington

# OUR NEW ARMY

AFTER you've memorized the range of Army-rank insignia from the four stars on the shoulders of a full general down to the one-stripe chevron on the sleeves of a private first class, and learned to identify the branch of service and regiments by the gadgets on a soldier's lapel, there's nothing left to wonder about except the Field Army, Army Corps or Division to which he belongs. The tip-off is a colorful cloth patch on the left sleeve under the coat shoulder seam.

As pictured above, here is how your Army is set up. In each of the four Field Armies there is one or more Army Corps, each Army Corps consisting of two or more divisions. There are currently active nine Regular triangular divisions, bearing numbers under twenty-five; eighteen National Guard square divisions numbered from twenty-six to seventy-five; and two cavalry and four armored (mechanized) divisions.

The number of men in a division depends upon its type. Newly authorized strength of the square division is 22,260 officers and men; that of the modern and more mobile triangular division, 14,859 officers and men. Smallest group in a division is the squad (ten privates, a corporal and a sergeant). Three squads normally comprise a platoon; a company consists of three rifle platoons; a battalion is made up of three rifle companies and heavy weapons company (mortars, light and heavy machine guns). A regiment is composed of three rifle battalions.

Each triangular division contains three infantry regiments, four field artillery battalions, one battalion each of engineers, medical and quartermaster corps, a signal company and a reconaissance troop.

Square divisions are organized on the principle of two infantry brigades of two regiments each, and one artillery brigade of three regiments. Essential difference between the two divisional types is shortening of the chain of command. In the triangular divisions the brigade commanders have been eliminated, thus giving the division commander direct control of the infantry and artillery forming the combat teams.

Square divisions have been maintained with the idea that mes of the various National Gu would be able to return to th stations at the conclusion of t training. State and local org thus would not be completely as it would have been if the s visions had been reorganized a lar divisions. Infantry now res and fights while constantly itself in five directions—no west, south and overhead. It mains unchanged—to take ground.

### FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING No. 1 Gripe is the Arm of looking over a guy's naire to find out what at, then putting him to doi

(Continued on page 5

# hree on Spare

y Philip Clark

U RATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

**ly was so in love with e game that a full moon ed to him like just an- r bowling ball, but the d champion was able eet that challenge, too**

U know the careless way people ing words together, and when I sed to hear them say that the first ome fellow laid eyes on a certain e just bowled him over, why it unded silly. Until I actually saw pen.

I mean actually. In my very own on Main Street. I got a sweet lay- I do say it. Eight alleys with a , high-class trade, and Blaufuss s on the ground floor for a good nd just the thin sliver of a mort- n the building. And Wally Flei-

ourse, it would have to happen to Fleischer. What I mean is, I got trade like I say, but Wally really ents the profit. He's a bowling ust about every night of the week there rolling them down, league kup, and most afternoons on his ome from the plant he drops by r a string or two to keep his hand nly this particular afternoon it s foot.

come leaping up the stairs like he fraid the pins would run off and efore he got there. Not a bad- g guy except for maybe a little uch ears and elbows. And, as he ed off by the number one alley, his nded right on this little flat gadget heels we use for waxing the al- Of course it went off like greased ng, and, of course, Wally went . Arms and legs flying. He flung foot to save himself, and the foot him clean across the gutter of r one and landed smack in the of the alley. Just when this girl ber one was letting go of the ball. as really a picture. Because all 's weight was on that foot, and the ught him smack on the instep. A th plenty of steam behind it. And ere was Wally, right up in the air inning. It looked like three or mes, but I guess it was only twice. e lit first, and then the rest of him tions. It really was a picture.

girl stood there for a couple of s with her mouth open, and then ughed. I guess it was that laugh the trouble. There was Wally sit- the middle of the alley with a ok on his face, and the girl laugh- nd me behind the soft-drink r, and even Elias the pin boy fit his black sides.

ly picked himself up, very slow ying to be dignified. The girl d laughing then. At least partly. id, "I'm—I'm awfully sorry."

a laugh choked it. Wally said, ad, "You sure look sorry."

ch was dumb of him, because how she know she was going to have ns and a man to shoot at? And, y, she wasn't the kind you could talk that way to. She was a good looker. A very good looker. And if her hair wasn't exactly red, it had tendencies. She looked at Wally, and you could see that she was still trying to make allowances. She said, "I *said* I was. And I might point out that you spoiled my shot."

Wally turned around and looked down the alley. She'd got eight pins on the first shot, and left the seven pin in the deep left corner, and the six on the other side of the alley. That's an awful split. You got to nick the six pin on the outside, and make it jump clean across the alley and knock down the seven, to score the spare. Only an awful good bowler can make that shot, or an awful lucky one. Wally looked at the split, and then at the girl. He said huffily, "Sorry I spoiled such an easy one. But go right ahead."

And he stepped off the alley with a sort of sarcastic bow. The girl got kind of pink. She picked her ball off the rack, and swung it up once to aim, and took three smooth little running steps and let fly.

She had beautiful form, and I mean that any way whatever. The ball went skimming down the edge of the right-hand gutter. With just a tiny hook to the left when it hit. And the six pin went

**The ball caught him smack on the instep. And then there was Wally, right up in the air and spinning**

up spinning, and smacked the seven clean on the kisser.

Elias let out a yell, and the girl turned around with a so-there look on her face. But it was too much for Wally. He just turned on his heel and walked over to me and said, "Pop, gimme a pop."

I give him one, and he said, "Did you ever see a lucky shot like that?"

There was a crash from the number one alley, and I said, "There's another lucky one. She got a strike on that one."

Meaning she'd knocked down all ten pins on the first shot, and would get the whole count of the next two balls added to that one. I said, "That's her last frame on that string. Maybe she'll strike out."

Wally said, "She can't keep her eyes closed all the time."

There was another crash from number one. Wally choked on his drink. And again there was that ball rolling, and the crash that nothing in the world makes but ten pins flying. I said to Wally, "She's still got her eyes closed. Now maybe you'd better open yours and go look at her score."

He didn't want to, but he couldn't help himself. He wandered over to number two, like he was about to roll himself, and looked across at the girl's sheet. When he came back, he said, sort of dazed, "She's got four spares and six strikes. She scored two thirty."

I might say that anyone who averages a hundred and fifty bowling is fair, and upward of two hundred is the real class. A three hundred game is perfect and practically never happens. Wally said, "It must've been luck."

I said, "Sure. But she's been here about six times, and ain't been under two hundred yet. The girl friend ain't so much. A shaky one-twenty."

WALLY looked across at her, and a look of real reverence come across his face. And just that minute, she happened to catch both his eye and the look. Being a girl, I guess she interpreted it the way a girl would. Which was a mistake. Wally said, "I just can't believe it. Who is she?"

I said, "Name of Sally French. Moved here from Walterboro about a month ago. Used to roll in a ladies' league there. Ed Spigler told me."

Wally said, "Ed's a serious bowler. He wouldn't lie about a thing like that."

I said, "Nobody needs to lie. You just got to look."

Well, he was looking, all right. The French girl was starting another string, and she was a pleasure to see. Wally just stood there and stared, and his soul was in it. I guess the girl couldn't help knowing it. She got a little pink again, and once she missed an easy three-four spare. But she made the next one a strike. Wally said, in a sort of dazed, faraway voice, "I bet I could get her."

I thought I was hearing things. Because never in all his life had Wally Fleischer been known to be even conscious of any creature of female form. I said, "Well, I wish you luck. But ain't you off to a kind of a bad start?"

He looked at me, still sort of slap-happy, and said, "How do you mean?"

I said, "Nothing except she just knocked you flat on your kisser and you passed back words and looks by no means calculated to soothe."

Wally said, "Oh, she won't hold that against me."

Just like that! I said, "Huh! Just a case of love at first slight!"

Wally jumped like he was shot. He said, "Love! Who said anything about love? Why, she's a two hundred bowler! I got to get her for the team!"

I felt better then. Because at least he was still normal. He was talking about the Belsco bowling team, that he was captain of in the Industrial League. He loved that team like a mother yearns over a crippled child, and that ain't such a bad way of putting it, either, because the team ain't never done right by him yet. They'd lost out three years running to the Manning Bottlers, and Wally was like to die of it. Wally was the best bowler in town himself, and Billy Herman, the foreman at Belsco, was a steady, reliable one-seventy-five. And Jake Speer would've been a steady two-twenty if he could stop putting fancy touches on his form whenever there was a girl around. But that was the end of it. Belsco never had come up with a fourth man who could bowl peanuts. And here was a two-hundred bowler right under Wally's nose! But I put my foot down.

I SAID, "Now wait a minute. I'm referee of the league, and I take my duties serious. We'll skip it—she's a girl. There ain't nothing in the league rules that specifies sex. But no ringers. That's in plain writing. Only bony-fide, full-time employees."

**"Must you always announce my weight when you introduce me to your friends?"** ROLAND COE

Wally said, "That's all right. I'll get B. J. to put her on."

He was talking that offhand way about B. J. Belser, who only owns the Belsco tooling plant. He said, "By golly, I'll put it up to him right now!"

And he lit out for the stairs like a man betranced. Only passing by the number one alley he sort of checked. Sally French was just picking a ball off the rack, and for a split second they was eye to eye. He looked like he might almost speak to her, and she looked like she wouldn't mind too much if he did. It was one of those moments when a man's whole life hangs in the balance. To say nothing of a girl's. But Wally lost his nerve. He just got red and ducked.

The French girl stared after him with a funny sort of look on her face, and then she slammed the ball down the alley.

Wally didn't come back all afternoon. But he called up about ten o'clock, and I could tell right away he'd seen B. J. and it was no dice. He said, "The old horse collar won't even think of doing it. And I thought he really cared for the team!"

I said, "He just knows it ain't ethical."

Wally said, "Ethical, hell. She's a two-hundred bowler. And I bet she could type or lick envelopes or something." Then he said, "What did you say her name was?"

I said, "Sally French. You couldn't've forgot that quick."

Wally said, "All I could remember was her score."

And he hung up in a cloud of gloom.

But the next morning I heard this whoop from downstairs. It was Wally. He come busting up the steps and over to where I was polishing down the number six alley. He hollered, "We got her, Pop! We got her! I went into the front office this morning with a manifest, and what did I see sitting right there at a typewriter? Right in the Belsco front office!"

I said, "Don't keep me in suspense."

"Her!" Wally said. "Miss French! Me trying to get B. J. to hire her, and she worked for us all the time! We're all set!"

I said, "You mean she's going to bowl for you?"

Wally said, "What else would I mean?"

I said, "You mean *you* asked her?"

He said, "Well, not exactly." It seemed to shadow his joy a little. "I got Jake Speer to do it."

I looked at him. I said, "Wally Fleischer, you stand there and tell me you got Jake Speer to do that for you?"

He said, "Well, he's got a sort of a way with girls."

"That," I said, "is just what I mean."

Wally looked baffled. He said, "*What's* just what you mean?"

"Never mind," I said. "But if someone slipped up on you and switched your head for a bowling ball, who'd ever know?"

SALLY FRENCH come up with her girl friend that afternoon, and when she come over to get a soda, I congratulated her on being tapped for the Belsco bowling team. She said, not too enthusiastic, "Thanks. I guess it's quite an honor for a girl."

She sipped her drink a minute, and then she said, "Is Mr. Speer the captain of the team?"

I said, "No. Wally Fleischer is. The one you bowled for a strike yesterday."

She said, "Oh, him," in a funny sort of voice. And just that minute Wally come up the stairs. He almost lost his nerve and went right down again, but he pulled himself together and came over. He stammered something about how nice she was going to be on the team, and then he said, "How's for we roll a few strings? I got to figure what spot to give you."

She said, pretty cool, "I'm so sorry. But I promised Mr. Speer I'd meet him at five-thirty and ride out to the lake."

"Lake?" Wally said. "You mean instead of practicing?"

She said, "That's what I mean."

She put her drink down and w to her girl friend. Wally look her, and his face was the fa stricken man. He said, "But I she was a serious bowler!"

And then, very slow and "Maybe I made a mistake."

I said, "It's just possible."

BUT not about the bowling. serious enough about that come up most every evening couple of practice strings, and was Wally that give her a ride do the plant. They'd come into th with Wally talking very earne this little thing in her footwork in her follow-through, or wh take the one-six split on the the out. And then Jake Spee show up and maybe sling one how good *he* was, and carry h the lake or something. And lea to tell it to the pins.

I never did think too much But he did have a way with girl certainly was taking up a lot French's time.

I got to know her pretty well her, too. Once, when she come get a drink between strings, s "That Wally Fleischer is cer funny boy."

There's only one thing a gir by that. She means ain't it f don't pay her more mind. I sai ly's all right. It's just that bowling balls for brains."

The look she give me was jus bitter. I said, "When he carries and forth to the plant, what's about?"

She said, "Bowling."

WELL, the league season got It was really something. there with all those men didn't f a bit. She was a two hundred bo she didn't scare. It really mad a team. They battled it out Manning Bottlers all the way. make a long story short, come of the season, and there they w Mannings was one game ahead Mannings and Belscos had o match to roll. The other four te out by miles.

We got a lot of bowling fans and it really had them. It eve B. J. Belser himself. He prom team a week's vacation with pa pulled that last game out an don't ever remember as muc ment as there was around the

That afternoon, Wally a French came up for a practic took one look at Sally, and I was looking sort of pale. I got I said, "Look, maybe you b Sally just go home. She look overdrawn to me. After all, y remember she's a girl."

He said, "She's just a little

I said, "Maybe. Or maybe something on her mind."

Wally said, "Besides the g

I just give up. But I was ri I was right! Halfway through string, she missed an easy sp Wally began patiently explai what she'd done wrong. She st looking at him, and I hung counter with both hands. Sally ball off the rack and slammed on the floor. She said, "Wal cher, I'm sick of it! You hear of it!"

Wally said, "For goodness of what?"

"Bowling!" she said. "Can derstand English? Bowling! I want to see another bowling b as I live."

Wally was struggling for air. "But, Sally! But tonight's—"

"Not tonight," she said, "

### Outstanding Leadership

**Two of the reasons why more heavy-duty Internationals have been sold for the last ten years, than any other make. International 3 to 4-Ton Truck-Tractor (left); and, (right) one of the many Six-Wheel Models, dual-drive and trailing axle, with all-steel welded dump body.**

**(Below, center) International Panel Units, ½-Ton to 1-Ton, three wheelbases, carry your name with distinction.**

INTERNATIONAL

# *New* NTERNATIONAL *Trucks* *

# r Business—*For Defense!*

avy loads, bulky loads, light loads! hatever there is to haul in a Nation ose every resource and energy are ned toward defense . . . the new K-Line ernationals answer with a range of wer and performance that *blankets every cking requirement.*

Among 42 models, 142 wheelbase gths, there is a new K-Line International built to *fit every job like a glove!*

This new line meets with exactness the ent needs of today for speed and efficiency in truck transportation. Add to that unbeatable economy of the new K-Line Internationals, and you have the perfect combination for peak performance and rock-bottom hauling costs, at a time when these factors are vital.

New modern lines, advanced engineering, and driver-comfort hitherto unknown, feature these new Internationals, from half-ton delivery to giant-powered six-wheelers. Ask any International Harvester dealer or Company-owned branch about this brilliant new line.

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY**
**180 No. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois**

### Double the Payload Space

**International De Luxe Delivery Trucks, with all-steel Metro Bodies, are multi-stop champions for bulky loads.**

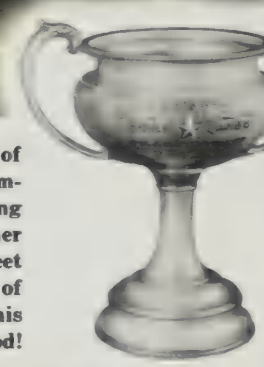
### At Home in Heavy Traffic

**(Left) International Cab-Over-Engine Models set new high standards for economical operation on crowded city streets.**

### Setting the Pace for Medium Duty

**International 1½-Ton with special panel-stake body. This and several other models take care of medium-duty requirements.**

## EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



**INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS TROPHY.** "The Blue Ribbon of the Seven Seas" is the name often given the world's championship trophy of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association. To win this cup, shown at the right, the owner of a Star Class yacht must first become champion of his Fleet—and then outsail Fleet champions from every quarter of the globe in a final series of international races. To win this cup you must be a sailor indeed; you must be better than good!

**ETHYL EMBLEM.** There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

*THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR*

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY


row night, or any night you could think of! I'm through!"

And just for good measure, she grabbed another ball off the rack and slung it at him. But her aim was terrible. And then before Wally could blink, she run off down the stairs.

Wally, he just stood there in a fog. Then he staggered over to the counter. He gasped, "Pop, this is awful! This is the most terrible thing ever happened!"

I said, "It's pretty bad."

He said, "I just got to do something."

I said, "Well, there's one thing you could do."

He looked at me, still in the fog. Then it cleared. He said, "Sure! Sure, there is! I'll send Jake Speer around! I'll get him right away!"

I just put my head down on the counter and cried.

BUT it worked. Sally showed up that night. She was pale, and there was dark rings under her eyes, and she treated Wally Fleischer like he was just an empty space between two pins. But she showed up. And she bowled.

How she bowled! Everyone else, for that matter. It was the best rolling I ever seen. Even Billy Herman crowded two hundred for the first time in his life. There was better than three hundred people crowded into the alleys, and they like to went nuts. Manning and Belsco was both red hot. They were rolling three strings for total score, and at the end of the first Manning was nine points up. And at the end of the second, Belsco had cut that lead to two.

And you couldn't hear yourself think for the hollering. I was keeping score, and I kept watching Sally French. I never saw anyone stretched as tight as she was. But it sure didn't keep her from knocking them down.

All through that last string, the two teams was strike for strike and spare for spare. And come the next to the last frame, and Sally stepped in there to roll a beautiful strike. Everybody hollered, but the Manning captain hollered loudest of all. He yelled, "She rolled out of turn!"

And by golly she had. The Manning captain kept jumping up and down and hollering, "It don't count! She rolled out of turn!"

I shoved him back in his seat. I said, "I'm refereeing this match. And I guess I know the league rules! It counts. But the next frame you got the right to call when you want her to roll."

He said, "All right. I call it now. I call for her to roll last!"

It was kind of mean, but he had the rules on his side. Sally didn't say a word. Wally went over to her, and tried to pat her on the back, but she brushed off his hand like it was poison.

They rolled down that last frame, and it was a heartbreaker. Billy Herman knocked down nine on his first shot, and then blew sky-high and missed his spare by a foot. And come Sally's turn, with all the scores in but hers, and Manning was still ahead thirteen points!

It wasn't too bad. If she got a strike, all ten pins on the first ball, she had two more chances to pick up the three to tie or the four to win. Even if she just got a spare, all ten pins on two balls, she still had one more chance to roll for those four pins. It would've been easy if it hadn't been for all that noise.

She picked her ball off the rack and stepped up there, and took her run and let go. It was a beauty, right for the one-three pocket, and everybody started to holler. But at the last second it hooked a little. Just a little bit off. The pins started falling, and three hundred people was holding one breath. And then they groaned. Because it was a split. The old six-seven nightmare. Practically impossible to make. And then there was a dead silence, only you could hear Jake Speer saying what you get for taking on a gi

I don't know if Sally heard I was looking at Wally Fleischer. "You can do it, Sally!"

She said, sort of funny, "Yo like it if I made that shot, woul Wally?"

He said, "Why, sure I would

She said, "You'd like it ju better than anything in th wouldn't you?"

He said, "Why—why, I gues

She said, "All right. I'd hate one that ruined your life."

And she turned quick and sna her ball and let fly. She didn't e to aim, but it was a honey. the six pin on the edge, an jumped over and knocked the a loop. Everybody started and down in the pit Elias wa up the pins for her last shot. she had to get was four to win

Wally grabbed her and "Sally! I knew you could do it!

She said, "You big idiot, know *anything!*"

She jerked away from snatched another ball and without even taking a run. couldn't've aimed, because she ing too hard. Wally just st with his jaw dropped. And the of staggered down the alley. three pin and sort of tipped it caromed off to the gutter, and of nudged the six over as it w that was all. Two pins down, a beat by a single point!

Sally French turned on W stamped her foot. She said, care! Do you understand? I one little bit. I hope you're s

Wally stood there looking a seemed to be struggling with He said, "Why, sure, Sally. fied."

Jake Speer jumped up. He "Well, I ain't. I said all along

Wally just reached aroun looking and give him a sho said, "Oh, Wally! You mean *care*—"

Wally said, "Listen—"

BUT just then Elias down in out this awful yell. And we around. And there was the still rolling! Under the rules, i live wood. It swung around butt hit the one pin. And the gered and went over, and hit and the two the four, and then all down: Ten on the spare a won!

You never heard such a n then worse than that, because hollered "Fire!" and there smoke coming up the stairs. just a trash can in the entranc pin boys had out in three shak

Only when the smoke cle could really see how things st was hanging onto their husb husbands was hanging onto they could reach, and Jake hanging onto his own pet bo and Wally and Sally was har each other. Maybe they k hundred people was watching you can't prove it by me. been more than a minute, seemed to have covered a lot Then Wally pulled back a litt terribly serious, "But there's we got to get settled. There's we got to have an understandi

Sally looked almost scared. "What is it, Wally?"

"That last shot," Wally sa last shot you made. You go that wasn't bowling. You go that was just rank luck!"

Sally said, "Oh, I do!"

And it sure sounded like shot to me.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

## Hell from on High

Continued from page 12

. Requisition all means of trans- mediately—motor vehicles, bi- and horsecarts.

re must be no individual looting. ks are to be seized immediately. re important stocks of booty will ediately reported to the regi-

divisional commander has for- the wearing of English uniforms. ill be so instructed.

ps will be made familiar with tle area by careful map study. mes of neighboring units are to d into every man. It must be as each man had jumped into his ntry. Tasks and objectives will ed into the men word for word. ts and company commanders ntinue reminding troops of the es.

ps must again be emphatically against hysterical firing in view mmunition situation."

documents disclose the German e for organization but they re- the German's lack of imagina- d his inability to improvise—a s which the German high com- ecognizes by drilling Nazi troops ully in their parts as Radio City es. One of these days some- going to surprise the Germans tuation that their ballet masters o foresee and when that time t will be the turning point in the inst Germany.

### Air Control is Essential

oremost lesson Crete taught is superiority—a canopy of planes off the enemy bombers, para- arriers and fighter machines— insured before operations on the below can succeed. But first e a look at Crete, its position, phy and size. The island lies sth of the Aegean Archipelago ut sixty miles southeast of the most points of the Grecian Pelo- s and an average of about one miles by air from the Greek d airports. The island is ap- tely 160 miles long and about iles at the widest point.

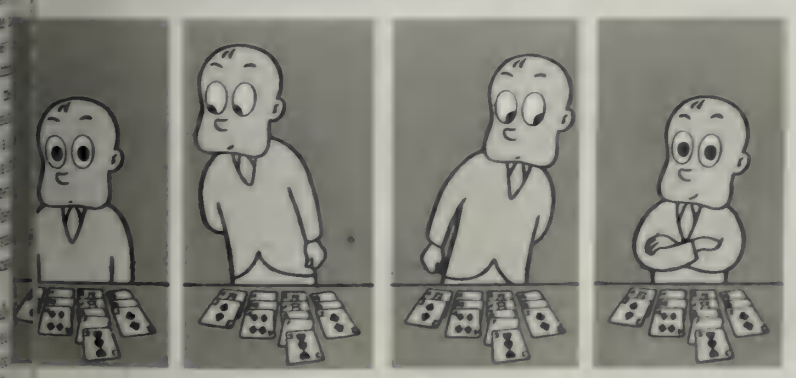
nly about 225 miles by air from n Cretan airport at Herakleion north shore of the island to on the northern Libyan coast, e British hold what have been w impregnable positions.

dition to Herakleion there are also at Retimo and Meleme, the north shore, the first east of y where there is a naval base od harbor, and the other on the end of the island. A single road the towns, running the periph- e island which is ribbed longi- y by a high range of mountains that tumble down to the sea to the north and south in rugged, heavily wooded hills. There are no clear areas that could be used as emergency landing fields. The only airports available to the Royal Air Force were those at Meleme, Herakleion and Retimo and these the Germans began bombing two days before they invaded with paratroops. The R.A.F. was obliged to clear out or lose their machines, and thereafter what air support the defenders of Crete got was what could be flown from the African mainland, and it's a lot farther from Crete to R.A.F. bases in the western desert and on the Nile than it is from Greece to Crete or Crete to Tobruk.

Air support for Crete therefore was impossible and the British lost Crete even before the desperate hand-to-hand fighting on land began. The Germans were able to keep the air over Crete filled with planes, which bombed all attempts of the Royal Navy to bring reinforcements to the island by sea. The harbors were filled with sunken or half-sunken merchantmen laden with guns and ammunition. In one action the British lost one light cruiser and three destroyers and there was no doubt the losses in merchant shipping were relatively high. The Royal Navy did heroic work, however, in evacuating at least 15,000 of the British troops which were brought to Crete from Greece at the end of April.

Since, to have properly covered every part of the island with troops deployed to meet every possible surprise attack would have required from 100,000 to 150,000 troops, the British started with the double handicap of inadequate air support as well as a large deficit in ground troops. Once the Nazis had made the island untenable for the R.A.F. they began plastering it with bombs. They bombed every square mile of the island, planting bombs with the methodical monotony of coolies planting rice. They bombed and machine-gunned civilians and troops, and one Australian officer who survived the worst of it told me that it was worse than anything he had experienced in the World War of twenty-five years ago when great numbers of guns of various calibers rained shells on men for days at a time.

From general bombing the Germans then reverted to bombing small restricted areas to clear the ground of defenders and facilitate the landing of their parachutists. This sort of bombing was immediately followed by the scattering of the deadly fragmentation bombs and then machine-gunning, the planes coming low and the pilots seeking out their targets in the bush and the olive groves and the gullies with a ferocity unequaled so far in this war. Bren guns didn't stop them. "Sometimes the bullets clipping rocks and branches and



Dummy CROCKETT JOHNSON


## "The Tougher They Come . . ."

**J. RICHARD ROCKIAW** is a man of determined purpose. "When you get into a difficulty, take the short way out," says he. And he praises to his weaker half the merits of "a good strong purge."

**BUT THE WEAKER HALF** has ideas too. "You and your caveman cures! 'Give old constipation a right to the jaw,' says you. Did it ever occur to you to get at the *cause* and *correct* it?"

**"FOR INSTANCE,** my dear?"

"For instance, this crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It has just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet."

**"SAY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW?** Darn it, it *does* taste good! If ALL-BRAN can make you 'Join the Regulars,' make way for a place in the front rank!"

"Not so fast, my bold one," says she. "It takes a little time. You must eat ALL-BRAN every morning, and drink plenty of water."

**Join the "Regulars" with**

***Kellogg's All-Bran***

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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# Two shoulders *to the same wheel*

When you buy a General Motors car there are several things you may take for granted.

It is a good piece of engineering, well-designed and well-made. It is a good value for the money. It will keep running years on end. When you are done with it, it finds a ready market.

These are only highlights, yet even these call for far more than General Motors research and manufacturing resources, essential as they are.

They involve the skilled collaboration of some 18,000 local businessmen, General Motors dealers, whose job it is to bring our cars to market and serve the customers who buy them.

Without such collaboration volume would be less and prices higher, in vicious spiral; research impeded; reliable repair and maintenance service hard to find; your used car a drug on the market.

Under such handicaps the automobile would never have grown to be the serviceable instrument of transportation for millions that it is today.

That is why we say that in the endeavor to give you greater value and greater satisfaction from your automobile dollars, General Motors dealers put their shoulders to the same wheel with ours.

That is why we call them partners in progress with GM, and with the communities in which they live.

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# LAPS THE FIELD AT INDIANAPOLIS—

**but couldn't pass the "bite zone" in his pipe!**

# Five Different Tobaccos Cut Five Different Ways—

**means no "bite-zone" with Revelation**

**Perique** (champagne of tobaccos)
+
**Burley** (cool burning)
+
**Carolina** (adds sparkle)
+
**Virginia** (rich flavor)
+
**Latakia** (spicily aromatic)

HERE'S the story that's switching *thousands* from *so-called* pipe mixtures containing only *one* or *two* tobaccos:

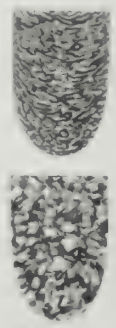
*Five* great tobaccos—a *real,* balanced blend—make REVELATION infinitely cooler—milder—richer-tasting! Each tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each tobacco is cut separately to the special size and shape that makes ALL FIVE *blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

That's why REVELATION smokes sweet clear to the bottom of your pipe bowl—with *gloriously different flavor and complete freedom from bite!*

15¢ POCKET TIN

**Ordinary mixture:** Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down—retain heat—often cause soggy heel.

**Revelation:** Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes"—burns more evenly, coolly.



REVELATION
PIPE MIXTURE

*A Product of PHILIP MORRIS*


men all about you sounded like the chatter of a million lawn mowers all at once," Geoff said.

And then came the paratroops. At first the British held their own. They fought in packs, hunting the parachutists down as you hunt boar, with the same merciless viciousness with which you hunt boar, one of the most dangerous of animals when trapped or wounded. For two or three days from May 20th when the paratroops started coming the slaughter was incredible and there was hope the Germans might fail. The Royal Navy crushed a German attempt to make a large-scale landing by sea in caïques, little Greek kayaks, and larger ships. But the Nazis increased the rhythm, set the pace up to a maddening beat and the paratroops began dropping out of the sky in overwhelming numbers. Their methods warrant the attention of any country building a paratroop army.

### The Paratroop Technique

The parachutists were as well drilled and as well articulated as the backfield of a crack football team. Every man knew his job to the point that thought processes were unnecessary. He came out of his plane and, if he survived the sniping, was out of his parachute harness almost the moment he struck the ground. Often the British found they were receiving reasonably well placed fire from paratroops two minutes after they'd landed.

Each section leader or officer had a different colored parachute from the troops or if the parachutes were camouflaged the leaders would have chutes with special identifiable markings. The men rallied about their officers immediately they had landed, freed themselves from their chutes and gathered up the equipment dropped with them. The troops came down armed with submachine guns, automatic pistols and hand grenades. They carried no rations but were supplied with compact containers which carried an emergency medical kit, cigarettes, chocolate, writing materials and three regular army issue contraceptives.

Upon landing, the section leader fired a white Very light to indicate all's well. He'd fire a red Very light if his section had run into trouble. A cluster of three white lights from the Very pistols would indicate "We have gained our objective."

When the leaders fired red Verys, planes would arrive almost immediately over the region. The paratroops signaled what they wanted. They called for ammunition or direct assistance and they got what they wanted—mortars dropped in sections in long, shock-proofed aluminum containers—or machine guns or grenades. Or if the paratroopers required it fighter planes would intensify the light ground bombing or strafing of the objectives the paratroops had been assigned to take.

The big Junkers troop carriers spilled thirty men at a time. They didn't do so well with their gliders. These carried seven to ten men each with equipment. Most of them pancaked in the trees or fields. Those the defenders didn't get as they came down they got later with Mills bombs and machine guns. The Germans couldn't manipulate the gliders as accurately as they could the planes, and frequently the gliders ran into ambushes.

"But they did all right with the Junkers," Geoff said. "I saw 167 planes land on one of the dromes on the second day of the fighting. They came right down. There was nothing we could do to stop them. I timed the planes. None stayed longer than two minutes. We couldn't leave our positions to attack. We were being held there by the strafers. To have changed would have been su[illegible] certain death. And we couldn't [illegible] reinforcements up on the single [illegible] The Germans chewed it constantly [illegible] machine-gun bullets—and there [illegible] are."

The Germans dropped light fiel[illegible] tillery in sections by parachute. [illegible] dropped no tanks, though there [illegible] scores of stories that they had. Ag[illegible] the German artillery the British [illegible] very few guns, most of them cap[illegible] Italian seventy-fives. And the B[illegible] had few tanks. The 150 the Britis[illegible] had in Greece were left behind [illegible] being put out of action.

For that matter, it wasn't till t[illegible] the end of the fighting that all [illegible] troops defending Crete had rifles. [illegible] the last couple of days there wer[illegible] men on the island still unarmed. [illegible] Germans struck before the Britis[illegible] time to be ready although as lo[illegible] three weeks before the German [illegible] saulted Crete Winston Churchil[illegible] mitted that there had been [illegible] concentrations of German plan[illegible] southern Greece and that these c[illegible] trations had been effectively b[illegible] by the R.A.F. Yet in the three [illegible] between the time they evacuated [illegible] and the Germans struck at Cre[illegible] British were unable to amass the [illegible] and men on the island essential [illegible] successful defense. For this the[illegible] be only one reason short of cr[illegible] neglect of bald facts and it is tha[illegible] ain could not rob the Nile defen[illegible] save Crete and that General Sir [illegible] bald Wavell, operating under han[illegible] that would have broken lesser m[illegible] fused to rob Peter to pay a d[illegible] Paul.

The Greek campaign, which re[illegible] men and materials that were [illegible] needed in the Nile and for the d[illegible] of North Africa, had already we[illegible] the force of the Middle Eas[illegible] have shipped large quantities o[illegible] and ammunition and planes to [illegible] would have been tragic. Wave[illegible] perhaps sacrificed Crete to save Eg[illegible] any rate he refused to embark [illegible] another large-scale venture pred[illegible] like those in Norway and Gre[illegible] failure.

### Working Model of Invasi[illegible]

Tragic as the Crete affair [illegible] wasn't completely a debacle. T[illegible] who died there didn't altogether [illegible] vain. Maybe Crete saved Englar[illegible] For there is no doubt in the minds c[illegible] who saw the Cretan show that t[illegible] German invasion of Crete was a sma[illegible] working model of an invasion [illegible] land. But Hitler lost in the inva[illegible] Crete his greatest weapon next [illegible] airplane and the tank. He lost [illegible] element of surprise.

British tacticians know now p[illegible] how an air-borne invasion opera[illegible] they have learned lessons the[illegible] And the German drive on Cr[illegible] costly. "We butchered them [illegible] thousands," Geoff told me and he [illegible] as though he'd gotten a few [illegible] And it will be some time before t[illegible] mans can recuperate from the [illegible] Crete. It's not known how man[illegible] they lost but they must have s[illegible] up scores on the rocky beac[illegible] badly surfaced airports and m[illegible] lost others from antiaircraft a[illegible] gun fire.

And the other day the R.A.F [illegible] tons of bombs on the airport at [illegible] and from the air photos I've see[illegible] debris the R.A.F. left behind t[illegible] lost at least forty ships in that [illegible] The defense of Crete started [illegible] twentieth and it collapsed [illegible] twenty-eighth and they were [illegible] the most expensive eight day [illegible] has sustained since the war star[illegible] the other hand Crete is gone.

# The Barrier

Continued from page 17

early this evening. I'll come out
e."

lissa said to her father, "You can't
e Scott Hamlen by talking to him.
e better be going." And she turned
r father and led him away.

Oakley place was four miles out
Long Lake Road. Hamlen drove
ar into the barnyard. He left it,
d to the house and knocked on the
n door. There was no answer. After
nute or so he tried again and then
d in, calling for Tom Oakley.

ere was a smell of sweet grass in the
en. The stove held no fire, but the
of the day was heavy in the room
lies fussed at the windows. The
seemed to be waiting—the two big
s, the sofa with the rug cover, the
laces set for supper at the long
He was about to sit down on the
when the back door opened and
sa came in. She was carrying a
lled with raspberries.

put the berries down on the side-
before she spoke: "I saw your
ather's up the road talking to the
alls. He'll be back soon."

was wearing a white, starched,
less dress now, and her bare arms
ich and dark against the white.

turned from the sideboard with-
aving it and said, "I was wonder-
you would come out." She spilled
erries out of the box into a pie
t and began working through them,
ing the few brown, curled leaves.
she said, unexpectedly, "What are
ings behind you, Scott, that make
ight alone this way—against us

nlen sat on the edge of the table.
lled out a cigarette and smoothed
veen his fingers. He was curious to
how she had guessed that much
e thought of telling her the things
d kept for so long to himself—the
hings of the past, which still both-
is dreams. A city childhood for a
hose heart was still in the land of
th—this deep land of woods. He
een his father's broken spirit
d back each night after factory
o a hole in the city block of build-
which was called home. He had
he way men had had to fight to
their heads above the flood. He
arned early that help came from
—and you were a sap to give help
ers.

swung away from the table. Why
l he try to justify himself before
l? The past in a man's life would
count with her—it would be a
He said, in answer to her ques-
I'm making a living."

had finished with the berries, and
tood there that way for a minute,
ware of the other—both suddenly
ous that they were alone there in
ouse.

t said, "I guess I'm early," and
ce sounded strained.

saw Melissa leaning back against
deboard. The violet light from
es reached him and he felt him-
llow that light. He stepped to-
er. He saw her hand lift to stop
He knew her hand held no
h. He moved closer to her and
r hand on his chest—felt it give
the force of his body. Her head
k in his arm and he kissed her.
was no tenderness in that kiss—
hard, crushing—and her kiss was
ng as his.

pulled away, suddenly, angrily—
ger she had for herself including

eard Tom Oakley out in the yard talking to the dog. His voice rumbled nearer as he walked toward the house.

Melissa said, standing there in front of him, the anger strong in her voice, "This shouldn't have happened! You think I let you come out for this."

"I asked myself out—to see you."

As she started to speak, they heard Tom Oakley outside, shouting. His voice had gone high with alarm:

"Millie! Millie! Is Hamlen here? For God's sake, tell him to come out here."

Hamlen turned from Melissa and went out the door. He ran across the yellow grass to Oakley standing at the corner of the barn. The old man pointed up the valley to the hills across the river.

It was almost as if Hamlen had expected it. He saw in the distance a faint smudge of gray smoke.

Oakley said, "I saw it when I was coming from the barn with Gyp. She's got a quick start in that dry stuff."

"That's on my land," Hamlen said, "that's my woods that's burning."

Oakley looked at him for a second but he said nothing.

"I'm going up there," Hamlen said. "There's a lot of good wood in there. . . . Look! There's a strong wind driving it!"

Even as they were talking there, the smudge had broadened and blobs of dirty gray smoke rolled upward into the sky.

Hamlen ran to his car. He put his hand to the starter button. He glanced around impatiently at Oakley's knob-knuckled hand on the door opposite him. "I can't wait, Oakley. I'll see you later."

Oakley fumbled at the door. "Hell, how do you open this thing? You got shovels and axes in back?"

Hamlen nodded. Then, for the first time it struck him that Oakley meant to go with him. He turned and stared at the old man, a little bewildered.

"I'm not asking you to come."

Oakley said, "You don't have to. You'll be needing all the help you can get."

Melissa was running toward the car. She said, coming to her father's side, "I called Harry Turner at the lookout tower. Colson said he had already gone up to the fire. There are sixty CCC boys coming by truck from Schoodic. He said to tell you to leave the car at Dorman's—there's no road in right there."

As Hamlen turned out onto Long Lake Road he wasn't thinking for the moment about the fire. He was thinking of Melissa Oakley and this silent, spare man beside him. They both despised him and yet, apparently, it had never occurred to either of them to let him go up there alone.

AT FIRST he had thought when he saw a car pull out of Marshall's in front of him and another draw in behind from Frye's that these farmers were going up to the fire in case they had to protect their own land. And later, when he saw the headlights of many other cars moving along the lake road toward the fire, he had told himself bitterly that the people of that town had come out just to watch his timber go up in smoke.

But he had been wrong. Since then he had seen things happen. He had seen seventy, eighty men working, sweating beside him; he had seen others come to the warden and ask how they could help—men from town he had never laid eyes on before.

And slowly, reluctantly, the realization had come to him that there was something beyond and bigger which had brought these men out here. This was

his personal emergency, but it was being met by a united front.

This didn't strike him in so many words—rather, it was built up of a series of shifting impressions: Jim Parlow, his soft, barber hands torn by brush, wrapping a piece of shirt around them so as to get a better hold on his shovel. He saw big Will Libby, the storekeeper, his fat, rolling neck red with heat, his lips open to get breath for a bad heart, clearing along the fire break with the speed of the best of the choppers. He saw Shorty Norcross, a lobster fisherman from downriver, lead a gang in to control a runaway backfire. He saw Mr. Newcome, the Methodist minister, riding his bicycle along the woods road to bring axes and shovels to the men up front. Someone told Hamlen that the minister had been attending evening services when the alarm came and he had shouted to everybody there to get up to the fire, that they could do more up there than praying in church. Once Hamlen and Phil Coffin had carried a CCC boy, who got an ax through his foot, back to Dorman's and there he had seen the kitchen, bright with lights, filled with women making coffee and sandwiches for the men.

These were the quick pictures that he knew, as they registered one by one, he would never forget.

BY NINE o'clock that night the situation was this: The fire had already jumped the first state-maintained north-and-south break, had worked down the eastern slope of Shaticook Ridge and was now rolling along on a vast front, several miles broad, toward Long Lake Road, the Union River and the farm lands at the other side of the river. Between it and the farms lay two more fire lines—one maintained by the Hamlen Pulpwood Company—the other was the river.

Harry Turner called together all men he could find at the southern end of the Hamlen break. He said to them, but looking at Hamlen in the light of twenty, thirty lanterns and flashlights: "This is the last chance, boys. We'll have to stop her here. If we don't . . ."

"How about the river?" someone asked.

"There's no water in the river."

"Well, blow up Hamlen's dam! There's enough water behind that dam in Long Lake to drown this country."

Turner said, quietly, "It's too late. I sent Milt Dorr up, but he couldn't get through—the fire's jumped the road a few miles up."

Hamlen said, "What orders did you give him, Turner?"

"To blow up your dam."

Hamlen said, "I'll do the ordering, Turner, when it concerns my property. There's six thousand cords of pulpwood on the bank below the dam. The fire is all this side of that. But if the dam is opened, there'd be no water to get that wood out of there."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Turner said, "Your dam's safe, Hamlen—no one can get to it."

A man came running through the woods from the west. They heard him shouting and they saw his lantern jiggling through the trees. "She's coming!" he shouted. "The wind shifted and she's scaling through the tops of the trees."

Hamlen said, "Turner, is there any chance of stopping her here?"

"Not a chance—we got to see that the men get out first."

Will Libby, standing near them, shouted, "There she is, boys!"

To the west the sky suddenly went yellow, and against the black clouds of smoke, new flames reached high and they heard the roar, as if all the waterfalls on earth were coming down on them.

"Let's get out of here," Turner said.

Hamlen saw the men running down the woods road. He stayed, looking back at the fire. It had spread to the south and it seemed to him the whole country was on fire. It seemed that nothing could stop it. It would go on and on, marching through the woods, jumping the dry bed of the river, sweeping into the farm lands—into the town.

And then, standing there alone in this burning world, he thought of these men who had worked there beside him—for him. All their work was useless now. He had lost his woods—they would lose their lands, their homes.

Then something seemed to break through him, and all the things he had not understood became clear. There was only one thing he could do now. There was only one sure way to stop this fire before it burned out the people who lived in its path. His dam had to be opened. That impounded water which he claimed for his own use had to be released for the use of the many—for this town he lived in.

He caught up to Turner on Long Lake Road near the bridge over the Union River above Dorman's. Here the smoke, two miles from the fire, dipped low and there were yellow rings around the lanterns and the car headlights. Men coughed. Cars were getting out of there.

Hamlen called Turner aside. He said, "I'm going to try to get up to the dam. I think I can get through—with my car. She's fast."

Turner laughed. "You're crazy."

"If I can't get through," Hamlen said, "I'll turn around and come back. Let me have a dozen sticks of dynamite. I'll blow up the dam. That'll give us a real head of water."

Turner looked at him skeptically. "Sure," he said, "if you get through. . . ."

THERE were places along the road to the dam where the smoke was thin and along these stretches Hamlen opened up his car, hitting sixty, seventy. Always to the left and above the trees there was that red glow in the sky.

He saw the deserted Hamlen lumber camps on the left and the headlights gleamed for an instant on a wind-blown undershirt on the line. Then he saw fire ahead.

Hamlen slowed down. This looked like a thin peninsula of fire which had been in the van of the main body when the wind was from the west, but when the wind shifted, the main body had turned south, leaving this peninsula somewhat on its own. It had worked up through a narrow ravine and the fire was kept narrow by a granite ledge on the south and the wind from the north. If this peninsula of fire was no wider than the ravine, its thickness through on the road would be about fifty yards.

He could make it, if that was all there was beyond. He had to make it, even if there was more beyond.

He edged the car forward slowly, feeling the heat against the windshield. He closed both side windows. He remembered that the road was straight here.

HE THREW the car into second gear. Then he tramped down on the gas. He said, "All right, babe—see if you're any good." The car shot forward, forty, fifty, sixty—in second. Instinctively he ducked his head when he saw the sparks lean in bright lines against the windshield. The road ahead seemed to dip into the fire, like a road fording a river. But this river was deep and hot. He smelled the scorch of paint and thought of the heat on the tires. The headlights paled against the brilliance. He felt the car sway once with the up-draft of hot air. Then, suddenly, he was through—in a clear, cool wind from the north and with starlit sky above. He stopped in the peaceful night at the other side of the fire and looked over his car. Then he went on.

It took twenty minutes to make the fifteen miles—slow for the car and his nerves—but fast for this dirt road. He turned the car around before parking. It was two hundred yards in through heath country to the dam. The spotlight picked up the long dark earth-and-timber construction of the dam.

He climbed down the embankment. Halfway down, on the near side, he worked a hole with the handle of a long shovel into the earth. Into this he lowered ten half-pound sticks of dynamite, the last one capped and wired. Then he sifted earth into the hole gently—and tamped it, gently. There was a cool breeze from the lake and he realized that it was the first time that day he had been cool. He felt very cool, almost cold, as he brought the wires out and led them back thirty yards. He connected the wires to the coil switch box.

Without hesitation, without thinking, he jammed the switch home into the head of the box and saw out of the tail of his eye the quick, yellow flame at the dam. The whole dark mass of earth and powder smoke lifted into the night, broke high into the air, timbers end-over-ending. Pieces of the mass began falling back, plunging into the lake, rattling on the ground. The dark, wind-beaten lake seemed to curve ur pall of blast smoke and slip in solid wall of water to the dry the river below.

For the second he held one th and kept all others out. This water would roar down the gor trolled by the high banks, reached the low country. There fan out, overflowing the land, the dry earth, flooding the fie forming a barrier between the the town.

Hamlen drove back along t south.

He crossed the bridge over dead bed of the Union River. head of water would pour do river, and take this bridge out were no cars along the road as looking for Harry Turner's Through the smoke ahead of hir the lights from Dorman's and along until he came to the yard Turner's truck parked in the many other cars.

He called for the warden an ran up to him and shouted, "I Hamlen! Hey, Scott Hamlen'

"Where's Turner?" Scott ask

"Up in the kitchen—he got hurt."

Hamlen saw men come ou house to him. Someone shout Scottie—did you get to the dar

HAMLEN made his way thr crowd at the door. He saw bright with lights that hurt hi and there were many women around. He saw Melissa Oakl other side of the room turn window and look at him. Her e big from the strain of looking the dark. A quick, relieved sm to her lips.

Hamlen turned to look for the He saw him at the sink, his held under the running faucet looked over his shoulder, a questioningly at Hamlen. Ham him the answer without delay. "Better send someone down t men out of the lowlands—ther coming down the river."

A cheer went up in that hot room. Three men ran to the lowed by Turner, holding a tow his hand. They shouted, "Wat ing downriver. Scott got throu dam!" And he heard them clu the steps, shouting as they r river.

Across the room he saw Mel ley move from the window to He stood there, deep in the cro ing questions, hearing a was his voice answer those Through a window in back o he saw the angry red of the sky and there the quick reach of Soon that flame and its broth die at the river.

He saw Melissa, only a few now. And then, she was be She said, so those near them c without effort. "We were all for you, Scott, when we heard were doing." Then, quietly, alone, "But *I* wasn't. I was k fingers crossed—and praying."

He looked at her. He sa were you praying for, Melissa

He saw color come to her ch her eyes held no anger. An from the beginning they had to speak to each other with he saw her answer. The thing happened to him that day— he had lost and the things he h added up in his mind, and he tent.

A woman near them cried, and ran to the window.

From the valley below cam of the Union River as it tore a in full flood.

**"An' then, Doc, he gimme a dirty look an' I . . . I tore up th' ticket!"**

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## Advance Agent

Continued from page 23

on his mind. Something had come up that would occupy him for a little while. He wouldn't come for her before dinner; there wouldn't, in fact, be any dinner. He would come at nine. Anxiously, would that be all right?

"Of course," she said. And the more so if he would ask for more.

He swept her into his arms and kissed her—with, a critic might have said, insufficient ardor. But he whispered, "Tonight was to have been different. Make it not too different! It can still be our announcement." She pressed against him but he wasn't noticing. "I've got to go. I'll come for you at nine."

BOTH nettled and amused, she followed him into the hall. He called, "Constance!" Connie answered from the sweater shop and came out into the hall, Bill Jay following her—these days he was all but taking his meals here. Connie put on antagonism at sight of her father.

"I expect you to come to the dance tonight," Lynn said.

"Well . . ." Connie said uncertainly. Then: "Why should I?"

Lynn's sharp, "Because my house is yours too," only hardened Connie's chin; but Gail said, "Of course you will, Connie."

Connie glared at her as if she had betrayed a confidence but said, "All right. Only—ask Bill too."

Lynn looked indifferently at Bill Jay, said, "By all means. Of course. I'll see all of you tonight, then," and went away.

Connie snorted, "That's pretty noble. Considering that he has never forgotten a single unkind word anyone ever wrote about him."

"The press don't count," Bill said. "He just thinks of me as the paid agent of a corrupt sensationalism."

They went back to the bookshop and Connie sprawled on a bench. "Anyway, you'll meet the Social Register tonight. Got a cummerbund, sahib?"

"Sure. Got an evening dress, Toots?"

Connie shot off the bench to stand six inches from him, raging: "That's enough Toots! Sure, I'm just a Martha Case College girl, and that's a laugh in any man's life. Sure, I'm as bloodless as a figure on your radiator cap. You can call the hat-check girl Toots, but I won't take it any—"

Bill caught her wrist behind her back and looked over her head at Gail. "Too many movies about the tiger-woman, maybe? How do we treat it?"

"I don't know, Bill," Abigail said, amused. "I'm from your generation and we hadn't read much about the war between the sexes." Connie was straining away from him, her blond curls tumbled. "She's being primitive. I'd say you haven't got a chance."

"Primitive!" Connie gasped. "Who's subduing his woman by brute force?"

Bill let her go and Connie looked deeply gratified. This flagrant, athletic love-making seemed charming and appropriate—better than the obscure contradictions that passed for love-making between herself and Lynn.

"Okay, you're an Eagle Scout now," Bill said. "No more Toots."

"I should hope not—after all those midnights on the trail." She beamed at Gail. "See how he's softening up? Get down a bet on me."

"About that evening dress," he said. "It's a simple fact. I don't know how you look in skirts. Why not try a couple of yards of witchery for once?"

Connie went defensive again: "I've told you why. Pants are chea wear pants. The great man ca me go to his dance like a good da but he doesn't get a chance to ke

"We don't stock evening d Gail said. "She'll have to see w can do with one of mine."

"Oh, I don't know," Connie off at a tangent. "I take theory sign at Martha Case College looked around the shop, eying r hangings. She got up, stood on and took down one of the cur strip of dark blue chintz with w zelles printed on it. She was w trivial play suit. She unfaste stepped out of it, stood for a in still more trivial brassière an and began to drape the curtain herself. "A pin!" she demanded it in here, Gail." She kicked train behind her, and said, "The make an exotic note. Well, is th ery?"

"Primitive was the word I use said.

"You strip pretty good," Bill

It was all carefree and deli lighthearted moment amon friends who had nothing to them. Gail was to look back o disbelief, marveling that the have been so lighthearted ab thing.

As evening came on, a warm, impatience possessed her, th nuptial mood in which she ha for Manchester. But tonight last, she knew what she want would not wear that white dres been a bad omen. She dressed eagerness of a girl, and went d —to wait for Lynn.

Then the telephone rang a was saying, "I'm sorry, my dea come for you. You won't min with Constance."

There was nothing to do b and he hung up.

IN THE big library upstairs L vil narrowly watched Mathil ler and the man who called him Page. Both of them had tri clude him from this interview had been obliged to make a mand. He had had to point o was now indispensable—that stances had brought him clos heart of their business than been any intention of letting The fact was that not only the these two but the success of vast enterprises lay in the his hand. A sense of power stimulated his nerves, and take care to remind them tha now be granted equality w Equality or even more. . . . He no trouble with Mathilde— over her the whip of an old en old relation which she would resume. But what about Pag had to admire his casehard posure, the competence with had mastered an unexpected The man's escape showed hi his behavior since showed th an ingenious tactician. He midable! Well, he would the ily see the need of an ally.

They were listening to a ne cast from Berlin. Scovil kne fully, that they heard somet which he could not hear—th tions for various centers in were somehow coded in the and phraseology of the news not been admitted to that co

Page was wholly absorbe tained his appearance of ass

o re. But Mathilde had relaxed none f ne tension she had been showing v since her arrival. She was concen- ad on the voice coming from the ac as if life itself depended on it. As it did.

e broadcast ended. Finally, Page a "You understood it, *Gräfin?*"

spoke in German and Scovil said ay, "Speak English."

athilde said, "Enough of it." She a a surface control but Scovil could e her inner agitation. Was she fr d of Page? If so, that was further vi nce of Page's importance. But co l could take care of him.

Field was taken," Page said, and Ia ilde answered, "He got to New r ns and took a plane to St. Louis, h e he had a reservation for Detroit. e ever got to Detroit. He must have e taken at St. Louis."

oo bad." There was no emotion in a s voice. "But they have heard ot ng about me and they are inquir- g They have been inquiring all the m I was in arrest? Can you let them n I have got here?"

S nodded. "From New York. It o l be better, of course, to have von recht—"

es. Everything hinges on von recht. You will arrange for me g to Detroit tomorrow, *Gräfin.*"

I as a command, cold and colorless. n it gave Scovil the greatest satis- c n. For that was his ace. It was e ower which circumstances had v him. Page could know nothing n ver about von Weitbrecht, and e Mathilde could not know what d appened. Everything hinged not n n Weitbrecht but upon Lynn Sco- l.

ave New York tell them what has p ned to me," Page directed. "Re- r hat I was taken at Bermuda, es- p , and have got through. Report i Köchlin on his way to Detroit. o ave some papers for me, *Gräfin?*"

on't use my title in America, Herr in." He bowed: "Fräulein, then."

S gave him a manila envelope. He o l it open and began to study its n ts, going through them without s Some pages he put in his pock- s, me he left on the desk. Scovil w hat Mathilde's full attention was n ntrated on him. There was no u till he had finished, when he d his hands on the desk, and sat o g at Mathilde. When he spoke w as if he were presiding at a court- a l. "Not all of them are here. h have you to say about that, Fräu- n!

ONLY one who knew Mathilde as well Scovil did would have perceived a he relaxed a little. She was just r tibly more confident and ani- a in the big leather chair—her o German fairness resplendent in a a dress, her body smoothing to its t l and subtle lines. Scovil became o intent, suddenly understanding a Mathilde had not been altogether n that something had been with- d s a check on Köchlin's identity.

"You see, Herr Köchlin, I was told to e ou the envelope—not what was in don't know anything about it. a between you and the company."

"I m not rebuking you, Fräulein." ö n's courtesy had a sharp edge. "l e telephone the company to- g to send the rest at once. Tell e m—" He stood up and into his face e an impersonal condemnation so m te that it jarred even Scovil's m cency. His voice was quiet but s ned to give off venom: "I was o ed—Field was captured—what is i gon, Fräulein Winkler? Do you p e they do not wonder about that h e? Do you think I have not been n ring? Now some of my papers are taken from an envelope it was your duty to hold for me. What is going on in your organization? Who is tampering, where is the leak, which of you is a traitor?"

Mathilde had gone white and Scovil could see her quivering under her dress. "But we knew nothing about you! We were told you were coming. Then you were ten days late. Two telegrams! Then Lynn's phone call. You might be—"

"You took it on yourselves to withhold some of my instructions?"

"There must be some check on you," she said, with none of the defiance Scovil would have expected. Köchlin said, "I am going to Detroit tomorrow, and those papers must be here before I go, Fräulein, if any of you in New York are in love with comfort." Mathilde nodded, her eyes submissive, and Scovil felt his scalp prickle, for this man was truly formidable! Not only had he at once detected the ruse practiced on him but in thirty seconds he had cowed Mathilde Winkler, whom no one had ever cowed.

"YOU have told us nothing, Herr Köchlin," Mathilde said. "Nothing had been told us from the beginning. Only that you were on your way."

"I am not to confide in messengers or—" his cold blue eyes went to Scovil with a disdain for which Scovil was determined to require payment, "or in casual station keepers on an underground railway." He sat down again, aloof, his voice edged with contempt: "I will tell you this, Fräulein. I am to advise von Weitbrecht in the matter of September first. But also it looks as if I must do Field's job. That was"—the barbed voice slowed—"to see if something could be done to repair the intolerable stupidities your people have been committing, Fräulein. The succession of preposterous failures. The wrecked plans, the wasted money, the stupid ineptness—whatever it is that is endangering our war here."

Her breasts rose in the bodice of her gown, and her face was frightened. "You do not understand. Is it supposed in Germany that the Americans are all fools? Dreadful things have been happening—"

"Yes? That is what I propose to hear about."

"We have lost so many!" Her fine hands locked in her lap. "Without warning or trace! The wonder is we have been able to keep going. And now, within the last week—" the small hands were suddenly thrust out. "You are not the only one who has been in danger, Herr Köchlin. In a week, San Francisco, Paterson, Philadelphia, Detroit—"

Instantly, "What about Detroit?"

"I don't know," Mathilde said slowly. "I don't think anyone at the company knows. On Tuesday and Wednesday, a great many were taken there—perhaps enough to end all usefulness. Little word has come in—"

"Von Weitbrecht?"

She shook her head. "No. There was word from him on Monday that he was leaving for a while. That was very fortunate, for on Tuesday the raid came. But nothing has been heard from him. Unless"—she turned to Scovil—"nothing today?"

Köchlin came out of his chair. "I must know about this man! Why should he know anything about von Weitbrecht? Why should he hear from him?"

Mathilde said urgently, "So much has happened, so much had been disorganized, we have had to use what was at hand. There is a truck line—a summer camp near by keeps in touch with it. Among other things, it carries dispatches. We have had to use Lynn in relation to it."

"You don't have to plead for me, Ma-


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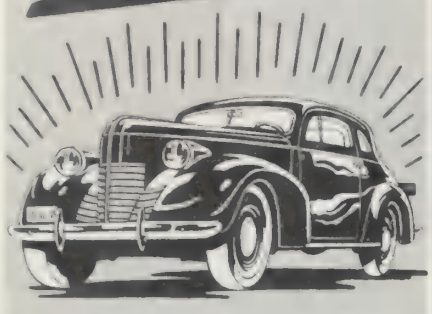

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thilde." Scovil stood up, feeling the full strength of his position, even hoping that Köchlin would protest. "You will find, Herr Köchlin, that I am not without usefulness. I explained to you yesterday about Booker and his camp. You are perhaps a little given to hasty judgments. You will find that we can attend to your needs—provided you appreciate the difficulties."

That was the right note, an assurance of co-operation in which nevertheless Köchlin would detect a warning that he must respect the judgment of his allies. The cold eyes studied him and he tranquilly gave back stare for stare. Köchlin smiled. "I think I appreciate you, Mr. Scovil."

Scovil saw that the man must hide his discomfiture under an accent of mockery. But it was an acknowledgment, even something of a surrender. A feeling of mastery surged in him. They would disregard him no longer—he would be consulted, even deferred to. His stake had grown enormously. And he had taken Köchlin's measure.

"You had better not be seen off my grounds," he said smoothly but with plain warning to Köchlin. The inscrutable eyes met his, then turned away. He went on, "We will break this up now and I'll see you tonight at the dance. It will be well for both of you to show yourselves."

He felt very well indeed. A stimulating half-hour! The more stimulating in that neither Mathilde nor Köchlin had thought to go back and repeat that question. Neither had asked him again if he had heard from von Weitbrecht.

IT WAS a curious evening for Bill Jay. Scovil's big house was packed with summer notables—the plush and flush, he thought, the Berkshire gentry, a good many whose faces were familiar to any reporter—musicians, country squires, a congressman, minor attachés from Washington, Boston bankers. There was dancing on a wide veranda and the terrace beyond it. There were vast quantities of food that might have come from Park Avenue. There was more champagne than, in the summer of 1941, you would have thought it possible to find. The champagne was the most vivid reminder of Scovil's wealth.

"Costs you something to wear a free woman's pants, doesn't it?" Bill said to Connie. He waved his hand in a gesture that took in house, grounds, guests and champagne. "Makes a setup for the movies, rich girl."

"Aw, I was having a good time." Her forehead wrinkled. "There you go, always a girl's best comforter." She took his arm and led him toward the side lines. "You can have it! He can have it—fat dowagers, big names, people who get talked about, and money to burn. It means a lot to him. That's why I never took him seriously as Moscow's white hope. He'd be more natural as the *Gauleiter* of Berkshire County. Name in the papers, everybody saluting and a swell uniform."

But Bill couldn't take Scovil seriously in any capacity. . . . He had been seen for a moment when they arrived, had wandered about with Gail on his arm, and now wasn't visible.

"And when you think that out there"—Connie nodded vaguely at the dark—"there's a war! It burns me up to realize that and then realize that here I am dancing with a bunch of rich stiffs. Don't dare tell me I belong to them."

"You won't win it by feeling blue. Washington says every girl is entitled to ten minutes of moderate pleasure. I'll hold a watch for you."

They wandered through various opulent rooms, made remarks about the company, went back to the veranda and danced some more. She fell in with his mood, her eyes were gay again, and they both realized that dancing was distinctly worth while. "Where did your legs get all this education?" she asked. "I've always thought of the newspaper business as pretty stern."

"College man, I was—class of 1897. Yes, and you certainly make good in skirts. That outfit is a very pleasing vista."

It was green and voluminous with her young shoulders graceful above it and silver slippers below. She said, "I'll remember that—the question is, will you?" Blue eyes shining, she threw back her head to smile at him—and it struck Bill Jay with sudden and memorable force that he had been as mistaken as possible to think of her as just an amusing adolescent. Men had been shot for smaller mistakes! "Hey," she said, "to get that look in your eye I'd wear hoops. Watch it, Bill, you nearly saw me that time." He tightened his arm around her waist and the casual dance music had been strangely enlivened, and had become something that must be prolonged.

It was prolonged through several dances . . . They weren't usually so quiet but being quiet seemed appropriate now, and both of them were thoroughly aware of his arm around her. After a while they stopped and went into the house, aimlessly, and looked at each other in bright light. A long, surprised look. Something had changed.

Bill was thinking hard, and not clearly, about this development. Then he came to—was suddenly and sharply aware of the big drawing room with its variegated costumes, its rustle of talk, its air of wealth and pride in an agonized world. What had startled him was two men talking together at one end of the room. One of them was Lynn Scovil—handsome, magnetic, a figure for the rotogravures. Scovil was familiar enough—but the other man! He stood talking casually with Scovil, taller than Scovil, rather striking in a dinner jacket, blond and erect, even military.

Bill's mind focused. He had seen that man. Binoculars had brought that face close to his—yesterday, toward noon—from the ski run. He had been talking to Carl Booker.

Bill turned to Connie, a question on his lips, but he didn't ask it. For Connie was crumpling before his eyes. She had been gay, pliant, warm—and now, as he watched, she grew tense, her eyes went hard, her cheeks turned white and then slowly carmine. "Oh Lord!" she whispered, "has Gail seen her?"

He followed her gaze to a blonde in a black dress, whom porter's memory identified as M Winkler. What did he know ab Not much. Only that she belo the arrogantly rich who were s cellent copy for the newspaper b that she was even more habitual Scovil to the rotogravure sectio he knew one thing more—that fr to time her name had been link Scovil's. He understood Connie tion. Connie knew. So now Bi

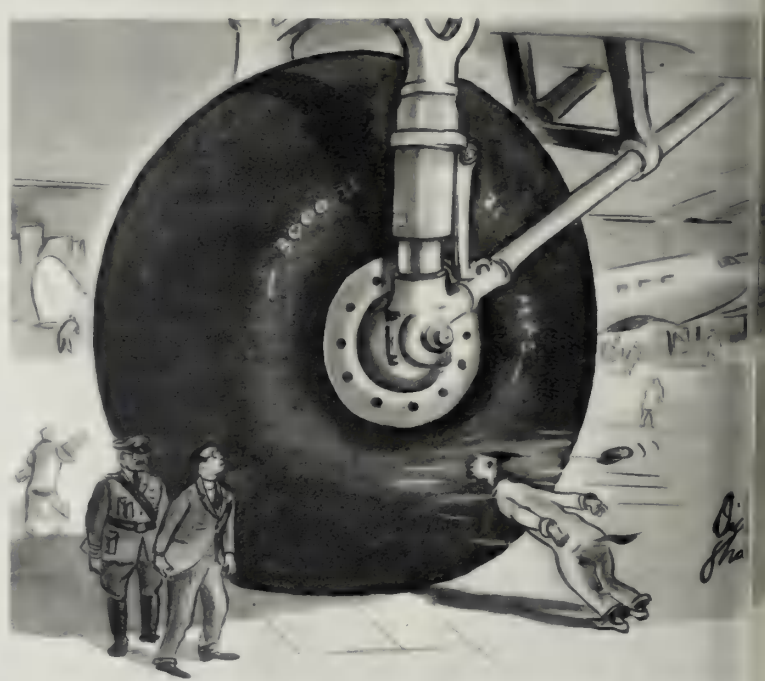
"Steady!" he said, taking her

"How could he! How did h Her voice was painful and her eyes met his. "I feel sick. I ca here. Let's get out." He looke uncertainly but she shook his mean it, Bill. Let's go—now."

That distress had to be heede right," he said, "come on." Th out through the drawing room the terrace, down to Gail's car. it she hid her face against his a moment, then sat up. "Sorry. right. I mean I will be. But it Gail." She struck a fist aga cushion. "I'm running out on he just have to take it." She con small laugh that touched him "Anyway, that proves it. Cha isn't my drink. Let's go somew find a beer."

HE DROVE away, and for the Connie would have to strug it alone. For here was someth figured out. He touched his the soreness assured him that h deed been knocked down yest a thug in the employ of Camp He was seeing other thugs who of place in Windham, trucks st darkness off the highway, Car the proprietor of Camp Ryega ing a racketeer in a roadside ta was a set of very odd glimpses, indeed for Windham, glimpse sinister network of the un Windham had no underworld.

Yes. And some odd, unexpla path leading out from it to a aire's estate—unexplained b needing explanation. For this h man in Scovil's drawing room at Camp Ryegate, in conversa Carl Booker. And Carl Bo racketeers in taverns and it v possible that Carl Booker hel get away when they were hot, of trucks parked off the road night. The unidentified stran link between Carl Booker a



"I think she's got a slow leak!"

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Scovil. Could he also be a link between Lynn Scovil and the underworld?

Erich Köchlin waited till Mathilde Winkler moved away from a group she had been with, then fell into step with her and took her outside the house. "I want to continue our conversation of this afternoon," he said. "I must know more about Scovil."

She stirred uncomfortably, the chiffon dress sibilant at her knees, and it was clear that she was afraid of him. So much the better; he might find that state of mind useful. "What about it?" she asked.

"I'm surprised that such a man has been allowed to know so much."

"Use has been found for men like him step by step, beginning with the peace movements," she said earnestly. "He has a large following. He is an excellent agitator. He is in contact with a great many important people and organizations."

"I know the type. The rich men who know how valuable peace is and can tell others. He was your personal convert, Fräulein?"

"What if he was?" For the first time there was opposition in her voice. "We do what we can. In the end it has got me—exactly nothing."

He nodded. Mathilde Winkler's flare of bitterness filled out the story. On Wednesday, Abigail Armstrong had said she was fleeing from a man she was to have married that night. Yesterday Scovil had called Mrs. Armstrong his fiancée. And now it was clear that Mrs. Armstrong had succeeded and displaced Mathilde.

She said urgently, "You must not be prejudiced. He is a brilliant man—he is very valuable. He likes to posture, yes, he knows his own worth; he is"—her voice was tired—"too readily absorbed in a pretty figure. But you are wrong if you suspect his loyalty."

She was pleading with him, a man she was afraid of, on behalf of a lover or a former lover. "Of course I suspect him—it is my duty to suspect you too, *Gräfin*. You see, the shocking failures over here—they are very suggestive."

"Must it all be our fault? Can't you allow for the Americans—"

"Easily. They might be buying betrayal from one of us. Perhaps from you? That is a distressing thought—so, perhaps from Scovil?"

She was disturbed and moved nearer to lay a soft hand on his arm. "He does not know enough! I tell you he is—I know—he would not—"

"You mean that so long as there is perfume on your ear lobes he can be relied on. I don't doubt it. It isn't his loyalty I suspect. I suggest instead that his intelligence may not be trustworthy. Both of us must be careful what we confide to a fool."

SHE was standing so close to him the perfume he had mentioned was in his nostrils and he wondered whether she would try to use on him the weapons that had certainly done the company much service. She said, "He is not a fool. Make sure not to be one yourself, Herr Köchlin," and went away. He watched her cross into the light, wrought and decked for the pleasure of any eye. Unquestionably she had a cold and effective intelligence, but he wondered if the methodical company might not also list her on a file card under a special heading: Seduction. Well, he had made it likely that, through fear of him, she would be wary of Scovil for a while. He intended to widen and deepen that distrust.

Suddenly he relaxed, exhaling a long sigh of relief. Up to now things had gone well, yesterday and today had done something to repair his blunders, and for the moment he was dealing the cards.

He went back to the house. Strangers spoke pleasantly to him, he watched pretty women dancing, he heard fragments of trivial conversation. Such a scene was incredible! An evening of pleasure without strain, men who were under no pressure, women whose gaiety was unforced, music and laughter and a darkness that had no menace in it—it was from a world that was going down forever.

He turned into another room and Abigail Armstrong was coming out of it. Behind her he saw Scovil's angry face and her own cheeks were flying a high anger. He turned his back on Scovil and walked beside her. The anger in her eyes made a dark flash—and he had seen no emotion that was not becoming to her. It was to be said of Scovil that he attached to himself the most unbelievably pretty women.

"I advise a slower pace, Mrs. Armstrong," he said. "We should enter the drawing room, not explode into it."

He had intercepted her rage at Scovil—whose cause he was willing to guess—and she wanted nothing whatever to do with him but did walk more slowly. Laughter and talk eddied around them in the drawing room and he took two glasses of champagne from a waiter's tray and held one out to her. She accepted it, her cheeks brilliant, her eyes more brilliant—tall and slender, a woman electrically alive. In competition with her Mathilde Winkler's blatancies would be worthless.

"Drink it," he said equably. "Champagne is the right wine for any mood!"

SHE held the glass to her lips, sipped, looked at him, and her eyes changed. "Good!" he said. "There was an even chance you would throw it in the fireplace."

"Much more than an even chance." She began to relax, if not to smile. "You take the long chances, don't you, Mr. Page? . . . In borrowed clothes."

"Must we always make a point of my clothes? They will do to dance in."

He took her to the terrace and an unreal quality had got into an evening that so far had been all too real. Again he was immersed in the unpredictable. For no one could have foretold that, on his mission, surrounded by such hazards, on his way to a violent ending, he would be dancing with any woman and especially with Gail Armstrong. At first she was constrained, a tension from her angry scene with Scovil lasting on, but darkness and music wrought on her till she was tranquil in his arms. They did not talk, they stayed at the far end of the terrace where the music was distant and subdued, and regret awoke in Erich Köchlin. Regret that the vileness of the *Nachrichtendienst* could tarnish such loveliness—and that there could be no help for it in him, that he could do nothing whatever about it. Regret that, having met her for a fortunate moment on his way, he must leave loveliness behind—and that also was fixed forever, he could do nothing about it.

The music stopped and he got more champagne. They drank it, still unwilling to talk, and when the music began again they danced, still at the far end of the terrace. Champagne or music or just recovery from shock, she was dancing more eagerly. Scovil stood in the door. Köchlin smiled at him, he tightened his arm, and Scovil went away. Whether or not she had seen him, she responded to the pressure of Köchlin's arm. The music had a slow, sweet melancholy.

Without thinking, he murmured, "*Verweile doch, du bist so schön.*"

Gail Armstrong said, "Your German is much better than your French. But that is Faust's prayer to the passing moment—'Linger awhile, you are so fair' . . . You say charming things, Mr. Page."

"It's a very charming mome[illegible] Armstrong."

She walked out of his arms b[illegible] hand under one of them and led [illegible] the terrace to the wide lawn. [illegible] inclosed them, the music dim[illegible] hind them, and he wished that [illegible] ment could linger for a whil[illegible] "The dew," he said. "You'll r[illegible] slippers."

"They don't matter . . . Y[illegible] extraordinary person. You hav[illegible] ing for things, or else you're [illegible] ously skillful with women. T[illegible] very deft first aid. I'm all rig[illegible]

He was aware of the pressu[illegible] fingers. They went on across [illegible] lawn which, for his taste, coul[illegible] too wide. He did not know wh[illegible] were going and she seemed [illegible] either, for when they came thr[illegible] shrubbery to a parking place b[illegible] garage, she exclaimed in surpri[illegible] ping short. Then she said, "W[illegible] as well find my car—I turned i[illegible] a chauffeur."

But they couldn't find it anc[illegible] cided, "Probably Connie and I [illegible] gone home. Well, Lynn has n[illegible] than you would readily belie[illegible] found one, an enormous coupé, [illegible] got in.

Sitting beside her, he saw ke[illegible] lock and was recalled to his j[illegible] job could wait—it had nothi[illegible] with warm darkness and dista[illegible] and a beautiful woman. "You [illegible] into my most intimate mome[illegible] said quietly. "I was running a[illegible] him the other night. I was ru[illegible] ward him tonight. And then, [illegible] warning, with the giddiest a[illegible] girlish ideas rioting in my minc[illegible] that . . ."

"That international—advent[illegible]

"I don't need to spell it out f[illegible] I? Well, it was a bad shock. Y[illegible] the promptest and most soot[illegible] trance, Mr. Page."

"Like the Red Cross." He fo[illegible] self deeply concerned, saying [illegible] greatest earnestness. "There c[illegible] question of competition. She's [illegible] blatant, futile. You need only [illegible]

"YOU see, I was confident e[illegible] believe just that. But—[illegible] was." Her voice broke; she b[illegible] her hair dark against her d[illegible] sobbed. He touched her arm. S[illegible] again, then straightened up. "[illegible] supposed to cry—especially [illegible] not be seen crying. The part ca[illegible] to be proudly indifferent. A[illegible] would make it a drawing-ro[illegible] where they say the gayest thir[illegible]

"Hush!" he said. "He isn'[illegible] joke, still less a sob."

"You had certainly better [illegible] She lay back in the corner, sw[illegible] legs up under her in the seat [illegible] thoughtfully, "I wonder how i[illegible] can say these things to you. I[illegible] sible, it isn't even decent. Y[illegible] most ambiguous person—and [illegible] you. I tell you my heartthrobs [illegible] I had known you for years an[illegible] if we were old friends. You [illegible] not be the adventurer you see[illegible]

A good deal worse than an a[illegible] The word struck through th[illegible] to the tremendousness that [illegible] them, unspoken and unspea[illegible] the end of the seat her face [illegible] blur in the darkness. He wa[illegible] tired, rebellious, weary of the [illegible] to do.

"Say we get along well [illegible] stars," he said lightly. "Or s[illegible] persuasive music on the terr[illegible] we've drunk two glasses of ch[illegible]

"Starlight—music—champa[illegible] hardly seem adequate."

There was a willful prov[illegible] her voice, and he understo[illegible] strong reaction against Lynn [illegible] become an invitation to him. I[illegible]

lily, "What perfume do you wear?"
's apple blossom. Why?"
's a lot more unsettling than an-
one I've smelled tonight."
es?" She was expectant in the dark-
and he felt himself blushing with
liation, wondering if it would be
ble to respect himself again. At
he said, serenely but with an over-
of scorn in her voice, "I'm certainly
oing back to the party. You can
me home."
ere was relief in that. But he found
elf driving slowly, pointedly aware
nother night when the road had
d toward them in the headlights.
at close to him, her shoulder touch-
s sometimes, talking quietly: "You
n't seen my house. I'm the widow
ndham. I sell books and skirts and
wear to college girls." And, "It
be the saleswoman in me that
s those remarks about your clothes
pologize." And, "Are you think-
at we drive together in the most
geous circumstances?"
was how far on Wednesday?
y miles?" he said. "I wish we had
much ahead of us tonight."
ell," she remarked, "there's no
n to hurry."
t they came to town too soon and
irected him to a white house set
among elms. She called "Connie"
in, switched on a light, and said,
has probably told you that Con-
his daughter. She quarreled with
nd came to live with me." But the
as not there and they went into a
oom lined with bookshelves and
hed with deep chairs.
his is where I lead the drab life of
ynn wants to save me from," she
"Skirts and underwear across the
Are my eyes red? Do I look like
man who has had a mortal insult?"
hink I'm not a dependable witness
w you look."
en I'd better assume there are vis-
amages."
S went upstairs, leaving him alone
bookshop, badly confused with
s of dark eyes and dark hair,
h arms, a bewildering dress, more
dering smile and voice. He looked
d the room—and came to himself.
ere was a telephone. A telephone
neither Scovil nor Mathilde nor
ervant of Scovil's was watching.
was some risk, no—no risk. He
l up the telephone, softly asked for
elegraph company, waited impa-
y, and, getting it, spoke an address
wiftly composed a message.
H hung up as soon as possible, and
d around swiftly. No one was there.
e had heard, the thing was done!
action flamed in him. This was
est room in the world.

She was coming downstairs. She was humming—and when she came through the door the finest room in the world was suddenly compelling, overwhelming, amazing. There had been too much starlight or something else, there was too intolerable an irony. He said, "What is it you're singing?" She stopped short, a warm pink coming into her cheeks.

"It was Faust," he said, not at all clearly, "It was, 'Linger, oh moment, thou art so fair!' "

Her eyes met his. "And," she said, no more clearly, "your sense of propriety was much too conventional, back there. Your host's house and his fiancée . . ."

So when he spoke again, his lips were against her hair. "I'm going away tomorrow. I won't see you again." She raised her face and he kissed her.

They stood away from each other. "That's twice," he said with the most labored slowness. "There had better not be a third time. If there should be —all hell would be brought down on us."

She nodded. She wasn't pink now but pale. "Yes, there had better be no third time . . . That needn't keep us from remembering the other two." She sat down, making a careful modesty of her skirt, running a restorative hand through her hair, her dark eyes very grave. "Still, we can believe, now, that we really are old friends. We can talk like old friends till it's time for you to go."

He smiled, "Or till Scovil comes for us. Be sure he'll come for one of us. For you. Or for me."

Her eyes were darker still. "If he comes for me, it will be too late."

IN WASHINGTON, at four A. M., in one of the offices of the United States Army Building, a telegram that had been relayed through two addresses which were carefully designed to suggest nothing about the Army was delivered to a sleepy sergeant. The sergeant took it to a lieutenant in the next room. The lieutenant opened it and read it, then telephoned to a major and kept the phone ringing till a protesting voice answered.

He read the wire to the major, who said, "All right," hung up, and then put through a call to a brigadier general. He got the general after some time, and said, "I've heard from Garrett. He got through. He says he's got in touch with something and will go to Detroit tomorrow. He's not in Detroit. He's in Massachusetts."

"Massachusetts!" The general swore heartily, piously, even desperately. He went on swearing. The major listened with heartfelt admiration.

*(To be continued next week)*

"Screeno!"


## A good time spoiled for Cora

**Cora needs a laxative.** But she's got "a big date" to go to the beach for a day's outing.

"How can I risk taking anything at this hour?" she asks herself. "Better wait till tonight," she decides.

Cora has a dull time of it. Drearily, she watches her escort enjoy himself with other girls while she holds her heavy head and wishes the day would end.

## Lots of fun for Mabel

**Mabel needs a laxative.** She's going to the beach, too. But her mother knows, "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning."

She knows Sal Hepatica is speedy.

Mabel is full of life, the smash hit of the beach. Sal Hepatica worked quickly, gently.

By the time she was in her swim suit, Mabel was ready for action and fun.

# Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

**Unusual food,** a change of water, a new routine and—first thing you know—holiday pleasure is threatened. You need a laxative.

No need to lose vacation playtime—if you keep speedy Sal Hepatica handy.

Sal Hepatica usually acts within an

hour. Acts in a natural way, by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort, irritation, or griping.

Small wonder a recent survey shows 8 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica.

Besides acting promptly as a laxative, sparkling Sal Hepatica does a lot to counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

On vacation . . . or at home . . . whenever you need a laxative, take *speedy* Sal Hepatica.

# SAL HEPATICA

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and win $5.00 - says
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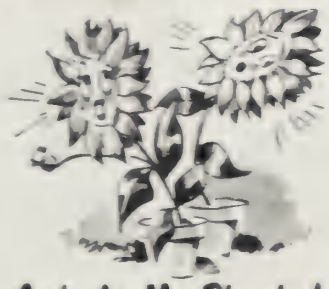
"It's a Match"

HE SAID, WHEN I PULLED A PACKET OF KLEENEX LIPSTICK TISSUES FROM MY PURSE! THEY'RE AS EASY AND CONVENIENT TO CARRY AS A BOOK OF MATCHES, AT THAT!

(from a letter by M. L., Northbrook, Ill.)



Ants in My Plants!

KEEPING HOUSE PLANTS FREE OF BUGS WAS QUITE A CHORE UNTIL I FOUND WHAT SWELL CLEANERS GOOD OLD DISPOSABLE KLEENEX MAKES.

(from a letter by S. B., Queens Village, N. Y.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar-

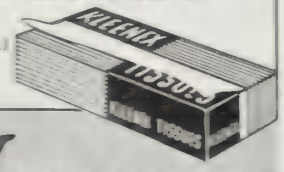
LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY... BUT THANKS TO KLEENEX, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.

(from a letter by Midshipman H. E., Annapolis, Md.)

Out of the Red!

SOFT, GENTLE KLEENEX IS ALL PROFIT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED ... NO MORE SORE RED NOSES DURING SUMMER COLDS.

(from a letter by M. W., Vail, Iowa)




ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

# Panzer Diary

Continued from page 20

stores: and in prisoners from the elements of surprise and speed. As with the countryside so with the men. Thus you can believe the claims of both sides to low casualty lists and forget that "heaps of dead" stuff about the other fellow. Each buries the enemy dead as well as his own with equal care and tenderness. The German fallen are put underground temporarily by Red Cross squads. Later troops that participated decide upon the final burial site amid scenes of action. To it each company gathers its own dead.

At Roupel Pass in the Struma Valley, hardest nut of the Metaxas line, you spend an hour with the Swabian lads who cracked it. Stripped to the waists, they sadly dig graves, where their friends and chums from their home villages will rest forever. On their discarded coats you see many iron-cross ribbons. Over each coffin as it is let down a mound is firmed, then covered with boughs. Eventually the site will be planted and parked. There's a large cross set at the head of this cemetery of sixty-seven graves, a smaller one at each mound together with the helmet of the soldier and a name plate giving his birthday and the date he fell. You read the names and the dates—1917, 1918 and 1919. Sons of the soldiers of the last war. Europe's ancient vicious circle. Some of the bronzed diggers are crying as they perform these last services for those who but a short time ago were their school playmates in the far-off villages of the Black Forest.

It is late at night when, near the foot of the Struma Valley, you veer westward and race across steep hills to that other great natural cleft into Greece, the Vardar Valley abaft the mouth of which lies Salonika. You run without lights because the least glimmer might fetch British planes. Sometimes above the road noise you catch a deeper tone in the sky overhead. You strain your eyes in vain for a shadow on the stars while your stomach muscles involuntarily try to shrink you to even less perceivability. Bad luck, here's a darkened motor-supply train we've got to pass on the dirt hairpins of the mountains. To get the idea, run as fast as you can around the roof edge of a thirty-story building some night while friends stationed at intervals try to flail you off with brooms.

### "They Got Behind Us"

From Salonika to Athens is three days and 350 miles of the hardest going from dawn to midnight you ever want to endure again. Later on a northbound luftwaffe plane you'll fly this same leg in one hour and eight minutes. Mud is caked half an inch thick on your scalp, and what's left of your hair is a stiff, unruly door mat. Your ears and nose have long since lost both form and usefulness. A dust pall hangs high in the air, making it difficult to see the planes and, we hear, reddening the sunsets and sunrises as far away as the Black Sea and Adriatic. Larissa, where there's been severe fighting, with tanks maneuvering like infantry on the plains before the town, comes nearest of anything you've seen in all your wars of "not one stone left standing upon another stone." A few days before the Stukas came, Larissa had an earthquake—and what nature missed, man didn't.

Even the tense business of war has silly interludes. Here, under dust-skeined stars, you sit on a pile of rubble that was once somebody's home and have a testy debate with an officer about the respective merits of certain restaurants in Tokyo, Japan, and whether geishas are naughty girls.

Later you get a fascinating picture of this war's strategy from the German viewpoint. The prisoners you interview exclaim what's become an old story in this war: "They got behind us." This was achieved by the beautiful timing which seems to be Hitler's secret weapon. For example, the initial blows did not fall on the same day, but on three days spread over nearly a week and widely apart from Macedonia to Slovenia. The Allies could not organize a front since they did not know where the next splitting thrust would come from. Also the Germans took advantage of their foes' mistiming. They anticipated the mechanized British would retreat faster than the unmechanized Greeks. The British were in Peiraeus when the Greeks were still in the Pindus Mountains. The Germans hung back to give this situation a chance to develop, then suddenly raced between them. This caused the wholesale collapse and surrender of the Greeks. The German officers have some fun at your expense about the amateur experts on the American papers. Reserve Major This and Commander That. "Since September, 1939," one chuckles, "they've been predicting Generals Mud, Winter, Flood, Time, Spring, Initiative, Mountains and all the other mythical generals would stall the blitzkriegs. Those experts have made a lot of money out of being consistently wrong, haven't they? Give them one tip for me, please. Say to them two Allied generals have fought very well—on the Axis side: Generals Wishful Thinking and Misinformation."

But every German officer is anxious to pay tribute to the British he is now fighting. "Here in Larissa," an infantryman declares, "the Greek citizens told us that when the British retreated and the Stukas came down at them the Tommies just sat quietly in their trucks or walked along looking up at the planes, waving and shouting jokes at them. At Thermopylae—I won't forget that—the British left a strong rear guard, but we got around them. When the British commander came to surrender—what a magnificent figure of a man, so tall, so straight, and he looked right you! It made us proud to re these men are of our same G blood."

You sleep in your car, as th square is the only clear space Larissa. Storks nesting optimisti the tottering walls keep you aw their yammering. But there's distraction. Most of Larissa's still unfound in her ruins; the vast, uncapped tomb. You have your coat around your face ag fearful odor on the night air. Al you signs mark holes where une bombs have fallen or min planted. There's one within thr of your car. You hope nobody by hard enough to jar it or yo longer than you planned.

### New Theory of Offensive W

Panzer means armor or coat hence a Panzer division is reall tegrated fleet of land ironclads. merely a hodgepodge of tanks mored cars. It is a new theory sive warfare. It includes a wid of sizes, purposes, shapes, fu and combinations of treads an From baby tanks on rubber tre scuttle past you like frightene and turn and pirouette like bal ers, it ranges through squad ca man motorcycles, the cavalry o Germany; tractors hauling b tractors mounting what appe seventy-fives, up to huge ta guns and conning towers like submarines. You are surprised more units are not Diesel-pow

It is from Salonika onward gain with the aid of topograp most comprehensive idea of the ture and formidableness of division. Across the carpet-flat of Greece, mountain rang abruptly at regular intervals gealed tidal waves from the Ae roads, straight as strings in the break into spirals at the base pass and are led up, over and open-faced sides of the mount frosting decoration traced by spout. This provides you wit

"Our new baby ties us down so nowadays, I have to go to parties without my husband!"

ccession of superb bird's-eye pic-
ackward and forward, from low
h, of your Panzer column. A full
division spreads along one hun-
lometers or sixty-two and a half
of road. German custom keeps
meters between vehicles. Some-
t one-way-traffic ravines or hair-
u might have to wait as long as
urs for a single Panzer division
.

o ent that their power will paralyze
in, the Panzers do little to con-
the foe's eyes. Occasionally you
a nventionally splotched machine,
the most part a Panzer column is
a color—the witch-gray of a Ber-
ter afternoon that dust and the
ts soon cover with a coat to
the roads over which it is cam-
g. Its cousins, the luftwaffe
have similar body paint, but
nd tails are dandelion yellow.

ever, the British, Serbs and
still cling to the concepts of 1917
il-pace war. Their planes, tanks,
and even helmets are mottled in
light blues and tans. On the
airfields, buildings have trees and
ainted on their sides. Here's a
, with a pond and shrubs painted
roof. In Salonika there's a fac-
himney on which are sketched
s complete with balconies, flower boxes and women leaning out. At Elasson, with Mount Olympus in the background, there's a camouflaged Eastern Orthodox Church—in the shadow of the ancient gods this modern fighting world's gods are forced to hide under a paintbox. Atop the minaret of the Lamia Mosque there's an air-raid siren—the new muezzin of the Near East.

There's a small white cross beside the road where the Panzers roar and roll across the plains of Thessaly. It was rudely and hastily wrought of wood-batten strips from a shell box. A sprig of wayside foliage is fastened to it; and, dangling on top, there's a British helmet. The favorite souvenirs of this war are enemy helmets, but those you have seen borne off were from prisoners or captured stores. The ones that belong to the fallen are left to them. Here, then, lies a boy who came a long way from home and friends and loved ones in the new country of Australia to die in an ancient land. Yesterday when your car was upsided precariously in a ditch and you stood by, a little dirty, shaken and mad, to watch it being hauled out, an old Greek peasant woman came up and gave you a rose. You stuck it in your hat. Today its fairness and fragrance are lost to the dust. But it is all you have to leave upon the grave of a young British soldier.

## The Weapon

Continued from page 15

nness was in Rinco's voice. "Ex-
do not trust an outland trader
place he calls Bavaria. He brings
ridges and guns from the Ja-
only because we give him many
in advance and—"

en to him!" Lía cried scornfully.
to foolish Rinco-tinc! The man
hund prisoner in the square who
ng from a yardarm in the dawn
Rinco says he has betrayed us."

sy only it seems to me to be pos-
Rinco mumbled. "Lía, you and
n . . . and I always thought . . ."

ld get no farther, for her trou-
yes were on him and he had to
s face away to hide the sharp
in. "I am sorry, Lía," he said.

y!" The girl flamed. "And will
ake us up another silly song for
? Guzman drags hungry, ragged
ough the cordillera pass because
d a message we will have guns
m. Look now what they will
Death and a hangman's noose!"

ng her arm in a violent gesture
the gulf where the hated cor-
y with her armament bristling,
e schooner already burning
on the reef. "It is the end!" she
"It is the end of all our dream!"

but you are wrong, Lía; you are
ong." The old man said this in
solemn tone, lifting his white
look at them out of blue sera-
tle eyes. "There is never an
a man's dream of a world that
free and just, no matter how
imes it is trampled underfoot."

ds, *viejo!*" Lía tossed her head.
retty words are not enough to
corvette disappear and give us
r guns. We want a weapon for
like that!"

is a weapon, Lía, the same as
man's dream." The old man's
gan to twinkle with a hot, dry
ove also is a weapon," he went
ing no heed to the quick look
sed toward Rinco-tinc. "And
acks of cutlasses and boarding
gether with a case of smuggled
-these are weapons, too, a man
se if he knew where they were

Lía's eyes slowly widened. "Is that also, Tío, one of your splendid dreams?"

"It is no dream at all but—"

"Who else knows this, Tío?"

"Many men. Grebhardt took his price for them before he sailed. But no one knows where they are hid. Except myself."

Rinco let the full sack fall heavily from his shoulder to the ground. Looking aloft at the sign that was in the sky, his eyes began to narrow. The dry rattle of the drum came closer along the road, and the distinct jangle of side-arm chains. "Presently the devil of the pampas will begin to howl," he said. "There will be a celebration for the feast of saints aboard that fine corvette tonight. Fifty pescadores when the rain and the darkness set down thick could take her by surprise and—"

"Listen to foolish Rinco-tinc!" Lía laughed. "They are not so silly as to let you sail out—"

"But if they think us helpless and disarmed—"

"You had better make a song up, Rinco-tinc, and leave the rest to—"

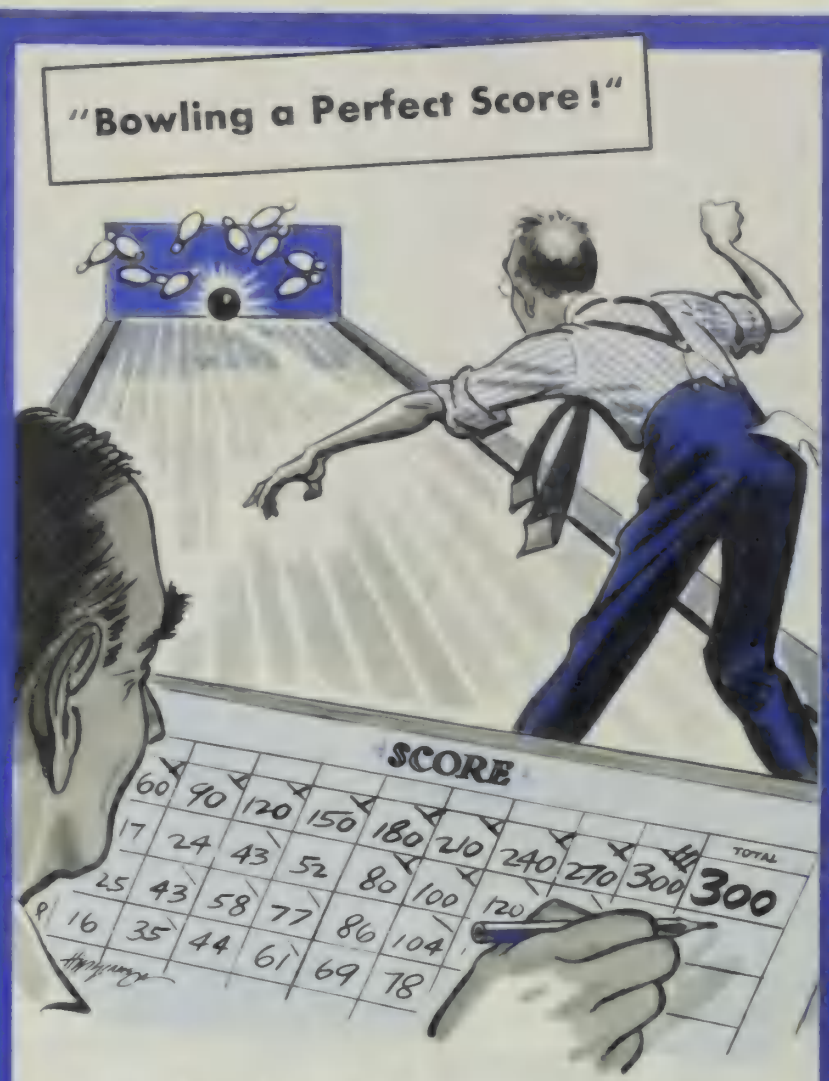
Rinco's brow went dark as a thundercloud. "Give me the weapons, Tío, and the men and I will—"

THE ruffle of the drum snarled interruption from below the terrace wall. The old man began instantly to press the soft earth carefully down around his new, young olive shoot. "The weapons are buried," he said with his leonine head bent low, "under the wooden fishnet floats in the stern hold of my fishing sloop. You—"

The drum went suddenly silent. A red face with an open mouth shot above the moss-grown wall. "Hola!" it roared. "Here is a pretty chicken for us now!" The marine leaped up, his cutlass scabbard clanking. "All rebels to the square before I—" He broke off. Spying Rinco's sack, he kicked it with his boot. "This!" he boomed. "What have we hidden here?"

"It is nothing but salt," said Rinco. "Salt for the fishing tonight."

"For the fishing!" The marine let out a loud guffaw. Drawing his cutlass,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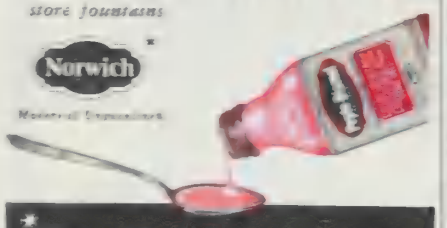

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he ran it savagely through the sack, testing its top, its middle, and its base, watching the white granules pour from the wounds he made. "There will be no fishing permitted till we find where your filthy rebels have hidden the rest of your weapons! Now to the square! *Pronto!*"

IN THE square the people of Santa Muritos stood in dejected groups before a double rank of mercenaries, their muskets at the ready. They listened in sullen silence as the lieutenant from the Halcón in his braided naval coat spoke in a harsh, flat voice, his black mustache stiff, his thin lips barely moving:

"You see what happens to rebels!" He gestured with his head toward Grebhardt, a short, heavy man with quick, shrewd eyes who stood between two marines, his hands secured behind his back. "Your pretty gun-running schooner is aflame: all your weapons are in our hands. Your ignorant Estéban Guzman and his rabble we will blow to pieces with our carronades when he arrives. But I know there is a cache someplace and I will tell you exactly what it is so you will understand the crown of Spain has ways of finding out the things it needs to know."

He stepped forward a pace, a flicker of sardonic amusement twinging his lips as he swept the crowd with cruel eyes. "Attend! There are three sacks of cutlasses and pikes, together with a case of pistols. These I want!" he bit off flatly. "Speak up, a man of you who knows where they are hid, or else—"

He let the alternative hang while a slow buzz, like a wind in the grass, went rustling through the crowd. Lía looked quickly at Grandfather Tío, and looked away. Drops of rain fell, single and huge, and the sigh of the wind was in the aloe trees. But no man spoke.

"Good enough!" The lieutenant laughed a hard, dry laugh. His arm shot out, his finger haphazardly indicating a man in the throng. "Step forward, you! And you." His arm circled till it carelessly pointed straight at Tío's chest. "And you!"

LIA gasped and Rinco clenched his fists as those three came forward. The lieutenant's lip curled. "Do you know of these weapons?" he asked the nearest one.

"*Si*, I do." The pescadore blinked his eyes. "But I do not know where they are hid. And if I did," he growled, "I would not speak."

The lieutenant moved his head to the next, and then to Tío, who only smiled. The officer's eyes began to blaze. "Squad forward!" he roared. "Take aim!" The leveled muskets pointed at the chests of the unarmed men. "You have till I count three. Speak quickly!" He stepped smartly to one side. "One . . . !"

A great single sigh went up from the throng. The lieutenant's voice was like a pistol shot: "Two . . . !"

Lía started forward, her face ashen. But the man called Rinco-tinc pushed her to one side with violence. He came shouldering through the crowd, crying: "Enough! I will show you what you wish to know."

Cold, ironic triumph glittered in the lieutenant's eyes as he waved the muskets down. "Speak, then! Where are the weapons hid?"

"The city hungers, 'teniente,'" Rinco said dully, "while the sardine and sea trout run in the gulf. I ask your word that we may fish tonight after you see the weapons safe."

Behind Rinco's back the angry buzz of voices died away. Stillness touched the crowded sea-wall square except for the loud, clear babble of the tide. "The last of our weapons are hidden," Rinco said, "in a place between here and the corvette's anchorage where I will—"

"I do not ask for riddles!" the lugarteniente stormed coldly. "Tell me where the swords and pistols are hid or—"

"I will do more!" said Rinco. "I will put the three sacks and the case you wish in a place where you will see them safe." With that he turned instantly and in one surprising leap sprang from the quay to the stern cockpit of Grandfather Tío's sloop, flinging loose the mooring line so the boat went drifting free at once. And with the tiller bar against his thigh and half a dozen muskets leveled at his heart, he cried back: "Between here and your corvette, 'teniente, if you see I lie you may easily blow me out of the water with your guns. But shoot now—and you will never know!"

He turned calmly, hauling the main halyard till he lifted the sail and came back to tend the helm. On the shore the lieutenant scowled fiercely across the widening water. "This man is a fool! Hold your fire!" he roared to his marines. "Longboat! Pull after him! Coxs'n, if I wave my hand you will put a ball through that stupid head. Instantly!"

THAT was the way Rinco sailed Tío's sloop out toward the Spanish corvette while the crowd stared after him in helpless anger. And the lieutenant chuckled loudly, the uniformed marines making ribald jests when they saw what foolish Rinco did. Midway across the gulf he let the sloop run up into the wind, letting the halyards go. He disappeared below till presently he could be seen again, dragging a heavy case and three full sacks on deck. The westing sun was obscured by massing cloud. On the reef the grounded schooner burned with a crackling roar. But in the middle gulf Rinco was clearly silhouetted as he tore open the upper slats of the case, tipping it over the gunwale, spilling the pistols into the sea. One of the sacks, too, he slashed open to show those who watched these were the proper ones, emptying overboard the cutlasses and pikes. The remaining two full sacks followed, one at a time, sending two great jets of water up before they disappeared from sight. Then Rinco set his mainsail and put the tiller over, sailing back to the quay from that place on the heaving gulf where no sign remained to show where the last of the weapons of liberation had been drowned.

Tall and stolid in the stern sheets, he came back with his face against the wind. And when old Tío's boat was moored, he still remained that way while two of the Halcón's seamen searched the hold to make certain of the thing that Rinco did. "Now you may fish!" the lieutenant boomed derisively as his men embarked. "Your Estéban Guzman can arm his rabble with clubs: we will take care of them!" He bowed scornfully from his place in the gig to the silent throng on the quay. "I take your gun-running Grebhardt with me. I will decide what to do with him after my good Madeira wine has mellowed my temper tonight." He laughed shortly. "May your catch of sardine be good!"

The boats moved away, oars loudly clacking in the tholepins, and for a little while the stillness held. Then a man growled a whispered thing and another took it up. It started like the gentle sigh of a wind in a distant place. But it gathered strength. It grew louder, fiercer and more intense. Until it took the shape and sound of a single word beating about the dark young head of Rinco-tinc: "*Traitor!* . . . Traitor! . . . *Traitor!*" But Rinco did not stir. The raindrops came again, single and heavy and huge, pitting the dusty

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b es, hissing softly on the waters of e ulf; and the people, long accus- m d to betrayal and defeat, began to o away. But Tío remained, his n head bare, a wonder in his small u eyes. And he saw Lía spring for- ar like a tigress to the man called n -tinc.

"ice I thought I loved you when u ade your sweet and foolish songs! o –"

"ow there is Grebhardt," Rinco u red dully, "and—"

"ow," she mocked him, "now we ll ake the corvette by surprise be- u they know that we are helpless d isarmed! Now—"

"s," Rinco turned his head at last. "i Find me fifty pescadores to man e oops tonight when—"

"aitor!" The girl laughed bitterly. "W t will you use for weapons?"

"e will fish."

"u will fish for weapons!" Lía's ic was shrill and taut: "You will a a silly song—and the weapons u ttisoned in the sea will come leap- ck into your hands! It was you o accused Grebhardt of betrayal! t t is you who are the traitor!

"S spun wildly from him just as the t ue squall came slashing down. It p d the sea-wall square till Rinco u at last that he was all alone in e nd and the heavy rain. Except o, who came toward him, saying t, "I was not afraid to die."

"e dead can make no use of weap- s, io. I want living men," Rinco d.

"T old man nodded. "Then I will l th you. And I will find you fifty n.

"T Tío did, that night when the w of the pampas howled across the n Muritos Gulf.

"S he sloops left the shelter of the ll to ride the wild white horses th sea. Some few who watched them m he land hurled shame and dis- c at foolish Rinco-tinc. Now and n when the lightning forked the sky, the boats could be seen, a narrow o f patched canvas taut as iron on nd. Once they even thought they l ee Rinco in a flickering lanthorn's w uge and dripping as he hauled a w burden from the sea. And when e had spent its wrath and the first r light began to crawl across the d he boats came innocently under l cón's gun-ported lee side, crying r sale by the lugarteniente's or- d permission. All except Grand- he Tío's sloop with Rinco at the m and two others standing down in o y from windward.

"K LP gatherer saw this, dejectedly w king the sea road beside his cart th chill, wan light before the dawn. s pped short, while his oxen pa- t bowed their heads. He saw sleepy n the Halcón's deck hauling up the h baskets on the leeward side. I s about to urge his oxen on. But s those three sloops racing swiftly w rom windward, and he saw them s nd grapple the Halcón's chains. e saw Rinco leaping to the cor- te deck with a naked cutlass in his d a cutlass!—crying the men on e im. The stocking-capped pesca- e s ame pouring over the bulwarks, ri a battle cry, cutlasses and pikes n g, spreading terror, confusion, vi rment through the unprepared n -war.

"W pons!" the barefooted kelper e ed. "Rinco has found us weap- !"

"He went racing away. The news e like wildfire. The people came ri down the terraced slopes, o ng the sea wall while the last thin al went sweeping overhead. They heard a disorganized crackling of musketry. They saw the pescadores swarming over the corvette's deck. Lía saw the flag of Spain hauled down.

"Rinco!" she cried. "Where is—"

"Our Rinco," a man bellowed joyfully through his black mustache, "our Rinco threw his nets for fish and brought up swords!"

"Now we have guns for Estéban Guzman's men," another fiercely cried, "and an eighteen-gun corvette besides! *Libertad! Libertad!*"

But Lía, in a voice wild with anxiety, said his name again: "Rinco! Where is Rinco?"

She leaped into the nearest boat. Others followed. They came out in dories, sloops, catboats, swarming the waters of the gulf, filling the liquid dawn with a wild shouting. Only Lía said nothing, wisps of her tawny hair in the wind, that fierce gray smolder in her eyes. She leaped from the boat for the corvette's chains, going up hand over hand, swinging herself over the heavy bulwark to the deck. Here the struggle was over. The corvette's men, befuddled with wine and caught completely unawares, were safely locked below. A few dark shapes lay sprawled beside a forward gun carriage. The rest stood unarmed at the forecastle door, blinking stupidly. And Lía cried again:

"Rinco! Rinco-tinc!"

THEN she saw him. He came out from under the poop to stand for an instant under the heavy scrollwork of gilt, his dark head catching the first shaft of sunlight. The girl stepped forward impulsively and stopped, her heavy breathing stirring her full, firm breasts. For that moment they faced each other while a joyful crying from a hundred throats roared to the dawnlit sky and the last of the storm wrack went pouring overhead. Till Rinco put aside the stained cutlass he held, as if he knew very well there was a better use to which a man could put his two strong hands. He came toward her slowly, his stolid face severe.

"I tried to save him. I am sorry, Lía, but—"

"Save him?" A faint rumor of relief and laughter touched her eyes. "Who?"

"Grebhardt. The man you—"

"Grebhardt?" The laughter bubbled clearer.

"Dominic found him feasting at the lugarteniente's mess. He took our piasters for the schooner and the guns. Then he let the corvette Halcón know when and how to capture him in the Gulf of Santa Muritos. That way he had the Spanish gold—and ours besides. And it was he who told them of the other weapons. The lugarteniente took him for a prisoner to befuddle us and keep him safe from our revenge." Rinco's voice was flat: "I am sorry, Lía. He is dead."

"Sorry!" The hint of laughter vanished from her eyes. Hot passion flamed instead. She stepped forward, blazing: "Do you imagine I came out here crying your name because I—"

"Lía!" His head shot round at last, a wild disbelief making his eyes go wide. "Lía, I thought—"

"Every other man knows—and foolish Rinco thinks!" She was directly in front of him now, her tawny head cocked saucily on one side at the level of his chest, her face upraised, her breathing quick and short. "What must I do to make you speak?" Suddenly and with a startling swiftness, she put both her small hands about the nape of his neck, pulling his dark head down to kiss him savagely on the mouth. "This?" She did it again. "And this!" She stepped back, her cheeks afire.

He just stood there staring at her, his stolid face beginning to glow, hearing a great roar of laughter come boom-

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ing from the throats of those who watched. Then Rinco grinned sheepishly. He stepped forward. And for the first time he took her in his giant's arms.

"A song!" someone bellowed to the dawning sky. "Let Rinco give us a song for a battle cry when we march with Estéban Guzman and these guns to rid the land of tyranny!"

"The lieutenant!" another bawled. "Bring us the lieutenant so we—"

GRANDFATHER Tío, standing beside the quarter-deck carronade, waved that man to silence. "The lugarteniente," he said with the greatest simplicity, "the lugarteniente is also dead."

"A song then!" That way the babble rose and swelled: "Let Rinco make us up a song for a battle cry!"

"He hauled the weapons out of the raging sea! I saw it with my eyes." Shaggy-headed Dominic repeated this over and over again. "He sailed straight out to a place in the middle gulf in Tío's sloop, and there he hauled the weapons up. I know. *Por Dios!* I was there. So was Grandfather Tío. Ask him!"

Lía, hearing that, looked up at Rincotinc. "We saw you throw the weapons in the gulf. Yet when you boarded the corvette, the men had the same cutlasses and pikes in their hands. How—"

"There was no sense in seeing Tío die with a Spanish musket ball in his heart. So I took the weapons out and threw them in the sea. The pistols would be useless anyhow with the ammunition wet. So I scattered them and tore open one of the sacks besides to prove to the lugarteniente we were helpless and disarmed so he could safely let us fish."

Rinco kept looking at her with that great shining in his eyes. "We asked Tío for a weapon on the terrace where he planted olive trees. 'A man's dream is a weapon,' Tío said, 'enduring as the salt that dissolves so readily in the sea.' So I thought—the salt of the sea is a weapon too. The two sacks of cutlasses and pikes that were whole when I threw them overboard had each a line attached. At the end of each of these I fastened a large wooden fishnet float. And to it also I made fast a pound of loose salt in a cheesecloth sack to keep the float under water, away fr sight of men. But in the night dissolved in the sea; the two floats sprang up to the surfac gulf. These were the buoys And I hauled the weapons up."

Lía nodded firmly, not tak smiling eyes from his when she in her husky voice, "We have weapon now."

THE pescadores cried to hin "A song! A song! Let Rinco up a song to sing when Estéban comes!"

He did. He gave them for the cry the very first song he had ev about the girl with the tawny the look of danger in her ey ragged armies marched to it, that Rinco made. It swept like through the land. To some it mi seemed a very silly song. Bu Estéban Guzman's men. And not to Lía. For it went a little l

*"Tinca tinca, Lía blonda*
*Lía linda, tinca-tinc . .*

## Russians are Like That

Continued from page 16

to draft civilians for defense work, to guard transportation, communications and power plants, to fight fires and epidemics, and they likewise were vested with power to regulate trade, establish food rationing, restrict travel and expel undesirables.

Special destruction battalions have been formed to combat parachutists, and in each village an emergency hut has been set up, with rifles and other arms, where anyone sighting a parachutist must go, turn in the alarm and pick up a weapon with which to take immediate action. A decree of June 26th authorized directors of offices and factories to lengthen the eight-hour working day by one to three hours, with time and half pay for overtime. Vacations have been canceled and a decree was issued providing pensions of one hundred rubles monthly for families of mobilized men with one dependent; one hundred fifty for those with two dependents; two hundred for those with three or more dependents.

There have been mass movements of women to replace men leaving for the front. Their offers to join the army have been rejected on the grounds that Russia has plenty of man power, but it has been announced that 30,000,000 women are working behind the lines to bolster the war effort. Nineteen million are in the fields harvesting and doing other farming jobs. Eleven million are in factories and offices, and others have joined the medical services or are driving busses, trolley cars, tractors, directing traffic or are on ARP duty.

During the first days only one morning war communiqué was published. However, on the 28th at the first of the press conferences which now take place daily, with the Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs Lozovsky as official spokesman, it was announced that there would be two daily—at 1 P.M. and 11 P.M. Press conferences are held at the headquarters of the newly formed Soviet Information Bureau, which now issues communiqués instead of GHQ. The bureau is housed in a building that once was a foreign legation, and it seemed odd to be attending my first press conference in the room where I last had danced at a very gala diplomatic party.

Lozovsky, a man with a long gray beard and shrewd, intelligent eyes under heavy eyebrows, handles the conferences brilliantly. He first makes statements in Russian, which is understood by some correspondents, who translate to the rest of us, but he answers questions in French. (He speaks some English, and remarked that he would no doubt be fluent in that language within a few months.) His replies are frank, quick and witty. When asked whether the German ambassador's staff had yet left the Soviet Union, he replied that negotiations were still under way to exchange diplomats and that the rumor that had circulated that Count von Schulenburg had left for Manchukuo was highly exaggerated. He is still in Russia, he said adding, "You couldn't see him from Moscow, but he is not far away."

### It's a Long Way to Vladivostok

The subject of the fate of the Italians and Rumanians was not brought up, but I have learned they also are still in the country. When I spoke to Italian Ambassador Rosso over the telephone on the 25th, he told me he knew Italy was at war with Russia because he heard it over the radio but had not yet received official notification from Rome, therefore he was making no plans. They appear to have been made for him since. Lozovsky went on to say that the problem of exchanging missions was not simple, since Mr. Hitler had complicated travel conditions in Europe. He also remarked he had heard the Nazis had expressed the hope of getting to Vladivostok. "All I can say," was his comment, "is that we wish them a happy trip. It will certainly be a long one."

The calm that prevails on all sides is reflected in the newspapers. They have displayed unusual frankness in coverage of the fighting, neither exaggerating victories nor minimizing defeats. The general tone was struck in a Pravda article saying Russians should not lose their heads over successes and victories, and should not lose heart over individual failures or lull themselves with the thought of an easy victory. He ended with a note reminiscent of Churchill: war against a treacherous, powerful enemy requires serious sacrifices and exertions. Care has been taken to remind the people that they crushed the Teutonic Knights in the thirteenth century and defeated Napoleon's army in 1812.

A general, writing in Izvestia, declared that German invincibility is a myth and that most of that country's vic far have been due to treason i nations it has conquered. Tl much self-congratulation that t Union had the foresight to di fifth columnists over three yea

There were few color stories or descriptions of individual heroism; anti-Nazi propaganda mostly of accusing the Ger treachery, referring to them as and bandits. Radio broadcas stories of tortures inflicted by mans on the Dutch, Belgians, I French. One was reminded of British attitude by the fact tha point was made that the Rus fighting the Nazi government peasants, workers and intelle Germany. Crowds gather be windows to see displays of posters and paintings, and the the city are plastered with slog from Molotov's war proclamati are also cartoon posters pasted ings. One shows a Red Arm bayoneting Hitler, whose fe head is stuck through a to representing the Russo-Germ ment. Another has a big shell words "Destruction to Fascis ians" printed on it, blowing bits.

Great prominence of co given war news in the papers by no means pushed everythi the front page. On the 21s stance, when it was alread there was a serious crisis br big news featured was that th of Tamerlane the Great had interred in Samarkand on th the 20th and the interesting had been made that his righ shorter than his left. Since elaborate preparations that ahead to mark the hundredt sary of the death of Poet Mi montov have been given Graduation exercises of the tories of Moscow, Leningrad have been reported in full c complete coverage has been certs and plays. The great however, was allotted to an ment that thirty scientific e are to be sent to Kazakhsta the eclipse of the sun Septe Nobody can say the Russ think of the future even i greatest crises.

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# Poor Man's Garbo

Continued from page 19

applause. This ability has resulted in her having a huge fan following. Some of her enthusiasts traipse around the burlesque circuit, come early and stay all day—for the price of one admission. She has no idea how they live but recognizes many of them. One oldish gent always sits in the front row and writes encouraging words on a slate to her—"Great work, Margie! Keep it up!" and other inspiring pepigrams. She has never met him socially.

The most arduous part of her work is sitting around between performances, burlesque being continuous from one to midnight. To while away the waits, she plays marathon rummy, crochets bedspreads and drinks gallons of coffee. She's crazy about furs, prize fights, hockey, horse racing, bowling and poker. The latter is her specialty. Her salon at the Hotel Astor in New York is famed for all-night sessions at which you may find an editor, a prize fighter, a few Broadway columnists, a sprinkling of reporters and visiting ballplayers. No, they don't play strip poker. The game is usually $1 and $2 stud and Margie's game, based on an unfailing ability to draw aces back to back, is strong and sound. She sleeps sporadically and either in pajama tops or all raw except for a bra.

Her other great weakness is the movies and she likes nothing better than glowing over a Western or a Jimmy Cagney film till three in the morning. She hates society films, must have action.

### The Appendix Bugaboo

Her only outdoor exercise, besides horse racing, is horse riding. If she can get up, you may find her galloping around the Central Park bridle paths Sunday mornings. She doesn't drink, smokes nicotineless cigarettes and hates to throw money away on anything except jewels and furs. She is constantly giving the latter to her less fortunate sisters. She refuses to attend night clubs, hates dancing. Her appetite is hearty, favoring dishes like corned beef and cabbage—in out-of-the-way restaurants. She doesn't insist on cabs, would just as soon walk places with that high-shouldered slink. This makes her very easy on the pocketbook when being entertained. Incidentally, she doesn't diet, weighs 123 and insists she's too fat.

The great Hartian dread is appendicitis. "You mean—?" I asked.

"Yes, I mean," she answered seriously. "A wrinkle on your face isn't as bad as one on your stomach. Why, Ada Leonard, a swell strip, put off an appendix operation for three months and almost died—just so she wouldn't ruin her appearance!"

She also is terrified that a zipper may get stuck. She always holds a zipper rehearsal before going on, just to make sure. "If her zipper jams," she says, "Ann Corio can do her innocent act and Rosita Royce can milk those pigeons that cover her. But what can I do?"

These zippers, accordingly, are placed in foolproof positions with much cunning and calipers. The dresses, as involved as a rotary traffic circle, cost about $400 apiece and Margie pays for them out of her own pocket.

"I design 'em myself," she says, "and they've got to be made so a gal can get out of them quick if they catch on fire!"

Incidentally women's summer fashions have been influenced by these collapsible Hart rigs. Margie also throws in a beautiful fur wrap just to put on a little dazzle, and add the opera touch for the devotees.

Despite her drawling, satirical, hard-working gaiety there is a serious side to Miss Hart. Some years ago she dropped into the little 42d Street church, tucked away among the hurly and burly and dime movie houses and girlie shows. The sermon that night happened to be against the diabolical striptease. So moved was Margie, she decided to give up her trade.

"But when I got outside I learned my father was sick," she reminisces unhappily, "and I remembered my mother and brother and sisters. I got realistic."

Her prowess at the box office has brought her the inevitable Hollywood offers, as they came to Mary Martin and Gypsy Rose Lee. After a screen test, Margie turned down the chance to transfer to the Coast.

"I don't like to be kissed publicly," she gave as her official reason.

She is toying with an offer of a lead in a fall Broadway musical. "Even if I could sing and dance," she argues, always the $200-a-week gal at heart, "why should I take it? In burlesque I can work 52 weeks a year if I want to. Suppose I open in a show, louse it up and it runs for four nights? I'd lose my shirt!"

Though her mail brings all sorts of offers for nuptial bliss, she has fought shy of marriage. "Marriage doesn't mix well with my business," she says. "Look at Lois de Fee, the biggest strip gal today. She's six feet three and has had seven husbands and couldn't make a go of it. The trouble is, if you're married, the fans don't like it, and if the fans are crazy about you your husband doesn't like it. You can't blame him, either. Or them."

However, she feels that she will marry in a year or two, by which time she expects the boys will begin to tir lines and seek a new model. Sh it will be a writer and she want tle down on that farm and, w raising a large family, run a dr in Kansas City on the side. Sin just a small-town gal at he spends a lot of time now plannin grams for her silver and lin dreams of the 36-egg spongecal build for the man she'll love. good cook, by the way. Me men who get forward, she gaily, "Isn't it wonderful—we'v each other so short a time, ar just like brother and sister!"

### It's a Mystery to Margi

She drives the first car sh owned—a green one to set off h ing hair. She's simply nuts a loves to drive around New Yor of being recognized by taxi c whom she never recognizes bac

"I don't know why I get all the things," she bubbled as she tool a ride in the magnificent heap. it's because I'm just a wholeson American girl, trying to get alor

So the one and only Margie I she is now billed—goes her blitl cracking way, reveling when a Jean Nathan awards her four ( for her performance and sa when a favorite jockey like Ea (whom she didn't know) was Agua Caliente. She has a g practical attitude toward he knows that men don't come to for the same reason they go to lic library. "Well," she sums u my income tax like the next p I'm not worrying. And, anywa never replace my kind with a m

"Promise now. No thinking programs"

BARBARA

## Dina Cashman

Continued from page 22

ve: he was perfectly willing to take he along. Dina roamed about San Francisco contentedly enough, picked up little presents for her mother and sisters, drifted into a movie. She and Rogers would be quite silent, driving home, the man usually asleep.

At for dinner she always changed her dress and made her hair look as very as she could. And in the new house that she and Mrs. Bucket had bought, Rogers' eyes approved her, though he rarely complimented her in words. Whatever chills or misgivings the day had brought were dissipated when she was dressed and the lights were lighted and she and Rogers settled through the meal. He laughed at her, asked her questions, and in the evening they played cards.

AT FIRST they played with anxious eagerness on her part and nervous anxiety to amuse him as well. Dina had played cards all her life; sodden decks of cards had always seemed to be available somehow in the Cashman family. She was quite Rogers' match at solitaire and rummy, and quick to grasp the essentials of poker patience. There presently came to be a pleasant contest between them, and the card-playing hour every evening sometimes stretched itself to two. Dina fought hard for points, and her shouts of "Oh, lucky!" or "Oh, come Jack, come Jack, come Jack," were as spontaneous as if she were back at Railway Flats again.

"I'm all ready to go out and you get me in the crib!" Rogers would complain.

"Oh, I needed it so! You've had the last two games!"

"Well, come on, let's have another," he would say.

"Let's!" And Dina would laugh joyfully in anticipation of another game. The library would be warm and bright on the chilly spring evenings; the shades drawn, fire blazing, and odd as the situation had seemed to her at first, it still seemed to her, there were times when she felt herself protected and secure and happy enough.

There was a small car for her use—not a new car, but far better than the Cashman's old car. Dina could drive in the afternoons to see her mother and sisters. She had hesitated to make the first call, dreading questions and criticism, and had asked Rogers' advice.

"Just tell 'em yes and no," he had said. "And immediately ask questions. Keep 'em talking about themselves. It'll be easy."

So Dina had gone down to make the dreaded visit, and had found Rogers' counsel excellent. Her mother did implore her with all sorts of queries, but Dina answered them briefly and humbly and brought the conversation promptly to matters domestic.

The home kitchen struck her as strangely grimy and cramped after the bigness of the Holland mansion. Had things always been so cracked and stained, spotted and streaked? Her father was reported to be sleeping off a heavy cold; she suspected he might be sleeping off a night's "binge" as well. But it was a relief to have her mother and little Donny to herself; even El'ner was in school now, and the house was quiet.

Mrs. Cashman was doing the week's washing. She always washed on Monday, distributing gray dirt over towels and underdrawers and shirts rather than removing it, and hanging the wet garments on the line in the yard even if the rain was falling. Sometimes they dangled and blew there for days.

Today she was sousing small articles up and down in the dishpan, sometimes holding one of Donny's socks up for inspection, or scrubbing a particularly ingrained spot on one of Art's shirts.

"What sort of a place are you living in, Dina?"

"The old Holland place. Near Burlingame, in the hills."

"Nice place?"

"Old-fashioned. But big and comfortable. You'll have to come up and see it sometime, Mamma."

"That's what Pop was saying. You've got help, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Cook?"

"Chinese cook."

"Is he real well fixed, Dina?"

"Yes, I guess he is. I never asked."

"We all thought it was Vere you fancied; seems it was his uncle all the time," Ethel Cashman said innocently. "But what I can't get over is your falling in love with a man old enough to be your father. That gets me. Quite a few people, people 'round here, were asking about it. Tom O'Connor talked to Art."

"He did?" Dina's face crimsoned. "Here, I'll hang these out for you," she said. She went into the back yard with the familiar old basket of wet wash, stood at the line with the sweet, warm spring breeze blowing over her and lifting the hair on her forehead. Other women were hanging out wet Monday's clothes. Presently her mother followed her out and began to pin children's socks to the line in bunches of four and six.

In the house again Dina went naturally about her old tasks. She cleared the sink of dishes, did what she could to put the kitchen in order. Her mother, complaining of an aching back and dizzy spells, sat at the kitchen table in great satisfaction, watching her and enjoying a midafternoon cup of tea.

WHEN she got home at five o'clock Dina gave Rogers a spirited report. She found him in the garden, discussing a bed of tulips, primulas and hyacinths with McPherson, and they stood there together in the late, bland flood of the sunset, laughing at the old gardener's earnestness and glad to linger in the spring moistness and sweetness and greenness.

Dina had taken off her hat; her hair, damp from its pressure, was tight against her forehead in rings and spirals. Her face was a little pale from fatigue and from the unwonted warmth of the day, but the pallor seemed to make her blue eyes darker, and her lips redder.

"So you got your mother clothespins?"

"And dish towels and everything else you could think of. The girls went with me, and we each took a basket and went the rounds at Meyer's. Peaches and soup and bacon and cake flour—everything! They all went home with lollipops, except Myrna of course; she was too grand. Meyer wants Myrna to come into the store this summer, and she says that if she can hold the job she's not going back to school. She's only second-year high, though, and I don't believe Pop will let her."

"She impressed me as precocious, but she's pretty. Hello!" Rogers broke off to say in a tone of annoyance, "here are callers!"

The approaching car swung around the drive, stopped. A woman jumped out


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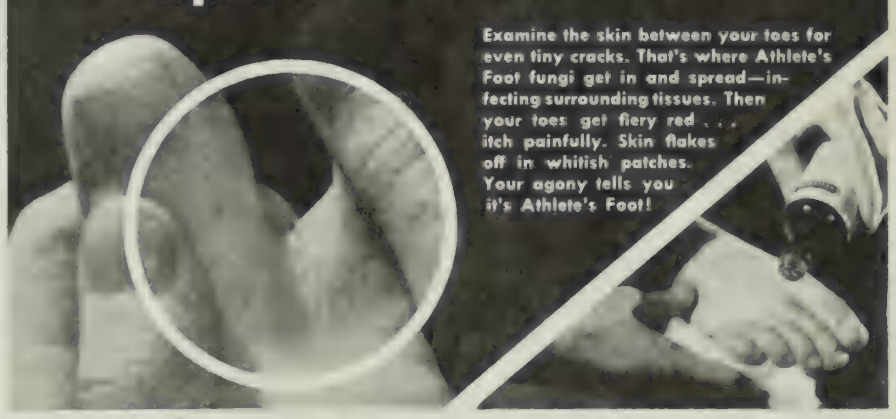

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and then a man. Aline and Andrew Havens.

Aline came straight to Rogers, a newspaper in her hand. "Is this true?" she demanded.

"Aline, hello!" Rogers greeted her amiably. "Hello, Havens. Nice people, to come see us!"

"Is this true?" Aline asked a second time, showing the newspaper. "I just saw it. We were driving down to Menlo and I happened to get a paper."

"Yes, of course," Rogers said pleasantly. "Geraldine, I'm afraid the news is out. We're in the evening paper. I should have supposed dear Caroline would have told you, Aline."

"Why, it's preposterous!" Aline said indignantly. "Caroline and Mimi are in Honolulu," she went on. "I had no idea of it! Nobody had any idea of it! When were you married?"

"You know my wife," Rogers said, indicating Dina with a movement of his head. "Geraldine, you remember Mr. and Mrs. Havens?"

Dina stood disheveled and young and lovely against the sunset: her tawny hair an aureole about her forehead; the pale green leaves and white spheres of a snowball bush behind her.

"Your wife!—Oh, excuse me; I didn't see you," Aline said frigidly; then with reproach to Rogers: "And you never told me!"

"You never told me your plans with Mr. Havens here until about a fortnight before you hopped off to Reno with him. That's a nice little city by the way. Geraldine and I took a leaf out of your book and went there too. Perhaps the same obliging clergyman married you. Kirkham?—Something Kirkham," Rogers said all in an unruffled, leisurely tone. "But come—let's go in. It's going to be cold out here in about a minute. Geraldine, what about scaring us up something to eat and drink?"

"I'll see Hinz." Dina nodded and smiled as she escaped. She raced to the pantry, raced upstairs. Her new flowery dress; a wet comb dashed through her hair; changed slippers.

"You're all right," Mrs. Bucket said, helping her. "You look all right."

DINA descended, slackening her pace. She must be composed, not breathless when she entered the library.

Hinz was stooping to light the fire. A tray with glasses and bottles was on a table. Aline and Andrew and Rogers were still standing; all three turned as Dina came in.

She looked young and sweet in the flowery ruffles; the freshly combed damp hair had fallen into waves and curves about her face. She was still a little pale, and her eyes shone darkly sapphire in faint rings of shadow.

"Ah, Hinz has taken care of you, I see. And Chong is making us some canapés," she said composedly. She did not look at Rogers, but she felt his satisfaction with her behavior like a tangible wave that touched her.

"What are you drinking, Mrs. Holland?" Andrew Havens asked with his agreeable smile. He was mixing a highball for himself. Dina smiled in return.

"Nothing, thank you. Rogers tries to make me drink milk, but not at this time of day!" she said. And then, as the three others settled themselves by the fireside, she pushed a leather hassock to the side of Rogers' chair, and sat down, her shoulder touching his knee.

She had never taken this position before; she had not planned it; but something in Aline's hostility, her intolerance, had nerved her, and she knew she was right when Rogers changed his glass to his other hand, and allowed his fingers to touch her shoulder in return.

"You shouldn't have bothered about food, Mrs. Holland," Aline said with a polite inclination of her head.

"Oh, it was no trouble," Dina assured her easily. "Chong loves to have someone to fuss over, and we don't keep him half busy enough."

"It seems to be my fate to want to paint you," Andrew Havens said. Dina widened her eyes, and remembering her instructions upon an earlier occasion, turned to smile mysteriously at Rogers. But this time her face was much nearer his than it ever had been before, and the expression of grateful appreciation she saw there somewhat upset her. He was suffering in this other woman's company as he always must. His smile was strained and unnatural; his upper lip beaded with fine perspiration.

Aline knew it, too. No snake charmer ever exerted a more confident sway over her victims than that Aline was exerting now, relaxed and graceful in her big chair, her beautiful, slender body outlined by the glossy satin gown, her exquisite, Oriental head, all ivory and black and scarlet, her eyes agleam with satisfaction in her own sneering power.

"Why didn't you tell us that night, Rogers, that you and Miss—I've forgotten the previous name, Mrs. Holland: forgive me—were planning this?"

"Oh, I don't know! We just got into the car one day, followed your example, and went up to Reno and had it all over without any fuss." He tried to say it carelessly, but he did not wholly succeed.

"So the paper says. Well, you'll have fuss enough now."

"Maybe we'll run away from it. Hey, Geraldine?"

"Maybe we will," Dina said thoughtfully, not moving her gaze from the fire.

"Mrs. Caroline Holland was telling me all about you," Aline said suddenly, turning the battery of her silken, smiling manner toward the younger woman. "You were a friend of Vere Holland's, weren't you? Quite a *good* friend."

DINA brought her shadowed blue eyes from the fire to Aline's face. There was a moment of complete silence in the room. Andrew Havens looked from one to the other in mild, amused bewilderment.

"Yes, I knew Vere," Dina said.

"Very well, didn't you?" Aline asked.

"Who told you anything about Geraldine and Vere Holland?" Rogers demanded. Dina, whose face had slowly crimsoned, sank back in her chair, a great wave of relief engulfing her. She fixed her expectant eyes on Rogers, looking like a frightened and abashed child.

"There was something to tell?" Aline countered.

"Apparently," Rogers said. "I don't know what Caroline's been talking about," he went on. "But I'm having Callaghan go down and find out what she's been saying," he drawled. "After all, Aline, libel's libel, and Geraldine's my wife. I don't know what you told Betsey Berry, but the sooner that sort of thing gets scotched the better. Just what was your source of information, anyway?"

ALINE'S ivory face lost a shade of color.

"Why, I don't know anything at all," she said, proudly indifferent. But there was a suggestion of stammering in her usually assured speech. "I have nothing to do with it! Caroline told me that Vere had know Miss—known your wife, that was all. I had said that she was here at a dinner party and that I was wondering about her."

"Well, if that's all you quoted to Betsey that's all right then," Rogers said, with an air of being mollified; "but from something she said—however, she evidently didn't get it from you! I'll have to find out where she *did* get it."

"I said nothing to Betsey Berry that Caroline didn't say to me," Aline said quickly.

"And nothing about Geraldine?"

"Nothing Caroline didn't say." She was uneasy now, on the defensive; there were two red spots in her cheeks.

"Well, Callaghan will run the whole thing down," Rogers said comfortably.

"Don't go consulting Frank Callaghan; don't be so silly!" Aline said lightly. "After all, I think all that I said was that Miss Cashman and Vere had been friends, and I'm sure that's true. Tell me, what do you two honeymooners do here, all day long?" she added, in the social tone of one keeping a conversation going, but obviously anxious to get on firmer ground.

"We never seem to have any time to spare, do we, Geraldine?" Rogers said, stuffing his pipe.

"We play cribbage," Dina contributed. "And I beat him," she added, with a smile for Rogers.

"We'll have to begin to play cribbage," Andrew said unexpectedly. He had taken no part and apparently no interest in the little exchange of hostilities, merely glancing once or twice at his wife with a whimsical expression of surprise on his humorous, long-featured face. "The long winter evenings down at the farm have been boring my wife to death," he continued. "It's a matter of fact we've been at a town for the last couple of weeks.

"Bored, were you, Aline?" asked mildly, over his pipe.

"Not bored at all," she answered, lazily looking at the fire between her shut lids, but first having given Rogers a level, expressionless glance. As part of Andy's profession to meet people, to have them know he's married, since quite a good deal was going on: the Ruthie party and the Stannie wedding, we moved in for a fortnight.

"As a matter of fact, I like the country best in winter," Rogers observed. "Geraldine does too."

"I love it here," Dina said simply.

"You're evidently quite an idyllic couple!" Aline said with a little laugh. "You've not heard from Caroline about your marriage?" she asked Rogers in an undertone.

"I only wrote her a day or two ago, and if, as you say, they've been in Honolulu— Anyway, I've not heard!"

Dina lost the rest of the conversation, for Andrew had gotten to his feet and stepped to a lamp. He beckoned to her.

"Come over here and see what you think of this," he said.

Dina joined him, looking down at a little sketch he had drawn on a square pad of white paper.

"Why, it's lovely!" she exclaimed. "It's me—I—me—I—" she stammered, laughing and looking at Rogers.

AND she carried to him the sketch: a girl in a flowery dress, a girl sitting on a hassock with an old-fashioned fireplace for a background. Dispiteously to Rogers, Dina seated herself on the arm of his chair, and leaned against him familiarly.

"Yes, yes, it's really like you," he approved. "Why don't you paint us, Andrew?" he asked. "I'd like to have her painted."

"You were going to have me painted. Was Anne ever painted?" Aline put in. Rogers showed no annoyance.

"No; we talked of it. But our wedding we didn't have Andrew in the mood then. How'd you like to do it, anyway? How could you do it?" he asked the artist.

"But look here, I wasn't drawing up trade!" Andrew protested. His hard, lean, sunburned face flushed deeper.

"I know you weren't. But we might as well get Geraldine at nineteen; she'll never be any younger."

"I suppose you've been painted lots of times?" Dina said somewhat shyly to Aline. Aline glanced at her thoughtfully, did not answer.

"Of course I've done her," Rogers said. "She's a wonderful subject because she always looks just the same. Whether it's ten o'clock in the morning or late at night Aline's the same porcelain empress."

"I can see that," Rogers mused, his shut eyes on Aline. "Ah, modern cosmetics—modern cosmetics."

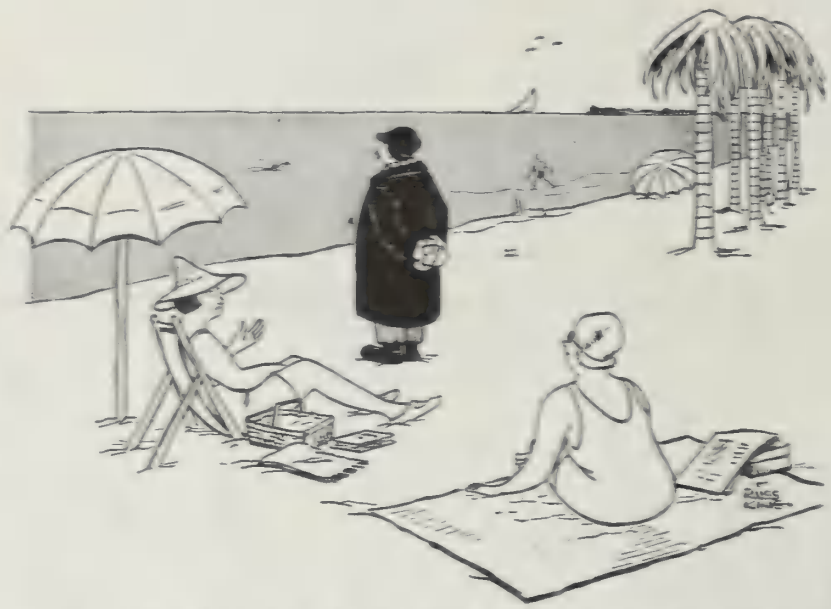
"But Dina here—" Andrew began. He stopped, changed to an apologetic tone. "I call you Dina," he explained, "because it isn't in the nature of things to call a girl who looks about anything as formal as Mrs. Holland."

"Please do!" Dina, back on the hassock, said eagerly.

"I was going to say that you look all the time," Andrew resumed. "You were quite different that first night. Seemed older, somehow: did you, Aline? When we got here too, there were one girl, and now you're another."

"Infinite variety," Rogers said. "Well, how would you like to pose in that thing?"

"In that dress and that da



"He's just stubborn! He didn't want to come in the first place"

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he. Sit there, will you?" Andrew sk d. Dina rose, shook her flowery ki and sat down in the blue-brocaded ha. Its back rose high above her av y head; she clamped her young, ea hands firmly on the high arms. T t's perfect," Andrew said. "And rele got a north light, too. I could pull si these curtains and run up the ha es, I presume."

gers waved his hand.

ow soon could you begin?" he said n more himself, imperturbable and m ed. "I'd like that old marble man- el it," he said. "And a corner of my ng er's portrait."

am having an exhibition in May; a having some stuff sent out from he East," Andrew told them. "We'll iv the 'Portrait of Mrs. Rogers Hol- ar the place of honor."

can't get used to the idea of there e a Mrs. Rogers Holland at all." li said. She rose, stretched her hand o er husband. "We've got to be go- ng she added. But when Dina and nlew had preceded them from the oc she drew Rogers back and they al d together while the others waited n e hall.

hen are you going back to Los lt, Mr. Havens?"

h, look here, if I call you Dina I o think you ought to call me any- ni but Andy. When are we going a? Well, I don't know. Aline had e r seen the place when we were mar- ie and I imagine she finds it pretty ru . I described it to her and she al d as if she'd love it; said she was ic of society and only wanted to get w and rest, but—well, we had pretty e y rains after Christmas, you know, n he road was washed out. I imagine re wait until spring, now." Andrew's ro g, honest face was a mixture of per- le ty and indulgent amusement.

IXED the date of sitting for your portrait?" Rogers asked, joining he.

ve been saying that I don't think ro ought to do that yet." Aline said. sh looked angry, almost as if she had be crying.

hy not?" the painter demanded in- sto ntly. "How'd you mean 'yet'? I'd ik to have it finished in time for my ex bition; I won't do it any better three no ths from now."

ell, I say that I don't think you ou t to do it," Aline persisted, quietly ou tubbornly. "I have my reasons and 'll ive you my reasons later."

ou'll have to give me pretty good re ons for throwing over my first com- mi ion, darling!" Andrew said with a au h. Dina and Rogers stood in the ic doorway and watched them depart n e spring dusk.

poiled. I suppose there was never a man quite so spoiled in this world." Ro rs said, when they were gone, in o as if he spoke to himself. "She is le rmined now that he shall not paint ro portrait. Well, we'll see!"

But why should she be determined?" Di a asked.

Because he is so anxious to do it, Ge ldine. Because it's more than o mission with him; he thinks you're ex emely paintable. He said so. Aline lid't like it."

Oh, but that's—that's nonsense," Di a protested, flushing. "When she's so beautiful. Like a—like a Chinese lam."

Chinese lamp who hates the coun- ry never has learned to cook, and do n't know how to manage without a ma d," Rogers said with a quiet chuckle.

But—but you love her?" She couldn't he saying it. They were back by the dy g fire now, and standing facing each ot r.

Yes," he answered in a low tone, tu ing to kick at the steel-rodded grate with his mud-stained garden shoe. "But her life would have been quite different if she'd married me, and she would have been different. There'd have been dignity here, the background she knows," Rogers muttered. "They've nothing to live on; she doesn't know how they're going to manage! She's infuriated because I could give him a commission to paint your portrait, infuriated because he needs it, and because your picture will be shown at his exhibition."

"But I should think he'd have half a dozen of her there!"

"He probably will. But the crowd will gather around yours. 'Portrait of Mrs. Rogers Holland' is bound to attract attention, and she knows it! Down there on a ranch in Los Altos!" Rogers was back in his own thoughts again. "A woman who could walk into any doorway in the world! And he is getting his taste of it, poor fellow!" he added. "Did you see the look she gave him when he said she hated the country? She doesn't want any of that before me."

"He is nice," said Dina firmly.

"Yes, he's a decent sort of fellow. You looked nice yourself when you came downstairs," Rogers said. "Where'd you get that dress?"

"The day I went shopping in San Francisco while you were at your broker's," Dina answered. "Twenty-two fifty."

"Twenty-two fifty, eh? Well, it looks worth it. It's five o'clock; I think I'll go up for a shower and change."

"WILL you be down for some music at six, Rogers?" She had not used the name often; she was schooling herself to do so. The man hesitated. She knew that Aline's call had upset him—torn between the fascination that this mysterious and beautiful woman had for him, and the angry satisfaction he took in annoying her.

"You liked that music?" he asked, his back toward her as he moved toward the door.

"I loved it."

"Well—" The point was not conceded. But when Dina came downstairs at a quarter past six she found him sunk deep in a great leather chair in the small room adjoining the library, where the great carved case of a phonograph stood. The place was almost dark; it was buried, inundated by the glorious music of a Russian opera.

Dina slipped into a neighboring chair, raised her feet to a leather hassock, lost herself in the beauty and passion of the music. Until Hinz, awaiting an interval between records, came to announce dinner, neither she nor Rogers spoke.

"WANT to go to Stockton?" Rogers asked her at luncheon next day. "I have to drive up there and look over a piece of property this afternoon."

**"Sorry, old man, thought we were going to do only the close-ups today"**

"I'd love to!" Dina said. "Right now?"

"Well—as soon's luncheon is over. Any other plans?"

"None important. I thought I might go down and see Mamma. There was nobody at home yesterday, but I can go tomorrow just as well."

A short fifteen minutes later she came out of the front door, coated and dressed for the trip, and found him waiting for her in his own open roadster. "Oh, are you driving?" she asked with pleasure.

"Like that better?"

"Well, I do. But I don't know why." She settled herself beside him in great satisfaction. "What a day to go anywhere!" she exulted. "How long will it take us?"

"About two hours."

"I'd like to drive anywhere—Mexico, New York—a day like this!"

"You may have an idea there. Tell me, Geraldine," he said as they drove along through the beauty and greenness of March, "exactly what does your family live on?"

Dina laughed, unembarrassed.

"Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely. "Mamma sold a barrel of books that were my grandfather's before we came west. But I think she only got eleven dollars for them and for two pictures."

"What sort of pictures?"

"Engravings, I think. I don't remember. I've never been this way before," commented Dina, absorbed in the scenery.

"No, but tell me. Your father gets relief, does he?"

"Well, he had some trouble getting it, but now it's all fixed. It's always all gone by the end of the first week," Dina said. "Look, look, look at the white birds!"

"Herons. There are always herons here. All right. He gets his relief and it's gone. Then what?"

"Well, then there was my salary, you know."

"But that's stopped now."

"Yes, but I cashed the check you gave me for that dinner party and gave Mamma that after we were married, and last week I had an extra ten in my purse, and I let her have that too. I hope you don't mind."

"But how about before you were working?"

"I don't know." Dina said vaguely, and laughed at her own tone. "I really don't, Rogers," she said. "Lots and lots of the people we know live like that. You don't know how they do it!"

"That's an understatement," Rogers said, and she laughed again.

"WHAT I mean is," she elucidated, "there are families and families who are just struggling along on nothing, and—well, say the father is the only person in the family earning any money, and then he gets sick."

"Go on," Rogers said.

"You know, there might be little boys of seven and five and three," Dina pursued, "and a baby, or a baby coming. And there he is, coughing in bed, with blankets over him and his wife making him poultices."

"So what happens?"

"Oh, the neighbors, first," Dina explained. "Everyone hears Joe Schulz is home sick, and people take in things. And maybe Mamma or somone takes the baby for a while. And then there's—oh, lodges, and maybe employer's liability; I don't know," she finished lightly, "everyone helps."

"But the poor fellow must worry so about getting well."

"Oh, yes, poor people worry when something goes wrong," Dina conceded. "But they don't worry *unless* something goes wrong!" she added cheerfully. "They don't worry about nothing."

"Well, that's a point," Rogers said.

"Then someone like Mrs. Sorenson or the Flints will have brothers or fathers who can help them out," Dina pursued. "Mrs. Sorenson opened a boardinghouse and they say she's making more money than Ole ever did. She had four little girls and Jonny, but we think Jonny isn't quite all there. They all have white hair and are fat, but they are the *cleanest* children! They look as if they'd been boiled, and every Monday she has six or seven dresses for every one of them out on the line. Mamma used to wonder how she did it. But afterward they bought a bathtub, when the Morris house burned down, and I think Ole set that up for her."

"Most of the houses haven't bathtubs?"

"None of them have," said Dina.

"Your house had?"

"Oh, no, it hadn't, Rogers!"

"I see." For some reason she could not understand he sighed and fell silent, and they drove along for some time without speaking.

*(To be continued next week)*

# Our New Army

Continued from page 24

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
*safely*
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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JOIN THE THOUSANDS who prefer stainless, hygienic, safe, EYE-GENE. Wash them with this specialist's formula today, and see how refreshed they feel. EYE-GENE is on sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.

thing else. No. 2 Gripe with the boys in the 31st Division is aching feet and they want to know how come a corps of chiropodists hasn't been organized to keep their dogs in shape. Blanding Station Hospital officials say there hasn't been any more foot trouble than usual, but the way the enlisted men growl it seems as though the American foot isn't what it used to be. Anyway, the 31st Division personnel figures that sore feet will be a pain in Washington's neck sooner or later and they respectfully request that the brass hats put the problem into the Urgent file.

43D DIV. ON top of the millions already spent on this reservation, an additional $5,000,000 has been set aside for improvements to be started when the divisions move out within the next two weeks. The dough will, supposedly, cover everything from $2,000,000 worth of road improvements to shades for the windows in the 2,000-bed Station Hospital. Jacksonville's city limits have already been brought thirty-five miles closer by completion of a high-speed highway; another five miles will be lopped off when a new cut-off, now building, is finished. Four-lane highways here and there will further reduce bottlenecks and facilitate motor convoy maneuvers in the area. If and when the 31st and 43d return to Blanding from Louisiana early in October, they won't know the old place.

### TENNESSEE

33D DIV. CAMP FORREST, Tullahoma. When the 33d Division (Illinois National Guard) arrived here last March the temperature was up in the late seventies, the mud was gooey and the recently departed construction workers had left a fine mess of odds and ends for the soldiers to clean up. The picture has changed since then. Today the reservation is well policed, the mud is dust, and any temperature below eighty is considered a cold wave. New soldiers pour into camp almost daily, to bring the division up to authorized strength; old soldiers pour out of camp at every opportunity, to browse around Tullahoma, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Huntsville, Alabama, watched over by M.P.'s. The boys from Chicago are impressed by Southern hospitality, which seems to be working on more cylinders here than in neighboring states.

### LOUISIANA

34TH DIV. CAMP CLAIBORNE, Alexandria. Professional wrestling in Alexandria was sort of take-it-or-leave-it until Corp. Joe Pazandak, former professional from Minnesota, got permission to take part in three grunt-and-groan prelims. Word got around, crowds swelled and the corporal, who hasn't yet lost a match, is now billed as a main-eventer in one Mike Mule's wrestling arena, which is no longer large enough to take care of the fans. In his first two-hour-limit, main-event match, Corp. Pazandak tossed opponent Jack Humberto out into the aisles when the latter started some rough stuff and jumped down after him to continue the battle on the floor and in a mess of chairs. Seven of the corporal's pals thought maybe he needed a little help and the cops finally had to convoy the battered Humberto to the showers. Mike Mule, owner of the arena, also runs a bakery and lets ladies in free when accompanied by an escort and a wrapper from a loaf of his bread, the sale of which has been boosted tremendously by Corp. Pazandak's muscular efforts.

PVT. JAMES MARTIN, Co. A, 133d Inf., thinks about a blue-eyed blonde in Carnegie, Pa., when he rests his head on a pillow she sent him, but he has yet to meet the gal. She works in a pillow factory and she and some other babes packed their names and addresses in a shipment recently sent to Claiborne and unpacked by Pvt. Martin. He wrote a note, hoping to draw a blonde—and did. Reminds us of a fellow in one of the camps who, noticing that his first-aid pack was torn, opened it and found the name and address of the Chicago girl who had packed it. He didn't write to her, though; the slip was dated 1918.

COMPANY H, 136th Medical Regiment, is conducting a survey on one of the Army's favorite pastimes—rumors. Every day, men in the company write down the rumors they've heard and hand them to Pfc. Glenn Rajsa, who, at the end of the month, sorts them out. Those that have come true are figured against those that haven't, and the men hope eventually to get some idea of what, and what not, to believe. It probably won't work.

### VIRGINIA

CAMP PENDLETON, Virginia Beach. The boys in the 244th C.A. are relegating their humors to a rumor map which stands in Regimental headquarters and bears a colored pin for every place they've heard they'll be sent. "From the most reliable sources" twenty destinations have been mentioned, including Camp Pendleton itself. Others are: Louisiana, Bermuda, Trinidad, Puerto Rico, New York City, Greenland, Canary Islands, Da Angeles, Galapagos Islands, N. Y., Fisher's Island, Conn., Nassau, Hawaii, Guam, the Ph and Antigua. Last month, paren and sweethearts in New York sc down to Virginia Beach in drov ming roads, busses and the Cape ferry, to say goodby "because t is going out of the country months." They were all back a ness was going on as usual only day. Anyhow, it was a nice w for everybody.

### MARYLAND

29TH DIV. FORT GEORGE G. M For Pvts. Rosner and A derson, competition h stifled, at least for Formerly photographers for ri picture services, they met last at Annapolis to cover the arriva Halifax. Few weeks ago Rosne teered for the Army in Ba Anderson did the same thing i ington. Now they're both in th relations office of the 29th divi

### NEW JERSEY

44TH DIV. FORT DIX, Wrightstow tically every guardsma tee and enlisted man in Division has the sizzling that the Army pulled its prize of stupidity right here, and rece months, some 17,000 men had forward to a set-date, ten-day and had made plans ranging fro mony to loafing at the seasho furlough came, all right, and th scattered like buckshot; but just four hours later the Army sent 17,000 collect telegrams orderi

"There's no writing in it, but it may talk a little—it's a parrot!"

PUBLIC LIBRARY

"I'm glad to see that Alfred doesn't spend all his pay on girls and dancing, like some people I could mention"

F. HUMFREVILLE

for maneuvers in Virginia. reports exaggerated the barrack windows smashed by ing soldiers; as a matter of ys were pretty well behaved, the circumstances. But one dow breakers was definitely o was married the moment he and who hasn't yet kissed the says.

TALLY, the maneuvers re- one of the longest bread lines ted. The 44th was several iles from home, down in north- rginia near Fort Belvoir, but eating Fort Dix bread—9,000 it daily—trucked down the e Service Co. of the 372d In- ther grub left the post every by train, each train comprise- boxcars and two refrigerator een tons of meat was a daily

### CALIFORNIA

AMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. housands of selectees—the ajority from Camps Callan d Roberts—have the 40th reathing on the 20,000 mark. possible, a dance, fight pro- ome other shindig is put on w batch of men. Newcomers out camp regulations: Beer d in the enlisted men's club nces, soldiers and their part- sneak out during intermis- k-end passes are limited to th. The curb on liberty days d after a social survey con- San Luis Obispo and other wns indicated the desirabil- lations.

ROBERTS. With 3,500 new riving nearly every week, the he military police is becom- tshop proposition. There's no e; just guys getting into minor call for quick justice, so jams ome customary. When the lled for three Black Marias, rvin Helm, in charge of the l repair shop, put a crew of ders to work. "But look," m told them, "we've got to ind that one of us might have one of these bird cages some 's be charitable." The upshot the three portable hoose- exactly like ordinary Army

7TH DIV.

FORT ORD. As Lieut. Col. Garnett H. Wilson watched trailer after trailer loaded with vacationists pass his staff car, an idea suddenly glimmered. "See if you can't provide," he told Maj. Joseph M. Williams, of the 69th Qm. Btn., "about twenty of those combined living and office quarters, for transporting Third Army Corps Headquarters to field maneuvers." Members of the 69th's Co. C got busy, ripped up condemned trucks and ambulances, constructed twenty-three trailers out of the pieces. The cost came to $50 each, which was $300 less than the price civilian workers would have charged for them.

### RECOIL

IN THE June 7th issue of this department, a Fort Jackson soldier was quoted as griping because the library had no "biography, history and other books worth reading." Second Lieutenant Robert M. White II, 128th F.A., wonders what this soldier really wants. "We," he writes, "recently made a survey here and learned that one third of the books drawn from our two libraries are nonfiction, biographies, aeronautics, engineering, history and language books." And a private who wants his name kept out of this says the 8th Division Service Club library has some swell books in it. What he wants to know is, why can't they figure out some way to give the Fort Jackson boys some symphonic or concert music?

THE Canal Zone yields another letter from Sgt. George Russell, 6th Bomb Group Recreation Center, France Field, in which he tells us what happened after we quoted him recently as saying that many of the 1,080 men stationed there guaranteed to answer all letters from female correspondents. "The response was terrific," writes he. "We've received letters from twenty-eight states so far, mostly from New York, California and Texas, with a few from Pennsylvania. The demand for them was so great that I had to get an extra man to help me distribute them, and two men answered each letter. The officers thought it was a wonderful idea. There are, however, still 600 lonely soldiers with fountain pens ready for action. Can you send out one more plea for letters?"

WHY, certainly, sergeant . . . Please, gals?

G. W.

SHE'S not ashamed of her FALSE TEETH SMILE

Thanks To POLIDENT BEAUTY BATH

Keeps Plates Like New—No Brushing

Are you letting dingy false teeth destroy your smile . . . perhaps your whole charm? Does the very thought of unattractive plates make you self-conscious when you should be well-poised? The thing to do is—get Polident—a powder that magically dissolves away tarnish, stain, food-deposits from plates, removable bridges—*without brushing*, acid or danger! What a difference in the way your plate looks and feels! Polident purifies your plate—leaves it *clean*—attractive! Gums look more "alive" too! Leading dentists recommend POLIDENT. Only 30c, any drug store; *money back if not delighted.*

Hudson Products, Inc., 220 W. 19th St., New York, N.Y.

False Teeth Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

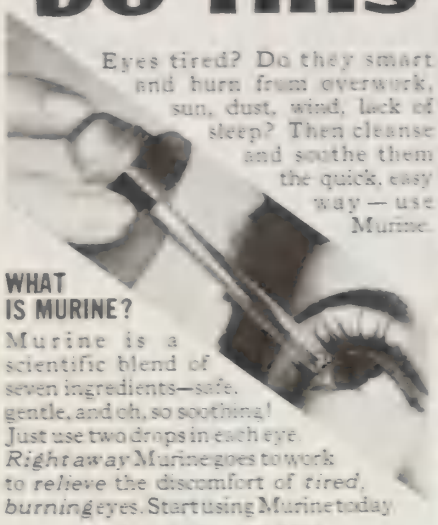
A dark film collects on plates and bridges, that soaks up odors and impurities! It gets in crevices where brushing can't even reach! Almost always it results in "denture breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it *but others will!* Yet Polident quickly dissolves all film—leaves plates absolutely odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing!

POLIDENT

*Cleans and Purifies* **No Brushing.** Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

When Your Eyes Are Tired
DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

Soothe Pain of Sunburn This Quick Way

Remember Sunburn is a real burn and should be treated at once. For quick relief apply OIL-O-SOL (formerly Oil-of-Sol). It soothes, cools and comforts. Used by thousands. This effective antiseptic is also valuable in treating non-venomous insect bites and minor injuries—cuts, scratches, bruises. Stimulates healing—combats infection. Only 39¢ at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get Mosso's OIL-O-SOL today.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Great Success
for itchy peeling toes
ATHLETE'S FOOT

Many Druggists Say "Nothing Better"

No matter how tortured you are from itching, or cracked, peeling raw skin between toes—just feel how *promptly* liquid Zemo relieves distress. Zemo ALSO gives the irritated skin a chance to heal *faster*. Zemo is one product that *really* works!

Use Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear. Over 25,000,000 packages of this highly successful home treatment to relieve distress have been sold. It MUST be good! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00.

ZEMO

## Gow Jobs

Continued from page 14

blessed by nature with the perfect setup for the hobby. One hundred and seventy miles from Los Angeles on the Mojave Desert, the dry, hard bottoms of what centuries ago were mammoth lakes extend for miles across the desert. Only Daytona Beach in its heyday even approached this racing strip. Since 1938, Harper Lakes have been the scene of time trials and competitive races conducted under the auspices of the SCTA.

In the beginning, the boys had loosely knit clubs, meeting at parking lots, garages or on lonely roads to race, look over one another's rigs and compare notes. The names of these clubs tell their own story—Road Runners, Throttlers, Hot Irons, Sidewinders, Outriders, Night Fliers, Velociteers, Comets, Road Ramblers, Revs, Falcons, Idlers, 90 M.P.H. Club.

Dozens of these clubs sprang up in Los Angeles and surrounding communities as far north as San Francisco and as far south as San Diego. When the members finally realized that a governing organization was the only alternative to constant friction with the public and the law, the SCTA was the result.

In Los Angeles alone, there are twenty-eight clubs, each with an average of thirty members, and there are at least 2,500 boys with racing cars in California.

The idea of the association was to stage meets at the Lakes, a safe course for testing the cars. Each club provides two members for patrol duty at every meet. Boys who are broke but deserving are assisted out of slender club funds. Daring ideas are encouraged in the design of cars and motors.

### A Secret That Won't Keep

Come along to a Lakes meet. Out through Newhall, Saugus and Mint Canyon, or Victorville and Barstow, and onto the Mojave, five thousand cars of every description are whooshing by, making the walls of Mint Canyon reverberate like a tom-tom. Most of the cars carry spectators lucky enough to know about the Lakes meet. There have been as many as 20,000 people lining the course, but they are not wanted, and the meets are kept as secret as possible.

The night before a Lakes meet, boys begin to gather early. Zero hour is twelve midnight. Racing starts with the first streak of light over the desert, since by noon it will be 120 in the shade.

Sit beside one of these kids. Squeeze into the cramped seat. Don't be frightened that after your driver gets into his car, the steering wheel is handed him and fastened into place. It fits so snugly against his stomach that he couldn't get under it any other way.

The first minute will scare you stiff, because you never heard so much racket come out of so small a motor. But watch him. His split-second reactions are faster than yours. He knows what he is doing. By analyzing the skilled, alert way the boy handles his car, you will learn that accidents are caused less by fast driving than slow thinking.

There is no muffler on the car. The motor was designed to develop 85 h.p. After two years of hard work, it will pour out around 140 h.p. And the speed is in ratio to its horsepower.

He probably will be stopped on the way to the Lakes for not having a muffler. But his SCTA card will receive courteous attention from the motorcycle officer. The law now overlooks such regulations, appreciating that this boy is going to do his racing honestly and aboveboard. But let the boy's foot get heavy on the throttle, and nothing will protect him from seeing the judge.

At the Lakes in the pitch blackness before dawn, cars are lined up for miles, waiting for enough light to signal the start of the test runs.

The hard-working SCTA technical committee, which arrived two days before, has the electrical timing device, designed by the members, functioning flawlessly. The timer is so accurate that when checked it was not off more than 1/1000 of a second in twenty-four hours.

One quarter of a mile apart to the inch, two wires, hydraulically controlled, stretch across the course leading to a recording disk at the judges' stand. Before entering the crucial stretch, known as "the traps," the driver is allowed a three-mile leeway to get up to full speed and then three miles in which to bring his car to a stop. With between 400 and 500 test runs in a day, few cars will fail to top 100 m.p.h.

Spectators are permitted only one side of the course, to permit a safe turnout on the other side if a car meets trouble. Committee members patrol the course, while others check tires, brakes, steering gear and other equipment. Any machine that offers the slightest hazard is barred from the course.

Three types of cars are raced. The fastest is the streamliner, having a streamlined body, often with some sort of tail assembly. It may o multimotored. Next is t type, nothing more than motor, a gas tank, a steeri a driver. Third is the roa have any kind of power, jus two, but must have a roadster body.

Bob Rufi holds the stre ord. It is 143.54 m.p.h., est a rig no bigger than a watc with a tornado for power. it the "Sweet Potato on W body is airplane-type cons incredibly strong. Once R locked when he was hitti though the machine rolled times, quicker than a wink, away from it all in one pie an injured arm. The motor with the exhaust shooting air stream.

And—get this—Rufi co power plant around a 1927 Chevrolet motor, with an three-port head! But there in the motor he has not gon dred times until every par compare with the finest ti

Rod and John Pugh joi modified record at 127.05 their Ford V-8. Rod, who is drove the car to this rec shore leave. But both worked on it and have driv the traps in record time.

"Darling, how lovely you look, with that mystic, heavenly light dancing in your hair!"

se oung mechanics refuse to ac-
an form of standardization in
n ors or bodies. In comparison,
Se mbe, Jr. hung up the roadster
c 125.36 m.p.h. with an ordinary
M del A body, powered with a
ac -16 motor.

t takes a boy years to save the
fi six hundred or a thousand
s puts into his car. Try order-
ea hat would duplicate the speed
es jalopies. The asking price
t e your breath away.

**I a Young Man's Game**

ung men this sport turns out
fr n the homes of the rich and
o Shirley Temple's 21-year-old
r, George, is a good example.
tw months of training at the Ma-
lo s recruit depot in San Diego,
mple graduated the outstand-
a in his platoon of sixty-three
er cks. He also was one of fif-
ou of 190 graduates whose apti-
n ted a mechanic's assignment
ia on duty.

ars ago, when Temple became
st, in the Lakes, he knew little
n tors. What he learned around
es nd racing his own car gave
he pportunity to specialize with
Ma nes in aviation. George is
t win his wings. If he does, he
ie n a fighting, not a bombing
e feels that bombers are too

o Kamimura, an American-born
es and a gardener, loves speed.
He an't afford more than one car.
e akes, he unbolts the fenders
hi Model A Ford, tunes up his
which has a special racing head,
d them do, and bangs through
a He has been timed at 121
After the races, he bolts the fend-
ac on, loads up with his lawn-
r, oses and hedge clippers and
ab t his business. In town, he
i low and second.

il short time ago, Thatcher Dar-
as in insurance clerk. His fellow
t ought he was slightly daft to
a bby so ridiculous as hopped-
rs Darwin is now employed by
ol as Aircraft Company as a spe-
t, ndling replacement parts on
s.

s mmer, Darwin will have at the
s t car he has visioned ever since
s knee pants. He used to sketch
hi school when he should have
co ugating verbs. It will be the
su rcharged V-16 Cadillac motor
e akes. Darwin took the motor
f secondhand car that once be-
d Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

rt g three years ago, he designed
ne or the motor, working from the
d p. The supercharger cost him
m ths' salary, and he sleeps with
de his bed. His motor develops
d 0 h.p. He thinks it should give
it ast 125 m.p.h.

k berts, a popular Lakes driver
38 was a recent visitor around the
In" hangouts. He was back in
Ar eles after successfully com-
ng he Air Corps training course in
s. nd en route to a Pacific Coast
Many Lakes drivers are going
he lying service as pilots.

x Mays, Fred Friday and Mel
nto Lakes products, are well-
n rofessional race drivers. Eddie
r, brother of Louie, three-time
er f the Indianapolis classic, has
t Lakes as a laboratory for
n Meyer's cars.

st an example of how the Lakes
ate s a laboratory, a popular make
oc ar now features dual carbure-
This is nothing new to the Lakes
They were coming out years ago
ei t carburetors, one to a cylinder.
ou er boys look up to those of greater experience and accomplishment. The maturer drivers are taking the kids, known in the lingo as "High-School Harrys," under their wing. They encourage them to go out after records instead of knocking down lampposts. Rules of safe driving are drilled into them. Their cars are inspected. They are shown movies of races, given mechanical tips and absorb in this relationship valuable lessons.

But the SCTA is so pressed for funds, depending entirely on the dues of the members, that until recently the judges' stand at the Lakes was the crate of a Pratt and Whitney Wasp motor. Now they have a portable timer, built on the trucks of an old trailer. Neither the American Automobile Association nor any other qualified organization has ever taken the slightest interest in these boys. For setting a record or winning a race they are lucky to get a case of oil, a mechanic's jumper or a three-dollar merchandise order. Sheer enthusiasm, junk and tin cans have created mechanical marvels on the most limited funds.

Boys who have been building their own cars for five or six years know more about the fundamental principles and construction of motors than most college graduates and can put a majority of mechanics to shame. The minds of these boys are not cluttered up with conventions, taboos or rigid formulae. Putting their cars together, piece by piece, they know intimately the function of every part of mechanism from practical experience. They can tear their cars down and put them together again in a dark room.

**Tank Corps Welcomes Them**

The Tank Corps of the United States Army is welcoming these young Lakes drivers with open arms. Many of the clubs have been decimated by the draft and at present there are fourteen members of the Southern California Timing Association at Fort Benning, Georgia, in the newly formed Tank Divisions of the Army. Others are being trained to handle Jeeps, the tiny, highly mobile scout cars developed for the Army that can speed across a plowed field at sixty miles per hour. The training these boys receive at the Lakes in handling cars at high speeds and their ability to tear down motors and repair them under all working conditions and on the road make them ideal material to be turned into drivers and mechanics for the mechanized forces.

Despite the boys' best efforts, difficulties are arising about using Harper Lakes as a testing ground. A movement is on foot to stop the racing, based on the complaints of farmers. One reported that ten head of cattle were rustled during a race. A "Gow Job" can hardly accommodate the driver with an extra can of gas on his lap, much less a cow. Another irate farmer has maintained that the noise of the motors disturbs the laying habits of his hens. The Chambers of Commerce of the desert towns are up in arms. If forced off Harper Lakes, Rosamond Lakes is the only alternative, and this surface is soft and treacherous. That is where Rufi turned his car over.

Any successful effort to block these young mechanics and drivers would not only be unfortunate for them but for a nation that needs them desperately to attain that goal of 50,000 airplanes. For without motors, wings cannot fly.

If America's defense is important, her mechanically minded youngsters who will ultimately make it go are worthy of the nation's attention. It would require little money to build strategically located courses where this mechanical genius can legitimately develop unhindered.

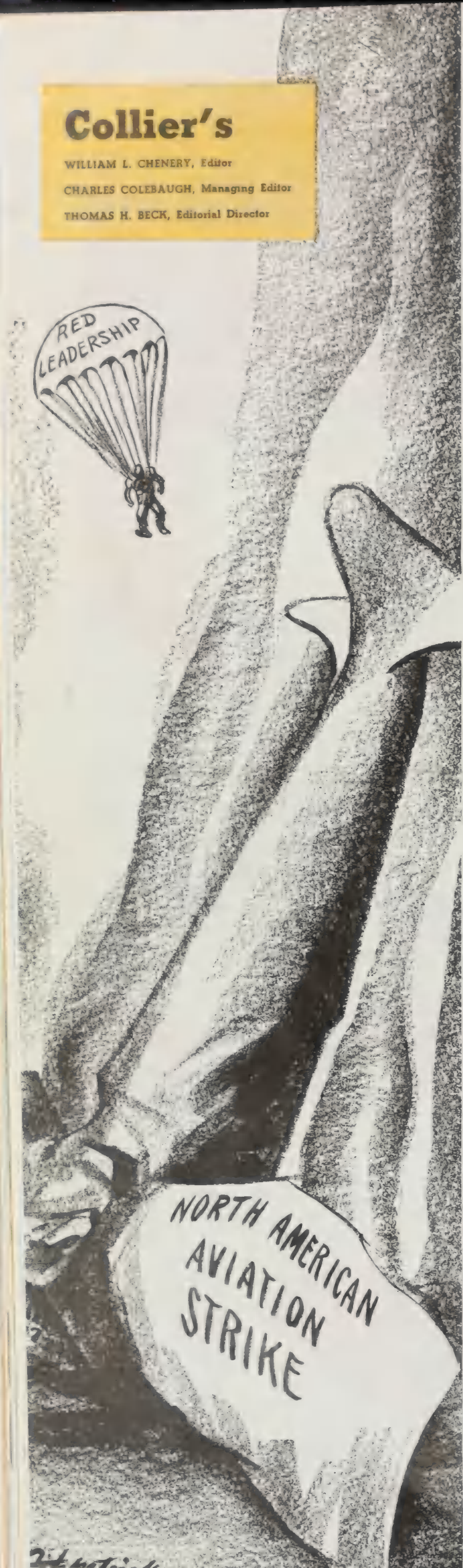
It is something to think about.

**Collier's**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director




# A Job to Be Finished

THE German attack on Russia is as wicked and as wanton as any of the aggressions Hitler has decreed. As between Russia and Germany, American sympathy goes out naturally to the victim. We hope that Winston Churchill was prophetic when he pronounced German invasion of Russia as another climactic point of the war that might well lead to German defeat.

We also think that Mr. Churchill was wholly wise when he refused to unsay anything he had said against Russian Bolshevism during the last twenty years. The fact that Russia is now the victim of German aggression mitigates in no way the evils done by Russia. The Russian attack on Finland is as heinous as it was. Communist interference with American production for defense is just as intolerable as it was before Russia was invaded.

The new Communist party line may be now to encourage American defense production in order to help Russia. As against Germany, Americans want Russia helped. We still don't need any Communist interference with American industry.

The job so well begun when the Army opened the plant of the North American Aviation Company at Inglewood, California, should be carried on to completion. Alien politicians have no place in American industry. Domestic politicians are no help, but the injection of alien issues in our production system is intolerable.

So let's continue to clean out the subversive agitators from American unions and American industry. Yes, help Russian defense against Germany in any way that seems wise to our military and naval establishments, but drive Reds, Nazis, Fascists and all other conspirators out.

The C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. have the chance to purge their ranks. The Administration's use of the Army showed what an aroused public opinion can do. The work is not finished. It won't be while any subversive agents are left.

# There are no 100% Americans

FOR our money, the President's finest single act in the national emergency to date is his loud-voiced demand for an end to all racial discrimination in hiring workers for the defense industries.

Any loyal inhabitant of this country, says the President, is entitled to a chance at any of these jobs, whether he be of German, Italian, colored, Jewish or any other descent. We don't know of anything more timely that could be said just now.

It's common knowledge that discrimination has been practiced here and there against members of these groups ever since the war began, and in favor of alleged 100% Americans.

The fact is that there are no 100% Americans. We're all foreigners when you trace our family trees back far enough. That goes even for our friends the Indians, sometimes called the only real 100% Americans. The Indians' ancestors in prehistoric times came over here from Asia, via the Bering Strait.

Yet in this country, which pr
being the melting pot, the have
pressed of all lands, there is a ce
tow of provincialism, nativism, c
times of national stress, this unde
become the main current. It m
in Native American, Know Noth
Black Legion, Social Justice, etc.
and sometimes it gets considerat

But it was not by such philoso
became a great nation. The
made the grade by holding to the
—the idea that this country is bi
strong enough to give everyb
chance, regardless of ancestors,
and so on.

If we alienate the loyalties of
Americans at a time like this, we
our own national throat. The c
thing to do is to bind those peo
and gratitude to this country wit
of steel we can forge. The simp
effective of such hoops is the pra
out race discrimination in the m
up the pay rolls.

Not that we should take foolish
fifth columnists, spies, saboteurs.
But the government, with its
Service and kindred agencies, is
to handle that stuff. The governm
tration, took a deadly crack at it
the Axis consulates in this countr

That is the kind of work the
should do. It is also the kind of
zens should leave to the gover
The rank and file of us can best c
sive tendencies by simply staying
the duration of this emergency.

# D'Artagnan Rides Again

THIS editorial, quite simply, is
Gen. Charles de Gaulle, lead
French in this war. Whenever
de Gaulle, we think of Don Jo
cracking the power of the Turk
of Lepanto in 1571:

*Vivat Hispania!*
*Domino gloria!*
Don John of Austria
Has set his people fr

De Gaulle, who saw the blitz
years before it struck, and trie
army clique that wouldn't listen t
out after the fall of France. No
truckling to the conquerors, any h
with the Vichy crumb collectors.

He rallied all the Free French s
get in touch with, and teamed
British in London, beleaguered
pled sovereigns and exiled fight
this writing, de Gaulle heads th
most formidable free-lance forc
this war—40,000 soldiers, 100 figh
gregating about 400,000 tons, ar
undisclosed size. It isn't big; but
been wrought with less.

Whatever finally happens to d
think he ranks with the finest Fr
duced, in life or in legend—Rol
gnan, the Chevalier Bayard, Lafa
country which down the centurie
breeding such men as de Gaulle
somehow, to rise again?

# Collier's

AUGUST 2, 1941

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

ARBECUE A Short Story BY DAMO

MRS C W BERUEFFY
1003 15TH
BOULDER
COLO X30CT42
9B
54576
2Y
JJ8 2

# "Shake a hoof, Elmer!" cried Elsie, "I'm off again!"

Elsie, the season's first, marched another armful of clothes from Elmer, the Bull.

"You're off, all right," he grumbled crossly. "I don't know what for."

"For Canada, beautiful Canada!" said Elsie. "I really need a vacation, and Canada's the place where the cream of society is going this year. Besides, it's a part of my good neighbor policy."

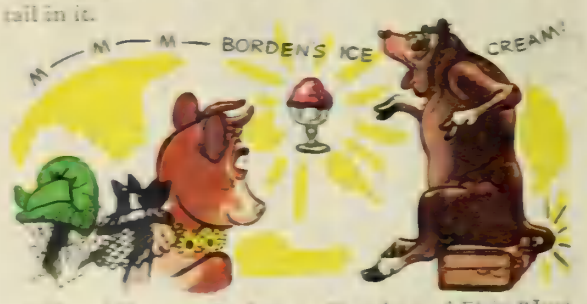
"Huh!" scoffed Elmer. "How would folks in Canada ever know they had you for a neighbor?"

"The same way folks all over the United States know I'm a good neighbor," Elsie replied, packing away happily. "For they know the pure, wholesome Borden's Milk I produce for them. And the best of pure, wholesome things Borden experts are able to make from that milk."

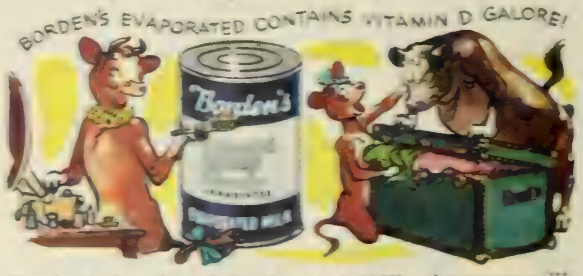
"Your milk, this, your milk, that!" Elmer grunted, struggling to close an over-stuffed suitcase. "They make me tired."

"Other people don't feel that way," remarked Elsie. "They find, for instance, that Borden's Ice Cream is wonderfully refreshing, smooth, luscious, and pure as can be—because it's made from the finest milk and cream."

Elmer's language suddenly became quite vivacious. He had the suitcase closed at last—with the end of his tail in it.




"Elmer! I'm surprised at you!" exclaimed Elsie. "Just because you're jealous of my career is no excuse for you to say things like that. Thousands of folks say lovely things about me. And about the tempting cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes they can make with




*Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*—the same milk that doctors approve for babies because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D.

"All right, all right!" muttered Elmer, flinging a green coat of Elsie's into the crowded trunk and trying to slam the lid shut.

"Exactly," Elsie chatted on. "It's because my milk is always all right that a product like *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* is always all right, too. So it never fails in helping to make p[illegible] ing cake frostings, candies, and cookies."

The trunk lid was stubborn. "Guess [illegible] jump on it," fumed Elmer.

"Youngsters generally jump for joy," [illegible] Elsie, "when they're promised that delic[illegible]

upper. *Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk* [illegible] ups feel just about as enthusiastic."

Click! went the trunk lock. Elmer wa[illegible] "I knew," said he, "that a little clevern[illegible] that thing closed!"

"The cleverest thing I know," Elsie [illegible] ably is *Klim*. Klim is pure, whole mil[illegible] Only the water is taken out. And to mak[illegible] real milk that *tastes* like real milk again [illegible] water to it. It needs no refrigeration, [illegible] companion for sportsmen. Mothers giv[illegible]

and use it in cooking. It . . . Elmer! D[illegible] green coat in the trunk?"

"I certainly did, my dear," Elmer re[illegible] "Anything else I can tend to?"

"Yes," said Elsie, "you can tend to [illegible] trunk again—the train tickets are in m[illegible] And we'll need them, if I am to tend [illegible] folks in Canada . . . *'If it's Borden's, i[illegible] good!'*"

* * *

***To bring you the best of dairy produ[illegible] 100,000 dairy farms provide milk fo[illegible] and to guard the goodness of all Bor[illegible] deliver them to your home, more tha[illegible] ployees work in partnership with [illegible] owner-stockholders.***

# A LESSON IN *Kissing Technique*

**LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING**

*The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.*
DR. HENRY GIBBONS

*What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:*
*The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.*
ROBERT HERRICK

*A kiss, when all is said, what is it?*
*. . . a rosy dot*
*Placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret*
*Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.*
EDMOND ROSTAND

*The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer.*
O. W. HOLMES

*Kissing don't last: cookery do.* GEORGE MEREDITH

*Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.*
SWIFT

*And when my lips meet thine,*
*Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.* B. H. BOYESEN

*Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,*
*Say that health and wealth have missed me:*
*Say I'm growing old, but add*
*Jenny kissed me.*
LEIGH HUNT

*A man had given all other bliss,*
*And all his worldly worth for this,*
*To waste his whole heart in one kiss*
*Upon her perfect lips.*
TENNYSON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by Burton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers

WHETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember . . . nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

**FOR LOVE'S SAKE**

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love . . . yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic conditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

**"P.S." TO MEN:** *Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine Antiseptic on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

**LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH**

# Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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AUGUST 2, 1941


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COVER PAUL SHIVELY




# ANY WEEK

JUST as we foolishly thought that we had a good grip on world affairs, two hundred members of the New York Chapter of the Newspaper Guild held a meeting. Now we have to start in all over again. As you probably know, the Guild is the newspaperman's union. For the benefit of its membership we have dug up the long-lost reason for its organization—to win better pay, shorter hours and a modicum of security for newspapermen. It's been dull, hard work, but rewarded with many successes. There are still a large number of daily journalists who could use a little more money and do with a few more hours of leisure—even in New York. Anyway the New York Guild went into session. We weren't there, not being eligible. But our inside man reports that gravity of a highly important order prevailed. And out of that meeting of the newspaperman's union came resolutions, adopted with vast solemnity, protesting against the use of the United States Army at the North American Aviation Company's plant, "to destroy the right of workers to strike." We hope a reporter didn't write that line. We hate to think there are reporters that bad. We wonder, too, how far the Guild would go if, after he had reported a couple of jobs in that manner, the reporter got canned.

ALSO we became involved with a gentleman with a mildly improbable name—Mr. Abel Nundottle. Mr. Nundottle lives in Kearney, New Jersey. The topic we gave a good going over was Britain's decision at this somewhat late date to abolish the Old School Tie as a badge of special privilege in holding top government posts. Mr. Nundottle brought the argument to a snappy close with: "So what the hell. We've never had anything like that Old School Tie stuff and we've had just as lousy government as England." And yet we weren't wholly satisfied. We began looking things up. Our researches prove Mr. Nundottle right. From Mr. Bill Clugston of Topeka, Kansas, we learn that during the first forty years of that state's statehood not one necktie wearer was elected to any important office. Several otherwise able candidates for governor of Kansas were defeated because their opponents unearthed old photographs showing that they wore ties at their wedding, one of them losing because it was proved that his father wore a cravat at his own funeral. And some time ago Judge Charlie Allen of Butte, Montana, told us about an early congressman from that state who never wore a collar. On this statesman's first day in Congress he surveyed his fellow legislators in the cloakroom and let fly with: "What's ailing all you fellers wearing collars? Ashamed of not having no Adam's apples?" However we've noticed for some time signs that Britain is finally losing faith in the Old School Tie. You would have too, had you, like us, seen the marked increase in the number of lean, hardy, horny-handed frontier types in the British legation in Washington and the Andrew Jackson–Abraham Lincoln flavor in the various missions Great Britain is sending over to this country.

ALL the unusual features of modern warfare are not found exclusively in Europe. It is unthinkingly called a humane war because relatively few human beings are killed—few, that is, in proportion to the numbers involved, the lands raped and all the horrible implications of Hitler. Instead of dying, men and women become slaves. While life can be dear, it can also be intolerable. In America nobody is being killed. And that, writes Mr. Joseph Cann Drewry of Pasadena, California, leaves us free to make ourselves ridiculous. "I go home," writes he, "from a meeting in which a windy politician tells us that we are the richest country in all history. I find my wife giving a couple of aluminum skillets to the government to defend democracy with. I drive down to the water front to see oil going to Japan while the government tells Boston to prepare for gasolineless Sundays and empty fuel tanks next winter. Obvious crackpots are being sent to jail for sixty days for refusing to stand up while they play The Star-Spangled Banner, but outspoken Reds roam our streets and rule labor unions. Newspapers are being censored but my radio presents me with commentators whose views and information are always impossible to check. They not only don't know what *has* happened but they have no hesitancy in predicting what is going to happen and which never does. I have just read a newspaper headline which says, 'Hitler Laughs at America's Fears.' That's wrong too. He's just laughing at America."

FOR several years we have been a member of an order of which you may have heard nothing—the Futileers. To be a member one must be completely futile. To be a Futileer one must be enormously energetic but completely unproductive of anything of value. We Futileers were so proud of our ineptitude that we never bothered to find out who our fellow members were. We scorn[illegible] officers and meeting[illegible] charged with attempt[illegible] One wasn't elected [illegible] nor chosen; one just a[illegible] came a Futileer by [illegible] efficacy, uselessness, [illegible] tireless wild-goose [illegible] sands belonged and [illegible] But reading the news[illegible] to radio commentato[illegible] mail we receive these [illegible] sorts of isolationist [illegible] outfits, war declarant [illegible] realize in our muddl[illegible] we Futileers have at [illegible] our own.

BUT our sense of s[illegible] shaken a bit by a [illegible] just received from [illegible] Mr. Courtney has bee[illegible] some weeks. One of [illegible] devoted to followi[illegible] army through Gree[illegible] agine," cabled he. [illegible] will be able to keep [illegible] because of our ailing[illegible] able to sit up and tak[illegible] ment and look out the [illegible] fight today. Neither [illegible] cosity bothers the [illegible] man who rides comf[illegible] glory path in de luxe [illegible] competent guides to [illegible] toric sights and socia[illegible] introduce him to pr[illegible] zers have taken. Lau[illegible] mass frontal attac[illegible] stacked twenty feet [illegible] a single bayonet fixed [illegible] hear of a single bayo[illegible] onet sticking and co[illegible] being done on portab[illegible] hotel rooms. Greek [illegible] manner of a people [illegible] in centuries rather tha[illegible] and German soldier[illegible] seeming to be awar[illegible] in cafés and on stre[illegible] evzones with their W[illegible] go through elaborate [illegible] watched by German [illegible] gled awe and profe[illegible] Athenians hoot and [illegible] Italians. I saw a cro[illegible] three sweating Ber[illegible] at their feathers w[illegible] sions. When the to[illegible] finally turned and lu[illegible] brats solemnly and i[illegible] raised their hands a[illegible] Hitler.'"


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# WORLD CHAMPION

ISS MARGARET HAMMA, operating an IBM Electromatic Typewriter, established a new professional world's record of 149 words per minute for one hour.

h first half-hour of this performance won for her the amateur championship. These records were made in competition with 8 other professional contestants d 44 other amateur contestants from various parts of the United States and ada. ✩ The competition was held under the auspices of the Ninth Annual rnational Commercial Schools Contest in Chicago, on June 19 and 20, 1941.

**ERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION**

# IT'S A BALANCING ACT!

Golden Shell

MOTOR OIL

## Does 4 jobs at Once!

"WHO'S THE BUSIEST GENT IN AMERICA? Don't look now, but it's me!" says Goldie. "When you put your foot down on your starter, I begin doin' 4 jobs at once!

"Take a look at my schedule an' you'll see what I mean . . ."

1. **COOL** your engine. "That's important because if tight-fittin' parts get too hot, they wear out fast."
2. **CLEAN** your engine. "Dirt and grit give up quickly and quietly when I'm on the job."
3. **SEAL** in power. "I put a stop to power slippin' by pistons."
4. **OIL** all moving surfaces. "I put the kayo on friction—it's the way to keep peace in the family."

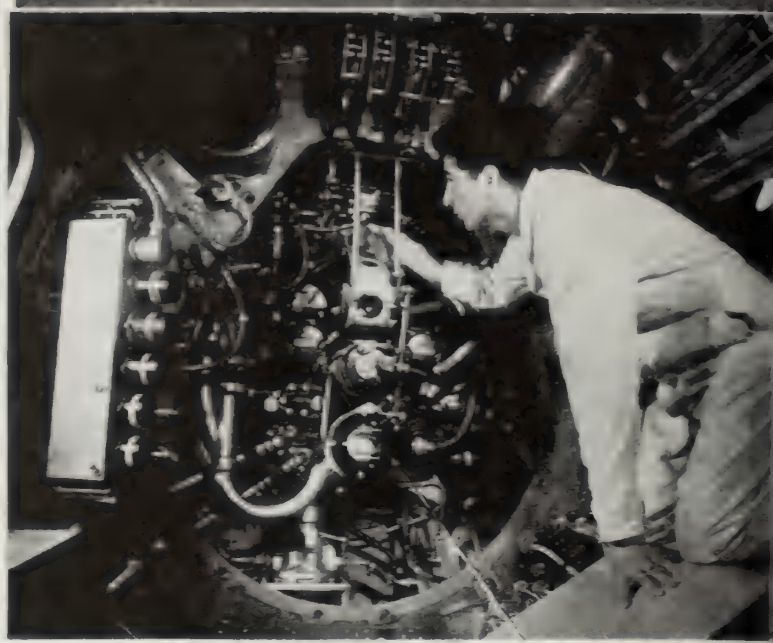
"In refinery talk I'm what you call a 'perfectly balanced motor oil.' Leastways, that's what Shell engineers call me.

"But I'm not up in the clouds when it comes to price. No sir, a quarter a quart and I'm your man!"

SHELL

**THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS**


# WING TALK



**Clipper engines can be repaired in flight from inside the w g**

MANY an airplane has been forced down by the failure of a minor engine accessory which needed only slight adjustment to keep it going. But with engines utterly inaccessible in flight, there is nothing to do but land. Pilots, engineers and plane owners are mighty tired of this, and with the advent of bigger planes for operation off the domestic airways they insisted on locating the power plants so that a mechanic could walk out to any one of them *inside* the wing, make the repairs and restore it to operation.

Revealing figures on the wisdom of this procedure come from Pan American Airways, which specified engine accessibility on its clippers because it, more than any other line, needs continuous operation of enough engines to sustain flight over the oceans. In the last two years, on both the Atlantic and Pacific runs, Pan American mechanics made 431 repairs *in flight*. In 64 of these cases, had the engines not been accessible, the causes of the failures were of such a serious nature that the ships would have been forced to return to their nearest base.

IT COSTS the government $104.70 per hour to operate a four-engined heavy bomber and $7.25 per hour to fly a primary trainer; in between is the medium bomber at $74.74 per flying hour and the single engine fighter at $31.85.

However, if you think the cost of operating a heavy bomber is high, the government will welcome a cheaper method of transporting thousands of pounds of bombs at thousands of feet above the earth to points thousands of miles away and at speeds of more than 300 miles per hour.

AN AIRPLANE can get out of balance easily. The passenger load not only differs on each flight but the passengers move around. Same is true with a bomber when the crew is at work. Gasoline is being continuously consumed; the wings or tail surfaces may be imperceptibly twisted or warped; or the engines may be putting out slightly different power.

All these things help throw the ship out of balance and the pilot has to counteract the unbalance by setting his controls in an abnormal position to maintain straight and level flight.

He is helped in this by a sr l flap or "trim" tab which is in in the trailing edges of each trol surfaces of the tail and tl By turning control knobs in t the tabs are deflected up or or left, as the case may be, air striking the tabs moves control surface over to the de tion. First officer, twist the trim the ship!

### The Back Seat

TRADITIONALLY the man's organization, and tion is even more so. Yet in of Aeronautics in Washingt a woman who is rounding o year at a job that carries r ties entitling her to wear f three stripes, if she were p wear any. Joy Bright Han name.

What makes her so outsta assistance she renders nev who write aviation. If she d the answer, or isn't sure of it stop there; she goes and g dig for a week. Newsmen s

Outside her office in the oughfares of the Navy hangs a blue-and-gold sign Research." There's nothi about it, so you don't go in are sent. But when you ar come away empty-handed. inherent and constant abili friends for naval aviation. aviation has a consistently

Twice widowed through dents, Mrs. Hancock has s just grounds to shun nava ever. First it was the ZR-2 when she was still a bride a ant Little lost his life. Ye had to suffer a second blo Shenandoah crashed with Hancock.

But Joy Hancock is m stuff, and, after a world c in Paris and Washington, pilot's course, she return aviation and took over the holds.

She also writes stories aviation for aeronautical apologetically under the t J. B. Hancock. Men, you c keep those chests out so far

# METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*
LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

NEW YORK CITY

To all Metropolitan Policyholders:

Three and one-half years ago, we decided to devote part of our advertising effort to explaining how a life insurance company operates.

Since then, we have published thirty-nine advertisements having this as their aim. We have told you about mortality tables, dividends, surpluses, diversification of investments, and many other subjects. However, so far in the series we have not covered in detail Metropolitan agency practices and principles which govern life insurance selling activities.

Accordingly, we are devoting this and several succeeding messages to their explanation.

The principles underlying our sales practices are designed to help us provide you with the kind and amount of insurance protection you should have at the lowest cost consistent with safety. Briefly stated, these basic selling principles are . . .

1. Your life insurance program should be fitted to your own particular needs and those of your family.

2. In taking out life insurance, full consideration should be given to the relationship between your income and your insurance needs.

3. As your insurance needs change, or your income varies, your insurance program should be fitted to your new situation in whatever way will best serve your interests and your family's. Your Company or any representative will be glad to advise you in such cases without charging you a fee of any kind.

4. The Company should do everything it reasonably can, not only to make it convenient for you to keep your life insurance program in force, but also to help fulfill its objectives.

Life insurance companies have found that the most satisfactory way to help you accomplish these things is through the Agency System. Metropolitan agents are especially trained in life insurance, so that they may be equipped to help you with your problems. This method of selling life insurance has been given the stamp of public approval by generations of policyholders.

COPYRIGHT 1941—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

*This is Number 40 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
*Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BUY FLORSHEIM QUALITY

AMERICA'S STANDARD OF FINE SHOE VALUE

THE RAMBLER $9.50

THE STRATFIELD $10

Florsheim has never sacrificed *quality* for *quantity*...never risked *value* for *volume*. Today, as always, Florsheim accepts nothing but the finest—in leathers, lasts, labor. Because there's no substitute for quality, there's no substitute for Florsheims...ask for them next time.

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

# KEEP UP WITH THE W

## By Freling Foster

*For* almost two years, a de-oiling hospital for sea gulls has been operated near Penzance, England. Every time a submarine is sunk off this coast, the explosions kill many fish, thereby attracting flocks of gulls, which become so drenched with the floating oil that they cannot fly. As many as seven hundred of these birds have been rescued and sent to this "de-oilery" in a single day.—*By Grant M. Paterson, Victoria, British Columbia.*

*The* Kremlin in Moscow is the most concentrated seat of government in the world. Its sixty-odd buildings, built to contain the homes, as well as the offices, of Russia's most important executives within the small space of ninety acres, is surrounded by a fifty-foot brick wall with nineteen great guard towers. To avoid sabotage, all visitors have been barred from this fortress since 1934.

*Although* the Suez Canal's average width is about 250 feet, ships going through it are not allowed to pass each other in motion between the Mediterranean and the Bitter Lakes, or over about three quarters of the one-hundred-mile course. The ship facing the tide, which flows for seven hours and ebbs for five, is obliged to tie up while the other passes, for fear too much backwater will loosen the sandy banks.

*The* world's largest organ, which is installed in Convention Hall in Atlantic City, contains seven manuals, or keyboards, 487 keys, 933 stops, thirty-two pedals, seven blowers with motors totaling 365 horsepower and 33,056 pipes, ranging in height from a quarter inch to sixty-four feet.

*A fir* tree that had "swallowed" another tree was discovered in the sawmill of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company of Springfield, Oregon, in 1926. When the log, four feet in diameter, was cut in two, another separate tree, fifteen inches in diameter, was found in the middle of it.

*Because* so many A ilies make their old fl clothing, the chief se one of the largest mar these bags is that he bels of his customers "vanish in the wash *Cabell, Wilmington, I*

*Germany* and Ger countries have more t dred large armam engaged exclusively facture of heavy ord machine guns, torpe shells and other kind terial, among the Schneider-Creusot o Skoda of Czechoslov

*One* of the worst record occurred in Goldau, Switzerland, a large section of Mo denly came tumblin ing five villages, killi persons and spreadin of rock over twenty

*The* Visa Divisio Department in W only receives daily s grams and overseas asking for visas for cases, but its waitin the names of pers been trying to ent States for more than

*Although* there a forty vessels in most such groups, when c tant people and va through dangerous z known to comprise eighty naval ships a chantmen. These gi quire an area of a square miles, usuall ten knots and may by their smoke at a miles.

Five dollars will be paid or unusual fact accepte Contributions must be a factory proof. Address World, Collier's, 250 Par City. This column is cop The National Weekly. N be reproduced without e the publis

# SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE!

THERE'S trouble *ahead* for the fellow who smokes where smoking's not allowed.

But there may be trouble *right now* for the man who drives a car with a smoking exhaust.

For smoke from the exhaust of a car is too often the sign of excessive engine wear. And that means waste of power, gas and oil.

Act *now* before your car becomes a wasteful smoker! Change to Insulated Havoline, the motor oil especially made to take the punishment of today's efficient, high-speed engines.

Havoline stands up to heat that breaks down ordinary oil—gives full protection at running temperatures on the hottest days—because Havoline is *insulated.*

It flows freely when cold and lubricates at temperatures that make ordinary oils sluggish.

And harmful, carbon-forming impurities are removed, thanks to a special distilling process.

For safety and smoother performance, change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil *now* at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

TEXACO

HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL INSULATED

*You're Welcome*
AT TEXACO DEALERS

**DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!**

Change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil and eliminate excessive engine wear. Remember, inefficient lubrication costs motorists millions of dollars every year.

TUNE IN: "MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE"—All star radio program every Wednesday night, Columbia Broadcasting System, 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

# TO "Music on a Beam of Light"

# ...PHILCO adds another exclusive phonograph invention!

## PHILCO AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER with STROBOSCOPE PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL

ONCE MORE, the inventive genius of Philco engineers brings you new and greater enjoyment of recorded music, finer tone and greater thrills from your favorite records than you have ever known before. For the first time, the sensationally famous Stroboscopic principle is applied to phonographs in the new Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control.

Now you can hear your records with absolute fidelity of pitch, exactly as the artists recorded them in the studio. And, in addition, you get simpler, gentler, more reliable automatic changing of records. It's another Philco first . . . and, again, *only Philco has it!*

All this is now added to "Music on a Beam of Light," the revolutionary invention of Philco engineers, the first basic improvement in reproduction of records since the invention of the phonograph. No needles to change; surface noise and record wear reduced by 10 to 1; glorious new beauty of tone . . . these great benefits you enjoy only in a Philco. For only Philco gives you the amazing, new Photo-Electric Reproducer.

And then, Philco offers you the new and exclusive Tilt-Front Cabinet . . . no lid to lift, no need to remove decorations, no dark, unhandy compartment. Just tilt forward the grille, place your records and tilt it back again.

These important features, plus exclusive Philco *radio* inventions, are the mark of the *modern* radio-phonograph . . . and they are yours *only in a Philco*. See the new 1942 Philco models at your Philco dealer today. You'll find a gorgeous array of cabinet styles, in conventional and period designs, priced to suit your purse. Liberal allowance for your old radio; easiest payment terms.

**PHILCO 1015, ILLUSTRATED . . . IN WALNUT OR MAHOG Y . . .** Photo Electric Radio-Phonograph; plays any record on a Be of Lig Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch an empo C Exclusive Philco FM System for Frequency Modulation broa sts. A and Foreign Reception. Philco Built-in Super Aerial system; parate FM aerial. Authentic 18th Century Georgian Tilt-Front Ca et, W Mahogany. Philco *Home Recording Unit* optional. *Easiest Pa ent Te* (*Upper left*) Philco 1010 Photo Electric Radio-Phonograph. ( r $15.5

*Prices subject to change without notice; slightly higher Denv nd We*

**RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, PORTABLES, AUTO RADIOS . . . FROM $9.95 to $500. SEE AND HEAR THI TODA**

Presently they go out the front door again, this Juliano dragging the bull-fiddle case after him

# BARBECUE

## By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

**Introducing High-C Homer, the victim of a series of circumstances which he'll never be able to explain to his wife. And, in fact, he'll have quite a time when he mentions these matters to the judge**

E afternoon in an early November, I am itting in Chesty Charles' little Sharkskin rill on Biscayne Boulevard in the city mi, Florida, chatting of this and that uy by the name of High-C Homer, who l by this name because he loves to sing a real high voice.

t, Homer tells me that when he is much he wishes to become a singer by trade s out one amateur night at the old Theater in New York but he says pro- l jealousy is very strong at the time and y in the audience pegs a turnip at him is singing Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt and on the Adam's apple and affects his rds so his voice is never again good for the stage, but all right for back

ay, when he sees there is no hope for a musical career, Homer has to find ng else to do and what he does is the can, which is one thing and another, is explaining to me in the Sharkskin t even doing the best he can, he is not good, when in comes a fuzz by the Finnegan, a fuzz being a way of saying lothes copper, who steps up to Homer ks to him as follows:

er, the chief of police will consider it a ou will kindly bid us farewell."

"Why?" Homer says. "What is his idea?"

"Does the chief have to have one?" Finnegan asks.

"No," Homer says, "by no means and not at all. I am just wondering."

"Well," Finnegan says, "when he first mentions your name he requests me to bring you in because it seems a large touch comes off in West Palm Tuesday night and right away the chief thinks of you. But," Finnegan says, "I remember seeing you in the police station all night Tuesday night trying to square that traffic violation, so you cannot also be in West Palm and when I speak of this to the chief he says all right but to suggest your departure anyway. You may thank me if you wish."

"Thanks," Homer says. "Do you mind telling me the details of the touch to which you refer?"

"Oh," Finnegan says, "it is a pay-off swindle. They beat an old simkin from Iowa for fifty thousand tears of blood."

"A fifty-er?" Homer says. "My goodness, this is important moo. But, Finnegan," he says, "I am not in the pay-off world and I do not see how anybody can associate me with such incidents. I am an operator on the race courses and quite upright and legitimate."

"Well," Finnegan says, "if you call skinning marks on those phony tip sheets you peddle legitimate, maybe you are legit, but perhaps

the chief looks through the files on you. I seem to be able to remember some things myself."

"Never mind," Homer says. "Tell the cheese of police goodby for me, Finnegan, and the same to you."

Then Homer thinks a while and finally he says he guesses he will go over to Tampa and he invites me to accompany him and as it is quite a while before the races start in Miami and I have nothing on my mind at the moment and the fuzz also gives me some severe looks, I accept the invitation.

So Homer goes to a parking lot not far away where he keeps an old bucket parked and presently we are rolling along the Tamiami Trail headed west, and as we journey along Homer sings several songs to me that sound very soothing but all the time he seems to be in deep thought and finally he sighs and says to me like this:

"WELL," Homer says, "fifty thou is undoubtedly a splendid tally but I am glad I am not in on it. Honesty is the best policy, to be sure. There are no handholds on a wrong dollar. The way of the transgressor is hard. But," he says, "if it is the guys I think it is, they at least owe me the courtesy of a refusal to participate because of past favors rendered. I never hear a word from them."

Then Homer begins singing again and I get to thinking that it is really most remarkable that there are still marks in this world for the pay-off, as the pay-off is really a very old-fashioned dodge in which the marks are convinced that they are being let in on crooked horse races and are permitted to win a an astonishing manner, but wl commence asking about being they are told they must first pr will be able to settle if they h lose.

So the marks generally send banks and get the cash money this, as the pay-off guy nev marks who do not have cash r banks, and the next thing knows the money disappears a the pay-off guys. Furtherm marks seldom squawk, as the guys are cute enough to pick m cannot afford to let it becom about that they are trying to few dishonest dibs, though it known to one and all that whe mark does squawk it is the squawk ever heard on land or s

There is no doubt that the pa quires great perseverance ar preparation and expense, but p I do not approve of this methoc ing a living, as it calls for muc

Now the Tamiami Trail is a runs from Miami toward Ta vice versa through the Evergl the Everglades is a big stret country that makes you feel v some indeed after the sun gc And soon after dusk it comes o and after a while it is quite a hi and, in fact, the wind is pickir old can in one place and settin in another yards away and th riding in it a trifle bumpy.

Furthermore, it begins rain than somewhat and it is dark yard down a bear's throat exc it lightnings and I tell Homer a good idea to pull up and wait storm blows over. Homer says agrees with me and that in t looking for a gaff he knows ought to be somewhere alo where we are at the moment. him he better find it very sho does not look as if the old ratt can hold the road much longer

FINALLY we notice some light through the dark and t to one side of the road and He this must be the spot and he car in that direction and we c long, low frame building which seems to be some kind of a jo is a sort of a roadhouse where ments are sold and dancing go I do not know what all else.

Homer runs his old pail a possible to the side of the build the other cars are parked ar out and he locates a door th to open outward and we pul gether with the wind pushing for several minutes before w it wide enough to ease inside. we are in a long, narrow roo number of tables scattered ar and a small bar and an old pia side and with big gas lamps back and forth from the ceil wind shakes the building.

There are maybe half a doz the joint sitting at the tables a the bar is a short, stocky-bu party of maybe half past th to give her a few hours the She is by no means fashionat and, in fact, she has on a sho ragged sweater and her brow streaks of gray in it is flying e way about her head and she beautiful. In fact, she is blouwzola, but when Home he seems greatly pleased an

(Continued on page

**The roof caves in over the s where the piano is, and Hor pulls Barbecue off the st and out of the way just in ti**

**Dr. Reginald Haist, right, who with Dr. Best is engaged in promising research experiments with the hope of learning how to prevent diabetes. He is shown here removing the pancreas of an experimental mouse with the aid of a laboratory assistant**

**. Best is head of the Department of Medical Research of the Toronto. In the same laboratory where, with the immortal iscovered insulin in 1921, he continues his studies of diabetes**

# Let Them Eat Cream

**By J. D. Ratcliff**

**That's part of a prescription that may result in the prevention of diabetes. It's the contribution of the man who with Dr. Banting discovered insulin twenty years ago—thereby saving some hundreds of thousands of lives**

THE laboratory has no Hollywood touches, no glistening gadgets, no mystifying machines. Quite the reverse. Everything is on the grubby side. The worktables are scarred with age and eaten with acids. There is an ancient fume cupboard to carry away lung-biting gases; and the usual disorderly mass of technical glassware. Nothing, you agree, to suggest that you are standing on some of the holiest ground in the world of medical research. A modest bronze plaque, hung high enough on the wall to escape notice, explains:

". . . In May 1921 Frederick Grant Banting and Charles Herbert Best, both graduates of the University of Toronto, conducted in this room the experiments which culminated with the discovery of insulin."

That was epoch-making work. The lives of nearly half a million United States diabetics rest on it. Two million more people now living may develop diabetes before they die—and will need this colorless fluid magic. It has bestowed on human beings the richest of all gifts—life itself. Diabetic children have won an additional thirty years; and life expectancy of middle-aged groups has been extended.

Reflect on these things and wonder why, in heaven's name, this lab hasn't been placed in honorary retirement, protected perhaps by a velvet rope. Yet it is just as well that it didn't win these dubious honors. Work just completed in this shabby, cluttered little hole in the wall holds enormous promise for millions not yet born. The original discovery of insulin gave life and hope to people facing certain doom. This new work presents experimental evidence that diabetes can be prevented.

Presently, we'll see the exciting details of the work that led to this conclusion. Meanwhile, let's understand the mechanics of diabetes. Man's pancreas, shaped like a polliwog, lies just back of the stomach. It serves a dual function. It secretes a daily pint and a half of digestive fluid which it pours into the small intestine. More vital, the gland secretes minute quantities of another substance which it empties directly into the blood stream. This is the hormone insulin.

Insulin is manufactured by tiny "island" cells, each independent of the other. The average pancreas, small organ though it is, contains from 750,000 to a million and a quarter of these islet cells. The insulin they secrete governs the body's utilization of sugar. When adequate insulin is present, sugar is burned rapidly into energy. When it isn't, the body wastes away and the sufferer lives constantly with an unquenchable thirst, an unappeasable hunger. Poisonous matter resulting from the incomplete utilization of fats accumulates in the blood. So does unburned sugar. If the condition goes unattended —if insulin isn't given by hypodermic— coma and death follow.

### The Miracle of Insulin

Insulin, the hormone which allows diabetics to live more or less comfortably, was discovered by a two-man team: Charles H. Best, a medical student whose education was interrupted by war service in the British tank corps; Frederick G. Banting, a surgeon who dropped a rural practice to follow a brilliant research hunch. Banting died tragically a few months ago in the crash of a Britain-bound bomber.

Banting and Best found how to extract insulin from beef pancreas (sweetbread); and discovered that this animal organ supplied enough insulin to keep the average diabetic going for twenty days. Scheduled shots—as many as four a day—gave years of useful life to such people as the late King George V of England, George Eastman, H. G. Wells, Hugh Walpole and hundreds of thousands of other less-famed diabetics. It was discovered barely in time to give Dr. George R. Minot the new lease on life he needed to go on and discover the liver treatment for an equally fatal disease—pernicious anemia.

But the finding of insulin wasn't the end. From the research man's point of view it was the bare beginning. No one knew why the island cells, discovered by and named for the German pathologist Paul Langerhans, ceased to function normally. In other words, no one knew what *caused* diabetes. Insulin, of course, wouldn't cure the disease. And there was no means of prevention. So there were quantities of work to be done with this sickness which converted active, robust people into wretched bags of bones.

Unnoticed and unpublicized, work continued throughout the world. Enormous strides were taken during depression years. Like clues in a mystery, fragments began to fit together to make a significant picture.

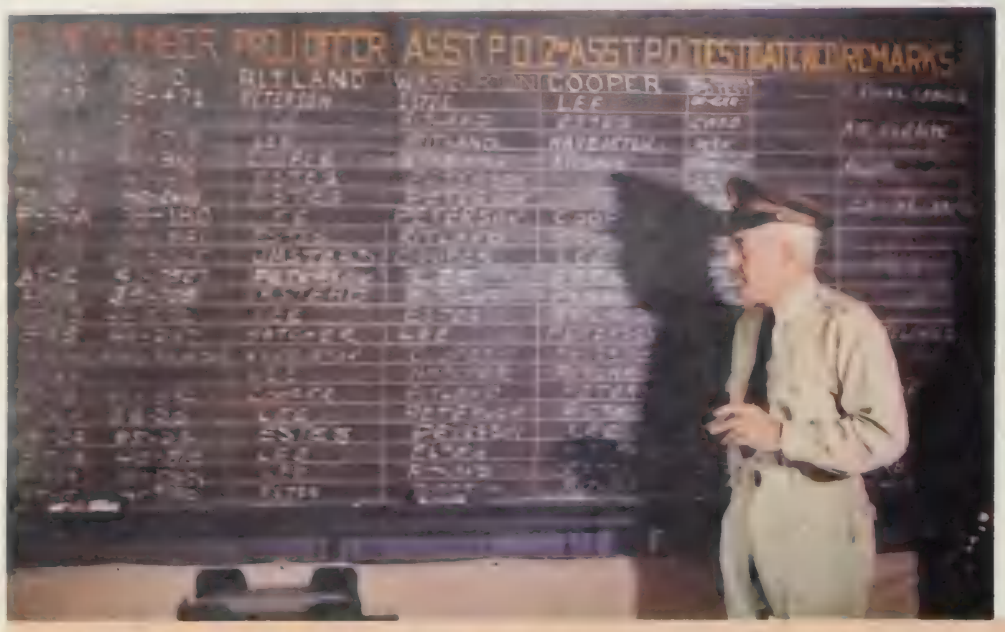
Herbert McLean Evans, great University of California biologist, stumbled on a startling fact. He was studying the growth-promoting factors in the pituitary, the body's master gland. Repeatedly he shot dogs with extracts taken from the anterior portion of this gland. By chance, he happened to note that the animals became diabetic! Why this senseless fact? No one knew.

*(Continued on page 44)*



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RONNY JAQUES

TEST PILOT. Dean of Army test pilots is Major Stanley M. Umstead, who has spent 2,197 test hours in more than 100 types of planes since 1936. Pictures on this page, taken at Wright Field, Ohio, show phases of a recent test. In January, 1918, Major Umstead was a private first class in the Signal Corps Aviation Section. Graduating in 1935 from the Air Corps Tactical School at Maxwell Field, he went to Wright Field, soon became Chief of the Flying Branch. He has had only two accidents, the most serious of which occurred in 1928 when he was forced to bail out of a burning pursuit plane. Because of his flawless judgment and flying technique, Major Umstead was nominated pilot of the giant B-19 (Collier's cover, July 12)




At Wright Field, Ohio, Major Umstead looks over the flight test projects for the day, decides to take up a new Douglas A-20A bomber (listed halfway down board)

With Flight Test Engineer Louis H. Sibilsky he discusses tes flight, special equipment automatically photographs test in

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S

In the air. The A-20A is one of the newer light bombers combining the best features of an attack plane and fast, short-range bomber. The R.A.F. calls it '

# OUR NEW ARMY

### TEXAS

WHEN 70,000 men from the 36th, 45th and 2d divisions, together with assorted smaller units, moved into a half-million-acre mid-Texas arena for June war games, the younger residents of towns in the maneuver area had a profitable field day. Almost every youngster old enough to make change rigged up his bicycle as a mobile store loaded with ice cream, pop, candy bars and miscellaneous luxuries and trailed the soldiers to the battlefield. The kids ferreted out the men like bloodhounds and unloaded their nickel merchandise at a dime a throw, with the result that the shoestring proposition became Big Business. Within two days most of the juvenile tycoons had pooled their resources and were being hauled to the maneuver area in trucks.

MILITARY attendance of San Antonio church services was slack despite the special invitations tendered by their pastors. Some of them looked into the situation and found out why. Most Army outfits were calling Sunday mess at noon or shortly thereafter, and nearly all church services lasted until noon. Which gave the soldier two alternatives: (1) He could either go hungry, or (2) get up the dough for dinner. Ladies of several churches settled the problem by dividing up the soldier churchgoers and inviting them home for Sunday meals. Last we heard there were quite a few extra buttons in the collection plates.

### CALIFORNIA

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. Like many another ham radio operator reported here in previous dispatches, Sgt. William H. Lingle, Jr., took his short-wave gadgets to camp with him, convinced the division signal officer that his equipment could be made useful to other 185th Infantry members and now is swamped with messages to and from the home folks. Guaranteeing that he can contact any California soldier's friends or relatives within half an hour, through the co-operation of other hams, Sgt. Lingle hardly ever gets his ears out of the headphones. His messages from home are on the up and up except when some gal sends word back to one of his 185th customers that gee whiz, she just can't possibly arrange a date with him for Saturday or Sunday. Sgt. Lingle turns to the palpitating swain sitting at his side, shakes his head and say what's wrong, soldier, but I to be able to pick up a thi call."

DOES the name Allan Ho anything to you? He's a Co. D, 47th Quartermaster now, but not many years a called Farina and ran aroun little white skirt in Our Gan Another erstwhile kid star when his childhood screen mentioned is Pvt. Jackie Co assigned to the 31st F.A.

### WASHINGTON

FORT LEWIS. S three-year-enlistme the 98th F.A. thinl kind of shanghaied fit, or at least that some recr

(Continued on page )

# Advance Agent

## By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

*Story Thus Far:*

INVITED to the Nazi cause in this country by a woman known as Mathilde Winkler, Scovil, a wealthy radical, uses his Berkshire estate, Pinnacle Manor, as a place for his pro-German friends. Engaged to Gail Armstrong, a young woman who lives in Windham, Massachusetts, knows nothing of his nefarious activities. Meanwhile, an aviator—Lieutenant Friedrich Köchlin, who has been captured by the British escaping from a train in Canada. He crosses the national boundary line, works his way to Vermont. . . . In Manchester, Vermont, Lynn Armstrong is preparing to marry Lynn Scovil, suddenly realizing that she *may* love him, she jumps in her car and drives away from him. On the road to Windham she gives a lift to a man (obviously a tramp) who introduces himself as John Smith. She drops him at Camp Ryegate, a resort near one Carl Booker and infested with Nazis.

Köchlin—"John Page"—*is Friedrich Römer.* Shortly after his arrival at the camp, he meets Scovil, who makes him his house guest at Pinnacle Manor and greets him as Erich Köchlin. . . . Meanwhile, Bill Jay, a newspaper man, has been quietly investigating certain people who patronize Camp Ryegate. Whenever he goes, he is accompanied by Scovil's daughter, Connie (who, disapproving of her father's radical ideas, lives with Gail Armstrong).

Scovil gives a dance at Pinnacle Manor. He introduces Köchlin as "Erich Köchlin" de Winkler and "Erich Köchlin" leaps nimbly from name to name—Philip Garfield, Köchlin, Römer, Garrett (the real name appears to be Garrett) and plans that revolve around an aviator named von Weitbrecht.

"Köchlin" and Gail Armstrong hop in Gail's car and drive to Gail's home. Gail—certain that the man who had told her he was John Smith was an adventurer of some sort—never liked him. And when, yielding to a sudden impulse, he kisses her, her protests are weak. . . .

Washington, a major in the United States receives a telegram. He relays its contents by telephone, to a brigadier general. He has heard from Garrett. He got through. He has got in touch with something and will be in Detroit tomorrow. He is now in Massachusetts."

"Massachusetts!" the general exclaims. Then a string of expletives. The major, at first, listens with heartfelt admiration.

### V

WAS Köchlin's disappearance from Detroit a ploy that impelled Lynn Scovil to leave from strength. When Scovil entered such recklessness, Köchlin said blandly, "I rather expected you after me—Mrs. Armstrong asked me to take her home." Scovil curbed his anger. But early on Saturday morning he knocked at Mathilde's room and got her to agree that they must tell Köchlin the whole truth so far as Mathilde knew it. So at breakfast they listened impatiently to his directions about getting to a plane for Detroit. A few minutes later, on the sunny terrace, they began the contest of wills which made Köchlin a good deal more uneasy.

"I afraid you'll have to change your plans," he said. "Last night a truck driver heard that von Weitbrecht disappeared from Detroit on Monday. He didn't let anyone know where he is. We cannot possibly get in touch with him. There is nothing for you to do but wait until he is located."

Köchlin's cold rage terrified Mathilde, but Scovil was easy in the knowledge that he had higher cards. Köchlin accepted von Weitbrecht's disappearance sullenly enough but began to issue orders. He made Mathilde call the Forwarding Company on the telephone—which was reckless, since it was dangerous to communicate with it only by way of Springfield. But headquarters could tell him nothing about von Weitbrecht, was in fact ready to believe he had been captured. Then, in a controlled but venomous passion, Köchlin set about arranging duties for Scovil and Mathilde. They would set in motion every means for getting information. They would bring him at once everything they had that bore on von Weitbrecht.

"It's unfortunate that you disrupted everything by arriving too late," Scovil said presently, with a pointed courtesy intended to show Köchlin that he was not afraid and would not be subordinate. "And you can hardly blame us because von Weitbrecht has had the wisdom to go underground. You see, your only chance to make contact with him is through us."

"I merely tell you to find him for me," Köchlin said coldly. "If you don't, it will not be I who makes the threats."

Scovil nodded. "I know what is to be done. And take care not to repeat your mistake of last night. Be so good as to stay on the estate."

Köchlin's eyes glinted. "Be so good as to understand that my actions don't come within your authority."

Scovil negligently exposed his ace for a moment: "You are certainly free to start for Detroit at any time. How will you find von Weitbrecht?"

HE DROVE Mathilde away in an automobile, first telephoning to Booker. Before they were off the grounds she was reprimanding him: "Are you mad, Lynn? You must not risk antagonizing him. We must keep his support at any cost. He can destroy us." She shuddered. "I hate all Prussians! He is as cold as ice. He has no humanity. He is—oh, he has no blood in him, he is as deadly as a snake."

"I've never seen you terrified before. And it's absurd."

"But—" Her white hands were flung out. "We are half crippled, Lynn. We are on the verge of complete failure. We must not fight one another."

"He is certainly right in one way," Scovil said contemptuously. "There are a lot of fools in the organization. There have been bad mistakes. There will certainly be worse ones if fools are continued in power." Then, peremptorily: "The time has come when I must know why Köchlin was sent over. What does he want of von Weitbrecht? What is this matter of September first?"

He did not have to argue; she accepted that necessity as part of the emergency. "I'm not allowed to know everything. He was sent in to inspect and ratify von Weitbrecht's plans. For all I know, to take his place, too."

"Surely I've been told everything that bears on the peace offensive."

"It isn't that . . . Our efforts to make labor trouble were a grotesque failure.

*(Continued on page 28)*

**Von Weitbrecht grew more hysterical. "There is only to hold Köchlin off a day or two," he screamed. "When I am healthy—"**

# THE SERVA
# OF THE LO

## By Harry Sylv

**It is not by words but b that the true measure can be taken. So it Rincon of the borde**

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN

**"Vamos!" Alvarez said to the girl. His grip on her arm was heavy enough to make her wince. "Sit at the other end of the bar until we are th**

DUST moved in slow puffs from the horses' hoofs as the two men rode slowly toward the little city. The hard white sunlight made the dust work and the puffs seem to explode, so that the uniformed men, tired as they looked, seemed to be riding in some kind of glory. If they had turned their heads a little to the right, they could have seen the big gap in the ground where the Rio Grande ran; but they had seen it too often and they just looked straight ahead as they rode tired as their horses.

Manners turned to the left and north just before they came to the city, to go to a kind of suburb of adobe houses. "See you tomorrow," he said, and Rincon, darker and on the bigger horse, moved a hand. It was too hot to speak, and riding the border patrol at night in these times was bad on the nerves as well as on a lot of other things.

Riding alone now toward the little city and his room in the cheap hotel, Rincon felt again envious of Manners. Manners was going home to a wife and children, a cool adobe house. He, Rincon, would go to the cheap hotel, bathe, rest a while, then wander aimlessly around town.

It was not a pleasant existence when off duty. And yet some loneliness in himself, deep and obscure, had kept Rincon away from other people. One of the few men on the border patrol with Latin blood in him, Rincon, even when later the others liked him, still retained the diffidence which had been part of his defense in the early days when the others had been sullen or suspicious.

He stabled the horse and walked to the hotel. Although he rarely got mail he always found himself expecting letters whenever he came in off a long patrol. It was cooler in the lobby.

The little Mexican clerk said, "Hello, kid," in Spanish, and Rincon said, "Hello," and raised his hand in a gesture that was almost distracted. His eyes hadn't adjusted themselves quickly to the dimness of the lobby and he strained them to see what was in his box. Before he could see, the clerk reached behind him and handed Rincon his room key and one letter. The letter had a Mexican stamp on it, postmarked from the town just across the bridge. It said just J. Rincon and the address, nothing about his being Patrolman Joseph Rincon.

He was morbid by nature and when he opened the letter and saw who had sent it, he told himself that he felt it was bad when he first saw it. It said only, "If you could meet me tonight at the usual place, I might be interested. A."

Walking upstairs to his room, Rincon wondered what that louse, Alvarez, wanted. It was a couple of years since he had seen him last. Rincon wasn't afraid of many things, but Alvarez was one of them. Rincon hardly realized his fear; it was, to him, merely as though he disliked Alvarez for the unpleasant things the man seemed always connected with.

HE STOOD a long time under the tepid cold water of the shower and then lay on the narrow iron bed but couldn't sleep. The louse, he thought again, he couldn't even write good English. "Interested" when he meant "interesting." He wondered what Alvarez was doing this far north. He'd half expected Alvarez to be dead or in jail after the revolt had failed in '38. He'd at least lost his powerful protector. Rincon thought: The wolf loses his teeth but not his inclination. Rincon found it easier to think in proverbs from his schooldays. Anyway, whatever Alvarez was here for, Rincon knew, it was not good.

He fell into a light sleep, waking as the sun lowered and the air grew cooler. He dressed in a civilian suit of cheap seersucker and went out into the street. He liked to walk around the town in cool clothes after a patrol. It was also a good thing for a border patrolman. Information could be picked u

Down near the Internatio with the money-changers either side of the street lead paused and looked at the wo American cars from the Mi from New York, as they went to pass the customs and spen in Monterrey. He liked the best. No one noticed him. H this slightly. After all, he wa a person of importance, he to He did not have to meet Al he would, he knew, with so The best cast at dice is not t had, though. And Alvarez kn would be best to go meet Alv

A man came slowly along toward the bridge. He had bland face in which the vag of the eyes made them ap darker than they were in th under the blond hair. He w what self-consciously, a gray too big for him, a new straw colored band and a yellow striped tie.

Recognizing the man as closer, Rincon exclaimed al bly. You'd think the guy w better, Rincon thought. By n

(Continued on page

# axes in iding

**obert Thompson**

Last year nineteen cents of every retail dollar you spent was gobbled up by taxes you didn't know you were paying. And if you are worrying about next year's income tax, wait till you see what these pickpocket taxes do to you. Wayne C. Kilbourne, who has been trailing these petty bandits for five years, tells how they operate

# LE: FIND THE HIDDEN TAXES

LD it interest you very much to know that every time you pop in a lunch wagon and slap down for a hamburger and bun, you're penny of that for indirect

le dab of meat bears distinct sixty-seven separate taxes. y bun has at least fifty-three tax payments milled and it. They start with the rancher and chase that hamit on down to the counter. The use, the retail butcher, two ply houses, the railroads and rs all pay taxes that eventuixed up in that ground meat. re always yelling about taxes. during the presidential camair was full of tax yowls but d much accurate information t taxes, those petty purse hat pick your pocket without know about it. We have that n now from Wayne C. Kilo has been playing hide-and-those skulkers for the past Mr. Kilbourne is head of the nomics Bureau of the Northational Life Insurance Cominneapolis, and he can show on the books that 19.3 cents dollar spent at retail for services in 1940 went into didn't know you were paying. ick out now, with the idea are a bore and this has nothith you. Mr. Kilbourne has e people who buy the hamheir stories are pretty much ries of all of us.

Hilary Burke, who was out work and on WPA for a long finally got a job at $80 a s not much, but it's better on a dole, and Hilary is a le. He fits right into the Kilture of the $80-a-month-in-y.

thly budget allocates $27 for of this item, Mr. Kilbourne

**There's a lot more than meat in your nickel hamburger—67 separate hidden taxes are ground up in it, and the bun conceals 53 more**

$2.11 in hidden taxes. Rent $18 a month, but $4.70 of by Hilary's landlord to the r. Clothing at $9 a month cents in traceable hidden and light take $6, out of nts go to taxes. Hilary pays for streetcar transportation pany doles out 45 cents of es.

ellaneous expense, haircuts lls, the budget allows $12 a xes nip off $1.31, Mr. Kilovered. The best buy is in-2 a month. The indirect tax here is only seven cents. When all that is added up, you'll find that Hilary isn't going to have a wild night life. All he can spend for recreation is $2. The collector's hand reaches in there and grabs at least 21 cents.

This means that Mr. Burke is clipped for $10.29 in taxes that can be traced. However, the real figure has to be reckoned at the rate of 19.3 cents per dollar spent. Mr. Kilbourne reached that figure by taking the official United States totals of expenditure. In 1940 we spent at retail about $38,800,000,000 for goods, and $11,700,000,000 for services. We paid out $15,150,000,000 for all taxes. Out of this amount, we walked up to the windows and laid down $5,382,000,000 directly, leaving $9,768,000,000 as our indirect, or hidden, tax bill. Take the fifty and a half billion in sales and divide it into the hidden tax. That's where you get that 19.3 stuff that Mr. Kilbourne talks about. On that basis Hilary Burke is clipped $15.44 from his $80 salary, which is some amputation.

Harry Welby is a shipping clerk at $150 a month. He drives a secondhand car which sets him back $14.75 a month for purchase and operation costs. Hidden taxes take a real swipe at this. The levies brought to light by Mr. Kilbourne are shown as a siphon for 20.3 per cent, or $3 a month.

The Welby family, according to the Kilbourne researches, feeds $20.22 a

*(Continued on page 43)*

The ships sat on the shoals, all six of them. They were burning like haystacks, with men dying inside

# The Empress' Yankee

## By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

**Ivak, the Cossack, helps a great American to write a gallant chapter in the history of Imperial Russia**

I WAS asleep when the order came to me to go to the war. But before the cocks started crowing I was in the saddle of my Kabarda horse. A Cossack of the Terek does not stop when he hears of fighting.

Instead of joining the squadron I went around to my girl's cottage. Leaving the horse, I scratched on the shutter farthest from where the old people slept. When Babitka looked out, rubbing her hair back, I whispered to her what had happened.

"What war?" she asked.

"How do I know? When an order comes, a Cossack rides, he does not ask questions. It is for the empress!"

Babitka would not let me kiss her. "It is always for that woman, the empress," she whispered. Then she hugged me. "Wait."

So I tied up my horse and went to wait at the haystack. I thought Babitka was a fine girl, and so quick. Strong, too —only stubborn at times. And, of course, I would be away at the war a long time.

She kept me waiting until the trees showed against the sky, and she came pulling a pony behind her. Instead of sitting down on the hay, she cracked the whip in her hand, and I saw she had put on men's broad trousers and boots.

"Ivak," she said, "listen. This time I am going with you."

I laughed, thinking of Babitka, who milked the cows and brought in the cherries and baked barley cake, riding off with Ivak, who had smelled the smoke of powder often, who was a *sotnik* of the squadron.

"Why do you fight this time?" She came close to see my eyes.

How could I say? "For honor, little pigeon, for glory." And when this did not satisfy her: "Nay, I will bring you a shawl and pearls for your necklace from Tsargrad—for that is how we call Constantinople. The brothers say we will take Tsargrad this time for our empress."

She pushed me away, so I almost fell down. "*Tfu*—I could spit when you speak of her. I am coming with you to the war."

Now if the devil himself, who knows how to talk to girls, said no to Babitka, she would say yes to him. She is strong as two devils, when she feels stubborn. And in her long coat, with tucked up into her woolly looked almost like a boy. Th came to me, why not? My warm because she was so nea

"You need someone, Ivak, for you."

I heard the horses snort tog good omen," I told her.

THAT is how I suffered Babit with me to the Charnomar call the Black Sea. And when dark sea, the omens were no For pale white lights gleamed edge of the stagnant water. I officers say that this light is phorescent salt in the water, b sacks know it is the souls of running along the edge of the ing a resting place. Babitka l at the sea that was not a sea

(Continued on page

# I was Beaned

## By Luke Sewell as told to John R. Tunis

**There's no reason for a baseball player getting beaned, and don't blame the pitcher, either. That's the verdict of Luke Sewell, who was beaned himself and gives ballplayers some advice on avoiding the tragic bean ball**

' HADLEY in the box wound Until the ball left his hand I d carelessly at the plate. Then, ng stride, I lunged. It was fast I'll turn my body and take it os," I thought. I flinched back I could but my feet were an- The ball was coming higher higher . . . about the point of houlder . . . six feet in front . . . ! A bell rang in my head. It t and day for six weeks. what it's like to be beaned. l up. Mike Martin, our trainer, ing beside me, hand under my eating: "Take it easy, Luke! sy, old boy, just take it easy!" remembered. I'd been beaned. f the wife is in the stands. how, the insurance is all paid ought went back to Ray Chap- shortstop, who had been d killed by Carl Mays years ried to touch my right temple. iet laugh came down to me: en't hit on that side, you were the left side, Luke."

But just let me feel that ple. Even in my agony I re- t Chappie's temple had been on the *other side* from the one it. Mine felt all right. I didn't. ever, I was stretched out in the clubhouse waiting for an ambulance.

That happened more than seven years ago. Yet I still have a queer lump above my left temple, and every time there's a thunderstorm in real humid weather, sharp pains shoot through my head and dart downward into my left shoulder. Just bruised nerves, the specialists in white coats tell me.

Have you ever noticed that beanings come mostly when the pennant race is tight and nerves are edgy? A year ago, when the Dodgers and Reds were fighting for the lead, with New York threatening from the rear, three beanings happened in three weeks. On June 1st, Peewee Reese, the sensational freshman shortstop of the Dodgers, was hit by Jake Mooty of the Cubs. He was three weeks out of the line-up.

On June 18th, one of Bob Bowman's fast balls hit Ducky Medwick in Brooklyn and knocked him unconscious. Several days later, Bill Jurges, shortstop and pivot man on the Giants, was hit over the left ear by Bucky Walters of the Reds. Jurges was out the rest of the year, and the Giants finished in the second division. Jurges has lost 60% of the hearing in his left ear, and has spells of dizziness every time he tilts his head going back for fly balls.

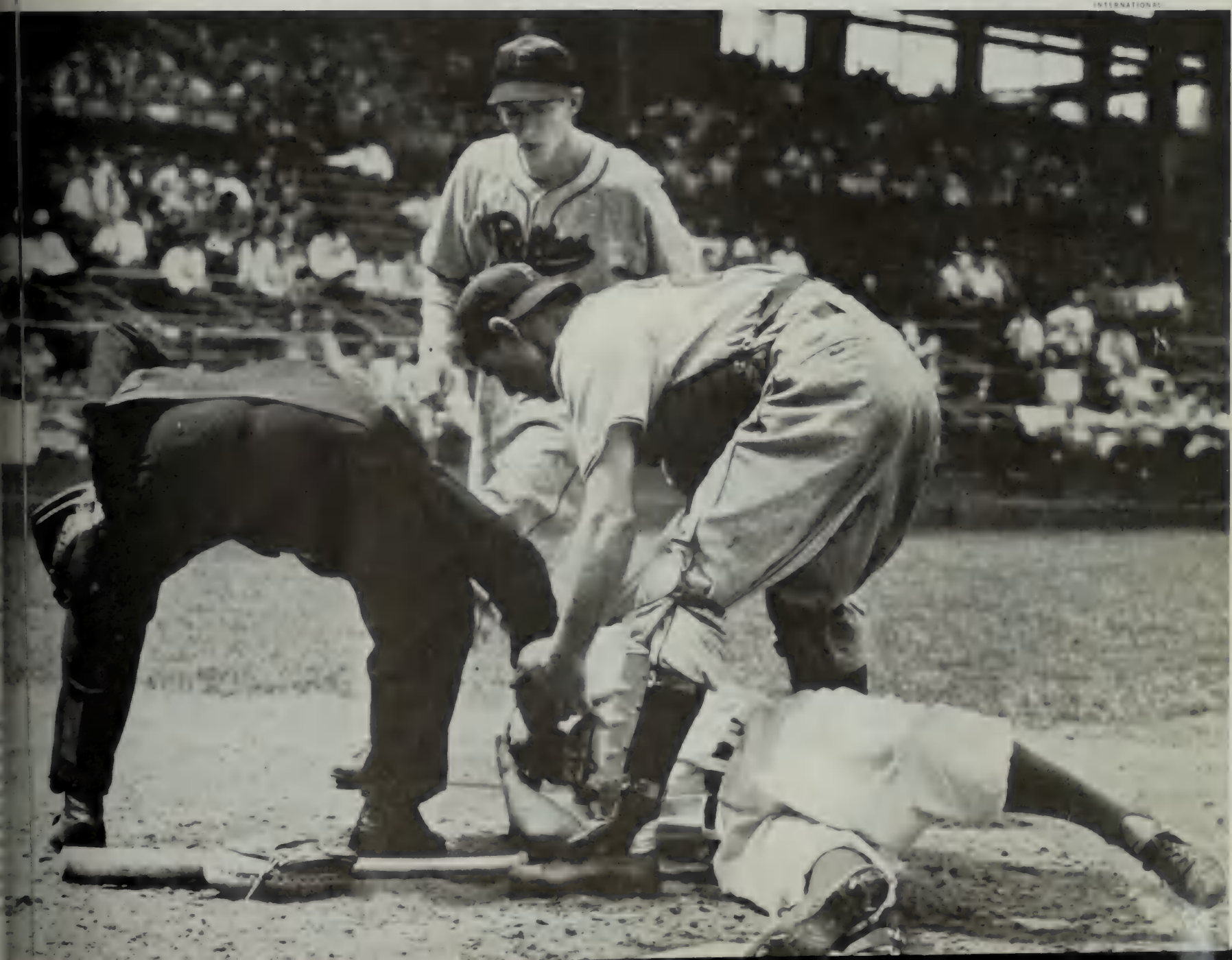
There's no good reason for a player's being beaned. Maybe as a catcher I'm prejudiced, but I've never seen a first-class hurler try to bean hitters, and my experience is that ninety per cent of all beanings are due to carelessness and lack of co-ordination on the part of the batter. I myself had tried to give Bump the old gag. As I stepped to the plate I waggled my bat carelessly and didn't assume my usual stance. My hope was he'd lay one down the middle. Then I was going to tee off. I was relaxed and unable to dodge the ball at my head. It was entirely my own fault.

Players don't get beaned when they're on their toes. Haven't you ever seen a man take a strike right down the middle when you expected him to hit? That batter comes back to the bench and sits down, shaking his head. "I was frozen up there." He can't explain it. His bat didn't come off his shoulders, not a muscle moved. When that happens and the ball comes at his head, he's beaned.

Actually my beaning kept me from the line-up only for several weeks. Sometimes beanings are more serious. In 1937 the Tigers came into the Yankee Stadium only a couple of games behind New York, fighting them tooth and nail for the lead. Gordon Cochrane, the manager, went to bat and was beaned by that same Bump Hadley. The Tigers not only lost a catcher, a consistent hitter and their manager, but also the

*(Continued on page 51)*

INTERNATIONAL



**Protective headgear didn't help Mickey Owen, Dodgers' catcher, hit over the eye by Podgajny (standing, rear) of the Phils on June 30th**

# Fire Guards the Indies

By Martha Gellhorn

WAR BY PEN AND

The wealth of the Indies still belongs to the Dutch—and the Dutch are at bay. Menaced by Japan they sit tight, ready at an instant's notice to turn their island paradise into an inferno of blazing oil and rubber. Martha Gellhorn brings you the tense, unhappy story of the Netherlands Indies



A trainload of mines to protect Java's harbors against surprise invasion. The islands have few really good landing places, all of them are well defended

BANDOENG, in the mountains of
headquarters of the Netherlands
Bandoeng is a cool, pretty resort
are old houses with wide verandas an
tennis courts, golf links, swimming pool
club. At one end of the town is a muni
At the other end is the military air
suburbs are the barracks and on all the
the mechanized infantry, the tanks, th
units are out on maneuvers.

The munitions factory is behind a hi
spiked with broken glass. Once through
walk on gravel paths past yellow flowe
sunny and quiet. Inside, the factory is
as a cave. The air clangs and hisses an
bright when the furnace doors open, or
shower from molten metal. The Java
small and brown, with delicate wrist
childish faces, move like dancers throu
mare of machinery. At the present mo
swinging a block of red-hot metal from
a crane, to a machine that looks like a g
stead of a knife, a metal plunger falls in
metal. This is the first step in hollowi
pound bomb. The finished casings,
smooth, stand along the far wall like a
ninepins.

Not one of these Javanese workers
automobile; they would all be baffled
teries of a radio. They live in thatche
dress in handmade batik sarongs and
earliest forefathers did and have nev
mattress. But they know how to make t
shells needed for the Netherlands Indie

**Stretching across thirty-one h of Pacific Ocean and lying d path of Japanese expansion, t Indies (black portions of map) to put their rich island empir rather than yield it to a co if their defenses fail. The I world's richest storehouse of ures—oil, tin, rubber, sugar,**

go to the barracks you must pass the ultra-air base, where Curtiss pursuits and Lock-udson bombers are stationed. (Everybody tells you how good these planes are, as if, merican, you were personally responsible. The ng they will tell you is that they need some them.) The road is lined with shade trees are passed by convoys of army trucks, a truck g an enormous searchlight and some little Bren gun carriers. The gate to the barracks v stucco and somehow the place looks more and human than barracks usually do.

ve troops are quartered here. They are all rs, and when they volunteer they bring their d children with them. The Dutch realize that being reasonable as children are, would not nd how a man could honorably serve the he abandoned his own family.

at noon, the soldiers' wives and children are mmunal outdoor kitchen, preparing food over fires. The women carry the children on their park them in pens made of old crates. They nd watch the rice boil. At noon they will go back into the long light, concrete barracks and serve lunch to their men. The outdoor kitchen sounds like a schoolyard during recess.

The barracks look like a hospital ward (only no one is sick). Down each side of the room stretch the beds—wide, high, white-covered beds made of planks set on sawhorses. Khaki curtains pull around the beds to make a private cubicle like a Pullman berth. At the foot of each bed is an iron-bound chest holding the family's possessions. There are pictures on the wall; every family has its art collection. Usually you see a photo of Queen Wilhelmina, a photo of Prince Bernhard and Princess Juliana and their two blond, chubby children; a photo of the Javanese soldier and his bride on the day of their wedding; and often a drawing of a sacred elephant, or a sacred dragon, sometimes the Sacred Heart.

Soldiers, bare to the waist, squat under the high beds and eat rice with their families. After lunch, they will all sleep through the sweltering afternoon. One young soldier lay on his bed, looking at the pictures in an illustrated London weekly (which he could not, of course read). His infant son, aged eight months, contentedly cut his teeth on his thumb alongside Papa. These same soldiers have learned how to handle Colt Browning antiaircraft machine guns, Czech antitank guns and the various automatic weapons produced by Vickers and Bofors and Skoda. But during the long afternoons, when no one moves in this heat, they rest in the barracks which are home and discuss family affairs with their women and play with their brown offspring.

You can fly from Bandoeng to the naval base at Surabaya in a few hours. The principal towns of these islands are linked by an excellent airplane passenger service (using Douglas DC2's). Americans, who notoriously suffer from delay, begin to feel happy as soon as they hit the Netherlands Indies, because everything moves so fast and so well. The Dutch can almost make you forget that you are in the tropics. That is, until the plane lands at Surabaya, and heat closes down on you like an iron lid. It is hard to breathe, and you find that your mind moves as slowly as your body. The Dutch, accustomed to this still, moist, heavy air, pay no attention to it, dress in neat clothes or starched uniforms and move about as briskly as if they were in Holland. To the newcomer, stunned and sun-blinded, the intense activity of the Surabaya naval base looks like a speeded-up movie.

### Emphasis on Preparation

Three black submarines, a cruiser and a squadron of destroyers are in for repair. New, shinily painted mines, looking like round porcupines, trundle by on toy railroad cars, to be loaded on the mine layers. From the near-by naval air base, silver Fokkers take off, circle overhead and fly above the coastal-defense guns and hidden munitions plants of Madoera, out to maneuvers at sea. Native laborers are building reinforced concrete air-raid shelters that look like the nose caps of shells. There can be no underground air-raid shelters out here because the sea is just beneath the soil. Two Javanese, squatting under a bamboo shelter, hammer on the hull of a torpedo boat. They work carefully and well, as if they were making a native wood fishing boat with a curved prow, decorated by hand carving and hand painting. Now they are working with stainless steel. In two months they can complete a mean, fast little boat that operates usefully in these treacherous waters. They build here torpedo and patrol boats, mine layers and mine sweepers, all types of craft up to 2,000 tons.

Dripping sweat, you are whisked from the noise of the repair shops to the quiet of an air-conditioned underground control room, from which all the ships and seaplanes can be directed during air raids. You come out again into the heat and visit another munitions factory, sailors' barracks, the naval air base, munitions dumps, antiaircraft gun positions, more and bigger air-raid shelters and, finally, as a special treat, you are taken to the gas school.

Now everything slows down. You are in an academic world. You go, unsuspectingly, into a classroom. On closer inspection, it is a chamber of horrors. In a glass case behind the professor's desk are life-sized, life-real, model heads. Each head, perfectly colored, is a sample of what one kind of gas can do. It is probably the most appalling collection of faces on record. The professor explained that these heads were not only useful because they taught the students how to identify types of gas by their effect, but also because these maimed faces scared everybody so that no one would ever be neglectful of his gas mask or ever shirk gas decontamination work. I could believe him. One look at those blinded eyes and those running sores was convincing.

"Now," said the professor, "would you like to smell some gas?"

It did not seem the most pleasant way to spend one's time, but he was full of friendly eagerness to show off his wares.

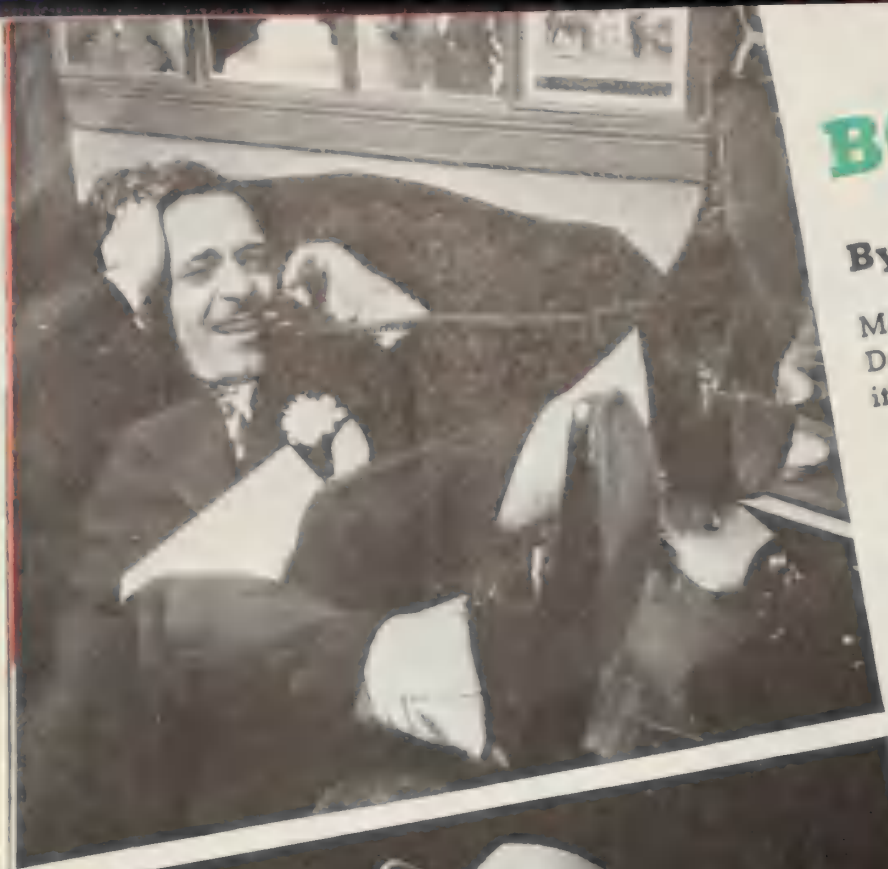
"Phosgene," he said proudly, and passed an open bottle under my nose.

Having never smelled gas before, I did not know what was the polite thing to say about it. It smelled very bad.

"Mustard," he said, and I breathed carefully.

"Here's a wonder," he said happily. "The very best one there is. It's an American gas." It was evident that I should be full of *(Continued on page 50)*

**Preparations for defense against Japan have proceeded at feverish pace since the invasion of Holland in May, 1940. Above, native troops on field maneuvers ford stream with field gun. Below, Javanese workers in Surabaya turn out guns and munitions**



# BOWERY CAFÉ

## By Kyle Crichton

**Mr. Frank Barbaro is a riot and so is his barn in Detroit. With the high light on entertainment, it's one of the most fabulous spots in the country**

ALONG about eleven o'clock any night in the week the Bowery Café in the Hamtramck section of Detroit assumes the aspect of a riot taking place in a dump. Benny Resh's orchestra is blasting away in accompaniment to somebody like Sophie Tucker or Harry Richman; the audience is pounding lustily with little wooden hammers in time with the melody; the waitresses are almost literally walking on the heads of the patrons in a desperate endeavor to get from table to table.

In a doorway near the band will be found Mr. Frank Barbaro, beaming with pleasure and looking more than ever like a Sicilian bandit. Mr. Frank Barbaro owns, manages and dominates the Bowery, a gigantic beer hall that seats 1,200 at tables and was obviously decorated by a drunken calciminer. It started as a barn, it remains a barn and Mr. Frank Barbaro doesn't try to fool you. What he does instead is give a show that starts at 9:30 and keeps going at a mad pace till closing time at two o'clock. The only break is a five-minute intermission for dancing.

"Yop," admits Mr. Frank Barbaro flatly. "On'y one set. Five min-uts. You want to mak embarrass them guys!"

Mr. Frank Barbaro is protecting the guys who bring their gals. He has it figured out that they want to see a show instead of being one. He may be wrong but the receipts don't show it.

What they show is that Mr. Frank Barbaro has one of the most fabulous and prosperous spots in the country. If you meet a big-name night-club entertainer anywhere in the world and mention the Bowery, he will leap nine feet in the air, yell "WOWZIE!" and begin an excited recital of what happened to him in the joint. Jimmie Durante and Joe E. Lewis didn't go too well with the Hamtramck (pronounced Ham-trammick) clientele; too sophisticated. Lou Holtz broke all records: Sally Rand and her troupe came next. Mr. Frank Barbaro shelled out $5,500 a week for Sally Rand and Benny Fields; Durante took $3,500 a week.

This is why Mr. Barbaro has twelve bartenders slaving away at a bar 120 feet long; why he needs a list of 115 employees; why he can afford to charge fifty cents admission on week nights and seventy-five on week-end nights.

When Barbaro bought the Bowery in 1934 it was selling beer and soda pop. He had reached America from Italy in 1923 after spending four years in the king's army. He went straight from the boat to Herrin, Illinois, and dug coal for five years, liking it immensely. Those were the stirring days at Herrin when an average of one homicide a night was considered right in line of normalcy. With an interest in business which has never deserted him, he had a share in the grocery and dry goods store run by his brother and live with his brother's family over the store. His friends were Italian, his associates were Italian, he never heard anything but Italian.

"Never learned a word Ang-lish in a year," says Frank, holding this over Herrin.

Among his other activities was his skill at putting on Saturday night shows. The mines were closed from

(Continued on page

Italian-born Frank Barbaro, ex-coal miner (above) is owner, manager and guiding spirit of the brawling Bowery. Center is the permanent master of ceremonies, Charley Carlisle, who has been on the job four years and still solicits—and gets—free cigars. The negligee number of an act called "History is Made at Night" is a sample of the entertainment with which Mr. Barbaro packs his big barn nightly

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR

# Driftwood

by Jacland Marmur
ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

**Without warning, in full view of the patrol boat, the old man brought the tiller bar down on the young man's head. Willem fell, stunned**

HIS fishing boat from Nieudenkerke swing her stumpy mast through the pea-soup North Sea fog as the long rolls rolled under her. The two men in small boat—old Hendrik humped in sheets, the young man crouched the ets amidships—peered through fog saying nothing. . . .

"They are gone now!" young Willem hoarsely. "I hear nothing."

The old man, hand on the tiller bar, made no reply. Willem clenched his fists.

"We need a man to be trusted, one who understands the North Sea currents and the drift of the Dover tide," he spat out, still in that harsh whisper strain, "and it had to be you!" His eyes blazed. "You! A lump of earth with the soul bombed out, but they are savage and cunning enough! Fish is food, and food they have. So we fish for them under eye of their coast patrols. Two in boat but only one a sailor. Ten liters petrol and a rag of sail. Nothing more. And each one leaves a wife, a child on the land to keep him safely in line against escape. All except old Hendrik has no one. But Hendrik is their grimmest joke. Everybody knows that Hendrik is a man no longer but just a lump of Holland earth hoarding. . . ."

His bitter outpouring ceased. Slowly his fist unclenched. The old man made a sheet of the little leg-of-mutton sail, holding the tiller. And the boat steered through the fog on an angular course across the mouth of Dover Strait, rising and falling. Young Willem's head moving in quick arcs, trying to spy enemy out through the blind white fog.

"Van Klaasen's radio transmitter was covered yesterday," he murmured. "His execution was today. Johan paid for his pigeons against the wall of the church last night. This is the only chance now. The attack is for next week, old man. I have the objectives, the strength of each bomber squadron, their scheduled times and their flight altitudes. Even where the bomb dumps are and the take-off fields. All! All on the plans in this tube."

He held it up, a thin, watertight tube made fast to a weighted strap. He even thrust it forward, wanting kinship, compassion, a word of comfort in a time of dreadful stress. But the old man did no more than stir the helm. So fierce anger blazed in Willem. But only for an instant. Slowly he let his arm come down again, thinking of other things.

"I WILL not see Brunelda any more," he said in a dull monotone. "Do you know what they will do to her when I do not answer to my name in Nieudenkerke? Do you?" The thought forced his head up for an anguished moment. "Brunelda knows! And still she said to me . . ." He broke off. Violence rushed on him. "Why do I speak my torture to a lump of stupid earth?" he cried at old Hendrik. "Only bring me close enough to England so these plans may—"

His voice stopped abruptly and his head shot around. A slap of water sounded on a drifting invisible hull. Willem's fist closed on the precious tube. And he waited, taut and breathless, his eyes burning against the wall of vapor. There it was! The guttural growl reached his ears plainly. German! One of the speedboat patrol, swift, ruthless, deadly.

He wheeled, grating hoarsely, "We will be discovered! *I will swim from here!*"

The old man shook his head. "It is yet too far," he said.

Willem's eyes darted from side to side like a splendid young animal trapped in a misty cage. "The current drift from here—you are sure it will carry to the Dover coast?"

The old man's head moved affirmatively up and down. Instantly Willem seized a steering oar from along the thwarts and started strapping to it the precious tube. Hendrik watched him, his wrinkled face an expressionless mask.

"Who," he said in his lifeless voice, "who will pay attention nowadays to a piece of driftwood that has washed ashore? . . . Give me the tube."

"Fool! Do you think a spiritless old clod like you could swim—"

"*Halt!*" the summons flashed like a pistol shot across the widening pool of misty sea. "*Anhalten!*"

Willem struggled desperately with the strap. He knew there was only an instant left to slide the oar into the sea. Then a shadow fell across his hands, making him raise his head. The old man's look was the same. He stood in the rocking boat with his shoulders stooped, his eyes dead and the unshipped tiller bar in his knobby fist. And just before Willem heard the deafening roar of the patrol boat's engines, old Hendrik spoke loudly and for the last time:

"I mean to escape to England! You cannot prevent it, even if you have your bride in Nieudenkerke as hostage to your safety!" His voice dropped suddenly to a dull whisper: "Do you understand? Go back to your Brunelda. There will be work for your sons to do one day."

Without warning, in full view of the onrushing patrol boat, the old man brought the tiller bar down on the young man's head. Willem fell backward, stunned. He remembered nothing until a burst of machine-gun fire roused him out of senselessness. He came to his knees then, dizzy and with a bloody head, hearing an officer growl, "*Noch ein mal, Hans!* Fun is all right in its place. Not now."

Willem looked across. The gunner grinned at such brave sport as this before the gun chattered once more. Willem watched the jets it pitted in the sea. He followed them. He saw the old man swimming far away, not looking back at all. Old Hendrik swam without hurry, his arms lifting and lowering leisurely. Then the walking spray jets reached him. His shoulders convulsed, and the water showed red stains. But his arms still kept up their swimmer's movements for a moment more. First one. Then the other. . . . And then no more.

WILLEM could see him for yet a little while, a lifeless shadow drifting on an oily sea. Till the fog came down to swallow him. And Willem heard the German sublieutenant's guttural laugh.

"Escape? *Ja!* He will wash up somewhere near the Dover coast. They have too much wreckage on the English shore from sunken ships to pay attention any more to floating spars or a broken oar." The officer chortled: "*Verfluchtes England!* But *there* is a souvenir they will understand. They will examine a piece of driftwood such as that!"

Young Willem bowed his head. For some reason he thought of Brunelda when he saw the steering oar still on the bottom boards at his feet. But even before he looked, he knew the strap and tube would not be there. It was lashed elsewhere. He knew it was lashed to a bit of driftwood, slowly washing toward the English shore.

A steel-helmeted A.R.P. volunteer rounds up her geese before going

# Expectation

## By Clare Sheridan

**The feeling of "What next?" is everywhere in England. How will the invasion come? Will it be accompanied by gas? With it is the ever-present food problem. So the farmer becomes a hero, and cows and fowl precious as ammunition**

DURING the winter London, the industrial towns and the ports had their blitzing, but the country knew comparative quiet. The winged terror returned to us with the daffodils. "The better the day the better the deed" and so, when the sun shines and all the world is smiling, skirmishes are resumed in the sky.

But we—and by *we* I refer to my neighbors in this part of "Sussex by the sea"—have undergone a change since last year. We are definitely hardened. We tell one another that we "don't mind it so much in the daytime," it's the nights that get one down.

It is curious how every man and woman going about his work in the early morning knows just where that bomb fell that made us all (for miles around) jump at ten o'clock last night, and the one at two o'clock in the morning and so on—

How do they know? Is it the milkman? Is it the postman? And how should they know? But they do know and they are always right. One night it is to the east of us, the next night to the west. The only explanation of these droppings is that they unload around these parts on their way home if they haven't been able to get to London. We know that any one of us may be "for it" tonight.

But it takes a lot to kill the age-old habit of looking forward, and although we tell ourselves it is useless to make plans we make them all the same. I, for instance, have reluctantly assented to a publisher's demand for a new book.

I take my manuscript in to Hastings, eight miles away, to be typed. In the office five typewriters on five small tables stand inactive. The head of the office, an undefeated young woman, explains: "Top of the building—so they wouldn't stay." Too dangerous when the blitz comes, and it comes suddenly to these coastal towns, almost simultaneously with the warning. But "I'd rather be at the top of the building than at the bottom," says the young typist. Well, there it is, you may have your preference: Be blitzed on the top floor or buried on the ground floor.

The interesting aspect of all this is the discovery that we can get used to almost anything. I say guardedly *almost* for our propaganda has suddenly started an intensive publicity campaign in expectation of gas.

I have prepared for the food shortage and for the incendiary-bomb menace, but I confess that the possibility of gas overwhelms me.

I have from the very beginning put gas out of my thoughts and refused to carry a gas mask. But in a mad world growing daily madder who knows what the madmen may not resort to! I have attended the local gas lectures, watched the giggling boys and girls, the old women whose only social intercourse has been mothers' meetings, the old men retired from hard work, each and all sniffing uncorked bottles of specimen gas. Some of them like myself must have been sick for twenty-four hours as a result of overeagerness in the sniffing line. And have we learned anything? Are we prepared? I certainly am not.

### If Gas Comes

We know that mustard gas burned the soles of the barefooted Abyssinians when the Italians resorted to this method of conquest. My handbook tells me that it will permeate "all substances except metals, glass, glazed-bricks and tiles. It will penetrate thick clothing in ten minutes. The respirator (i.e., gas mask) gives protection *only* to eyes, lungs and face."

According to the gas booklet the stuff will come through the window cracks, under the door and down the chimney. If gas comes, sprayed from low-flying planes, then I and my hens and geese and ducks and rabbits and pigeons will, I fear, be found with our toes turned up.

The military seem to think th tard gas is less likely than chol preceded by nose gas which m sick so that you spew into yo with the result that you throw You are then a ready victim.

The soldiers do gas drill a about the park in their hideou getting acclimatized.

The gas propaganda has alr fected some of us. I continua the impression that I can smell a hind I sniff the breeze, sensin Villagers repeatedly tell me ho they have been feeling all there'd been a blitz I could moved, my head was so heavy. was the explanation. "Perhap off they were letting it go, an the back kick of it."

Of course nothing of the sort pened; it is pure self-hypnotism

Preparing for gas training is cent process; preparing for s requires untiring activity. T have recourse to shops and c stores, but some things will not many things can no longer b Then, too, there's always the da the storeroom may be blitzed.

So during this whole year we come more and more intensivel in the peasant life of the co sharing problems and difficult sporting instinct saves us fr discouragement. We are, as minister says, in a beleaguere Americans can never experie thing like this because they a tinental people. Our island feel very small and there is n We must take whatever com we not taken blitzing in stride

But a more formidable threatens, against whom guns a are impotent. I mean the dea specter, famine. Against this

*(Continued on page 4*

# ina Cashman

## athleen Norris

GHT 1941, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

STRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

Ho and—I'm sorry—"
nu e said. "I know.
lb dear," Rogers said.
goig to see Margaret"

*Sto y Thus Far:*

fa r unable to earn a living for his
ge fmily, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman
in grocery store. Her home, at Rail-
lats ot far from San Francisco, is a
. H life is a hard one.
ve th Vere Holland, a Yale law-school
t wm she has met by chance, she takes
ou g with him in the Sierras. Then,
Ver as returned to New Haven, she
a d dful discovery: she is going to be-
m mer!
ifie she writes to Vere; his replies are
. W reupon, she calls on Vere's wealthy
Ro s Holland, at his fine old Burlin-
sta tells him the whole story, asks for
M Holland promises to write to the
mot r. Then he makes Dina a strange
itio Recently jilted by the woman he
and ll always love—who has unexpect-
arri Andrew Havens, an artist—he is
a ner party. The Havenses will be
his ests. Will Dina (an unusually at-
e gi) attend the party and so conduct
as o arouse "Aline's" jealousy? Of
, he ys, he will remunerate her hand-
.
ned of money, Dina co-operates with
And hen the party ends, Aline Havens
um with jealousy. . . . Vere's mother
to Burlingame. A spoiled, worldly
n (e Aline), she informs Dina and
d th t she will never permit her son to
y be ath him."
hort time later, Holland takes Dina's breath away. He asks her to become his wife (*in name only*), so that the baby, when it comes, will have a father. Desperate, realizing that Holland means exactly what he says, Dina accepts the offer. And she marries Rogers Holland.

Needless to say, the Cashmans are surprised. And the Havenses? They, too, cannot understand the marriage. Aline—disliking Dina, because Andy regards the girl as extraordinarily beautiful and wants to paint her portrait—makes no attempt to hide her animosity toward Rogers Holland's young wife. . . .

While motoring toward Stockton—where Holland has a business appointment—with her husband, Dina talks at length of the problems of the very poor. Holland—who knows nothing of poverty—asks many questions. After a time, appalled by what he hears, he falls silent; and they drive along without speaking.

### VII

DINA was sorry when they reached Stockton and were in the pleasant streets of its outlying districts, between gardens and cottages and pepper and blooming hawthorn trees.

"My Aunt Sarah Forrester lived up here," Rogers presently told her, "and since she died a year ago her place has stood empty. I've put some cleaners in there and had a little painting done, and I thought I'd see what it looks like."

The section in which they stopped had obviously once been the fashionable end of town, for neglected, forlorn, pretentious mansions still stood in bare garden spaces, their windows adorned with every sign that shabby gentility knows: "Modes," "Violin Studio," "Table Board," "Rooms," "Rooms," "Rooms."

Between these old dwellings, factories, shops and gas stations had established themselves and cheap apartment houses had risen; the house Rogers identified as the one they were seeking stood, however, well raised above a brick bulkhead on a corner, and so had lost none of its air or light.

It was a yellow double bay-windowed cottage with overgrown lilac and syringa bushes along the side street and two great, shaggy palms flanking the front path. Rogers and Dina could walk in at the front door, for activities of all sorts were going on inside and all the doors and windows were open to the spring air and sunshine. A Japanese in his shirt sleeves was washing windows; a small Japanese woman was wiping down woodwork; paperers had their barrels and planks set up in the double parlors. Clean smells of ammonia, paint and wet plaster were combated by other older smells of old wood, plumbing and the still lingering taint of air that has been shut for months within walls.

"Aunt Sarah left a lot of furniture here," Rogers said, indicating with a jerk of his head the canvas-covered mound in the back parlor. "Beds and chairs and bureaus. Caroline came up after she died and took some of the rugs and all the silver and china. Pretty nearly finished?" he asked a paperer, with a glance about.

"Finish tonight, sir," the man said.

"Man come put down carpet tomorrow," contributed the small Japanese woman with an insucking of breath and a smiling bow.

"Carpets all cleaned, were they? Look here, Geraldine, this is the kitchen. Little room off it—they've got blankets stored in there. Now here are the bedrooms, three of them, and then back to the front room again. Built about eighteen eighty, I should say. My uncle

built it, and my aunt lived here for fifty years. How about it?"

They were in the dining room again, and he leaned against a round oak table that had been pushed against a wall, took out his pipe and stuffed it without removing his eyes from Dina.

Dina sat upon one of a row of aligned chairs and stared at him.

"For what? Us?" she asked.

Uh-huh," Rogers answered briefly.

"But—but why are we moving, Rogers?"

"Oh," the man said, with an enlightened look, "when you said 'us' you meant you and me?"

"Of course," she agreed simply.

"I meant your family. The family of Cashman."

Her face showed an electrical change. "You didn't!" she gasped. And then in a low, convinced tone, "You *couldn't!*"

"Would they move?"

"My family," Dina said, "would move anywhere. But you don't mean—you can't mean—that you're going to let them live here?"

"Why not? It's been standing empty since my aunt died. I've a man who comes once a week to keep the grass cut; that's all it costs me. Why shouldn't it be occupied? It's a nice house." He indicated with a wave of his pipe the darkened room, whose window shades were drawn against the afternoon sun.

"Oh, but—but—" Her eyes were pulsating wells of light. "But they'll go perfectly crazy—Myrna will go *crazy!*" she said. "A bathroom! And closets. Big closets! Oh, but I don't believe it!"

"I'll send a truck to move their things, and your father can drive the family up," Rogers planned. "It'll be a nicer place for them, and when it rains they won't be under water, at least. You might suggest they come up and look at it next Sunday, if you like."

"ROGERS," said Dina, glowing, "this is awfully kind of you! This is *terribly* kind of you! I can't tell you—they've never lived in anything like this—I can't tell you what it'll mean to my mother! And all of them—Myrna and Dooley, growing up, and wanting to have boys come to the house. Oh, the bureaus," Dina exulted, walking about now from room to room, "and all that furniture under that canvas—I *wish* we could see it!"

"Well, here, we can!" He nodded to the Japanese, and they flung back a part of the covering.

"Oh, Rogers, not a piano!" Dina gasped, actually turning pale.

"Uh-huh, her old upright. They're getting to be curios, but I suppose it could be tuned."

"Tables," Dina said, in a trance, "and books—and those are curtains! And a standing lamp! My mother has talked about a standing lamp she had, for years! And so many chairs! My sister Myrna took music lessons when she was only ten," Dina went on, striking a rusty chord from the keys; "we all did because a lady boarded with us who owned a piano, and Myrna was talented—she said so—and she said Myrna ought to go on. They're paying twelve dollars rent," she finished anxiously; "you'll let them go on paying that, won't you?"

"I don't know as I will," Rogers said, touched by her enthusiasm. "Why, good heavens, Geraldine," he added, "towns are full of empty old cottages like this that somebody might as well be using! I don't know that I could rent it if I wanted to! If you think they'll like it—"

"*Like* it!" she echoed reproachfully, as he paused.

"Then you go down and see your mother tomorrow and ask her about it. By the way, what does your father do?" Rogers asked. "Beside mattresses, I mean."

"What Pop likes to do is to be a night watchman," Dina said. "Mamma says that when he's a night watchman he never touches a drop. He used to read."

"That factory across there is a mattress factory; he might get something to do there. And that other—that big shed higher than the rest is the plant my uncle owned—a bottle factory," Rogers said as they came out into the afternoon light again. "See there, 'Forrester Glass and Bottle Works.' I could always get him a berth in there, I should think; I know young Sam pretty well. They probably keep a night watchman or two."

"You see, if he's working at night my father's asleep when the other men go to places like Murphy's and Mulligan's," Dina explained simply, getting into the car. "Oh, look at it!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it darling! Isn't it a *home!* You're *awfully* kind—"

HER voice died away and she sat silent, staring ahead with unseeing eyes. What she was seeing in a blinding wave of homesickness was the Cashman family, wild with excitement, moving into the new home. Herself alone in the gloomy Holland mansion when Dooley and Lou went to the nearest grocery for that first moving-day order that Dina knew so well: bread, butter and eggs, of course, and coffee, oatmeal, lard, flour and sugar, and canned milk and bacon and potatoes—and then, slackening off as the staples began to be exhausted, oranges and ten cents' worth of onions—and, yes, the chocolate cake that El'ner had brought to the counter, and the cookies to which Donny had passionately attached himself and everything else to which the money in the Cashmans' hands would stretch in one glorious orgy of marketing, because it was moving day!

Then the unpacking into real bureaus and real closets; the laughter, running from room to room. "Is this our room, Mamma? Mamma, is this our table? Dooley, come look and see out of our window!" And the wild interest in the first baths—hot water running plentiful and clean into a clean tub, soap and towels. There had been piles of towels, not the finest, not the newest, but clean towels stacked with housewifely precision in the linen closet. What fun for Mamma and for them all: Pop backing the rickety car into the yellow garage; Myrna trying the Venetian blinds at the parlor windows; El'ner and Donny racing the folding doors to and fro! To find the nearest schools, to explore the neighborhood for movies, candy store, library! She would have been guide and leader in all this once; she would have shared her family's bettered fortunes as she had shared their darkest ones! The agony of homesickness, its keen pang of feeling joy unnecessarily sacrificed, overwhelmed her.

"Myrna'll take that little room off the kitchen to have for her own," she said; "it has a little washroom off it and she'll rather be there. She's always talking of a room all her own."

"I wondered what was keeping you quiet so long," Rogers said. "You were moving them in, eh? They'll be farther away from you, Geraldine: you've thought of that? But we'll put a telephone in, and you can call them every night, if you want."

"A telephone! Why, Myrna would drop dead," Dina commented simply.

"They have no telephone now." Rogers made it a statement rather than a question, and for a time there was silence again. Presently the man broke it.

"There's something I've rather been wanting to say to you, Geraldine," he began, "and I haven't exactly known how to put it. Or perhaps I didn't realize it myself. But lately, lately—and this was what I wanted you to know—I've been feeling happier than I've felt in a good many years."

IT WAS impossible to mistake his meaning that she had something to do with it; Dina's face as she turned to him was bright with pleasure.

"Falling in love is a sickness, I suppose," Rogers went on. "And sometimes one gets well. I'm not cured," he added, as Dina did not speak, "but I'm convalescent. It's been for years—*years* that every time I thought of Aline Pierpont, I've been almost suffocated. Whether she was near me or far away, or married to someone or divorcing someone, or whether I just heard her name mentioned, it was the same. I thought it was love; then I hate; and sometimes it once."

"I can understand that,"

"I hope you can't! When Rosenstirn," Rogers said, dily ahead, "she came to financial trouble. I straight or rather Callaghan did. simple fellow and he alwa her as 'the she-cobra.' He her. But she had the same she'd always had. She was skin."

A silence. Dina did not when he glanced at her he eyes fixed on his in complet

"Well, what I wanted yo said Rogers, "is that the sp ing. It's partly her marriage big boob who is going to ha waking up one of these d partly because she sees her ought to have married me. much yesterday. She'll divo this time she'll come to me. Yes; after twenty years of it, to me.

"By that time," he went want to be free. You'll still years, with a little child to b you'll want to make other have served my turn.

"BUT what I'm trying added, after a side showed him only Dina's hal one curved ear tip, "is that something for me. More could do for you or your having you in the house. pretty and interested in wh ing and doing; just our m games, and listening to me my stamps and hearing you in the garden chatting with while I'm shaving—it's don for me that all the years I to Anna didn't do.

"You see, when I married in love with Aline. I was si as only a boy of twenty- She'd just married Pollock presented at St. James's, she thing, and I was—well, you me twenty years ago. Fat blubbering because she di My mother and Anna's a marriage; Mother talked it one day. Anna's mother and it was in the papers. T knew about it."

"You never asked her!"

"I never thought of ask was a quiet, pale girl, nicely loved a chance to show o and German; quietly, you everyone who counted at course, have been educate I think we both were da found ourselves on the t Banff for our honeymoon.

"She almost never spoke were married and living house and that was that. the table. 'How'd it go to just as I expected it to,' she ing up surprised. Quietly course. 'Did you go to the see Jean?' 'Certainly.' Tha

"She was great on ma seeing old people and go board meetings. But she n thing to say about them. the old place and we mov She felt she had to have a for the Holland and Farje wanted kids, too, but she healthy child. After abo she became a constant inva down to the old place for moved back to the city. S around her, and finally s with one of her nurses. H Nobody could do anything

(Continued on pag

"They met at my trial—they were on the jury"

Compliments come thick and fast when you serve Kraft Mayonnaise. It glorifies everyday salads, makes extra special ones "events".

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## Advance Agent

**Continued from page 15**

You've heard Köchlin—that's what they think of them overseas. Von Weitbrecht has worked out plans that cannot be allowed to fail. On September first the labor offensive will begin. It's Labor Day all over the country. Everything that can be done."

Thus simply he became an insider—from now on there would be no shaking him off. But he must learn the whole plan. Strikes in the most valuable places; doubtless riots, probably formidable sabotage—and all keyed in with his own job, the drive for peace. They meant business at last.

"That is why Tuesday was so terrible," Mathilde added. "Only von Weitbrecht can do the job. He is responsible for everything. Success or failure."

"Then," Scovil said calmly, "you will have to make him tell us." Mathilde stared at him in bewilderment, and he said, "But, of course! He has been here since Tuesday night—he came on a truck. Booker has been hiding him." Mathilde turned white and instantly said, "You must take him to Köchlin at once! You have been insane to keep them apart so long. You may have ruined everything."

"What if von Weitbrecht will not see him?" he asked quietly. He would show her his ace but determined not to let her know its full strength. "Von Weitbrecht may not be one of the fools but he is a dangerous coward. The Detroit raid has reduced him to panic. He is in a state of collapse—pure jelly. He refuses to see Köchlin—he is even more terrified of him than you are. And I must say it would be fatal to bring them together while von Weitbrecht is still—unstrung." Deliberately he played on her fear: "If Köchlin found the kingpin so helpless, he would make mincemeat of us all . . . And that's the dilemma I have been in ever since Köchlin arrived."

MATHILDE'S previous alarm had been insignificant compared to this. She was frozen with terror and despair, her face was pinched and white, she said nothing at all while he drove by back roads to the clearing at the bottom of Booker's ski-tow. Booker had brought von Weitbrecht to the log cabin there. Properly disciplined, Booker withdrew and they were alone with a key man in conspiracy who might have been formidable once but was only a wreck now.

Von Weitbrecht's hands still trembled uncontrollably, his voice was still a croak, his cheeks were sunken and the dueling scar stood out black. At sight of Mathilde he broke into rapid German, hysterically defending himself and describing the dangers he had barely escaped . . . Scovil had heard it all before, but permitted it to go on till Mathilde could see in full the disgusting spectacle of a man whose nerve had been broken. Mathilde repeatedly insisted that he must see Köchlin—she commanded, she pleaded, she advised. But she only made von Weitbrecht more agitated—he was practically sobbing—and Scovil broke in.

"You certainly need more time to recover from the shocks you have had," he said. Von Weitbrecht nodded gratefully. "But unfortunately we have a Prussian to deal with. And your personal—illness—cannot be permitted to interfere with things. Pieces must be picked up, the organization must be patched, there are orders to be given, the arrangements must go forward. You will have to act through me."

There was a scared protest in Mathilde's face and von Weitbr ploded, "But you are totally —you know nothing."

"Exactly—you will simply use me as an instrument, we to be a team. You will teach I act for you."

Mathilde said "No!" in pur and von Weitbrecht was so sho he recovered some authorit preposterous! I can talk only lin."

"So you refuse to talk to time is running out. Think, m can save you? You are coun succeed this time, a vast plan you—and you are resting on taintop while the efforts of come to nothing. You must you can't. You can act only me."

HE HAD to shout them dow edly. He would emerge fr the man who had mastered gency, and from now on the ve would have to reckon with hin could make no headway ag Weitbrecht's terror. Mathil "Don't be a reckless fool, Ly Weitbrecht kept saying, "Only two more—I will be all right steadily pointed out the fata of time and Köchlin's cycl patience. Von Weitbrecht more hysterical, till at last he ally screaming:

"There is only to hold Köc day or two! When I am healt I can think clearly enough to m Actually tears slid out on his c voice got cold: "Don't pres hard. If I cannot obey my ord way I can avoid betraying the denly an automatic pistol ap his hands. Mathilde gasped was no other sound. But brecht intended far otherwise thought. "You can go on pr to violate my orders. Or you Köchlin here. I will not be al kill myself—"

"Stop crying," Scovil said, "Go back to your mountain get hold of yourself. We'l again—and try to look mo man."

He was furious not to have his purpose and determine forcing the pressure till he co thilde followed him outside. the nerves of our superiors, "And you see why we can't see him."

"It would be fatal." Her husky with despair. "Lynn, yond belief—terrible. I see n We are lost—we are destroye

"Not if a man takes charge

She was fighting a dozen fears, and quite clearly he ha vinced her. But if her pers authority were added to his, brecht would accept him. comfortably that there was convincing Mathilde.

Booker came up—he had some workmen across the "Take him back to the cab said, "and do your best to p nerve into him." Booker his face showed the mark thinking.

"This Erich Köchlin," B "You still believe his story?"

Scovil said sharply, "Don't again, Carl."

But Booker was dogged: I have seen him somewhere not believe him. He is an

Scovil swore. "Is nobod

p l: head? Must everybody go stark
y ecause a few fools have been
st!? You have been scared into
ng hosts."
oo er was always sullen under re-
of nd his face grew brutal. "Who
b the fool if he turns out to be an
er n? You have swallowed the
: v ole. Is it by chance he comes
ig to my camp? Is it by chance he
es wo days after von Weitbrecht
: h e? I tell you, he is from the
.I.
He would give his soul to know
re on Weitbrecht is. It was not
n ance that brought him to the
p t was a suggestion by Mrs.
ns ng. As a matter of fact, it was
:— ur luck—our very good luck."
Th e is nothing suspicious about
, irl," Mathilde said. "We had
iv the most detailed instructions
; b ore he came. When he got here,
kn v every detail. Headquarters
ed im and he detected the test at
e."
Ma be." The cruelty in his eyes got
ne "And still, if he is all right,
h comes to do—what? To spy on
Wh spies on us? For what reason?
w not trusted to do our business as
are ordered to? Who would be sent
ep t on us? Suppose he belongs
he *estapo?*"

IE E was a release of tension—
Ma ilde laughed spontaneously, even
n e yment. But her laughter made
ke ierce: "If there is a chance I am
t, n we take the chance? All right,
s a American—so we will be in jail
or w, next day, next week. All
t, is of the *Gestapo*—so he will
ort e have bungled and they will
: u off—maybe abandon us to the
eri ns . . . Let me get rid of him!
ca go for a ride with me tonight.
I v l take him for a friendly stroll
he oods. There is no other way to
af!"
You ad to handle inferior men the
r Köchlin did—brutally. "We will
the hinking and you will do as we
yo" Scovil said. He went on abus-
hi while Booker's face got more
en and rebellious—but in the end
ok submitted . . . Scovil drove away
h M thilde, his mind racing. Cowards
l fo s on the one hand, the implac-
e o tacle of Köchlin on the other—
wo ld have to force the issue. But
que ionably the situation was shap-
to s advantage.
It permitted to approach the em-
sy nly through New York," Ma-
de id. "Of course, I must let New
rk now at once about von Weit-
cht
No he said. "You must let no one
w. You must leave him to me."
de opped the car and slid an arm
un her shoulders. She responded
he ress instantly and warmly. That
s th way to convince Mathilde. And
ex ession of doubt, even of inatten-
n, i her eyes would not last long.

"E CALL them broomstick skirts,"
C nie stubbornly repeated. "They
th exact opposite of pants—yards
l y ds billowing like the Floradora
s." She held out yards and yards in
h nd. "I put it on so that you can
t k w I wear it."
"Co ing back to the handsome stran-
," ll Jay insisted.
"If u hadn't forced your unwelcome
ent ns on me all evening, I might
ve t to dance with him. Under the
ell my loveliness he would have
nfe d everything." She didn't like
: ne phase of Bill Jay—the tireless
ws perman going into everything,
nki fast and furiously, and invent-
; cra ideas. The whole evening had
en bad taste in the mind, and she
dn't ant to remember any part of it.

Till at last she said. "If you want to know, you don't cross-examine me or the postmistress—you ask Gail."

That was supposed to stop him but apparently the tireless newspaperman was pure gall and presently they were in the bookshop, where Gail was doing accounts—or pretending to in a pinkly abstracted daze—and Bill was forthrightly asking her what she knew about Mr. John Page. Connie noted with concentration that Gail was on her guard at once. With a haughty lack of interest, Gail didn't know much about him: he was a friend of Lynn's; she had danced with him and he had brought her home. (Oh? Oh! Interesting, my dear Watson!) Bill went on asking questions—who was he? where was he from? what was his business?—and paid no attention to the signs of Gail's rising indignation. In fact he presently had her showing signs of apprehension instead, and he hit the jack pot when he remarked that he'd seen Mr. Page at Camp Ryegate, which he was coming to think of as a hangout of rather low characters.

**"So you think I buy dames malteds for nothing!"** WILLIAM STEIG

If Bill didn't notice, Connie certainly knew that Gail's prompt blush and confused eyes meant something very personal indeed. But she wasn't prepared for any such revelation as followed, when, after being haughty and then defiant, Gail said, "Well, I took him to Camp Ryegate." Bill said, "Oh?" with extreme politeness, though Connie thought of a number of other things to say. Finally Gail said, looking as if she had been caught in public sin, "I picked him up."

That certainly had impact, and Gail was an exceedingly embarrassed young woman, and her laughter was far from convincing. "He went west this morning," she said. "So you might as well know. Wednesday night at Manchester there was another one of those quarrels that Lynn and I substitute for a love affair. I left the dance and came home. On the way, I picked up John Page." Slowly and stubbornly, "Yes, I picked him up. I didn't know he knew Lynn. But if he was at Camp Ryegate, it was because I took him there. It sounds crazy? All right, it was crazy."

Bill had no sympathy to spare for embarrassment: "I don't want to run your morals. But if this goes on, some day you'll make a pickup in the criminal classes."

Connie said hotly, "Anybody Gail picks up is practically in holy orders. She doesn't spend her time necking the way we do, I wish to God."

But she knew by the speed with which Bill got out of there that he had suddenly hit an idea, probably crackbrained but certainly hot. Five minutes later he telephoned her: "Get a hot dog or a piece of steak to fry and we'll go picnicking tonight. I'm off to Springfield for the afternoon." So she had the extraordinary behavior of Gail to deal with, who was vexed and alarmed and extremely inquisitive. She wasn't going to say anything—"You ask Bill. It's his guessing game. I don't try to understand the newspaper business, I'm fully occupied trying to marry into it." And it stood out that Bill's reference to the criminal classes kept bothering Gail, and she only made Gail mad when she said, "This is Bill's story—I don't even take notes." But if she ever made it her story, she could tell right now that, Wednesday night or last night—gosh, maybe both!—there had been more between Gail and the handsome stranger than Gail was telling anyone.

SHE tried to turn the questions away by talking about her father but didn't have enough courage to mention Mathilde Winkler. She only made Gail angrier, and finally Gail put an end to the bickering by going away. Connie watched her drive off in the coupé, and she hoped she was going to Pinnacle Manor, and she hoped she would come back with a blond scalp sewed to her leggings, but she knew she wouldn't . . . Oh, a happy afternoon for everyone. And it turned muggy and breathless before Bill got back, and Connie had worked up a sizable grouch about everything, including Bill.

They picked up buns, hamburger, a ghastly cake, and some cans of beer and sure enough, they were going to have a picnic—off in the hills. About all that she could say in favor of it was that the hills were cooler than town. Bill had a Boy Scout's regard for the rules and poured dirt over the fire as soon as they had finished eating, so that twilight and the mosquitoes arrived together. She curled her bare legs under the skirt. Slacks would have been a lot better and as feminine allure, the skirt was wasted. The big oaf sat twenty-five feet away from her and made a remark once in fifteen minutes, usually in monosyllables and always with no reference whatever to her. Well, dear, some people like to look at the stars. She looked at the stars. She also looked at the romantic darkness of the hills. Who said romantic? Hour by hour a picnic with the tireless newspaperman got duller.

She was filling a paper cup with beer when a sudden revulsion hit her and she poured the whole can out on the ground. "The beer period of this romance is over," she announced. "From now on you undermine my virtue with raspberry pop or not at all." She threw the can into the underbrush and wanted to throw Bill after it. "It would be Gail's reputation you get concerned about! Never a thought about my good name blasted by late hours in the woods with only mosquitoes looking on."

"Speaking of your father," he said, suddenly, "is it your idea he would have any dealings with public enemy, well say number ten or say number five?"

SURPRISED, Connie rolled over on her stomach in the dark, propping her chin in her hands. "Your story is he'd do anything for a headline but nobody should take him seriously. My story—" she thought for a moment. "My story is he ought to be taken with the greatest seriousness. He wants to be God—really he does Bill. But he'd compromise on being commissar or Gauleiter or anything that sounded big."

When he lit a cigarette she saw that his face was curiously intent. "This John Page," he said irrelevantly. "I said movie actor, but does it strike you that German war poster would come even closer? Nordic and military. Remember the headlines about the brave Nazi flyer escaping from Canada? Meet Mr. John Page."

At last the evening was getting to be fun! She sat up shrieking with laughter. "Boy! When you go back to work for the *Globe*, you take your plot book with you. Alexander Dumas Jay, pinch-hitting for the guy who draws Superman. Now I won't worry about your keeping me in the style I'm accustomed to. When the phone rings, that's Hollywood calling. And can Hollywood pick them!"

"All right," he said wearily. "I went to Springfield. I read all the papers. I found out some things. So I got the Globe on the phone and learned some more. Then I phoned some up-country correspondents. Hollywood wrote the script, all right, but there it is."

"No. Hollywood would have married him to Gail on the way south."

"Oberleutnant Friedrich Römer. He unloaded off a train at Glen Nevis, Ontario, Monday night. Among places he could have got to on Tuesday is Cornwall, Ontario, and by the quaintest coincidence there is a local rumor that the border patrol failed to hit someone they shot at Tuesday night. So maybe it was the guy they missed who burglarized a place north of Malone, New York, that same night. Also our correspondent says the New York state cops were looking for a stolen car all day

# I MADE A 4-STAR HIT WITH A FAMOUS MOVIE DIRECTOR BY SERVING HIM TH NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREA

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**RICH IN VITAMIN $B_1$**

the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.

**1 MY HEART TURNED TOPSY-TURVY** when he got into the plane. He was the famous Hollywood movie director, Austin Thomas. *Jeepers*, but I was excited! The next morning I was serving breakfast to all of the passengers, and when I asked Mr. Thomas what cereal he preferred, he almost exploded. "Cereals," he shouted, "are all alike! Bring me a big cup of black coffee . . ."

**2 HMM, I THOUGHT,** he's one of those "breakfast rebels." I'll give him the 4-star treatment. I poured out a bowl of Post Toasties, topped 'em with raspberries, and served them to Mr. Thomas. Then I turned on my sweetest smile and said, "Try 'em, sir, and if you don't think they're *terrific* . . . I owe you an apology." Well, he couldn't resist the sight of those crisp, golden corn flakes. After one spoonful, he was beaming. "They're colossal," he raved . . . "gigantic . . . a 4-star hit!"

**3 "YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN,"** I chimed in. "The only delicious, but *easy* to digest, and *packed* w values that make you feel you're bursting with . . . "Wonderful," exclaimed Mr. Thomas. "Th all," I interrupted. "Post Toasties are genero riched with Vitamin $B_1$, the vitamin so neces abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth petite. It's known as the 'missing vitamin' becau of 4 people *don't get enough of it* in their daily d

**4 WELL . . . CINDERELLA'S GOT NOTHING ON ME.** 'Cause by the time the plane landed at the Los Angeles airport, Austin Thomas had asked me to visit him and his wife in Hollywood. What a time they showed me! I met oodles of famous stars. I sat right on the set and watched Mr. Thomas direct his next picture. *Oh*, it was thrilling. And Mrs. Thomas told me, "My dear, I've been trying to get Austin to eat a *real* breakfast for years. And now, thanks to you and your 4-star Post Toasties, he actually asks for seconds!"

*A Post Cereal made by General Foods*

## ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

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sday and it crossed the Cham-
Bridge that evening. Telephone
Rutland by our man Jay estab-
he fact that the aforesaid car was
abandoned two miles north of
ester, Vermont. That night Mrs.
ong made her Camp Ryegate
at Manchester."

hugged her knees in ecstasy. "So
hero was the dastard who stole
, who was the thug, who did a
y at—honestly, is there a town
Malone?—so the script says he
e the man who didn't get hit, so
he's the one who crossed from
all, and therefore he surely is the
o got off the train, and it works
t Gail gets pink when you talk
aviation! This year's Oscar is
nd no competition. But, talented
may be, and our hats are off to
u're nothing at all compared to
ge. What a man all this makes

o is it that isn't taking what seri-
nough?" he said.

ertainly was. He kept asking
ns. If Page was a Nazi, who
e was? Why had he headed to-
Vindham? Why had he wanted
Camp Ryegate? And the more
ilt up his fairy story, the more
ly he believed it.

certainly grow a big crop from
e fact. Gail made a pickup—
ur fact. But it's a fact in morals,
. Look, stupid, if the lamb is a
e's wanted. Just stroll up to
Murray and tell him."

K MURRAY was chief of Wind-
's four policemen. Bill said,
I think hard, I decide that any-
terested in a Nazi would buy
Murray."

e-up: the corrupt constabulary.
elephone the F.B.I."

ink I'll do just that, Toots—I
Miss Scovil."

call me darling. And tramp,
here come the marines," Connie
l.

do the marines find involved?"
d, with intense exasperation.
bigail Heath Armstrong for one.
u, darling Constance darling."

ie got up, standing on one foot to
a shin. "I wonder why De Mille
on mosquitoes. I see, Bill, I
w. The Camp Ryegate Mystery
n honest jealousy. Well, I was
g, Carl Booker has never made a
ass at me. You've got the field
yourself—no competition, no
nd all summer long to win my
Take it up with Edgar Hoover
r."

was a very promising moment.
had been laughed at too much,
suddenly grabbed her shoulders,
into that yellow head," he said
"there are unpleasant persons
y don't send cards before daring
into the life of a millionaire's
rl. I showed you a thug getting
ruck—have I got to throw you
he wheels? Did I sneak upstate
ve a stolen car at Manchester to
u a laugh at my droll notions?
llywood plant this guy at a ski-
? Did I convey him to Pinnacle
for fun?"

till had her shoulders and her
s close to his, attractively close,
uld have said. But Bill just
d her. "Damn!" she said, "you
well scenes but you certainly
t them out." She picked up the
ck. "Let's go home and fool the
toes. After all this creative
you must be pretty tired."

as looking off across the hills.
faint light of a late moon you
ee Taylor Mountain. "I could
en wrong," he said regretfully.
ight, driving back, I thought I
ight in that cabin on top of the
mountain. I've been watching all this evening and there hasn't been one."

"You don't leave your women a single illusion, do you? I thought maybe you thought it was nice to be with me. What would the light in the cabin be for? If De Mille wants this guy picked up by airplane, there's a beacon on Graylock."

FAR off in time and space there had once been the orderly, habitual existence of a man named James Garrett, a metallurgist, a technician in the production of alloys. James Garrett had an office in Toledo, a shack and a gas boat on Georgian Bay; he saw his friends at clubs, played games keenly, went dancing with pretty girls. In August, 1941, in the Berkshire Hills, the life of James Garrett was inconceivable.

More than a year ago James Garrett had gone to Washington, put his training at the service of the government, and had been commissioned a captain in the Ordnance Corps. But he had worked for Ordnance only a few months. His two degrees from German technical institutes and his six years in Germany had found a wider usefulness. G2 had begun to consult him about German metallurgical processes and had gone on to find other uses for him, and for six months he had worked for G2 exclusively.

When the British took Erich Köchlin from the Bermuda Clipper, they had notified G2, and G2 had seen a faint but stimulating chance to fill some vital gaps in its knowledge—and Garrett had been projected into service for which he had no training and was not ready to believe he had a gift. It had taken him four frantic days in Washington to master the information assembled for him; it was to have taken him only two days in Halifax to collate with it what the Canadians had learned from their captured spy. But it had taken five days. So the delicately poised timetable was three days out of kilter when dressed in a flyer's uniform, he had been put on the train, with arrangements made for the newspapers to play up his escape, the moment it should be sure he had been able to escape plausibly.

But, he thought, alone in his bedroom, he had not won through gunfire and pursuit in order to go wrong because his schedule and G2's had gone wrong. His job had been desperate and all but hopeless to begin with—it was only a little more so now that something, which he would find out about sometime if he lived, had precipitated that Detroit raid earlier than had been planned. It was still up to him to get to von Weitbrecht. If the disappearance of the kingpin was awkward for James Garrett, remember it was awkward also for G2 and for others who had done their best to incriminate him, the Secret Service, the F.B.I. And the chapter of accidents that had brought Captain Garrett of Ordnance out hundreds of miles from his assignment, late, baffled, impotent and more than a little absurd—that chapter of accidents had also put him in the best position of all to close in on the lost kingpin. He could get to von Weitbrecht. If he could ride the whirlwind, walk his tightrope above the gorge and stay alive. The job was more important now than ever before.

Meanwhile, he had learned much that would astonish and delight G2 about the importing company, Mathilde, the truck line and the peace offensive. He had a phenomenal memory but needed to see things in order to memorize them. So he had spent the afternoon writing notes and photographing them on his mind. Now he tore them up, burned them in the fireplace and ground the charred bits to powder with his heel. He could reproduce them entire when he got through—if he got through! He grinned at the telephone. Ten minutes of his conversation would make glad many hearts in Washington. Too bad that it was altogether impossible.

BUT all this, however valuable, was a side issue. He would pick up what he could but it had nothing to do with his job. He had to make contact with von Weitbrecht.

He resumed the reflexes of a German officer and went downstairs. Directing the house man to bring him a highball on the terrace, he was willing to admire the impersonation. The cold, ruthless, inhumanly competent Erich Köchlin was excellent theater. He was wondering what business in the town of Windham he could invent when Scovil, who had been away all afternoon, joined him. Scovil made the most distinguished appearance and, if Garrett could trust his knowledge of conspirators, Scovil was getting to be more of a menace to Köchlin than to Garrett.

"You tried to telephone to Mrs. Armstrong this afternoon?" Scovil said.

He nodded. "Unfortunately, she wasn't home."

"It's best for you to be absolutely inconspicuous. For our sake as well as yours. Naturally, I don't undertake to tell you what you should do—"

"Naturally," Garrett said, getting to his feet. All along, his instinct had been to make a show of dominating Scovil. "I will respect your position as a fiancé. But it will be useful to remember that I give the orders."

That was the kind of arrogant slap Scovil expected, and Garrett saw his eyes harden with the affront and with a desire to retaliate. Scovil said, "Remember, I know this town and you don't. You are a stranger here—and conspicuous. You can still be identified as an escaped prisoner. Or even as a thief."

"Also," Garrett said, with the same aloof contempt, "direct your servants not to watch me or my phone calls. I might begin to wonder if you were putting obstacles in my way." Mathilde Winkler came out on the terrace. She was fresh from hot water and the cosmetic table, she was exotically adorned, and she had better control of herself, though her eyes were not altogether free of anxiety. "I was telling our host," Garrett said, "that I'm borrowing a car for an hour or so. I should enjoy your company, *Gräfin*. But perhaps the two of you had better use the time discussing whether you are employing every means of reaching von Weitbrecht."

HE LET his shoulders swagger a little, crossing the terrace. This was purely disciplinary. There was no reason why he should leave, and Scovil was quite right to point out the risk, but it was essential to assert his authority . . . Before he got to Windham, he saw a car in the rear mirror which seemed to be following him. He experimented, and yes, it was following him. So, besides having his phone calls listened to, Scovil was having him shadowed.

He enjoyed spending the importing company's money for shoes and shirts and slacks, handkerchiefs and underwear and neckties. And through a store window he got a fortunate glimpse of the flat back of a skull and close-clipped hair at a soda fountain across the street. It was Carl Booker—so Scovil had telephoned him to do the shadowing . . . Garrett whistled with quiet satisfaction. He put his packages in Scovil's car.

"You missed your plane, Mr. Page?"

It was a well-remembered voice but when he turned he could not like the expression in Gail Armstrong's face. Bareheaded, short-sleeved, in a white dress, she stood in the late-afternoon shadow that filled the sidewalk, back-lighted by the brilliant sunlight slanting across the street. Her eyes were an accusation.

"Whenever we meet there has been some change of plans I could not possibly foresee. I telephoned to tell you I couldn't keep my promise to go away, but you weren't home."

Her white dress had big palm trees printed on it in green. And repentant second thoughts had assailed her since last evening—or something unguessed had happened. "I hardly took it as a promise—but I relied on it," she said. "There's no way of leaving Windham by plane, Mr. Page. So I wish you would

**BUTCH** By Larry Reynolds

**"I was saying to my husband just this morning, 'I guess it's up to us to make the first call!'"**

take a train. Or a bus. Or . . . someone's car."

"It isn't stolen—it's borrowed from your fiancé," he said lightly. He nodded at the packages on the seat: "And these are shoes and shirts—my own at last. If I'm wearing my own clothes, perhaps you'll have dinner with me?"

That was an outrageous, very likely dangerous, neglect of duty. But, he argued swiftly, had not Scovil reminded him that he must be inconspicuous, and did that not require him to act normally, and what was more normal than asking a woman to dinner? But she said, "Thanks, no. I wouldn't enjoy it. I'd be anxious lest the police break in on us." So something had happened—and she turned away and the white dress moved down the sidewalk. He watched her easy grace, remembering the dance music, and she turned back again. A moment before, her face had been disdainful, now it was grave and honest.

"I'm lying," she said. "You've been kind to me. I'm not likely to forget how glad I was to have you make love to me last night." She evoked the memory of her lips eagerly answering his. Her dark eyes grew misty. "I've never been afraid of you till now—now I am afraid. When I remember kissing you it's impossible that there should be this mystery about you. All this—ugliness—suspicion—I don't know what. I have hard enough problems, Mr. Page—I'm confused enough. Please go away from Windham."

She turned and walked away. . . .

A car that was certainly Booker's followed him to within a mile or so of Pinnacle Manor, then turned off the road. Scovil would now learn that he had been talking to Gail Armstrong. So much the better. It was revolting to use her in the dreadful game. But she was another leverage on Scovil and every leverage was valuable.

The three of them dined tranquilly, Scovil content to let the situation rest for the time, Mathilde apparently glad of an hour free from strain.

SCOVIL drove off after dinner, probably, Garrett thought, to prod the truck line into more furious activity about von Weitbrecht.

Mathilde joined Garrett in the library for the keyed broadcast from Berlin. He had to be totally alert, for the truth was that he was clumsy and inept in the codes. The scene was suddenly vivid—the luxurious room, the fake German, the real one and the calm, unbelievable acceptance of all this while the voice went on conveying news, propaganda and the most realistic instructions to the most desperately dangerous people in America. How much more of this could they make in Washington, when they played back the record they were making of it? . . . Mathilde went away when the broadcast ended and, as a test, Garrett went out to the garage. A chauffeur told him politely that Mr. Scovil's instructions were not to let any cars be used tonight. So that was established. Certainly he must force the issue tomorrow and bring Scovil to heel.

It was very late when he found that several of the papers which Mathilde had brought to him from New York had been taken. That must have happened while he was at Windham. It made no difference, since they were all photographed on his memory and were quite useless, besides, till he should see von Weitbrecht. But they had been taken and he must know why. The time to force the issue was right now.

Scovil or Mathilde? He considered, then went to Mathilde's room, in the other wing of the big house. He opened the door, closed it noiselessly, switched on the light and stood amused, for Mathilde was not here and he had no trouble guessing where she was.

Methodically he went through the drawers of the writing table and the various chests, through the closet, through her expensive luggage. The papers were not there, only a ridiculous quantity of clothes, the trappings and accessories and unguents and perfumes of a rich woman—and in one bag, a small automatic pistol. He put it in his pocket—then restored it to the bag. Unquestionably his need of one was urgent and might become desperate at any moment. The unstable structure of deception, bluff and arrogance which rested on the small point of his ability to master circumstance as it arose—the whole impersonation might be destroyed by anyone's chance word, any small development from outside, any infinitesimal false step of his, or any sudden perception of his associates. If that happened, associates would instantly be enemies whose survival would depend on killing him. His sole duty would be to save himself with what he had learned, and he would have to shoot his way out—or as far out as he could get. But he could not take Mathilde's pistol.

He was not startled when he heard the doorknob turn. Mathilde gasped and closed the door behind her, her face turning an angry red. Garrett smiled, for in any movie the blonde who would play Mathilde's part would be wearing just this negligee, just this white sheath that clung to thighs and breast. The costuming was exact . . . She crossed to a blue-and-gilt chaise longue, sat down, stared at him with concentrated contempt and said, "Has it come to searching my room, Herr Köchlin?"

HE BECAME Herr Köchlin: "I counted on your being away longer, *Gräfin*. So you are not yet able to erase the image of the fiancé? Accept my sympathy."

She whispered, "Good Lord! Is no Prussian ever a gentleman?" So he crossed at once and stood over her. "There is no time for courtesies. Moreover, *Gräfin*, things have gone far enough. Some of the von Weitbrecht papers were taken from my room this afternoon—you will give them back to me. Servants listen to my telephone calls and deny me the use of automobiles—that will end now, at once. Booker followed me to town—if he or anyone else is permitted to spy on me again, I will break you all, all three of you, Booker and Scovil and you, like a burned match."

He let his fingers make the gesture . . . And terror had come back to her violet eyes—she was desperately afraid of Erich Köchlin. "I know nothing about the telephone or the automobiles," she said. "That must be Lynn. I did not know about Booker—I don't think Lynn told him to follow you."

"Booker is not a man who has ideas of his own. And my papers, *Fräulein?*"

She nodded. "I took them. Lynn told me to."

HE MAINTAINED the Prussian touch: "I should send you back to his room to get them. Don't bother—I will get them in the morning. And from now on, both of you will understand that I will permit no interference whatever."

"Why are you two fighting each other?" Hostility went out of her: "We must not. I am frightened, Erich." He sardonically noted the impact of another alias. "The odds have become ghastly. There is no hope we can do—anything at all of what we were to do. At best a month or so, perhaps only a week or so, perhaps at any moment. At this moment they may be closing in on us."

"Miss Smithers, I find myself run down, irritable and grouchy. Am I?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"You need a dime's worth of common courage, *Fräulein*." Before the sneer was finished, he determined to take a different tack. He let the rasp go out of his voice: "You are right—it is a hard job for a woman." Warmly, "You walk in darkness, and every step is a step toward the abyss. You are young and lovely—no one can blame you for remembering that. It is sad that youth and loveliness must perish if the need come. You can only remember whose need, *Fräulein*, and what cause you serve."

She lay back in the blue cushions and put her hands over her eyes. A mule slid off one foot and her shoulders quivered. She looked desolate when she sat up.

"You are right in saying there are enough perils without adding to them," he said. He held her gaze. "Our most serious danger, right now, is not from outside. You must realize it is Lynn Scovil."

She still met his gaze. "I'm beginning to be afraid you're right. I like a man drunk. There is som to make himself great."

"I'm glad that your emotions blunted your judgment." Or, rath jealousy and resentment were for him.

"He must be controlled at onc will sink us. What is in his mir

She shrugged. "Some mad id he must be picked to take von brecht's place."

Herr Köchlin sneered: "No I am an awkwardness to him. A orator can direct an organization? have to cure him." He turned p tory: "Let me know instantly step he takes—everything he sa does."

With the familiar anxiety in h there began to mingle indecision kind of shrewd speculation. S concealing a good deal from him, less, but she had begun to yie don't want to spy on him, Herr K she said, and he answered, "If y is indifferent to you, I still order do your job." She nodded slowl relaxed in the blue cushions ag another quiver passed across he She said, very calmly, "You are dable enough in yourself, Herr K You are—extremely adequate. Y handle Lynn with no difficulty, I' sure."

THAT was more than an admis was nine tenths of a surrende highly competent mind of the C Mathilde had now decided tha Köchlin was master of the situati would have no further difficult her. She crossed her legs, and design then appropriate accident affectionate negligee slip away f greater part of a white leg. H dered if all Mathilde's loyaltie bound together.

He smiled. "I am not a rival *lein*." Nevertheless she did not the negligee's decorum but smil said softly, "Still, if he shoul now, we would appear—ambi Her eyes were calculating and again, then she stood up. Stoo close to him that the heavy p he had noticed at the dance wa nostrils again. "What is it you she asked.

"What I've said—you must tel once everything he does, every he develops." He thought swiftly and full details of everything ever done for us—what part he —whom he has worked with— laid out for him to do. Get eve What you cannot get, write out f

Incredulously, "On paper?"

"It will not remain on pap long."

"You want to be in a positio stroy him," she said slowly.

"I am already." He sought eyes again and said, "You have decided that I am master he doubt Scovil can be controlled t If not . . ."

Her shoulders moved. "Y wouldn't hesitate a moment. Yo treat me the same way."

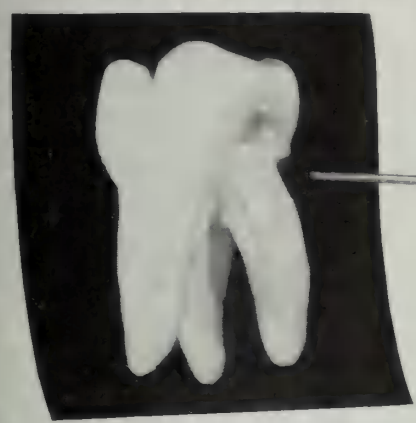
There was acceptance and sion in the violet eyes—and tion. . . . But not, he decided, his own room, not yet frankness. clearly she was concealing son It might be something of the importance. And also—such w absurdities of the job—it m something of no importance at a he was confident that she wo conceal it much longer . . . The come out far better than he h entitled to hope. He had turn tration into the promise of suc had secured the most valuable p and weapons. He was doing fin

*(To be continued next wee*

# SCIENTIFIC TESTS SHOW HOW LIQUID DENTIFRICE AVOIDS THIS INJURY TO YOUR TEETH

ILLUSTRATING INJURY WHEN SOFT PART OF TOOTH IS EXPOSED. 8 OUT OF 10 ADULTS RISK THIS DAMAGE*

*Liquid Dentifrice—because it contains no abrasives—cannot do this to your teeth*



*Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth*

THIS PART OF A TOOTH IS SOFT. NO HARD ENAMEL PROTECTS IT. YOU CAN EASILY CUT CAVITIES LIKE THIS BY REGULAR BRUSHING WITH DENTIFRICES CONTAINING ABRASIVES.

### SWORN STATEMENT

I certify that Cyril S. Kimball of the scientific laboratories of Foster D. Snell, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y., has sworn before me that the statements in this advertisement concerning the brushing tests truthfully and accurately summarize the findings of the scientific research conducted under his supervision.

**Elizabeth H. Cummings**
Notary Public
*Kings County, N. Y.*
*No. 372*

## Millions Risk Injuring Their Teeth— Be Safe! Brush Your Teeth the Liquid Way

### *Liquid Dentifrice Cannot Injure Teeth —Contains Absolutely No Abrasives*

Literally millions of people are unknowingly causing serious damage to their teeth which Nature can never repair. This injury is caused—not by the toothbrush itself—but by brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives or scouring materials.

Gradually, as the months go by, these abrasives cut cavities into the soft part of teeth along the gum line exposed by receding gums, where there is no hard enamel to protect them.

In fact among people who brush their teeth regularly, a very large percentage of all cavities along the gum line that require fillings are probably the result of this injury. This was shown by a clinical study published in a leading dental journal.

**Disclosed By Scientific Research**

Startling facts—long known to many dentists—were now confirmed by scientific research. Eminent independent scientists made laboratory tooth-brushing tests with a number of dentifrices containing abrasives. Every one cut cavities into the soft part of the teeth.

In the same manner, these scientists tested the new liquid dentifrice—Teel. In no case did Teel injure the teeth in any way because Teel contains no abrasives of any kind.

**How Teel Reveals Beauty Of Your Smile**

Teel doesn't depend on abrasives for cleansing. Instead, it contains a newly-discovered patented cleansing agent that's almost magic-like in the way it helps reveal the natural white-and-pearl beauty of your teeth. It isn't soap, yet multiplies into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth.

These active bubbles amazingly help to remove the daily film of decaying food particles, and the dulling surface film that hides the natural brilliance of teeth. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

With your first Teel brushing, you'll know something good and different has happened by the satin-smooth "feel" of your teeth—by the glorious freshness of your mouth. Teel helps sweeten bad breath. It's easy to use and economical. Only a few drops are required for each brushing.

**Start This Safe Liquid Way Today**

Naturally, you want to save your precious teeth from the injury pictured above. If, however, you feel that your teeth need an abrasive scouring, at least occasionally, we suggest that you follow the special directions given on the Teel package.

So today adopt this safe liquid way of cleansing your teeth. Use Teel twice a day and enjoy its amazing benefits. Get Teel at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And be sure to see your dentist regularly for his professional care.

* Recent clinical studies conducted by dentists under a Research Foundation showed that 8 out of 10 adults examined had the soft part of one or more teeth exposed, with no hard enamel or gums to protect it. Procter & Gamble.

*There's Beauty in Every Drop!*

**NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE CLEANS TEETH *SAFELY***

*Bonded*

**Pro-phy-lac-tic**

**TOOTH BRUSH**

**GET THE LATEST!**

**PROLON BRISTLE won't get soft and soggy! ...break off!**

No other nationally advertised brush has newer, costlier, or better du Pont synthetic tooth brush bristle.

**GET THE SAFEST!**

**"ROUND-END" BRISTLES No other brush has them!**

Photo-micrographs show superiority of patented "Round-End" bristles.

ORDINARY BRISTLE—note the harsh, rough, jagged points.

"ROUND-END" PROLON bristles—obviously they are gentler to the gums.

**GET THE LONGEST LASTING!**

**The only brush in the world with a 6-MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

No other nationally advertised tooth brush can possibly have longer-lasting bristle than PROLON.

**No more soft, soggy bristles... No more bristles that break off and come out.**

Not in the new BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic! It's bristled with PROLON—the costliest tooth brush bristle that du Pont makes . . . the *only* synthetic bristle with patented "Round-Ends."

BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic is specifically guaranteed for six months of use. The brush may actually last a year, eighteen months, two years. No one knows. It has not been on the market long enough to find out. But, note carefully, that only Pro-phy-lac-tic, among all tooth brush manufacturers, gives a definite six months money-back *guarantee!*

The big *plus* in favor of Pro-phy-lac-tic is "Round-End" treatment of the bristles . . . a process which no other manufacturer can use because it is protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,066,068. Together with the six months money-back guarantee, this "Round-End" gentler-to-the-gums feature makes reason enough for you to insist on BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic!

For those who prefer it, finest *natural* "Tempered" bristle is also available in the BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. PROLON bristle, or natural "Tempered" bristle, both are guaranteed for six months. Either is 50¢ . . . leading the complete line of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes, priced from 23¢ up.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

See These Gem-Like Plastic Brushes!

A sensational new line of dresser and toilet brushes. Backs of liquid-clear Jewelite—a new plastic, in a choice of four brilliant jewel colors. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. From $1.50 to $10.00. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush* . . . . . $4.00

**Jewelite Brushes *by* Pro-phy-lac-tic**


## Barbecue

Continued from page 12

up to the bar and speaks to her as follows:

"Hello, Barbecue," he says. "Big wind outside."

"Big wind inside now," she says. "Well, Homer," she says, "what line of larceny are you engaged in this season?"

"Look, Barbecue," Homer says, "why do you always speak of larceny to me when I come to pay you a social call? It hurts my feelings, especially," he says, "when I am now as honest as the day is long."

"The days are getting shorter," this Barbecue says. "Homer," she says, "I never ask you to pay me any social calls. In fact, it seems to me that when you are here a year ago I tell you to please remain away forever. It is the time you persuade me to bet forty dollars of my hard-earned funds on some catfish in a race at Hialeah stating you know something, and it is not in yet. It is also the time I miss a tenner from my damper after you go, Homer," she says. "I am always hearing strange things about you from the cops who come around asking questions whenever you are in this part of the country, and besides," she says, "you remind me of gloomy days. But," she says, "I will not turn a dog out on such a night. Sit down, Homer, and keep quiet and do not try to talk me into anything," she says.

SO WE go to a table and sit down and Homer seems very sad and finally I say to him:

"Homer," I say, "what is the idea of this old komoppo speaking to you in such a discourteous manner? Who is she and how well do you know her?"

"I know her well," Homer says. "She is no komoppo. In fact, I think she is quite handsome if you look at her from a certain angle. She is once my wife. Her name is Sadie but everybody calls her Barbecue since she opens this drum because she specializes in barbecued spareribs, which is a very tasty morsel, indeed. She divorces me years ago because she claims my way of life is not substantial. But," Homer says, "I still love her. Every time I see her I love her more than ever. I hear she does very nicely here, too. I am always hoping to win her back again, but she seems somewhat hostile this evening. Can I always pick winners?" Homer says.

Naturally, I am somewhat surprised to learn that Homer High-C is ever married and I am more surprised that he seems to be carrying the torch for such a looking pancake as this Barbecue. Personally I will just as soon carry one for a crocodile, but, of course, I do not mention these sentiments to Homer. On the contrary I express my deepest sympathy for him and about now Homer notices two guys sitting at a table in a corner away back in the rear of the room and gives them a hello. It is not a large hello and, in fact, it is a very small hello and they hello him back just as small and maybe smaller and Homer lowers his voice to a whisper and says to me like this:

"The big guy is Dandy Jock McQueen out of St. Louis," he says. "The little guy is Johnny Aquitania. They are very rapid guys in every way, shape, manner and form."

"What is their business?" I say.

"They have a pay-off background," Homer says. "Now I can understand the touch Finnegan the fuzz speaks of because these parties are connected with a pay-off store which operates out of Tampa. Yes," Homer says, "it will be a privilege and a pleasure to me to get a glaum at the contents of the little brown suitcase under the tab will almost guarantee it co beesom they take off the mai Palm and they are undoubtec way back to Tampa with it."

I am looking the guys over is a noise at the front door ar a guy and a pretty thing and dragging what seems to be fiddle in a zippered-up canv hind him, a bull fiddle bei musical instrument about si which is sometimes called and which is played with gr musicians in orchestras. In ognize the guy as a party b of Juliano who has an orch own in a night trap in Mia go occasionally though I d him personally and I do not him playing a bull fiddle, ei I remember him playing is a very hot, too.

He is a young guy and the him is also young and she i long raincoat and has a felt down to her eyes but I can of her face to judge that sh lovely object to behold, blondes, and I like blonde down at a table not far f and me and Juliano lays th case down on the floor besi they both glance around in causes me to figure that the what agitated.

But naturally I also figu tation comes of their exper storm outside and I am t they make a fine-looking y together when I happen to bull-fiddle case more close to Homer like this:

"Homer," I say, "I thi something in the bull-fiddle not a bull fiddle."

"Why?" Homer says.

"Because," I say, "it is so limp for a bull fiddle and I r heavy for a bull fiddle w drags it in. Besides," I say, lay a bull fiddle flat on the you do with a bull fiddle is against the wall."

WELL, at this, Homer glaum himself at the bu and finally he says:

"No," he says, "it is not in the bull-fiddle case. It see a finger sticking out of the zipper comes open a he says, "I cannot tell fr whether it is a male or a f

"Homer," I say, "why pose they are carrying a in a bull-fiddle case?"

"Oh," Homer says, "per a hobby. Anyway," he say body because the finger

Well, I can see the fing and sure enough, it is wig not very much and I have over and ask Juliano ar what is the idea of the boo fiddle case, only I am afr think I am inquisitive. seems to notice that Hon glauming the bull-fiddle c does not seem to obser himself and in fact by thi ger disappears from view. Juliano says something to they get up and go out t again, this Juliano drag fiddle case after him.

We can hear their car above the wind but they more than five minutes b back again but without t case and Juliano stops a

ks to Barbecue that the breeze is ong for them to think of continu- ir journey.

y sit down at their table again omer whispers to me that their out is just a stall to plant the bull- case in their car because the s are our gazing at it makes Juli- rvous and he also tells me not to t them any more as it is most im- So I pay no more attention to nd neither does Homer and they o more attention to us, which it even, but continue talking to other very earnestly with their close together and finally Homer rs to me like this:

n commencing to be a little curi- out the bull-fiddle case," Homer 'Follow me," he says, "but," he make it nonchalant."

he gets up but instead of going the front he saunters in the di- of the back end of the room and il him I can see that Homer is hat familiar with these premises. ds the way into a kitchen where colored guy with a bald head is meat on a revolving spit over a l brazier and producing very sa- dors, indeed, and then on into a room opening off the kitchen I can see is a sort of storeroom. ll of sacks and boxes and there etables and other truck hanging e rafters including a middling- ressed pig and Homer points to and says:

becue personally raises them and s them for her business," he says. really a smart broad," he says. u wonder I love her?"

Homer goes out a door of the eroom into the wind and I go im and he moves around the cars fumbling in each one in the til he finds what he is looking for, is the bull-fiddle case. It is d in the back seat of a big limou- d Homer lifts it out and drags it e storeroom where he unzippers e from top to bottom and what t of it but a little tiny gray- guy with a little tiny gray mus- ho is in dinner clothes and whose re tied in front of him with cords. eet are also tied and he has a gag outh, and naturally Homer and eatly surprised at this spectacle mer says to the guy like this: t is the idea of putting yourself ll-fiddle case?" he says.

he guy just rolls his eyes and it to be seen that he cannot speak e gag in his mouth, so Homer th his pocket knife and cuts all ds and lifts the guy to his feet s:

e, come," he says. "Please ex- his hiding in a bull-fiddle case, n? It is not dignified for a party years."

y put me in it," the little guy says. "My wife Dimples and She hits me over the head with instrument when I am not look- d when I regain consciousness cked in this bull-fiddle case. I terrible headache. They think ad and are driving out into the to cast my remains into a swamp. them discussing the matter revive in the bull-fiddle case. e is Greebins."

tut, tut," Homer says. "This sounds nconstitutional. What is their

ples is in love with Juliano," s says. "She wishes to get rid o she can acquire my money and Juliano and live happily ever rd. Well," he says, "I cannot er. I am nearly three times her d by no means vivacious, and s enjoys laughter and music and ba."

"Well," Homer says, "now you can step in and confront them and they will think they are seeing a ghost and after we scare them half to death we will turn them over to the law, although," he says, "personally I am opposed to doing the law any favors."

"No," Greebins says. "I will not confront them now. It will be too great a shock to Dimples. She is a nervous little thing. Let us consider this situation."

Then he sits down on a box and I suggest to Homer that while we are doing this considering, Juliano may miss us from the scene inside and become uneasy and take it into his head to see if his bull-fiddle case is still where he places it and not finding it, he and the pretty may fan off and we will have nothing to consider and Homer says this is undoubtedly true and that we must not waste too much time.

At this moment, the old colored guy comes into the storeroom and removes the dressed pig from its hook on the rafter, probably with the idea of lugging it into the kitchen and carving it up, but Homer stops him and takes the pig himself and puts it in the bull-fiddle case and zippers it up tight. Then Homer goes out into the wind again dragging the bull-fiddle case and when he returns he says:

"Now," he says, "we can consider at our leisure. I put the bull-fiddle case back in their car, pig and all, so if they investigate they will find everything in order."

"Why," Greebins says, "you are really a genius. You settle the whole problem. If I confront them now it will not only be a great shock to Dimples' nervous system but they will flee in dismay and I may never see her again. But if we let them go their way and dispose of this bull-fiddle case in a swamp thinking I am still in it, they will not know I am still alive until Dimples tries to collect my money. Then," he says, "when she finds she is unable to do this while I am alive, she will return to me because Dimples cannot do without money and Juliano does not have a quarter. Of course," Greebins says, "it is somewhat humiliating to use a pig as a stand-in. I will prefer a lamb."

"Greebins," Homer says, "do you mean to state that you will take her back after all this? Why?"

"I love her," Greebins says.

"Ah," Homer says. "I see your point. Well," he says, "you remain out of sight in the kitchen until the storm passes and they leave and we will drive you back to Miami where you can await developments. That is," Homer says, "if my car is not blown there already."

SO HOMER and I go back to the large room and nobody seems to notice our return any more than they do our departure and it may be because one and all now have something else to think about, which is the way the building is shaking in the wind. In fact, everyone is just sitting still looking somewhat perturbed and there is no conversation and finally Barbecue speaks up and says like this:

"Listen," Barbecue says, "is this a wake, or what? Homer," she says, "sing something, will you? I will play for you."

Then she goes over to the old piano and begins playing and what she plays is Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, and Homer sings as follows:

*"Oh, don't you remember,*
*Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,*
*Dah-dah, de, dah-dah,*
*Dah, de dah."*

"Homer," Barbecue says, "a little less of the dah-de-dah stuff and more words."

"I do not remember the words," Ho-


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

**Betty:** Hello, Buck! Can't you speak to a friend? Why the scared look? Seen any ghosts?
**Buck:** The professor . . . he said I am probably a victim of *"avitaminosis."* And if that means what I think it does . . .

**Betty:** Now! Now! Don't get excited. What the professor implies is merely a subnormal rating in whoosh. Know what I mean? A slight but noticeable deficiency in oomph. In plain English, no *pep appeal.* And I know what to do—let's go have some lunch.

**Betty:** The professor's five-dollar word, my buckaroo, merely means a lack of vitamins in the diet. Lack of vitamins, lack of pep. Lack of pep, lack of oomph. And if you'll just pay attention for a moment . . .

**Betty:** Right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important vitamins, $B_1$ and D. Now, it's important to get *all* your vitamins, but these two are . . .
**Buck:** Hey! Stop the lecture! This PEP is some cereal! Most delicious I ever tasted. Believe me, that professor is all right—and so are you!

## Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

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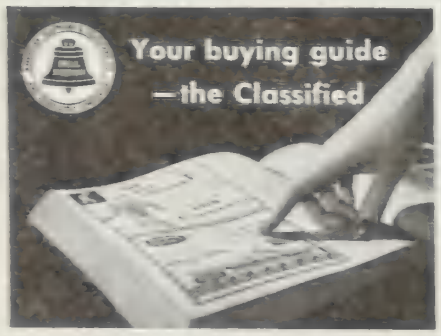
**For emergencies** and everyday needs, turn to the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory.

**There you'll find** cleaners, plumbers, beauty shops, druggists and repair services of various kinds.

**A typical case:** Mrs. O. had a baby carriage needing repairs. She looked in the Classified under Baby Carriages, was attracted by the ad of a nearby firm—which did the job.




mer says. "I do not sing this song in years. Not since I used to sing it to you, Barbecue," he says, "you know I still love you. What about you and me trying it again?"

"Homer," she says, "you are not really a bad guy at heart and I like you but," she says, "you are loaded with larceny and I fear you always will be. Come back a year from today and if you can tell me you live 100 per cent on the square during this period, there is a chance for you."

Well, all of a sudden there is quite a crash and the roof over the rear of the room caves in, and it caves in over the spot where the piano is located, too, and Homer pulls Barbecue off the stool and out of the way just in time and all of us go to the front part of the joint where a piece of the roof still holds, including this Juliano and the pretty, who is sobbing and carrying on in such a manner that I can see she is indeed high-strung. Personally, I flatten out on the floor and the others soon follow my example and now there is nothing else to do but to lie there and to hope and trust that the rest of the gaff does not go.

Finally when daylight comes on, the wind dies down and the sun shines and we can look around and see what happens and it is something of a mess, to be sure, though not as bad as you will expect. The parked cars outside the building seem to be pushed around no little, but I can see that at least one of them is not damaged, as I observe Juliano and the pretty departing lickity-split with the bull-fiddle case bouncing up and down in the back of the car, they are going so rapidly. And what becomes of them I do not know and, furthermore, I do not care, as I consider them most unworthy characters, indeed, though from what I see of the pretty I judge Greebins calls the turn in figuring her to come back to him when she discovers the true situation about his money.

NOW I remember that the guys Homer High-C mentions as Dandy Jock McQueen and Johnny Aquitania never seem to be among us after the roof caves in, so I go to the spot where they are sitting the last time I see them and I behold them under a pile of rubbage, lying quite still, and I tell Homer that I fear these parties are no more.

"Yes," Homer says, "I know this several hours ago. You do not notice it, but during the confusion I crawl over there figuring to help them, only to find I am too late. It is very sad. I also secure the little brown suitcase while I am about it. Just as I suspect, it is full of the soft. It is all in neat stacks. I can tell by feeling around in it in the dark. I have a wonderful sense of feeling for banknotes. Yes," he says, "it contains plenty of moo. I am most fortunate."

"Why, Homer," I say, "you do not intend keeping it, do you? It seems to me," I say, "that there is a law requiring you to turn this property over to the heirs of the deceased."

"Can this be true?" Homer says. "Well," he says, "such a course will only lead to legal complications and take a lot of time. I am going to South America and establish a home and live there honestly on these funds for a year from date to keep my promise to Barbecue. Then I will return and we will resume our happiness where we leave off. Do I tell you she kisses me for yanking her away from the piano and saving her life? But, come," Homer says, "let us find our friend Greebins and return to Miami."

Well, as we are making ready to depart Barbecue comes up to Homer and puts her arms around him and gives him a large hug and says to him like this:

"Be strong, Homer," she says. "Think of me when you feel temptation and never do the least little thing out of line, because," she says, "it may come to my ears and cancel my promise. Return to me pure and we will finish out our lives together in great happiness. I am going to trust you once more, Homer," she says.

"Barbecue," Homer says, "wild horses will not be able to drag me from the straight and narrow path from now on, and," he says, "this even goes for race horses, too."

Then he points the car for Miami and we are off, with Barbecue and the old colored guy waving us farewell, and I observe that tears are running down Homer's cheeks and splashing on the little brown suitcase which is resting in his lap, so I can see that he is deeply touched.

So I suggest to Homer that we go to the Sharkskin Grill and have a few drinks and maybe they will cheer Greebins up too, and Homer thinks the drinks a good idea even if they do not cheer Greebins up, and presently we are lined up in front of the Sharkskin Grill bar having these drinks when who comes in but Finnegan, the fuzz, and he walks up to Homer and says:

"Hello," he says. "I am very glad to see you again, Homer, although it seems to me I tell you to take it on the lammeroo out of here just yesterday. Or am I mistaken?"

"No," Homer says, "you are not mistaken. I go, but I am driven back by the big storm."

"What big storm?" Finnegan says. "Do you mean the slight squall over the Glades? Look, Homer," he says, "you must not speak of such a minor disturbance as a big storm. The chamber of commerce will disapprove of your statement as a knock to our weather, which is wonderful at all times. Anyway," he says, "I repeat I am glad to see you because I now have a definite order for your arrest."

"Copper," Homer says, "I tell you again I am not in the pay-off department. I have nothing whatever to do with the West Palm matter. You may arrest me if you choose but I will immediately summon a lawbooks and sue you for false imprisonment."

"Well, I choose," Finnegan says. "Come with me."

Now all this time Homer is carrying the little brown suitcase and in fact he never loosens his clutch on it for a minute.

And at this point Greebins, who does not say much more than yes or no for several hours, steps up to Homer and taps him on the shoulder and speaks as follows:

"Brother," Greebins says, "I am trying to think of where I see you before ever since I stand out in the kitchen last night and hear you sing Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt. It just this very instant comes to me. It is years ago at the Theater and you appear on t and sing the same song. You a terrible both times, but," he sa is neither here nor there. I pe etable at you from the Colon ence and score a bull's-eye un chin. It is the only unconventic duct of which I am ever guil wish now to make you a belat ogy."

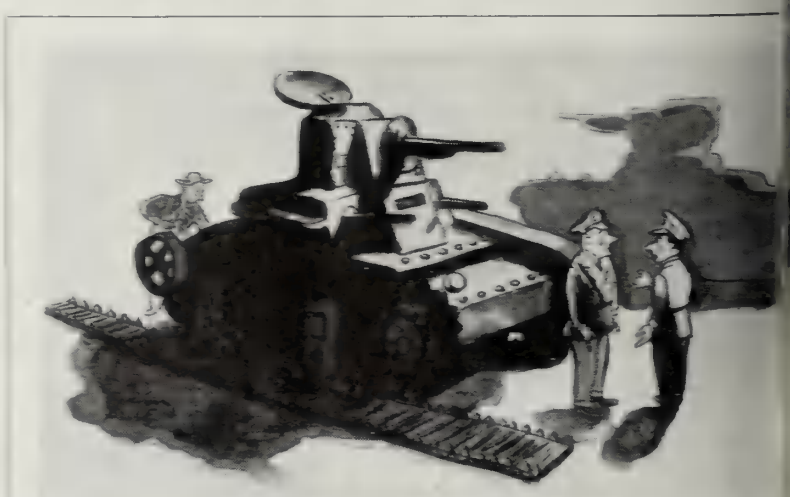
"Ah," Homer says. "So you one? Do you realize," he says, ruin my whole life? If it is not destroying my musical career vegetable I will probably still ried to Barbecue and partakin profits and never come in cont such scurvy characters as this

"I AM greatly surprised to Homer High-C appears to ing under strong emotion beca usually quite calm, no matter fact, he appears to be losing himself for the moment. Sud swings this little brown suitcas his head like Hubbell taking and belts Greebins over the pin it, almost knocking him loose little gray mustache. It is a blo great force that it not only Greebins but it breaks open case and a number of fat pac banknotes spill out over the Finnegan picks up one of the ages and observes that the ban it has the name of a Des Moi on it.

"Well, well," Finnegan says well, well, well. Des Moines, e eh? The West Palm swag, eh? he says, "how fortunate for boff this little old gee with weapon as your suitcase, altho mer," he says, "it strikes me unsportsmanlike considering t ence in your ages. But if I d this money with my own ey never suspect you of being mi the West Palm skulduggery, when I know you are right he city when it comes off. I wil moted for this, I hope," he say

"Wait a minute," Homer sa do you mean you will never sus Do you not just put the arm it? Do you not just state you order for my arrest?"

"Oh," Finnegan says, "the der is for something entirely Homer. I am wondering why beefing about the pay-off thi do not even dream of conne with it. The chief gets a call t a biscuit by the name of Barb runs an eating joint out on the who states that she can pro eye-witness testimony of party who works for her tha her of a pig. Come on, Homer



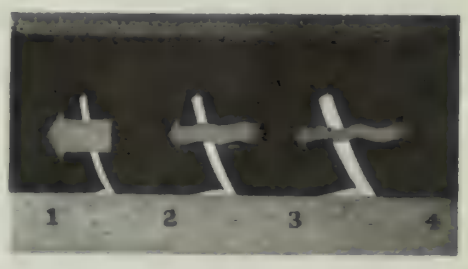
**"We can't get any replacements, Colonel, on account of the defense program"**

# A Stopper in Stripes!

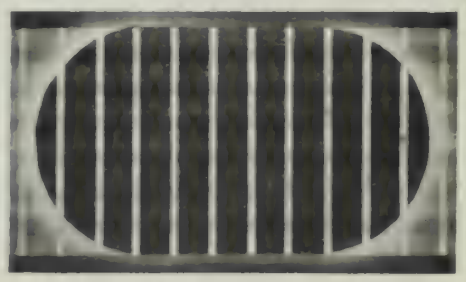
*Black and White Felt Picture Hat*
*Inspired by Fisk*
*Created by John-Frederics*

**DIFFERENT** from ordinary tires is the new Fisk Safti-Flight with its distinctive black and white Safety Stripe tread! A *different* non-skid design stops your car quicker on wet roads or dry! A *different* body construction gives you extra blowout protection! A *different* independent spring action in each tread block furnishes a silent, cushioned ride that's as smooth as flying!

**HERE IS WHAT HAPPENS** when hundreds of separate blocks in the Fisk Safti-Flight tread go into action as you step on the brakes: Block #1 grips pavement; block #2 piles up against block #1; block #3 jams against block #2 and so on, in a continuous wedging, squeezing, gripping action that stops you quicker! (Note how strips of soft white cushion rubber, *inlaid the full depth of non-skid tread*, link the blocks together firmly, yet permit extreme flexibility of movement!)





**PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS** caused by *outside* bruises is provided by Fisk's thicker tread. *Within* the tire, anti-friction cotton cords, safety-sealed in pure latex, resist the high temperatures generated by constant flexing; give greater protection against ply separation and blowouts due to heat! (The Safti-Flight Rayon, at extra cost, runs even cooler, is even less vulnerable to blowouts at high speed!)

**THOUSANDS OF EXTRA MILES** are yours, because the Fisk Safti-Flight tire puts more rubber on the road (see tire print above), distributes weight over a larger area. This new Fisk tread is made of a tougher, wear-resisting compound, too, that means *longer* mileage to you. Fisk's thicker *under-tread* provides for effective re-grooving that makes possible extra thousands of non-skid miles after *original* tread has been worn down!

# The New FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT

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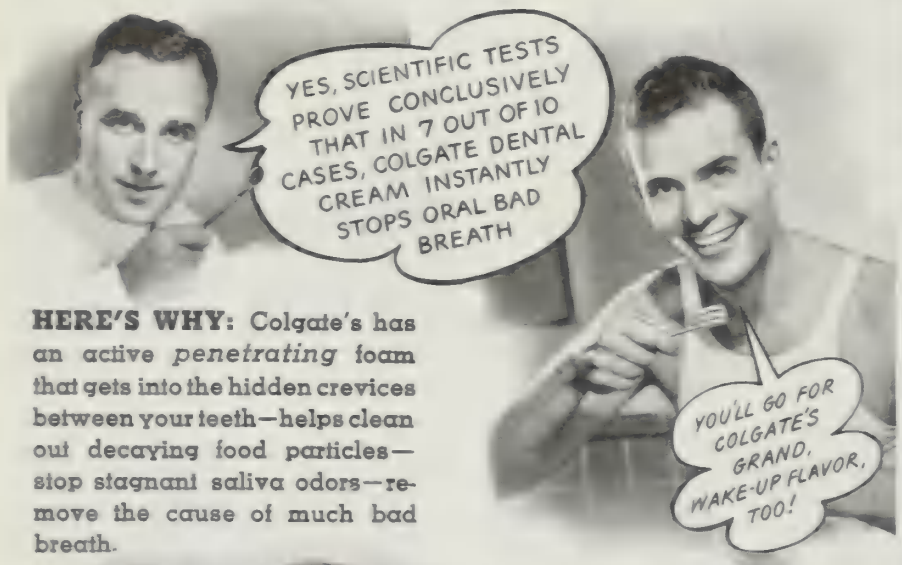
**Chances are, you're missing out because of Bad Breath —which YOU never even suspect you have! So switch to Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!**




**HERE'S WHY:** Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

**BESIDES,** Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently . . . makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting powders, liquids and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!

## The Empress' Yankee

Continued from page 18

estuary into which the great rivers ran, making sand bars and currents.

"Those lights," she said, "are not good. Perhaps they are a sign to us."

"Look farther, girl," I told her.

Other lights shone in the channel where Father Dnieper pours himself into the salt estuary. They were on the masts of ships, large and small, all waiting together like a herd of cattle.

When I tried to find my squadron at the encampment, I learned the meaning of the ships. My brothers had been sent on them, and before long these ships were to make a march out into the sea. The war, it seemed, would be on the water, not on the land. What matter? A Cossack is at home anywhere under the sky. But Babitka could not go on a ship of war, stuffed with men. Impossible.

When I told her, she still wanted to go. "Take me on the ship, please, Ivak," she begged. "And as God lives I will ask for nothing more."

BECAUSE she was weeping and men began to stare and edge over to us, I took her behind the woodpile and whacked her shoulders with my whip. At once she stopped crying and took the reins of the two horses and marched off, holding her chin down on her chest. And I felt empty inside. Better if she had thrown her knife at me.

I went down quickly to the water, before she could be stubborn again. I went to a man under a lanthorn who shouted in bad Russian. Under his cocked hat his scalp lock was tied behind with a ribbon, and it was stiff with white flour paste. When I poked my finger into it, he swung up his cane as if to strike me. But he thought better of that. And it was well for him he did so. He looked like a weasel, and the weasel is no fool.

"Get your carcass into that boat, brainless," he yelped.

Then I knew he was not a Russian. The German Prussians call us dumb because we do not speak German. I wondered why he gave commands on the fleet of the empress.

"Tie up your riband, darling," I told him, and walked away feeling his eyes on my shoulders.

And on the boat I found much more to wonder at. It was the biggest of the ships, with the masts stretching up like trees. And it smelled of sheep and hot tar and dirt, what with the rivermen on her deck—and snuff-stinking Tatars, and pale gaolbirds trying to sleep around the guns. Already this Vladimir, as they called the big ship, felt the pull of the current and the floors moved under our feet. *Ekh-ma*, I went up on the roof to breathe freely, and there I found some of my brothers from the squadron, and other Cossacks, all knowing little of why we had been set on this castle of the sea. They said the officers walking about wore the caftans of hussars.

Now it was bad to be quartered among the scourings of the river. It was more than bad to be commanded by hussars. Every Cossack who has served his time knows that a hussar is good only to parade and kill flies.

I felt truly empty, and I thought of Babitka, the sweet one, sleeping in the hay with the horses on good dry earth. I sat on the poles where the motion of the sea was not so great, and borrowed a light for my pipe from a man of Irivan who wore sheepskins.

"Eh, kunak," I said, "what passes?"

"Much."

Now being an Armenian, Kushel by name, he knew everything that went on. He had been selling rugs before they put him on the Vladimir.

"Will we march forward into tonight?"

Kushel spat. "No."

"Tomorrow then?"

"Not tomorrow, or next mo possible."

"How impossible?"

Kushel pointed down the where a point of light showed. Down there were the enem where the water of the bay ran the true sea. They were waiti mouth of the bay.

"Those dogs will bite," "Those Turks and Corsairs ar

Now it seemed to me if the ships waited there, our ships and drive them away. But thought otherwise. "Then the be calamity."

"How calamity?"

The man from Irivan tou pole we sat on. "Green wo pointed his pipe at the mer among their bundles. "Green s

He explained how the ships made in haste, out of wood tha green, so it rotted in the w when all these guns went off t *bourra-oum*—they might breal the rotting wood and let in t Besides, he said the ships wer to run down among the sand ba would sit in the sand. And t were not accustomed.

"So will be calamity."

Shaking his fists, Kushel sw these frigates, as he called t gunboats had been made for They had been made in such please the empress when she v Black Sea, a year or so befo could see a fleet sailing and herself. "Think of that!" He t beard. "For a parade!"

Truly Kushel was a wise ma all that.

"And now," he groaned, "c vel."

"What is he?" I asked, wor this fleet made for a parade.

"A pirate. Worse, an Ameri

No American, Kushel expla ventured into our Russian la They grew tobacco, far over t chew. And they built ships t the sea. Pavel's name was re John Paul Jones.

HE CAME during a feast tha manders made for ladie ladies smelled of honey, for visitors from the court of the Catherine at Petersburg. On had her hair piled up, as if bees in it. Eh, she was a beauty. Anna. She drank wine out glasses and she brought he carry her fan.

That maid was Babitka. devilkin tripped about the sh had told her not to set foot. A tied a Persian shawl around and put red on her cheeks, and her eyes at the younger offi they winked at her. But no for me.

"Babitka!" I called from fence across the deck.

She smoothed down her "Eh, animal," she said, "do n maid in waiting. Be off to you

She waited, smiling at me. of the officers laughed, tryi their arms around her, and I ing. It is not good to be laug

So I hardly saw Pavel, the when he came over the side with an escort, and walked up A small, straight figure of a out flour in his hair, or orn

He was gay in his blue coat, to be among us.

ng over the notions of that Babitka, I paid no heed to him y Kushel saw what happened r cabin—although how Kushel e in the admiral's cabin then, now.

high commanders bowed to Jones—and praised him, brought a letter from the elf. There was the Brigadier who commanded the Vladimir, the prince of Nassau Siegen, ssia, who wore splendid gray and commanded all the fleet. en them was the Lady Anna Nassau Siegen's *dushenka*, his sparkled upon Jones, giving in a little glass.

have this Jones come to share mmand with Nassau Siegen good thing. One man can drive s, but two men cannot drive without calamity. No, never. this Jones could speak only f Russian, as I came to know. b like that, he had to have a ak for him. Then, too, he had y, having spent all his life on ad of at court, like Nassau y, Jones had come with all er foreign officers as bees und the queen bee, to serve nother the empress for gold, r and glory and the like.

st give you a voice, my chevau Siegen told him. "Rely o explain your directions to ant Russians."

ughed and said he wished he Anna's voice always at his ake music for him. And she her hand to kiss. Nassau not seem angry. He already rations, and he spoke as a f himself—a handsome man many friends, and used them. a looked inside of Jones, and it was clear she thought much of him.

When the women left us, Jones turned to the brigadier. "Captain," he said, "will you call the men to stations?"

Rousing ourselves, we went to stand by the cannon and the ropes as we had been told. Jones walked among us, looking at everything—at our faces and boots, and the wheels of the big cannon, and up at the masts where the sails were tied as they had been all summer. With his hands he turned over ropes and gear. By his manner we knew that he was accustomed. He even went down into the cellar where we kept our wine and goats for fresh meat. He was gone so long that we could smell the kasha pots cooking. When he came up he no longer looked like a man of honey—eh, he had become a man of stone.

Then he stared into the blaze of sunset, at the Turkish ships, tiny in their place at the mouth of the sea. I saw then that he had gray in his hair, and when he did not smile he looked tired.

"Where are the charts?" he asked Nassau Siegen, still making a picture with the eyes of his mind.

Neither Nassau Siegen nor Alexiano knew anything about charts. Then Jones asked for something unwonted—for the bags to put powder in, to carry to the guns.

"The devil, my dear chevalier," said Nassau Siegen. "Perhaps they will be in the warehouse of the encampment. I will have inquiry made tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Tonight—now!"

Jones seemed to be gnawed by a fear, while Nassau Siegen felt no fear. A spark was struck between them, because of this.

And the spark grew hotter with every question Jones asked, in his strange fashion. If the bags for the powder were not brought before dark, he said, he would order us of the crew ashore.

"But what if the Turks come?" the prince asked. "We would lose the ships."

Jones was still looking at something with the eye of his mind. "They are top-heavy enough, with their build. We have no right to risk the men—" he stopped, thinking.

"Impossible to run away." Nassau Siegen held his head high. "I, for one, have the courage to take a risk."

We who heard this only understood that the spark between them was growing to a fire.

"Only a fool," said Jones, "would run such a risk as this."

Nassau Siegen put his hand on his silvered sword hilt; then he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "I think," he said loudly to Alexiano, "that our new admiral is afraid. He shows his breeding."

But he said this in Russian, and Jones did not understand.

After that the American wandered about as if seeking something he could not find. We Cossacks were then gathered at the rail, singing because the brandy had been poured out. When Jones wandered up with the interpreter, we felt sorry for him because like us he was far from his home, and afraid—which we were not. For a while he listened to the singing, looking over the rail at a skiff tied there.

A thought came to him, and the interpreter explained the thought.

"The admiral," he said, "has a whim. He wants rags tied around the middle of the oars, and a rudder rigged up with a stick in that skiff."

PERHAPS because I was the biggest of the brothers, or the best singer, the interpreter picked on me to do the work, although he took care himself to disappear after that.

I was working in the skiff—it being then nearly dark—when someone came down the ladder. By his frog's voice I recognized the Prussian sergeant who had sent me on the ship.

"Eh, Cossack," he said, "you like rix-dollar for tobacco?"

In his hand silver coins chinked softly. I waited, fastening a pike staff to a board, to serve for the rudder.

"Good soldier," he said, as if to a horse. "Like me, the drill sergeant, you serve the empress?"

"At command," I muttered.

"Then, here!" He put five coins into my fist, and they felt like good silver.

Coughing, he told me that I should watch out what Jones did. Because some of the senior officers did not trust Jones. If the admiral tried to send a message to the enemy, I should report him. That was all.

"Fine soldier," he said again. "You."

The silver being good silver, I kept it. I began to smell smoke in this, but I could not see any fire. Why should a Prussian sergeant want to turn in the new admiral?

Then I heard Jones coming down the ladder. Eh, he might have heard our words, if he understood. Even in the dark, the Prussian saluted as if made of iron, stepping aside for Jones.

"*Stuppai!*" said Jones. "Forward!"

That word of ours at least he knew. But what did he mean? I could only think of the oars, and I took them up, while he sat in the stern, putting his hand on the new tiller.

The Prussian on the ladder watched us row out into the mist, the two of us alone in the skiff. By the lights of our fleet, I saw that we were heading out toward the Turkish ships. Then the mist hung around us like a veil.

Seaweed pulled at my oars, like the fingers of dead men reaching up, and my heart began to feel cold.

For Jones sat in his shirt sleeves, without his hat but with a pistol and sword in his belt. And he kept throwing into the water a strong cord, knotted along its length, and weighted with a stone. That cord was strong enough to tie a

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man's arms. The stone did not go down far on account of the shoals. When he pulled it out, Jones counted the knots.

Because of the rags, the oars did not grate against the thole sticks, and we made no noise. After a time we slipped past an anchored ship, and I heard voices. The skin felt cold inside my belt then—the voices were Turkish. Jones was steering me through the Turkish fleet, tossing out his line as if fishing!

A guard boat rowed past us in the mist. That night, by ill luck, seemed to be full of boats. We were passing a great ship with three rows of cannon when a barge almost bumped into us. Jones put his hand on my knee.

"*Ya muslimin,*" a Turk in the barge called. "O men, do you carry arak to drink? Our throats are dry."

Jones never moved or spoke. Glory to the Lord, I could understand and answer: "We have salt. We come from the island."

Without more words they cursed us and went on. Why should they think that two Christians were rowing a skiff among their ships of war? The sweat was cold on me, but Jones laughed. "*Stuppai,* Ivak," he said.

Forward again! We passed the feluccas lined up under the guns of their fort at the bay's mouth. I rowed until my hands bled, while Jones kept measuring the water of the sea. Truly, his whim was a queer whim. For sometimes he felt of the stone at the end of the line. And sometimes he licked the finger that felt of the stone.

THE next morning the Prussian sergeant drew me aside. "Well, Ivak, what?" he asked. "Did this pirate Pavel speak with the Turks?"

"How could he?" I said. "He cannot speak to me. How could he talk to a Turk?"

He looked at me, and slapped his coat pocket. Silver coins clinked loud in it. He slapped my shoulder. "Ten rix-dollar for you, Ivak," he said, "if Pavel sends *any* message to the Turks." Winking, he put his finger against his nose. "Understand—*hein?*"

With so much smoke, I began to understand where the fire might be: Nassau Siegen. That prince did not want Jones here to command the fleet.

Every night Jones would call for me and go out in the skiff to measure the water, first turning to this side, then to that. And at times he made marks on a sheet of paper.

In the day he drove all the souls on the Vladimir, as if taking a whip to them. He ordered half of the guns on the upper decks to be hauled ashore in barges. The remaining guns he had us run in and out on their wheels, and load with the heavy balls until we were wet down with our sweat.

Nassau Siegen protested when the cannon were lowered away—saying we would be weak without all the guns. But Jones said the empress had made him admiral of the fleet, and he would pistol any man who refused to carry out an order. After that Nassau Siegen went away, to the gunboats along the shore, where the men drilled little if at all.

Probably he was glad to go, because just then His High Wellbornness arrived at the encampment on the land—the Prince-Marshal Potemkin, the favorite of the empress. Eh, he arrived with coaches and pavilions, and green and red officers of the guard, and two nieces—all to see the new fleet being made ready. And Nassau Siegen was the first to greet him.

I thought of Babitka, with that Persian shawl tied on her, in all this splendor, and my tobacco tasted like dried oak leaves in the pipe. Kushel also felt afraid—more afraid than before.

"Look, Ivak," he whispered to me, "you can take out the skiff at night. The guards will let us over the side, and tonight you and I can be safe on the shore."

But I could not take the skiff and leave Jones, who might want to measure the water some more. Kushel went away without arguing. And that night he found some way to escape from the Vladimir. He was wiser than we.

He was not on the ship when the calamity came. Mist hid the lower bay in the morning, and we were sitting at the kasha pot when the lookouts began to shout, and feet pounded on deck. When I poked my snout up into the air, I saw Alexiano running, pulling his caftan over his nightshirt and yelling, "They come—they come."

Through a break in the mist I could see sails of ships moving toward us. Sails upon sails, coming slowly in the light breeze.

On the rump of our ship Alexiano's officers argued, while we waited for orders. Some of us went to stations, not knowing what else to do. Then I heard a voice of command calling: "*Stuppai!*"

It was Jones' voice, and he called to us, as he cut the lashings from the wheel. He knew only that one word, forward. Alexiano ran up to him to argue, but Jones motioned us to our stations. Then they dragged out his interpreter, and he could tell us what was in his mind. *Tfu*—orders for everyone. Up with the anchor, down with the sails. Powder bags from the magazine! He acted like a man who was no longer afraid.

"Quick, lads, or you will be late for the dancing."

EH, HE made a jest, while we were stumbling around, pulling at ropes. *Bourra-oum* sounded over the water, and something splashed close to us. I climbed up the ladder of ropes to the platform on the mast.

And I saw twenty-one Turkish and Levantine ships sailing toward us, their guns flashing and smoking.

We were all afraid—who was not afraid?—when we marched thus out toward the sea.

I watched Jones when the powder smoke cleared away. He stood without moving by the wheel, sometimes putting his hand on the wheel. He turned the ship first this way and then that, passing through the shoals. And I thought of the nights when we had measured the water, so Jones could see the shoals in the eye of his mind.

Behind us the other five frigates followed, struggling with their sails. I saw a bomb fall—*kerrumph*—into the nearest one, and it turned on its side. It staggered and lay down on the water, like a wounded horse. But the Vladimir did not lie down. She felt her way forward toward the biggest of the Turkish ships, the one with three rows of cannon.

I HEARD Alexiano shout that we would go aground. He ordered the brothers up in the bow to drop the anchor—Jones understanding nothing of the command. When the anchor pulled at the ship, the mast shook, and the sails cracked. But Jones would not turn the wheel, and the Vladimir forged on, until the anchor chain ripped away. Jones said something to Alexiano, and after that the brigadier gave no more commands.

So we marched into the mass of the enemy ships, our guns making explosions on each side. *Tfu*—how things smoked up!

A Cossack came up the ladder of ropes, wiping the blood from his mouth. "Liven up, lads," he told us. "Little Father Jones says the dancing is just beginning."

So we on the platform laughed and began firing off our muskets, as if shooting tigers. Little Father Jones, that's what he was!

And the guns barked. We, who were not accustomed, did not even aim. For with the Turks all around us, every ball hit something. Yet they, when they fired at us and missed, hit one another.

I watched the flashes, through the smoke. And I saw a strange thing happen. The Vladimir marched on, toward the sea; but the Turks began to move this way and that. They began to circle away from our guns. When they circled some of them stumbled on the shoals and sat. The biggest of their ships sat thus, leaning over, so its guns pointed up uselessly at the sky.

Then the others tried to go one way and another, heading toward the sea. Something splintered above me, and the smoke grew black. . . .

When I could see again, I felt dried blood on my head. A splinter had slapped me on the scalp lock, and I sat there on the platform looking into the sun. And that sun was setting over the water. The smoke had gone, and we were far from the river, out beyond the bay.

Rubbing some gunpowder and brandy into the split on my scalp, I
again. "Fire away, lads," I ye

The others on the platform
me queerly. For hours, they
been blind and snoring, and n
tle was over. Ay, they show
sails of the remnant of the T
escaping to sea.

"May the dogs bite them
"But what guns are shooting

Because I could hear gu
Nay, it was not well for us t
lowed the battle so far to
we turned home, we saw what
shooting. Nassau Siegen's.
had not followed Little Fath
all into the battle. But he ha
afterward with the flotilla o
and bomb boats, and now he
ing fire bombs into the Tu
sitting on the shoals.

Ay, he was firing into the
had surrendered to us, and
shoot back at him because t
the shoals, all six of them.
burning like haystacks, with
inside. Jones, angered by t
Nassau Siegen to stop the
but he would not. What co

When we came back to our
we found the encampment li
if for a feast, with Prince Po
his ladies and officers watchi
works down the bay.

Alexiano, who had all his
now, put his arm around Jo
us Cossack brothers, we were
alive—those of us who liv
have won the victory. For t
looked like a floating wreck

I thought that even Babit
ilkin, would admire me no
battle. And that night she
to the Vladimir.

IT WAS after Jones had in
wounded. In his shirt slee
sitting in the big after cabin,
his report of the action. C
the cabin had been shattered
He smiled at me, as I smok
"Eh, Ivak," he said, "we did

He was writing thus, ca
report to the empress, whe
shouting, and in came Alexi
before the Prince Marshal
who wore a cloth of gold
kissed Jones on both cheeks
Anna and Nassau Siegen fol
both sweet as honey to the
Then my blood felt warm,
Babitka, the darling, runnin
and catching me in her arm
feel the beating of her hear

"Ivak—you are on your
stared up at me. "For the l
Saint Nikolka, wash your fa

Such a notion she had—
face! She went away from
was useless, just because I
But then I heard the interpr
Potemkin was chewing his b
ing. They were telling him,
asked, what Jones wrote to t
Eh, he wrote of the battle, a
it—of the Vladimir and his
much of us of the brotherho

Still I could see well enou
sau Siegen was not pleased.
Jones," he said, "I also saw

He had been in the camp,
But no one mentioned this-
the prince marshal. Potem
to be thinking. He no lo
"It is true, Chevalier Jon
then, "that you handled you

At this Jones, who had b
by the talk, flashed out ang
was tired, not having slept
week, as I knew.

"If the Prince Marshal
said, "I did not come here
prentice."

The interpreter wriggled
this, and Potemkin looked
snuff box he was holding.
used to softer answers.

**"He used to belong to the left-wing revolutionary anarchist party, but lately I hear he's turned radical"**

F. HUMFREVILLE

u report, Chevalier Jones, might n leading." He tapped the snuff "ie heroism of the prince of u iegen was responsible for our vi ory, with your assistance."

e, he said that. Who had done g, if not we of the Vladimir? d on my pipe and waited, while s red at the papers he had been g.

ince," he said at last to Potem- n thinking of the officers and b served under me today."

urse, my dear admiral!" Po- n as pleasant as a tavernkeeper. se, you must think of such o not write tonight, but come fast with me in the morning."

went out with all the rest fol- e a bevy of birds. Only the Lady Anna left her fan on the Jones, and smiled at him over ler. And his brown eyes bright- at.

en the Lady Anna swished out, a ran over to me, and took the my mouth, putting her hand s. "Listen, Ivak," she whis- ftly, "don't try to think or to ly listen. This admiral of s not understand the Russians. s blind. He must do as the rshal says, because Potemkin od to your little mother, the Catherine the Great. And *my* wist Potemkin around her fin- you understand how she loves egen?"

words! Babitka swore they She had heard the reports ies who told Potemkin and a what passed on the fleet. l was such a spy. Already they to make Jones appear to be a paying gold.

ive Nassau Siegen the praise ictory, and Jones can have l glory—my lady spoke of Russia and serfs and a thing oration. You must tell your his eyes will be opened. He in another tone to Potemkin "

away quickly. What notions ince she had risen to be maid as she called it. We of the ad done the fighting, and who- otherwise was a brother of a g angered, I told the interpre- to Jones what that Babitka e.

t long in silence, his brown led. Truly he was like a man pt for Ivak the Cossack. Tak- e fan of the Lady Anna, he to stare at the flowers and ed on it. "The empress," he "is a great lady."

began to write again, slowly, . When he finished the last gned his name, and sprinkled he paper. Folding it all, he nd made the mark of his ring .

he go to take breakfast with the next morning. Nay, he aled report to two of his offi- ke to the empress. He said what was written.

ad a thought as to that. I at Jones had told the truth of the Vladimir. And after had passed, another thought e. Potemkin also might have eport.

the couriers came from the h, she was happy because of . And she sent rewards—a et sword of honor for Potem- a sword with sapphires for gen, with promotion to rank , and a deed to lands in Rus- splendid Cross of St. George. no, also promotion and re- twenty-four gold swords of Nassau Siegen's officers.

To Jones she sent only a letter. And I heard the words of the letter because it was an order. The order demanded that the Chevalier Paul Jones depart at once and without ceremony from the fleet to the court—his sphere of activity was no longer with us on the fleet.

That is how Jones went away from us, in his blue coat, with his plain sword at his side. I wondered if he could find a ship to take him back to his own land, now that his career with us was ended.

For the Russians gave him no honors when he went over the side of the Vladimir. Only we Cossacks rowed him ashore. He waved back to me. "Eh, Ivak," he called the only word he knew. "*stuppai!*"

Now that he had gone, I could see everything clearly. Jones had been afraid for us, all the time, and the prince of Nassau Siegen had been afraid for his own reputation. That's how it was.

When I understood that, I felt empty inside. The earth felt good under my feet. I did not want to go back to the Vladimir, where Nassau Siegen was now our admiral. To the devil with Babitka and careers at court! I wanted to ride back into the steppe, to my hut on the banks of the Terek.

But I had to see Babitka for one thing. Finding my way through the pavilions of the Russians, I arrived in the entrance of the pavilion of that Lady Anna. Some of the lackeys were holding to my arms and bleeding through their noses where I had cuffed them when they tried not to let me arrive. When they yelled, as if I were a wild boar, Babitka came running out.

"Ivak!" she cried, as if seeing a ghost.

As sweet as honey, gripping those lackeys, I bowed to the girdle. "May it please Your High Wellbornness," I said politely, "to know that I have found out it smells bad to me around here. Will your painted maidship tell me where you left my Kabarda horse?"

She caught her breath, her eyes big.

"What do you want of the horse?"

"To ride back to the Terek."

"It's in the stables of the Hussars' tavern, Ivak."

To the devil with all those brothers of dogs! I found the stables, and I found my black horse standing there fat, and with a smooth coat. There beside him Babitka's nag was tethered, and I wondered what a maid in waiting wanted of a pony. I was swinging the saddle up on the Kabarda when I heard feet running.

BABITKA rushed in. And I felt empty in my body. For the red was washed from her cheeks, the Persian shawl was gone—her dark hair tangled over her shoulders, and she wore men's trousers, just as if she were out singing in the high grass of our steppes.

"I knew you wouldn't go without the horse!" she cried.

Think what that darling wanted! Not to be lady's maid in waiting, but to ride back with me, Ivak, to my hut! We were far from the edge of the salt sea, riding together, before I felt sure that Babitka was again herself as she used to be, without thought of a career of glory. Then I began to see everything clearly, because it is easier for a Cossack to think in the saddle.

"*Tfu*—what brought Potemkin to our ship, after the battle?"

"I did," Babitka told me. "I begged Lady Anna, and she persuaded Potemkin to go."

"But why?"

She hung her head, so I could not see her face behind the dark hair. "I had to see if you were hurt, buffalo!" She looked at me, and her eyes were wet and shining. "When you beat me back of the lumber pile, my dear, I knew that you loved me. I was so happy I cried."

That's how it is with a girl. Drive them one way and they go another.


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# Our New Army

Continued from page 14

overpainted the glories of the 98th, which is a mule unit. Enlisted men have some choice as to where they'll serve and many of them claim they thought they were getting into the motorized field artillery, but the 253 trainees in the outfit didn't mind being thrown in with the mules, their attitude being that they've got to do a year, so what difference does it make where and with what?

Let's, however, give the mule his due. There are 690 of them in the 98th and they're worth from $10 to $30 more each than the 101 horses in the outfit. The mules, mostly from Missouri, were as green as their keepers when they arrived. Executive Officer Major M. Barton thinks it was a tossup as to who was more frightened at the first meeting: mule or soldier. To break them in, soldiers first had to learn to ride the mules, then teach them how to carry packs. It's all done gingerly, and kindness is essential. Commanding the outfit is Col. David L. Ruffner, who says that a scared mule is a bad mule, and usually a bad mule is a scared one. After six months of training, some of them still have to wear blinders while being loaded; but even so, the major thinks mules are smarter than horses, although he believes, too, that the intelligence of both is greatly overrated.

Idea of the mule outfit is that it can go where nobody else can go. There are four such organizations in the continental U. S., the 98th being the only one west of the Atlantic Coast area. A professional spirit, like that of a cavalry outfit, is developing in the 98th, and even the men who didn't know what they were getting into are proud of the fact that they march faster than the infantry. The only ones who ride horses are the advance scouts, the officers and the gents who keep an eye on the service train; the rest of the regiment walks. The best mules carry guns; the smaller ones in the service train pack supplies and are herded, not led, with a bell mare and all. The 98th's armament is the 75-mm. howitzer, weighing 1,269 pounds, but everything's figured out so that the gun is taken down and packed by six mules, with loads evenly distributed. In a recent test exercise the boys saddled the mules, tore a howitzer apart, packed it on six mules and traveled 100 yards, all in three minutes, thirty-one seconds.

Now that they're in civilized surroundings the 98th has the luxury of a truck for carrying mail and for general delivery, but in actual duty they're on their own, with not a wheel in the outfit. Most persistent rumor (here we go again, boys) is that they'll soon be transferred to Alaska. One thing, though, is sure. With the aid of a national park ranger, the 98th will shortly make a pilgrimage to near-by snow-capped Mt. Rainier, to see if a warm-region outfit can function properly under Alpine conditions.

DURING their spare time, a couple of gents in the 146th F.A. worked out a fake fight routine that fools even the front-row customers. Don A. Sparks hauls off and socks Elmer Murphy, but as Don pulls his punch Elmer claps his hands together, then reels over. It sounds and looks terrific. In a between-rounds lull at a regiment boxing match, Sparks and Murphy suddenly began arguing, then socking each other. An M.P., in on the gag, rushed over and the crowd began yelling at the boys to finish it in the ring. Somebody put gloves on them but they took them off in a hurry; gloves would have ruined their act. "I'll lick him barehanded!" Murphy shouted. They sparred for a few seconds, the punishment looked like the McCoy, and the audience was eating it up. Then something went wrong, the crowd caught on—and the boys just about got away alive. "After Murphy gave me what looked like nothing less than a knockout blow," Sparks explained later, "I got back on my feet too fast."

### GEORGIA

NAVAL RESERVE AVIATION BASE. There's no salt in Georgia's red clay hills, but the saltiest sort of language can be found at this base a dozen miles from Atlanta on the old Camp Gordon reservation, where Southern naval cadets are being trained in the jargon and tradition of the Navy. The new man feels self-conscious at first but he soon learns to ask permission to go ashore, promising to be back on board by 22:15 o'clock. Windows are portholes, floors are decks. If a piece of paper is thrown on the grounds it's adrift and must be "secured." Officers close recitation periods with "Secure," which is Navy for a task completed or a day's duty done.

The enrollment figure is a military secret but there are at least four times as many cadets in training here now as in May, and very few of them have ever seen salt water. Georgians like the boys but that Navy terminology is making girl competition tough for the lads who aren't yet in uniform. The gals go for the salty talk; there seems to be something fascinating about having a cadet call up and say he'll be around at 18:00 o'clock. Not long ago one of the cadets phoned the officer of the day. "Sir," said he, "I have a flat tire and may be late." Replied the O.D.: "Kiss her and get her home and be in your bunk by 22:15." He did and he was.

### VIRGINIA

3D ARMY CORPS

A FORT STORY, Virginia Beach. The 71st Coast (antiaircraft) Artillery is known as The Rollin' 71st because of the number and speed of their training convoys. Since May 1st they have made five, covering some 3,000 miles. The last one, made July 1st (first birthday of the regiment), took the lads to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where officers were entertained at a banquet given by Mary Pickford.

MEANWHILE, a Chesapeake Bay retriever named Red, and owned by Pvt. Frank D. Henderson, of the 246th C.A., is in a Norfolk hospital recovering from a complete nervous breakdown induced by the roar of Fort Story's sixteen-inch howitzers during recent practice firing. The seven-months-old, three-foot-high pup was tied up in his master's barracks while the noise went on and was completely washed out by the time it quit. He's doing nicely, they say.

### MASSACHUSETTS

1 1ST DIV.

FORT DEVENS. Having first priority and forming with the First Marines a powerful and potential expeditionary force, the First Division is the best equipped, best trained Regular unit in the Army. Its men have been inoculated and vaccinated against everything, supplied with the lightest tropical and heaviest Arctic uniforms, and have been taught to fight under almost any conditions produce. Last winter two inf talions practiced ship-to-shor operations in the Caribbean; battalions are getting a whack on Cape Cod. The 26th Infant how to fight from skis in the of New York, while three o artillery battalions acquired the long sticks and the art o big guns in the snow-covered of Vermont. Since May 1st division has been going throu training that lacks only oppos

The men of the First are ha rugged, alert. They have a up to, because in World War established a flock of firsts. first U. S. division to: Reac serve in the trenches, fire a h lose a man in battle, capture repel a German raid, occupy pendent sector and capture town. It took all assigned fought the best German tro surrendered an inch of groun tured 100 prisoners for every So—if you want to know wh on, keep one eye on Washingt other on the First Division.

"That might be nice. I wonder if his tent is near a grove . . ."

BARBARA SHERMUND

### GENERAL

CURIOUS situation No. 1 Army majors can't be pr lieutenant colonel until they twenty-three years, but Reser reach that grade after eightee which only a small fractior spent on active duty. Curiou No. 2: Regular Army lieute captains, temporarily promote grades, can't draw higher they've served seven to fourt respectively; but National ( Reserve officers get the pay o in which they're commissio sult: Some Regular Army twenty-two years active duty ing under Reserve officers o years of service, and Regular structors for Reserve units less pay than the Reserve of instruct. A bill to correct th has been in the hands of Co some time, but the chairman c mittee, Representative Faddi sylvania, seems for some re opposed to the change. Such

THIRD and last bevy of r gested nomenclatures for mored Division at Fort Kn Men from Mars, Earthquake Sock-O, Razorback, Black Bull Head. And somewhat cally (from E.N.G., Oxford, Mamma's Pets.

NOW that the Army is on months nationwide sar for-everybody field-ration e how well the soldier eats bec problem for the humble mes At the regular garrison rate o cents a day for food per sol mess sergeants could get b new field-ration figure is half that amount.

WHEN an Illinois selecte letter to his mother fr Croft, South Carolina, c about Army camp conditions. him a pair of lace panties wit tion: "I didn't raise my b panty-waist, but if I did, he thing he can wear."

YOO-HOO!

## Expectation

Continued from page 24

k untiringly. A few years ago ch son-in-law was shocked by nt of derelict land here in con- supercultivated France. Eng- agriculturally broke. there is no derelict land. The ent urges us to plow and even the plowing. Farmers are at it n till dusk.

ately, my own land is not only ut breeding potential foodstuff These normally require special The catalogues list items that obsolete. Specialists used to ing fowl number one and then wo in turn. But we have dis- that their well-being is not t upon artificial foods. The e is a boiled mass, but this to prepare. The government is n its power, short of penalizing p us from keeping hens. The on is almost negligible and the l price of eggs discourages egg n beyond one's own personal he rumor is now spreading that nment will control the supply s. Hungry people cannot feed o hens, oatmeal to rabbits or klings. These crimes we have een guilty of. When you con- t to produce one pound of ood a hen requires fifteen comparison with a milk cow, uires only five, you can hardly government for its attitude. nateurs are a tenacious lot and e beat.

aily decreasing feeding facili- word "goose" spreads like an urrent. Did not geese save hey may yet save us. They o food other than grass. Any- stretch of grassland can breed

all communities with avail- d hens have them sitting in goose eggs. Everywhere you see flocks of goslings of varying ages and colors.

Last week the price of gosling at a local market went up to ten shillings. What will fat goose be worth at Michaelmas if the government doesn't interfere? Ducks too have an advantage over hens; they lay as many eggs and can fend for themselves.

Another branch of potential food with one hundred per cent profit is rabbit. They combine the dual purpose of meat and pelt. I've paid as much as twelve pounds for a pair of white rex rabbits on account of the fur. Since the cessation of imports, rabbits are wanted in tens of thousands. We really cannot breed sufficient quantities, and children in the village have started on this commercial enterprise.

Since the severe milk ration came into force we have acquired a couple of pedigreed Jerseys that I milk myself. Hitler would despair of a successful blockade if he could see my cream and butter. I may not sell it, but there are plenty around me who can share it with me.

When the Russian revolution hurled the intellectuals and the aristocrats into a void they staggered back into life as artisans adapting themselves in the struggle for existence. Now people of long-rooted traditions face new conditions which cannot be regarded as temporary. Life can never be the same again for those who survive.

Even as I write, great guns are booming on the Channel. The reverberating explosion has shaken the house, soldiers at the foot of my garden are feverishly digging trenches. When will this capital Something happen? We are all keyed up waiting. There are those so firmly convinced of Hitler's historical sense that they insist he will land here by air or sea or both and that the battle of Britain may be re-enacted here on the site of 1066. And so we wait.

## Taxes in Hiding

Continued from page 17

the taxation wolf without t. That is 13.5 per cent of the nth income, but, here again, e whole amount. At the 19.3- dollar rate on spending, the 28.95 a month, which is some- than a light tap on the wrist. re man blends into the Kil- ily tax panorama. Harold F. a $200-a-month executive of illing company. He drives a bought new and he also puts nth into a savings account. st of the new car and its op- $20 a month but from that ust be subtracted $4.26. The indirect taxes.

the Johnson savings account , but actually there is a loss Levies against banks either eliminate the interest pay- t otherwise would be made. t considering the savings ac- Kilbourne ferreted out indi- on the Johnson income to the $6.23 a month. At the 19.3 rate uld be $38.60 a month, a very ny.

e seen that Uncle Sam isn't ne who left a receipted bill in rger. The state assembly did unty supervisor. So did city own boards, railroad commis- nage districts, a "myriad" of lies, to use Mr. Kilbourne's phrase. Money went out of that hamburger nickel to pay policemen and schoolteachers, to build roads and bridges, to buy battleships and hire generals, to fight forest fires and preserve public health. Diplomats and ditchdiggers, airport attendants and architects all got a piece of it. The point is that anybody who thinks he doesn't pay taxes is kidding himself. He may not go down to the courthouse and put it on the line but he pays just the same.

And whatever direct or hidden taxes are, it isn't a patch on what they're going to be, what with defense expenditures. The new tax program in Washington will not only increase direct taxes but it will get at the hamburger buyer in a dozen added ways. It seems rather plain that if there is any cutting to be done, it will come through the local boards. Even if people aren't sure how much taxes they pay, there's a top to what the traffic will bear. The fact that the public can most easily reach its local officials means that the county boards will suffer.

The very least that can be said is that people are going to be educated. If we've been carefree about taxes before, it is hardly likely that we'll continue that way. The public pocketbook is going to take an awful wallop. We're going to know a great deal about public finances before this thing is over.


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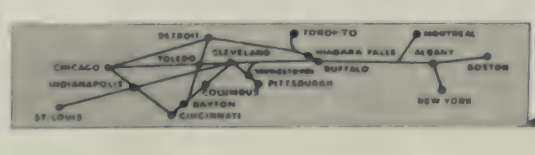

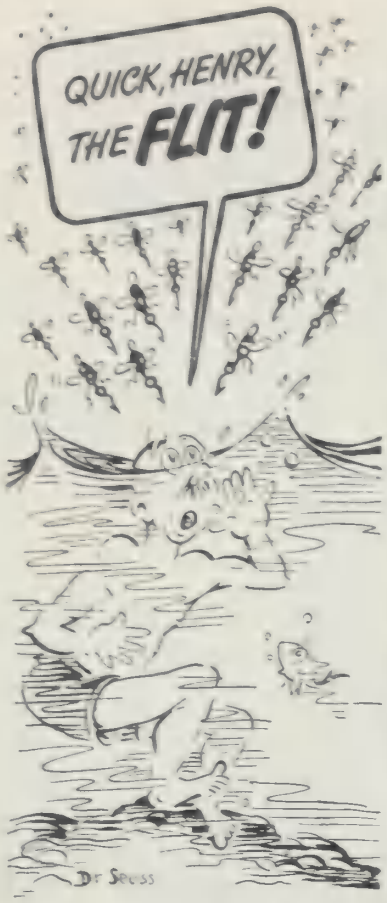


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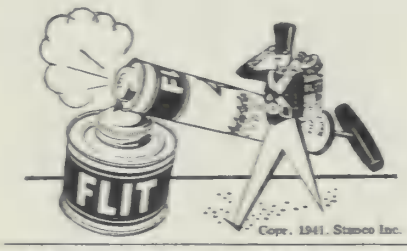


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# Let Them Eat Cream

**Continued from page 13**

Then Bernardo Houssay, brilliant South American researcher, hit upon another fact which moved all diabetes research along another notch. Everyone knew that if the pancreas were removed from a dog, that dog would die within a fortnight. Houssay discovered that if the anterior pituitary were also removed the dog would live for years!

From here it was a natural step to London—and the work of Frank Young, a former student of Best's at the University of Toronto. This big, taciturn researcher, working at Britain's National Institute of Medical Research, found that if, for the period of a few weeks, dogs got daily shots of pituitary a permanent diabetes developed. Here was the basis for a good guess as to the cause of this wasting sickness. *Perhaps*—the italics are important—it was caused by a too-active pituitary. This gland secreted a stimulating juice which literally worked the islet cells of the pancreas to death.

### Rest Cure for Cells

Here we swing back to Toronto, home port of diabetes research, and a yellow brick building, blackened by the coal soot of dozens of bitter winters. This is the Medical Building on the university campus, scene of Banting and Best's original work. It was here that a trio of top-notch research men began wrangling with the problem of diabetes prevention. The men: James Campbell, young, Scotch-born biochemist; Reginald Haist, also young, also somewhat grimly intent on whipping this thing; Charles Best, who seems altogether too boyish, too apple-cheeked, for his position as a medical immortal.

The trio sized up their problem. Evans and Houssay had produced convincing evidence that pituitary extract would produce diabetes; and Young and a colleague had indicated how. Very well. Was there anything which would counteract this effect? Anything which would, perhaps, let these cells which were being worked to death rest for a while and regenerate their strength? If such a thing could be found it would be of incalculable benefit. It might mean that the 27 out of every 1,000 girl babies born this year would escape the horrid diabetic death forecast for them by statisticians. It would mean new hope for whole generations to come.

Diet represented a logical point of attack. As long ago as 1914 Dr. Frederick M. Allen, then working at the Rockefeller Institute, had indicated the profound effect diet has on diabetes. He had outlined the starvation diets which make pitiable runts out of children, and bony invalids out of adults. These individuals paid terrible prices for the few additional years of life they gained. But Allen's ideas represented the logical jumping-off place for new work.

Rats were selected as the animals for these new researches. Dozens of them were ordered down from the attic animal room—where low beams and door frames are fiendishly set to scalp the unwary. These docile white rodents were required to answer one question puzzling the experimenters: could carefully concocted diets remove part of the load from the pancreas and, if so, how much of that load?

The rats were divided into three groups. One got a normal diet; the second fasted; the third subsisted largely on fats—which require little insulin for utilization. After a week of this the animals were killed, their pancreases removed. Assays indicated that the pancreas of the fasting, and of the fat-fed animals contained only half as much insulin as the controls!

Significance? It looked like starvation in one case, and fat feeding in the other had allowed the pancreas to go on a half-time schedule. Here was a means of giving an overworked organ a rest cure! Rest could work wonders with injured bones, damaged lung tissue or overburdened hearts. Would rest do as much for the microscopic islet cells that had been going at too fast a clip? More work had to be done before this one could be answered.

Next step was to see if periodic shots of insulin would lower the pancreas' content of this natural secretion. It did. Here, then, was a second way to let this gland rest. Up to this point Haist, Campbell and Best had worked with healthy animals. They had built up a body of convincing evidence that diet and insulin would allow the pancreas to drowse along on half time. But they hadn't come to grips with the big problem. Now they were ready for it. Let's set the problem up.

Experimental work with dogs had showed the link between diabetes and an overactive pituitary. Very likely the same picture held with man, autopsies frequently revealing widespread destruction of the islet cells. Now the question arose: was there anything which would offset the destructive effect of pituitary substance?

Insulin appeared as a likely contender. Simultaneously the researchers shot a group of dogs with two brews: destructive pituitary, healing insulin. Reg Haist and Jimmy Campbell spelled each other off on the night trick as they hovered over their animals. Day after day the creatures got the two gland juices. And day after day the two scientific cubs checked blood and urine of the animals for telltale rises in sugar. But the sugar stayed resolutely at normal or only slightly above! It wasn't accumulating in the blood, or being discarded by the kidneys in poisonous, sickening quantities! Insulin, it appeared, had worked prophylactically. It had prevented the disease which should have occurred in the experimental animals with grim regularity.

### Cause for Rejoicing

As a further check, they would have to investigate the islet cells themselves. Haist began anesthetizing dogs. Deftly he shaved away a little belly hair, made an incision and snipped out a bit of pancreas. A colleague, Dr. Arthur Ham, went to work on it. The fragment was treated with paraffin to make it rigid, then cut into thin slivers by the lab's version of the restaurant bread slicer. There was rejoicing at what the eye saw when these slivers were viewed through the microscope! There was none of the watery bloat that marks an islet cell bound for destruction. The cells from these dogs were well, healthy, normal!

One more check was required to complete the work. Two dogs were selected for this experiment. For thirty days each animal got a daily shot of pituitary. One ate a normal diet, one subsisted largely on fat. The one on a normal diet became permanently diabetic; the other recovered. Here, then, was additional evidence that the destructive work of the pituitary could be overcome.

All this sounds quite easy and simple—on paper. But months of drudgery were required: snipping pancreas out of rats and dogs, extracting th shooting it into mice and n much was needed to send convulsions. Only in this way assay might require 250 mi possible to determine th amount of insulin an excisec contained.

To sum up accomplishmen searchers had found two m resting islet cells possibly bou haustion; and two methods c ing a too-active pituitary. A in the field do not agree with pretation Best and his colle on their hard-won facts. Tin who is right in this exceeding tant controversy.

Translation of this work to be a long-range process. Pe disposed to diabetes by her be periodically tested for tel in blood and urine sugar. Im these rises occur, the patie modify his diet. Fats—crea bacon—will, for a while, have the calories usually supplied This will rest islet cells. An small shot of insulin must b combat the harmful effects o pituitary.

### The Unconquered Kil

A few figures will indicate clinical work now starting prayerfully attended. Despit liant achievement of Banting in discovering insulin, death diabetes continue to mount. 000 people die of this dise United States each year. shocking number? There a explanations. Overeating ha more general—and 80 per c diabetics are overweight. Be nostic methods now detect t where, at an earlier date, it e tice. And, on top of these fac is an accumulation of diabet who are just beginning to die, have died years earlier had i for insulin. This magic stuff fer immortality.

These points help explain diabetic deaths, but have do to stop the upsurge. We can a nation to diet; and can't esc ity factors by forcing wo diabetic families to marry families free of it. So the pr grown; diabetes achieving a g portance for some age group berculosis.

Because of these conside has become increasingly urger research man to find a mea vention, a procedure which w off this terrible sickness a wards off smallpox. The ne the University of Toronto have laid the groundwork f tremendous accomplishment.

The Toronto workers emp point. The present work hold ise whatsoever of *curing* old c disease. To point up its prev tentialities they would like wide-scale clinical test of the to the hearts of all research would like to have a group o dren predisposed to diabetes ity. Half would get treatme the pancreas, half would go Dr. Best realizes that "many be required to complete the o tensions of the present exper but sufficient information is able to show that productio betes in experimental animal be prevented . . ."

## Dina Cashman

Continued from page 26

ouldn't go into the room with- Helen's permission, and after dismissed me in the evenings, t her head ached, I'd hear her laughing and murmuring for len waked her up as marriage nd motherhood couldn't. I v now what the answer was. on for the last four years."

probably made her feel com- d saved her pain," Dina said ly.

that. She understood Anna, with her and teased her in a er could do, somehow. Anna . I was glad of it."

ok up stamp collecting," Dina hyly. There was surprise and Rogers' brief laugh.

ok up stamp collecting," he d. "Well, then Anna died," he 'and Aline came back here. Irs. Rosenstirn then, married ellow, musical, cultured, and, thinking she was the most oman alive. And indeed she ad a place in Honolulu, an- Philadelphia—he was a big alist—

cruelty was what she accused e had two children by Pol- ot hold of them for a visit and no and I went up there to see tiful apartment, of course, hildren, nice nurse in charge, ne making a fuss about Aline. let's see, last year."

st year!"

e told me she'd been a little r life, that she had come to my old friendship, and that e heaven to get down to the n Burlingame and have her th her. She wanted to be a ly, she said. She said, 'We'll and garden, and have a few nd keep dogs—'

dream," Rogers began again, ment's pause. "The dream I'd dreamed since I was twenty years old. I said to her that she needn't bury herself, we'd go to New York; we'd take in the symphony concerts and the opera in San Francisco. Everything was all straightened out. Her estate was pretty well wrecked; we saved what we could. Some debts she had run up, I wiped out. It was all wonderful!"

He stopped on a bitter note, and Dina, looking at him timidly, saw that his face was dark.

"I hate—I hate to have you look that way!" she said, her fingers on his arm.

He shook himself as if to shake off a tangible hurt.

"Well, as I tell you," he said in a milder tone, "I'm not feeling it as I did. Not always. Yesterday and today there've been breaks—rifts in the clouds I've been under for so many years. It's like coming out into the air after stifling, Geraldine. It's like finding water when you are dry—parched all the way down—mouth and eyes and stomach and throat!"

"And the next thing you knew she married Mr. Havens?"

"Went down to visit my sister-in-law —dear Caroline!—at Palm Springs, wrote me from there that I must love her Andy, that she was packing off her two children to their father, and she and Andy were going to be married right away, and that she had known all along that she didn't feel about me the right way!"

"But—but yesterday," Dina said bewildered, "you said she said something about *this* marriage being a mistake!"

"She did. But in a way that didn't blame him and didn't blame her," Rogers said. "You see, she's changed, and it's partly you who are responsible. From the moment she saw you in my house last January she said she felt changed—she knew then, d'ye see?—that she'd been fooling herself all this time. She—" He laughed indulgently. "She's jealous of you, Geraldine. She said so! She said she couldn't bear to see you in my house, mistress there, and if you had a child to have it *my* child. And then she—she came close to me and said, 'Toppy—' That was her old name for me, you know. 'Toppy,' she said, 'haven't we been the fools, you and I! All that I ever needed was—'

"Well," Rogers broke off with a gruff little laugh, "anyway, she said the things I've been waiting twenty years to have her say. But at the same time she couldn't say kind enough things for Andy."

He fell silent, and Dina was silent, too.

"Wouldn't you and she—you were quarreling so yesterday—" she presently offered hesitatingly.

"Oh, Lord, we've always done that!" Rogers said comfortably. "Once she was my wife there'd be no more of that! Because you see," he added confidently, "I'd have the whip hand now. She's come to me this time. She wants peace and quiet and companionship and security for her children, she said so. And she—she put her hand on my shoulder yesterday," Rogers finished, with another gruff, half-ashamed laugh, and said, 'Mind you never let me go again, Toppy!' "

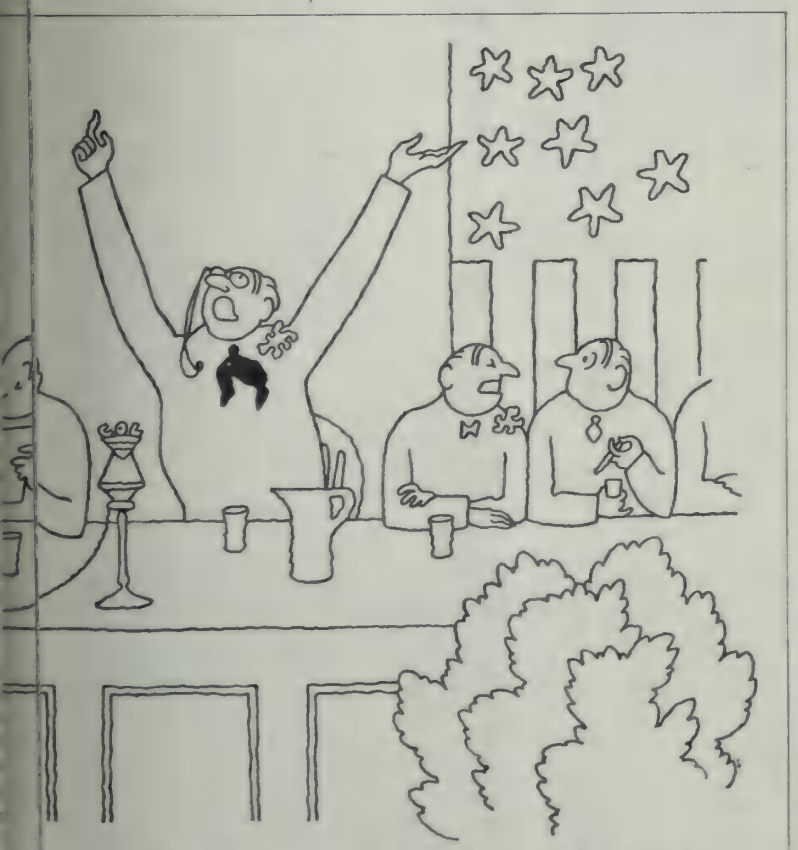
Dina could think of nothing to say, and as he now seemed to sink into his own happy thoughts the drive was finished without further words.

IN THE dreamy spring mornings she walked through the scented foggy world to the convent, where a small, wrinkled Spanish sister took her through the first miseries of Spanish verbs. Dina loved the atmosphere of the big school; while she struggled with grammar, and drew pictures to supplement her scanty Spanish and Sister Mary Felippa's almost equally deficient English, she could hear girls practicing piano scales furiously behind glass doors, hear their feet chipping in the halls and their shouts over basketball at recreation. Sometimes bells rang; sometimes a little nun came in to interrupt the lesson and murmur quietly to the Spanish teacher, who murmured as quietly in reply. Once they were all summoned to the chapel, girls and nuns, and Dina went with them and knelt watching absorbedly the ceremonial of benediction. There were flowers on the altar, roses and freesias whose breath mingled with the sharp, sweet smell of the incense; there were many candles burning bravely in a bar of sunlight.

Dina would get home flushed and hot from walking just as the sun was bursting through the mist. She would put on an old smock, a straw helmet she had bought in the five-and-ten-cent store, and descend to work in the garden, stopping only in time to wash her hands for lunch. At luncheon she would give Rogers a smiling, sleepy account of her adventures before going upstairs to lie down, perhaps to read and perhaps to nap.

Afterward they often had an engagement. Dina went with him to the city, half an hour's drive distant, to concerts, pictures, cocktail parties or perhaps to see some visiting friend at one of the big hotels.

Sometimes Mrs. Bucket packed an evening dress for her and she and Rogers changed to dinner wear in the rooms he kept in an apartment house on California Street. If they did, he always had some errand between six and half past six, returning only when Dina was dressed. She was never conscious of any



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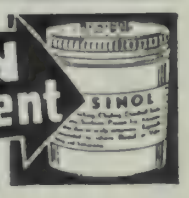


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embarrassment about it; he was like a good-natured older brother, a brother whose admiring talk of another woman sometimes bored her and often made her feel a sense of pity for his simplicity.

She never got quite used to being introduced as his wife, but that was perhaps because so many of his friends were amazed at the situation, too. The men would hold her hands, laughing, looking admiration at her youth, and teasing Rogers for being a cradle snatcher. The women were almost invariably nice to her; she grew less afraid of them and more sure of herself. Always she remembered his first advice, to be silent and smile, and although she knew that some of them thought Rogers' wife an absolute fool, she made very few mistakes, and often really enjoyed herself.

"That Mrs. Berry—that Betsey Berry—was she the one who talked about me, Rogers?"

"When'd she talk about you?"

"Don't you remember? Don't you remember Mrs. Havens—Aline—telling you that day—or no, you asked her what she'd said to Betsey Berry?"

"Oh, that was a shot in the dark, Geraldine. And you saw how it took! No, I don't think Betsey ever said anything unkind about anyone. I was trying to scare Aline, and it worked."

"I'm glad Mrs. Berry didn't say anything mean about me for she was so nice to me at the club today."

"HAVE any fun at the club lunch?" Rogers asked.

"Well, I liked watching the tennis. I'm beginning to understand tennis—how they score it."

"And how much do you like all this going around? Pebble Beach next Saturday and Minnie Carleton's dinner Tuesday night, and people coming here Wednesday?"

"But the people coming here Wednesday are going to play bridge, aren't they?" Dina asked, alarmed.

"They are, until about half past one, probably! You don't mind all this gadding?"

Dina hesitated. They were playing backgammon, and now she slowly turned the big dice about, sometimes setting up one number, sometimes another. The spring evening was warm; they had no fire tonight. The light from a floor lamp fell upon her shining head.

"I like it better when we're just alone here, like tonight," she presently said.

"You really do?"

"I like the days with nothing in them but my Spanish lesson or maybe our going to town to a movie or walking or working with your stamps. If we have a date I'm thinking about it—I'm a little scared about it—all day."

"It's years," the man said, "since I've gone around this way. I think it's your doing. I get a great kick about arriving places with you, and having you peel off your coat—"

"Always an effort when it's my new coat," Dina said, and Rogers laughed.

"They all like you," he said, "and it makes me—it makes me important. Everyone's interested—all my mother's old friends, Van's friends."

"I make you important?" Dina echoed, faint emphasis on the pronouns.

"You do, my dear. And one reason is," Rogers worked it out, "that you're happy. They can see it. The way you talk of this place, the way you let them see that you're not anxious to be asked to parties—not interested in dancing and night clubs—"

"Good heavens!" Dina said under her breath.

"Well, things will be quieter now," Rogers went on. "Everyone's going away. But this has been a queer sort of happy time for me, Geraldine, seeing people I haven't seen for years, getting into things again. Having my bride steal Aline's thunder," he finished with a smile.

"What'll they think—what'll they think in July, Rogers?" she asked, shrinking, her troubled eyes meeting his for a second, moving away again.

"Nothing. They'll all be away, going off to Honolulu and the Rogue River and Lake Tahoe and the East, and there'll be a baby here when they all get back—a premature baby, and that'll be that!"

"I thought—you remember we talked once?—of my going away, not coming back until perhaps October. But now I would rather not do that. I'm so—so sheltered here," Dina said, getting up to go look out of the window into a moon-washed night. "That is, unless you have some feeling about it."

"My feeling about it is that I'd rather have you here. Nobody bothers us and what goes on is nobody's business. We couldn't be better hidden than here. We go only the places we want to go. No one bothers us."

**"You're taking a long trip. There's a dark man beside you and— Oh, oh, we're being interrupted for a late news flash"**

BARBARA SHERWOOD

"I'M IN a sort of dream, Rogers," Dina said, coming back to her chair, beginning to set up the men for another game. "I've been in a dream, since that day we went to Reno. Before that, maybe. I hope I won't wake up—I hope I'll never wake up!"

"Not a bad dream, Geraldine?" he asked, watching her intently.

"Oh, no, not a bad dream." Her earnest, shadowed eyes, with their look of young pain and puzzlement, went to his. "It's just that nothing is quite real," she said; "it began when I first liked Vere."

She had rarely mentioned him, the color came into her face as she said his name.

"After—after Paradise Valley," she went on, "it was all like a dream in which, you know, you sort of feel ahead, with a kind of—of being frightened, of being terrified, what's going to happen. But you can't stop it. You say, in your dream, 'Oh, here it comes, here it comes—' and it's so horrible. But you can't stop it.

"You remember, Rogers, when we went down to the Community Playhouse to see Six Characters in Search of an Author? Something like that. I think I knew from the very beginning that I was one of those girls who had to play it out—had to watch for the postman, and worry, and say to herself, 'No, it can't be so! Vere does love me! There's some mistake. He'll come back and make it all right!' "

"THERE are lots of them, Geraldine," Rogers commented mildly, as she stopped with a faraway look in her eyes.

"Oh, lots of them! But all through I had that dreamy feeling, that Vere *was* the kind that would go away, that after all I'd heard and all I knew—and all I'd been, Rogers, in school and in my job, it would happen to me!

"And then to come here, and see the ring on my hand, and go around this house with the servants calling me 'Mrs. Holland.' That was still the dream, and these lunches and dinners and cocktail parties—they're still the dream, too. Reality," she said, "reality's Railway Flats, and Dina Cashman getting breakfast and taking her brown sweater off the line not quite dry and rushing over to Meyer's."

"After a while it'll seem realer to you. Gradually you'll awake."

"I'll come alive," she said. "Instead of dreaming true like Peter Ibbetson I'll begin to live true and stop dreaming. Well, see if you can shake a five, Rogers, and we'll start on a double."

The Cashman family moved to Stockton on a hot May afternoon. Their heavier movables made the sixty-mile trip in the battered little truck of a Chinese fruit farmer; Art and Myrna, with the two younger girls, drove family car among ropes and and boxes, brooms and bedd father, with his favorite, I preceded them by bus, leavi and Donny to settle matters Flats and report the loss of the landlord.

The advance party was to night at an auto camp near home, a prospect which filled an excited sense of being tra girls had packed pajamas ar they fluttered about in a ve departure and adventure.

"But where'll we have di

"Oh, some restaurant! To can cook lunch in the kitchen

The thrill of it carried the twinges of farewell to the n Railway Flats. Envious s stood about; the Cashmans to live in Stockton!

Dina remained behind mother and Donny; two day and Hall returned with th and the last members of th family were taken in state home. By this time, she hop her father and Myrna woul yellow house in some sort o was pleasantly surprised up to find that they had taken t of settling in very seriously, a place already presented a ho orderly aspect.

ROGERS had seen to it th were laid and the old curt starched, restored to place at windows. To the Cashmans credible that there should b big comfortable chairs, so bureaus. When Dina and arrived El'ner and Lou were ing friends with two pigt blondes from across the str was putting scalloped oilclot shelves, and Myrna was trilli at the piano.

Only superficial tasks we distribution of a grocery o tions to the nice young man connect the telephone; arra the family's shabby small sheets and towels with the stacks of linen already in th

"Me with a linen closet! vallay next," Ethel Cashma

Dina sat watching them al of the warm spring aftern was an apple tree outside window; there were roses a and marigolds in the gard body was busy—laughing, going. She felt herself far them now; she was tire prospect of being taken q through the green countrysi to be resting on her wide be big room, presently to go d the taffeta dress and sit te all about it, was infinitely re

She looked at the clothes were hanging in closets, drawers. The same old clot had seen them wearing months ago, yet such aeons mottled red-and-yellow co little reefer with two bu Myrna's glassy transparent coat. She had no part in no part in this swarming and youth and eagerness. stronger than any mere phy any physical distance be had shut her away.

IT WAS some three month chilly, windy July after evening papers had the new been an accident on the Bay way; Rogers Holland, wh driving the car, was o bruised, but Mrs. Holland, senger, had been taken to in a serious condition.

morning papers confirmed the and added that Mrs. Holland's aughter had been born some fter the accident.

e me everything the papers say Margaret!" Dina said, when Rog- e into her room at midnight. e been crying," she reproached And what a bruise! And your ed up!"

as scared about you," he said. you're wonderful! I just wanted what a sport I think you are and say you are!"

said you could stay three min- id you see the baby?"

o see her now."

perfectly whole, anyway," said "I made them show her to me. I aid going over that bank might en bad for her. They said I was

ave your leg set while you were baby?"

rs, don't be disappointed in her. air and red spots. She looks so aby rat I almost pushed her off

better let go, dear. They'll e out."

ad been clinging to his hand. s awful, Rogers."

t his jaw, shut his eyes, shud-

it's over. I had chicken soup. Rogers! Lunching with you and now this!"

w. What an afternoon! And, e, have you thought of this? dent takes care of the question —there won't ever be any talk,

mean her coming too soon?"

's eyes, in a pale face, were wise tent. Her wet hair was still to her forehead; there were still r the odors of anesthetic and cs; she wore a hospital night- coarse, unbleached, much-laun- nen, buttoned in back. But the man found her beautiful, ook in his eyes had in it some- reverence.

ing seems to matter now except s here and all right," she said. her asked me to name her Mar- her mother. My name is Mar- raldine," Dina added. "Is that with you?"

s my mother's name, too."

w. Is that all right? I'm still ey, so don't be afraid of tiring na broke off to say: "I'm slap

won't be slap happy tomorrow. uldn't it be all right? Another Holland."

n't know." She looked straight A nurse came in from behind a the door.

Holland—I'm sorry—but this smashed all to pieces at noon d she's had a baby."

w! Goodby, dear. I'm going to aret. What is it?" For she still nand.

this, Rogers. I've known it all day long," Dina whispered. "I'm still stupid; I'm not quite sure where I am or what's happened. But just this last hour or two—when I waked up with my leg in plaster and Margaret here, I've known it. I'm awake!"

IT WAS strange to be invalided. It was strange to lie day after day in her big, comfortable room, with Mrs. Bucket coming in morning and afternoon to stop and gossip, Miss Rafferty, the nurse, bringing up trays, and Ida, the gentle, quiet colored woman, taking full charge of little Margaret.

The broken leg had knitted satisfactorily and in record time; the fracture had been slight and there had been no need of pulleys and weights, but a tedious complication had developed in the other leg long before Dina was allowed to walk, and the weeks stretched into months, and still there seemed to be no change in sight.

They had brought her home from the hospital in ten days, miraculously escaped from the accident that might have killed both her and her child. Dina was patient. She conceded a four- or five-week imprisonment in bed. A broken leg and a baby were a bad combination, and after all, she wanted to get quite well while she was about it.

But the joking stopped for a few days when she realized that as one leg came steadily back to normal, the other began to show signs of poisoning, and that all the courage and patience she could command were going to be needed in the long weeks ahead. For a while it seemed to her that she could not face it, and Rogers came in more than once to find her unable to keep back the tears.

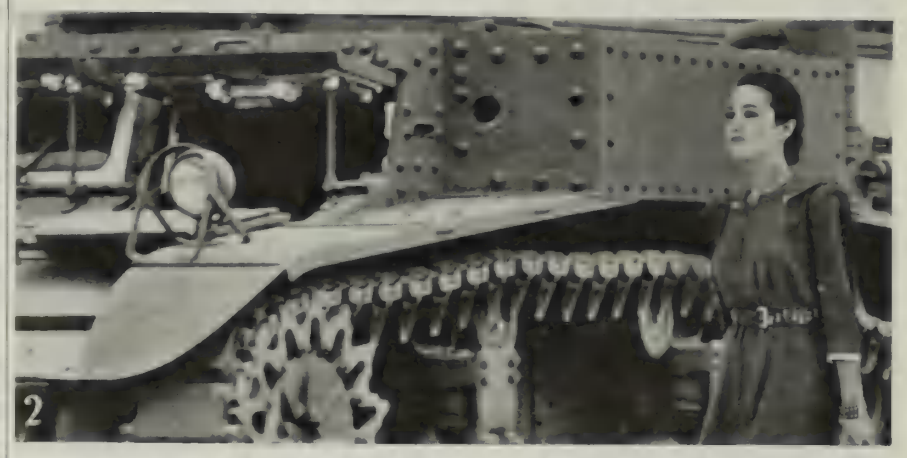
She had never been ill. She had looked forward to the care of her baby, to peaceful days in the old house when she and her child would be alone for hours.

Instead, her room became the center of an unwonted activity. Friends who had not come to the Holland home for years appeared with good wishes and presents for the new Holland baby; messengers with flowers and with telegrams came and went, and the tiny Margaret was regularly displayed by her beaming attendant to afternoon callers.

But with the rapidity characteristic of the invalid who does not suffer, and with her own active mind and imagination to aid her, Dina presently settled to the inevitable, and found her days surprisingly full. Miss Rafferty, whose affection and enthusiasm and sympathy were in themselves a cure, was busy with her for an hour or two after her leisurely breakfast. When the newspapers and the tray, the soaps and towels and basins had gone, the baby came in, and her bassinet was placed where her mother, looking downward, could study the small, placid face for quarter hours together. Before Margaret's two-o'clock and six-o'clock bottles Dina could hold her for a blissful interval, and now and then when Margaret roared in the night, Ida brought her in to her mother while

Insomnia

Dorothy Lamour, star of the Paramount picture "Aloma of the South Seas", is pictured inspecting . . .



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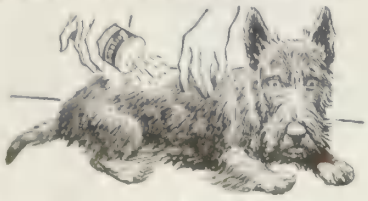
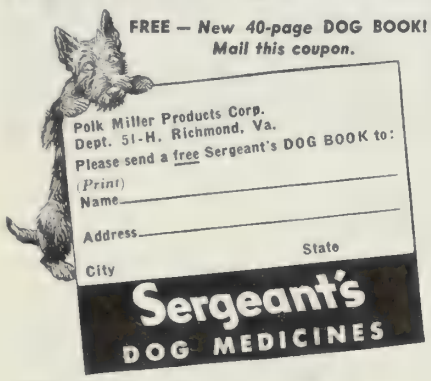
**I'LL TELL YE ABOOT FLEAS!** Th' flea is a wee vicious beastie—and verra onnecessary. Besides th' torture o' his bite, he carries wi' him th' eggs o' worrms! A verra low character!



**YE'LL AGREE WI' ME,** he desairves t' be done t' death afore his nosty wurrk is begun. And guid SKIP-FLEA POWDER is th' way t' do it! That and SKIP-FLEA SOAP are fatal to fleas!

**FOR MYSEL',** I use th' twa o' them in th' verra thrifty Sergeant's *Flea Insurance Kit*, and I ha'e no trooble wi' th' beasties. At drug and pet stores, and a *free* new Sergeant's DOG BOOK.



a warm meal and a dry crib were being prepared.

Every day the little Spanish nun came over for a lesson, and Dina worked hard at her written exercises. In midafternoon, when the baby slept, she dozed, and afterward she was helped into her prettiest nightgown and her Japanese jacket and callers found her fresh and philosophical and there was much laughter in the room.

Sometimes Rogers came up to join the women, and Dina rejoiced to see that he grew more and more to enjoy these visits and these visitors, when Lily would bring up trays of tall glasses, and the talk would turn to old days. Rogers' mother had been a social leader, and a friend to all these women as young girls or younger wives. There was such congratulation for the father of the small, sturdy, flourishing Holland baby, and he accepted it pleasantly, and watched Margaret's progress with almost as much interest as Dina's own.

The big phonograph had been moved upstairs, and after a few games of cards after dinner, when Dina grew tired of her somewhat cramped position, there was a concert. Rogers brought records upstairs, assorted them and arranged them in order, and he himself went about lowering lights and placing chairs. Dina would settle on her pillows, Miss Rafferty come in quietly to slip into a chair, Rogers lie back in his own great leather chair, and the glorious strains of operas, Rosenkavalier and Rheingold, Boris and even Iolanthe would drift through the quiet place. Dina came to know Tchaikovsky's symphonies, Beethoven's majestic sonatas, Vienna waltzes and Russian ballets. Sometimes tears would be on her cheeks as she listened; she would open her eyes to smile across the room at her husband.

"Chopin," he would apologize; "too sad for you?"

"No, I love it. I *love* it!" And she *did* love it, even though it seemed to have the power to wash away all the changes and pain of the past years, and take her back again to the wild, gay, gypsy little Dina who had mothered her brothers and sisters at ten, and camped wherever her parents' fickle fancy stopped the shabby car, and dreamed of a future in which whatever happened she would always be a leader and an idol.

SHE played patience if ever there was a dull hour; she had books of puzzles and became so absorbed in them that often the announcement of a visitor caused her a pang of regret. And she had books, an endless river of books poured through the room, Mrs. Bucket rarely entering without one or two that she had picked from the old library downstairs, Rogers instructing a San Francisco bookseller to keep her supplied with what was new.

Above all, there was the baby for an inexhaustible distraction, joy, pride, anxiety and responsibility. All the women in the house circled about Margaret, and the slightest fluctuation in her little routine caused them wild excitement. Miss Rafferty, the tiny, dainty, always immaculately clad nurse, would go skimming downstairs for fresh bed linen or a malted milk from the refrigerator; Chong would come puffing upstairs with the baby's bottle; Ida, the colored girl, and Lily, the upstairs maid, debated daily as to just what corner of the sun porch should be honored by the crib; Mrs. Bucket was early convinced the baby knew her and repeatedly sent both maids off to an evening's movies for the express purpose of being left in charge of the sleeping infant. Eager advantage was taken of every excuse that anyone could find to pick Margaret up, change her clothes, bathe her, poke her limp little arms into sweaters or wrap her up in her "bunting" on a foggy morning. Fortunately she was a serene, sweet lump of a baby, passing amiably from hand to hand, and rewarding her attendants with smiles.

What Dina thought of her nobody could have said, least of all Dina. The familiar phrase "having a baby," and the cataclysmic, world-shaking experience of having brought Margaret into the world seemed to have nothing in common. It had taken her to new depths of terror and suffering and raised her to new heights of joy, new heights of that relief that is the blissful forerunner of joy. These were her secret; she could share them with no one. But she liked to lie still at night and bring them to memory like treasures to be turned over and hugged to her heart in the darkness, or to waken before the summer dawn, when a pearly light was in the room, and Margaret fussing for her first meal could be heard in the adjoining apartment, and remember it all again.

Of the accident she had no impression whatsoever. On that fatal morning Rogers had been driving her to the city. Andrew Havens had been at the house earlier in the day adding some finishing touches to her portrait. The portrait had been completed weeks earlier but Andrew's exhibition had been postponed until the fall and he had wanted to lighten the shadow on Dina's face and—so he said—give more life to her hair. Dina and Rogers had been talking casually as the car approached the underpass entering South San Francisco. She had not even glimpsed the small, tearing jalopy that had forced a great truck to swerve and to knock Rogers' car from the road. Her first impression, when she had been conscious of any at all, came when she was being picked up for the ambulance trip to the hospital.

The gravelly, wet thing that had laid on her eyes she had discovered to be her hand; a great many other hands were lifting her; voices were murmuring shocked monosyllables.

She had been wheeled somewhere, a flat, broken thing with a blanket laid over all the blood and sweat, smashed bone and flesh. Pain had suddenly assailed her from half a dozen dir at once; her leg, her shoulder, h aching heavily, and nausea shak whole racked being in spasmo tacks. And then a new pain, c and all-embracing—lessening an ing back, stabbing and rending Swooning off into blackness, sv back into consciousness, she ha a doctor's voice, close to her don't know!"

SHE and Rogers had started f shortly before twelve. Margar land had been born to a ba mother with her leg in a cast Hills and valleys of pain had tween; Dina had been soake blood and sweat when first she ha her child cry; her voice had cor a throat that was sore with scr

But strange mystery of pain lief from pain! She loved the n She loved to think of resting, pain over, and of the receding he the relaxed muscles. Then, sc that she was not moved at all, h the fresh nightgown, fresh sheet blankets, lowered lights after t of the surgery, and someone "She's a little darling; six poun half, and quite perfect!" Then t of chicken soup—such good sou

"One never goes back," she Rogers.

"Was it so awful?"

"I don't mean that. I just mea one never goes back."

"I suppose not."

"To start," Dina mused, "in t rible little kitchen of ours in Flats. I mean my first inkling t might be a baby. Rainy and sm ashes and swill and pigs, and m so sick, and everything dark an with no money anywhere, and have her turn out to be a litt warm rose with everything c safe about her! And now to proud!"

"I think you may well feel he told her.

Her head drooped. She spoke tone. "Never proud again," sh

*(To be continued next we*

**"You've convinced me but then I'm not my sister"** REAM

## Bowery Café

Continued from page 22

the populace was eating sketch- t Frank even then knew the logy of the masses. Give 'em en- ment and they'll find the money omehow. He got his weekly take hirty-seven bucks clear profit at cture. Then he started for Detroit orked successively at Packard, Body, Murray Body, Briggs Hudson and Chrysler. By this had saved $1,300 and was look- und for an investment. The Bow- s going for $2,500 and Frank it, borrowed a thousand bucks s brother in Herrin, signed a note and had $300 for working capi- so he had a tough place that was out to be closed up by the police. had a clientele that adored Sat- night brawls. When Frank broke ash of eight gentlemen by flat- the leader, there was great won- t at his success.

t him with a furnace shooker," ank modestly.

by promoting carioca contests, ontests, neighborhood parties, fox ntests and amateur song compe- Frank was able to keep the place In 1937 he obtained his liquor by 1939 he decided that the d come for bigger action. Hence names, the expensive shows, the Fifi D'Orsay was the first name ng followed by Jackie Coogan. formed a permanent chorus of girls, he hired every out-of-town er that ventured into Detroit. e show ran on endlessly and the nly appeared twice a night, he lots of talent.

ding acts," said the cynics around "The kind that climb out of the ork."

renzy Frank changed his booker ay, not waiting for the end of k. Finally he settled on Joe Io- no has been handling the place His great find, years before, had harley Carlisle, who held over he new policy, very ribald and Mr. Carlisle smokes his long n.c.'s the show, introduces the firemen. . . . "The Elks Club of y has sent a delegation tonight. g hand for these handsome peo- hearties." Mr. Carlisle com- tle homilies, such as, "I'd rather es than belong to the Axis," he nents Mr. Frank Barbaro shame- adding, "If that don't get me a here ain't a cow in Texas," he acts, he insults the audience, he an open solicitation of free He is a riot.

### A Picture to Remember

Bowery has been popularized as anything else by its remarkable ing. It generally appears two wide and about five inches the Detroit papers. The entire d is taken up with the picture of nk Barbaro. At the head of the nd, in mountain-sized letters, it ne more about the Bowery and nk Barbaro. Down at the very nd corner, in small type, will be ne of the star. Lou Holtz or Tucker or Gertrude Niesen, al- adable.

pixsture," says Frank in expla- "eez to rememb."

ro handles everything himself er leaves the place. His only va- has been an overnight trip to rk to be a guest at Ben Marden's It was his first ride in a plane, tuxedo. He refused to allow vardess to strap him in with a safety belt; he was deaf for a week after the trip.

"I'm telling you true about Noo York," says Frank. "Nawtheeng doin'."

His accent is exactly like that and there is little chance that it will improve at this late day. If it handicaps him, the figures don't show it. He is unmarried, lives several miles from the Bowery but often sleeps there in the tiny office overnight, keeps his finger in every pie, is called Frank by everybody but is very formal in addressing others, manages to mollify the politicians of Hamtramck without trouble and refuses to rent concessions at his establishment.

### No Room for the Public

His café is almost invariably sold out in advance for Saturday and Sunday and he spent a great deal of money during the famous Lou Holtz engagement warning the public by advertisements that they should keep away from Wednesday on. He is a great gambler on the nags and once owned a stable of six that nearly drove him nuts. "They ate all night," says Frank. He has sponsored teams in every sport known, provided they advertised Frank Barbaro, but his real ambition is to manage world's heavyweight champion. Right now he is grooming one Joe Spano, 220-pounds, eighteen years old. Joe also eats pretty heavily but in contrast with six horses it doesn't seem important. He has not had any fights. Frank is willing to wait.

Part of the charm of the Bowery lies in the sweet attitude of its hired hands in regard to its merits. When Joseph Cotten, who has a leading role in Citizen Kane with Orson Welles, visited the institution, asked for the menu and ordered a roast beef sandwich, the waitress shook her head sadly.

"You wouldn't want that," she said decidedly.

Mr. Cotten looked at the menu again and thought maybe an omelet would be all right.

"Well, if you wanna," said the lady, giving up.

So it goes in old Ham-trammick. The orchestra blares away; the strip-tease lady does her stuff; the chorus hoofs like mad; the stars sing and tell jokes and have the time of their lives. Over it all hangs the spirit of Mr. Frank Barbaro. When Gertrude Niesen appeared at the Bowery, Mr. Barbaro had a great idea. She would come to his office and he would lead her to the stage through the audience, thus giving a homey touch. Miss Niesen looked at the teeming multitude.

"And I get up there with nothing but my limbs missing," she said, and the subject was dropped.

When Emil Boreo led his Nights in Paris revue into the Bowery recently, there was a slight difficulty between the male member of a Cuban rumba team and Mr. Benny Resh of the orchestra. The Cuban gentleman complained audibly about the tempo employed by Mr. Resh. Passing Mr. Resh at the conclusion of the number, he uttered a derogatory noise, which enraged Mr. Resh to the point where he leaped off the stand and took poke at his heckler. It was fine little melee while it lasted and Mr. Barbaro was properly outraged. He bawled out Mr. Resh with some vigor.

"I'm telling you the true, Benny," he cried indignantly. "If annabody!"

It is part of Mr. Barbaro's pride that he runs decent establishment. Two bouncers. And Mr. Barbaro.

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# Fire Guards the Indies

Continued from page 21

proud patriotism. This gas certainly was stronger than the others. Whiffing it with extreme caution it nevertheless burned the nose and the throat.

"Tear gas," the professor said, offering another bottle. "Not serious."

I asked whether it was good for people to sit around sampling poison gases.

"Just a little at a time is all right," he said. "And every one who passes through this school can identify them all immediately and that is very necessary."

The efficiency of the Dutch has always been considerable, but in the Orient, in the tropics, it is breath-taking. Nothing is left to chance if they can help it. The enemy is not underestimated. They have tried to foresee and protect against every phase of modern war. Here they are, you say to yourself (feeling all the while a little dazed and dreamy), in a modern building, carefully studying poison gases. In the courtyard, six men in murderously hot rubber overalls are practicing gas decontamination. On the second floor, in a lightless maze, which is an imitation of a ship's engine room and which is flooded with tear gas, six men in gas masks are being trained to get out of a difficult and dangerous place in a quick, orderly manner.

Sometimes the Dutch use the most modern methods, as they are doing here. Sometimes they notch heavy trees for dynamite charges, so that roads will be blocked for miles by fallen trunks. Whatever they do, they do it thoroughly, in a matter-of-fact way, as if all this were perfectly normal.

I thanked the professor and told him I hoped his students would never have to put their knowledge into practice. He hoped so too. He had seen gas used in the last war. You never can tell what this war will bring.

### Everybody's Business

Driving back from the navy yard, we passed the home defense. The home defense is every white man in the Netherlands Indies who is not already in the army, navy or air force. Three times a week, the businessmen and bankers, the doctors and the retired rubber planters set out in their cars or on their bicycles, wearing green uniforms (and sometimes marvelously incongruous footwear, cloth-topped patent-leather laced shoes, the fancy gear of a different generation). They ride or pedal to the training ground and the president of the oil company is apt to be taking orders from his lowest filing clerk.

In villages that are far from any road, there are natives who watch, and stand by a skin-covered gong. The air-raid warnings pounded from gong to gong will go beating through the countryside, across rice fields or jungle to all the scattered campongs. The blond ladies of Batavia will take over nursing jobs in field hospitals or direct ARP work. Everyone who can be trained has a job.

There are few good landing places on the big islands, luckily for the Dutch, and these are well defended. Air fields have been scooped out of the jungle and provisioned with food, petrol, bombs and machine-gun cartridges. The Dutch have been working, as the Dutch can, since May 10, 1940. Obviously, they lack much necessary material, and obviously also their armed forces are small. But with what they have, or can make, using the man power they can train, profiting by the difficulties of the terrain and the difficult sea approaches, they have done wonders. It is assumed that their defense plans are tied up to Singapore and Australia (a sure assumption). And like everyone else in this part of the world, the Dutch fervently hope that the U. S. Navy will not forget them in time of need. Meantime, their motto is: The Lord helps those who help themselves.

### A Truly Idiotic War

The Dutch are not only preparing to defend their islands: they are ready to destroy everything the Japanese want in case they cannot keep the Japanese out. Mainly, right now, the Japanese want oil, though they can use anything that comes their way, from rice to timber. The Dutch have plenty of oil. They sell it to the Japanese. They sell the Japanese twice as much oil this year as last year. The Japanese can use the oil to fuel their industrial plants, even to run their ships (but not their planes). The Japanese are not allowed to buy so much oil that they can reship any part of it to Germany.

As a matter of fact the Japanese can buy now as always before at regulation prices everything they might make a war to get. It is just a question of whether you want to buy or seize, or whether you run your country so that you *can* buy, or whether you run your country so that you *must* seize. The Netherlands Indies imports more from Japan than from any other nation. If the Japanese invade the Netherlands Indies, it will be a truly idiotic war.

A government official said to me in Batavia, "Everything we have burns like hell. Sugar, rubber, oil. . . ."

The Netherlands Indies oil fields are in Borneo, Sumatra and Central Java. There is a fine field on Tarakan, a twenty-five-mile long island off the northwest coast of Borneo. This island has nothing except oil and a garrison of soldiers. It is not one of the world's beauty spots. It is hotter than the inside of a steam boiler; a beautiful, poisonous yellow flower grows in hedges along the roads; the wet, deadly jungle keeps moving back over cleared land, closing in on the oil derricks and the airfield. Tarakan is the most undisguised suicide post I have ever seen.

The wells here produce a very fine quality of fuel oil. The storage tanks are behind two long loading piers that run out through mud shallows to blue deep water. "It is all arranged," the manager of the B.P.M. oil company told me (talking amiably and sensibly as if he were explaining how to grow roses). "We mix benzine with the oil to make it burn," he said. "We have it piped from the tanks to the piers, we will just let it run out onto the water, too. Then we will light it. Very easy. The piers will burn, there will be fire on the water and the tanks will burn and the houses. This whole part of the island will be in flames."

"Oh," I said. "Then what?"

"At the same time we will be destroying the wells," he said. "That is easy, too. We lift up the pumps and let them fall into the wells. They will be bent or broken, useless anyhow; and the wells are blocked. It would take six months to clear them. And where would the Japanese be able to get new pumps?"

"Yes," I said. "Who is going to do this?"

"Each man has his instructions. Each knows what he must do. It is easy. We also set fire to the field, so that all the structure of the derricks is burned. It will be a very big mess," he added. "It will not be worth taking."

In Sumatra and Java also the wells will be dynamited or burned or sealed with cement, the machinery will be destroyed with sledge hammers and acetylene torches, the storage tanks and refineries will go up in great black clouds of smoke. Sugar and rubber make a fine blaze, too. The rice supply, stored in 300 depots throughout the islands, will be given to the natives and the Japanese will never get a grain of it. If this rubber-tin-oil war ever starts, and if the Japanese succeed in invading the Netherlands Indies, they will find, as they advance, ruin. It took a long time to build this Eden; it will not take very long to blow up roads and bridges, burn all factories, destroy all supplies and leave Eden a wasteland.

The Netherlands Indies are truly (and not just for tourist pamphlets) a paradise. All mixed up together there are the beautiful ruins of old temples and palaces, the dancers of Bali, th workers of Java, rubber, tobac sugar, copra, most of the world's c tin, gold and mountains rear 12,000 feet into the hot, tropical s

The Dutch have done a typica tidying up the tropics and mak Orient look really clean. And, of this paradise is a paying prop

They have also built cities canals, probably from homesi and the cities are good. The ha white 18th century palace of t ernor in Batavia, the opera hou Harmonic Club which never sl doors night or day, the Art Muse buildings you would admire an It is understandable that people hang onto their wealth: but onto wealth does not explain termination of the Dutch. Th only conquered a paradise, they fine and they made it more be It is hard to imagine anyone d an oil well, but you can believe will not easily abandon 350 y building a magnificent country.

People ask: in case of war, natives panic? Will the natives loyal? The Dutch say no, they panic. Yes, they will remain These questions can be answer after the event; after the first lands, if there is going to be a

### Safety Means Loyalty

Practically, if the natives pan will simply disappear into the and that will be a very sound sol the air-raid problem. You cann adequate bomb shelters in cities water lies just beneath the tops to loyalty (such a loose word a why would the natives prefer th nese to the Dutch? The native that their country is a rare and v thing, a treasure like the Kohin mond. The only safety for such is to put it in a bank. In this c Dutch are the bank. The nati smart enough to realize they alo not protect their jewel, in a world. The Dutch have not tre natives with contempt or cruelt get the rare impression that th natives actually like the whit They may think the white men a ful or insane, with their wars, but white men are not necessarily e

The Japanese have a long come, if they are to attack the lands Indies. And once they ge there is an awful lot of the Net Indies. It is 3,600 miles from T Batavia. The Indies themselve east to west, stretch 3,100 mil waters surrounding the 2,000 isl the Netherlands Indies are n waters for a battle fleet to mane The islands, ringed by shallo hemmed in by jungle, are no walk over. The Japanese certain all the difficulties better than else, except the Dutch. Ther good many people in the Net Indies who doubt that the Japa going to start this war.

The talk goes this way: if wins the war, the Japanese w kicked out of the Netherlands I what is the use of risking their an effort to grab something the keep?

If Germany wins the war, wo ler allow the Japanese to keep o richest prizes in the world? I case, again why risk the Japane People do not forget how Polan piece of Czechoslovakia and w entirely swallowed up.

"I reason with him—appeal to his sense of right and wrong—do everything the book says. Then Eddie gives him a good licking and it works wonders"

DAVE GERARD

people say: Do not reason. is foolish. The Japanese mili- que does not work on a basis of or why would they ever have the war in China? And do not they say, that the Japanese nda machine has been concen- for years on "the New Order in That is the danger, the authori- . Look at the schoolbooks of ldren in Japan. Look at the es. Look at the stuff the Japa- ople are fed all the time. The clique will have to believe their paganda and act.

Japanese propaganda is very and interesting. It begins to six-year-old tots, for whom brightly colored picture books now the Japanese army, navy force always victorious, while wers crumple beneath their sav- laughts. (That is the tone.) re lovely pictures showing bayoneting Chinese, burning sinking ships, setting fire to l planes, waving bloody sabers, parachute troops and being invincible, if extremely ugly odthirsty. Going right on the propaganda designed for ntal age, one reaches at last a called the Business World, a perfectly respectable Japa- lication supposedly printed for Here the attack is on America. that Japanese propaganda at- urn the Chinese, and the West- cracies, and the Dutch. There e to print entirely a wonderful lled America Comes to Self- on, but here are some of the s:

a, according to the Japanese entirely run by Jews, 90% of nment, including notably the , Miss Perkins and Mr. Sum- s being the most outstanding Mr. William Dudley Pelley, the leader of the Silver Shirts, rican Totalitarian Party, is save America for the true s. Joe Louis is the leader of organization called the C.I.O. t of this organization is to destroy small industrialists. It is all part of the New Deal, which is the same as what the Soviets call Bolshevism. The New Deal, however, was first started by Colonel House, who organized Marxism in an American way.

The fact that this stream of propaganda goes on inside Japan, and is smuggled to Japanese in foreign countries, worries people who ought to know what they are worrying about. They say simply: if the Japanese talk and write like this, for years, some day they will have to do something about it. They cannot very well admit they were lying, and that Japan does not need to rescue East Asia from the corrupt white man's domination.

No one, however, envies the admiral of the Japanese fleet who will be in command of the rescuing operation.

But when all the talk is done one fact remains: the United States Navy. Everyone in the Orient will agree about that. No matter what else may delay or prevent a war in these parts, the most calming influence in the Pacific is certainly our fleet.

If the Japanese can copy the Nazi propaganda methods, they can also copy that great Nazi weapon: the war of nerves. The Japanese have been waging a war of nerves for almost two years and it has been moderately successful in the Orient and very successful in America. The Dutch do not have bad nerves, and are poor subjects for the Japanese to work on. The Dutch have a country, a homeland, and they mean to defend it in case it is attacked. Until it is attacked, they will prepare without panic and with great efficiency. But they do point out that the war of nerves in the China Sea has not been a failure. The Japanese have immobilized in Malaya and Burma, the Netherlands Indies, Manila and Hong Kong a great many men, planes, tanks, ships, guns, munitions and supplies. By doing nothing at all, but forcing everybody to be ready in case they decide to start, the Japanese government has been a very useful ally to Germany. It now appears that he also serves Hitler who only sits and waits.

## I was Beaned

Continued from page 19

pl of the team. It was the end y challenge to Yankee power that ner nd the end of Cochrane as a lay.

en ou've heard yells from the ing the pitcher not to let the r d in. This is merely a part of ter l duel between batters and s. itters crowd the plate. The er es to "loosen them up" by ing lose and so driving them back. u p h high and inside to the av- ba r, you "set him up" for a low- pi h. Then a pitcher throws as to batter's head as he dares.

yer understand the position of the er. hey know his job depends on g t m out. So they don't resent bru ed back from the plate occa- ly. few dislike being thrown at, ny xperience has been that it s m st players keener. My own ge se from .237 to .283 the ft was beaned.

dg r for batters has been pro- bu has never met with success. lyn this year introduced a new of p, which did away with the ess of other protective head- s, d these have been of great des te the accident to Mickey wh a pitch by Podgajny of the clip d him a glancing blow over e. his sort of beaning is almost unheard of and nothing could protect against it. It is important, however, that Ducky Medwick and Peewee Reese of the same club have overcome their plate shyness by reason of wearing the new caps, despite their bad experiences last year.

I'm in favor of headgear, although I've seen only two men, Newsome and Jack Hayes, who wore them. Hayes told me after a few days he became accustomed to his, and it made no difference in his hitting. My feeling is that batters should wear a headguard of some kind.

Beanings can be tragic, but they can also have their funny side. In Boston, Bennie Karr was pitching, and Ira Flagstead was batting for the Sox. One of Karr's fast balls got away and struck Ira on the forehead over the right eye. Ira just stood there rubbing the bruise, while Karr raced in. After a minute Flagstead went to first.

"Are you hurt, Ira, are you hurt?" Karr called after him.

"Nope. Not at all." Flagstead kept going toward first. When Karr saw he was all right, he suddenly lost his temper: "Well, for the love of Pete, lie down, will you? It makes my fast ball look pretty lousy when I hit a man square on the head and can't even knock him down."

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# The Servants of the Lord

Continued from page 16

"Hello, Rincon," the man in the gray suit said, in good Spanish. "How are things?"

"Not bad." Rincon was embarrassed suddenly.

"Off duty for a while?" Gray Suit said.

"For a while, Father," Rincon said.

"You people work hard," the other man said gravely. He looked older and thinner than when Rincon had first seen him several years before.

"No harder than we ought," Rincon said. "What are you doing so far from San Antonio?"

"I guess you know," Gray Suit said. "From the clothes." His smile was almost feeble.

He had known why, all right, Rincon thought. They were all crazy, Rincon knew, and this one among the craziest. Still, if they had all been like this one . . .

"You're going to go in again, huh?" Rincon said.

NOW Gray Suit looked embarrassed. He nodded his head and pulled in his lips slightly without speaking.

"It was bad last time," Rincon said. "You should know better."

"It is not so bad," Gray Suit said. "They do not kill us. Only in Tabasco have they killed us in recent years, and now no longer even there."

"No, they don't stand you against a wall any more. They just put you in one of those prisons and after a few days there, before the consul can get around to have you released, you get the dysentery and that kills you."

Gray Suit considered this a moment, blinking slowly. He was a simple man, Rincon thought, but all right. "No, it wasn't that bad," Gray Suit said. "There were three of us in jail in Chihuahua that last time when they got me. Only one of us died. And he was not a young man, like myself."

Rincon looked at the priest. "It is a wonder you can fool anyone, even with that hat and tie on," he said.

"It is strange," the priest conceded. "We fool all of them except those to whom we make ourselves known. There is only one class of people we do not fool. You would never guess who that is."

"It is obvious," Rincon said. "You do not fool the police. It is they who caught you."

"No," the priest said, "it is the waitresses. We fool all the others. But the waitresses, when we go into a café or little restaurant, immediately they become respectful, and that adds to the danger."

Unwilling to show that he was impressed, Rincon said, "You are all crazy. The priests and ministers. Myself, I am a practical man. I seek to avoid responsibility."

"You just say that," the priest said. "Your position is a responsible one."

"To me it is just a job."

"As you wish," the priest said. "You know, I was looking for you. It was I who wanted advice. At the ford, you know—is it safe to cross there still?"

Rincon shrugged. "Why not? We will not interfere with you or anyone going *into* Mexico. It is with those who are seeking to enter this country that we interfere. There is no patrol to speak of on the other side. It is later they will get you. I don't know why you bother."

"If the people want priests, we must go to them," the priest said. "But tell me, the ford has not shifted or anything like that? It is still there?"

"Yes. It is not used much any more. It is too well known."

"You will be riding by there tomorrow night?" the priest said. "If you hear someone on a mule, it will be myself. You and your partner will not mind?"

"It is your business," Rincon said. "I think you are crazy but I wish you luck. I must go now. To meet a friend across the river. *Adios.*"

"*Adios,*" the priest said. "I shall pray for you."

ALVAREZ was waiting for him in the patio behind the bar where the white tablecloths gleamed in the thin electric light from the bare bulbs strung randomly overhead. There was a young woman with Alvarez, as usual, handsome until she smiled and the gold tooth showed.

"*Amigo,*" Alvarez said, rising and embracing Rincon. He slapped lightly Rincon's hips for a gun, but Rincon did not feel insulted.

"I thought you were dead or in jail," Rincon said.

Alvarez laughed loudly. "Not I, *amigo,* not I." It was all much too hearty and Rincon knew that something unpleasant would be mentioned soon.

IT CAME after a while, when the meal was about over. With Alvarez, Rincon knew, the man gave himself away by many small things. Now he had started to call Rincon *José.* . . . To let Rincon know they were both of Mexican blood.

"*Vamos!*" Alvarez said suddenly to the girl. His grip on her arm was heavy enough to make her wince as he half dragged her up from the chair without rising himself. "Sit at the other end of the bar until we are through."

The girl went away, and Alvarez grinned at Rincon. "You look nervous, *José, amigo,*" he said. "You think I am going to ask for something dangerous but I am not."

"No?" Rincon said.

"No. Tomorrow night I will be driving a small mule train, possibly two burros, across at the ford below the *lomas.* You will be on patrol in that area tomorrow, no?"

"You know," Rincon said.

"It would be to my advantage, to say nothing of your own, if I were not to be noticed."

Rincon stared at the edge of the table to the left of Alvarez. He was quiet for longer than he realized, until Alvarez said, "Well, what do you say, *José, amigo?*"

"What are you bringing in?"

"Does it matter, *amigo?*"

He said *amigo* too much, Rincon thought. He heard himself say, "Yes . . ."

**"Well, what'll we do, have another bag of popcorn or walk down to the hamburger stand for a real meal?"**

JOHN A. RUGE

Alvarez didn't like it. Now it was going to be nasty, Rincon knew. "Supposing," Alvarez said, "that your superiors were told of the time you let the Gold Shirts run the guns across at Matamoros?"

"It was not strictly our business to stop them."

"And suppose they knew you were one of the Gold Shirts?"

"I was a Fascist at the time," Rincon said, "because I thought they would free Mexico. Then I found it was a racket, too, like most of the revolutions of my time . . ." He was without bitterness.

Alvarez shrugged. "Still, your superiors would not be interested in how noble your intention was. They would be interested merely in a border patrolman being on the membership list of the Gold Shirts."

"The Gold Shirts are all finished with now," Rincon said. "My superiors w not believe you."

"We could see about that," Alv said. "You are of Mexican blood. would be suspicious."

It was a good thrust, Rincon knew was what Alvarez had used those c times: how they did not like or trust because he was a Mexican, so why betray them?

"What are you bringing in?" Ri said.

"You are stubborn," Alvarez

"I know it's not liquor," Rincon

Alvarez looked at him: "Morphi

Rincon grew excited for some re obscure to him. "Morphine? That n morphine—two mule loads must worth tens of thousands of dol You'll be rich."

Alvarez nodded, grinning as th pleased. "And then planes—fast pl to do a really good job here along border."

"We'll have planes by then to you."

"I doubt it," Alvarez said.

RINCON did not speak. Exciter and revulsion were curiously bler in him.

"You will do it, then?" Alvarez "Arrange to be near the ford, instea Manners? It could be unfortunate Manners."

"No, I can't help you." Rincon

"Why not?"

"I don't like the idea."

"You were not so particular du prohibition."

"That was different. There is n ing wrong with a man taking a dri

"There is no difference," Alvarez "Some take pleasure from drinl some from women, some from d Who are we to worry over which a may choose?"

There seemed—to Rincon—a ce logic in Alvarez's glibness, and he tated. "Still, I do not like it," he

"Why?"

Rincon hesitated again. "When w on vacation to the north," he said, are encouraged to go to the place imprisonment in other cities and st there, what do they call it, penology

"Yes, penology," Alvarez said in lish. He didn't know what the meant.

"We go to all the various type prisons up there. When a man is g to the taking of drugs and they caught him, they give him what call a reducing treatment. Seven I think it is, of lessening doses, and he is placed in a cell with others o kind and with none of the drug. not pleasant."

"Why not?"

"Well," Rincon said, lamely, "s days is not enough. His body still cr the drug. The guards there have a n for what happens. The placing of man in the cell is called by them 'k ing it out.' "

"You mean they are beaten?" Alv said.

"No, it is simply that their bodies not prepared for abstention from drug. I saw them, there. It was pleasant."

"It is no concern of mine," Alv said, "if the big cities of the north d know how to treat their prisoners.

Rincon saw that Alvarez had mi the point. Rincon thought it mus his own fault that Alvarez had; it not occur to him that it was a Alvarez could not get, under any cumstances.

They were both silent for a while, varez looking steadily at Rincon,

l ked away from Alvarez. "Are you g ng to be there tomorrow night?" Al- v ez said.

No," Rincon said.

Five hundred dollars for you, also?"

I don't like it," Rincon said.

You'll be there and let us through," A arez said without anger.

Rincon did not raise his eyes. He h rd Alvarez get up. "We'll time it to b there when your patrol is passing so t t you can arrange to be the one to t e the trail by the river."

he fellow knew everything, Rincon t ight, but still did not look at Alvarez. H would be there, all right, he knew, j as Alvarez wanted him to be.

NOT enough dew had fallen to settle the dust. It rose under their horses' h fs and billowed up, almost unseen in th clear starlight. Manners was a man w out much imagination. For him, R con's silence tonight had no unusual q lity. Riding the trail that ran near th wide gorge in which the river flowed, M nners heard Rincon exclaim word- le y:

What's the matter, Joe?"

Nothing," Rincon said.

hey rode on in silence. It had just o rred to Rincon that it was not un- li y that the priest would be crossing th ford about the time Alvarez's mules w ld be coming over the other way; in th irst, full dark, before the moon rose. T man was crazy, like a child, Rincon th ght. Still, he thought almost wist- fu , it must be fine to be that way: de- vo d to something that much, believing in od enough to want to serve Him. F an uneasy moment, Rincon wished th he, too, might again believe in God th much, as he had when a young man. W , the priest would have to take his ch ces. He knew what he was going in

ey were at the place where the trail fo d. The right branch ran along the pl n, the left went diagonally down the bl or *lomas* to run for about two miles al g the riverbank. In the middle of th stretch it was intersected by the fo used legally and illegally for cen- tu s. After running along the river, pa lleling the right fork, but a mile or so way from it, the trail went upward ag n, rejoining the right fork about four mi s from where it left it.

ll go down tonight," Manners said. W n they were shorthanded, as they ha een lately, one man rode the upper tra one the lower.

ll go," Rincon said.

ou went last time," Manners said. "I go. This damn' business of riding pa l shorthanded is a nuisance. It co l be bad down there some night. Pa lmen have been killed there be- for

ot in ten years," Rincon said, dully. "T ford is hardly ever used now."

e should both go down."

he orders are to patrol both forks of e trail."

nners protested some more, but wh they separated, it was Rincon who ro down toward the river.

e heat increased and the smell of sag was stronger. There was no sound but hat made by the horse.

hough the gorge was perhaps a qu er of a mile wide, the river here wa not itself wide. What wind there wa lew overhead, from bluff to bluff. Do where Rincon was, there was only the eat and the silence and the un- cer in starshine in the water. The hor moved uneasily and nuzzled a litt hollow where moisture had lain afte the last rain. Rincon let the ani- ma nove closer to the channel, where it dra briefly. Rincon felt oppressed. It uld be foolish, standing there while Alv ez' mules came. Still, what else was here to do? And five hundred was nic Nor would he lose his pension as he would if his superiors knew of those things which were part of the past.

They were coming now. Rincon had really heard them first, but it seemed to him that he saw them before he heard them, slow, shapeless masses of darkness moving against the luminous darkness of the water above the ford. His horse stamped.

"*José, amigo?*" Alvarez's voice was querulous, hushed.

"What is it?" Rincon said in a low voice. In that silence, in that place, a whisper would carry almost across the channel.

"It is us," Alvarez said in Spanish.

The donkeys made harsher noises as their hoofs came from water onto rock. Closer now, Rincon could see them. Something made him feel dull and stupid, perhaps his conscience. There was two others with Alvarez. Rincon could see their rifles gleam in the starlight. His own rifle remained in its boot, his automatic in its holster.

The burros paused. Rincon could feel the eyes of the drivers on him. "This is fine," Alvarez said. Some triumph, apart from a successful financial coup, sounded in his voice; he was of those who take pleasure in making another do wrong. Rincon sensed what was in Alvarez's voice, without actually knowing what it was. Before he could speak there was the sound of a donkey approaching from the west along the trail.

Alvarez cursed and his men turned away from Rincon. It was the priest, Rincon knew, and spoke quickly: "Do not be alarmed, it is no one of importance."

"If we are trapped, I shall kill you," Alvarez said. "If I am captured, I shall tell them of you."

"It is a priest," Rincon said. "A simple man. He must go into Mexico. Who are we to interfere?" He wished the priest had waited.

The priest and his small donkey were near now and paused. He was dressed as yesterday, Rincon saw, noting the outline of the straw hat against the sky. There was a slight pause before anyone spoke. Rincon, whose intuitions were more accurate than his thought, knew that the priest had sensed evil.

"I—I see you have friends with you tonight, Rincon," the priest said, rather incongruously. "I hope I have not embarrassed you."

"No," Rincon said. "Just go across."

IN ANOTHER silence the priest hesitated. "It would be best to hurry," Rincon said. Why hadn't the man avoided evil instead of coming into it, he thought.

"No," Alvarez said quickly. Then, in Spanish to Rincon: "He may inform on both of us. You must be crazy. It would be best to kill him."

"He speaks Spanish," Rincon said. Something had gone wrong and words, which were often a trouble to him, would not come. He started to say "No," when the gun went off. As the priest fell silently and heavily to the ground, it seemed to Rincon that the man's right arm had been raised almost as though in a blessing.

"In the channel," Alvarez said, "it is deep and my men can drop him there quickly. They can hurry before your partner can come down the west trail." He was very cool, even rather pleased with himself, and totally unprepared for Rincon's shooting him. The heavy slug from the automatic caught him in the left shoulder, spinning him once before he fell. A rifle went off near Rincon and his cap was jerked from his head. He fired once at a moving, leaning shape and dropped, rolling to the cover of a rock.

From near by in the darkness Alvarez was cursing; the mildest thing Rincon was was a traitor. Far off, easily two miles away, Manners fired a shot of assurance. A lot could happen before Manners came, Rincon knew. One of them would go behind him . . .

He made a sudden movement in the silence; a rifle and Alvarez's automatic went off. Rincon found out what he wanted to know. He had gotten one of the drivers. The donkeys were clattering off toward the ford. "The burros, the burros," Alvarez said. "Catch them." Rincon saw the other driver start erect, in fear of Alvarez, then start to crouch again, then fall as Rincon's slug took him sidewise.

"I shall kill you," Alvarez said, but there was fear in his voice, "and if they should first capture me, I will inform on you."

"Then it might be best if I were to kill you," Rincon said, "*amigo*."

The burros were still moving toward the ford. "Conrado! Miguel!" Alvarez screamed for his dead drivers. "The burros! The stuff is not in watertight bags. If they should fall!"

THE sound of the burros on rock faded to their sound in water. Alvarez rose to one knee and fired directly at where he had seen the flash of Rincon's gun. The bullet whined off and the rock fragments hit Rincon in the forehead, stunning him slightly. Blood ran into his left eye. He could hear Alvarez running toward the ford. Rincon fired but the running kept on. He held his hand over his left eye and could see the shape moving in the darkness. He took aim, coldly and deliberately, and fired. Alvarez started to scream but there was only a kind of animal-like gurgle and then silence.

Rincon waited, then stood up. Not until after he had been standing almost a minute did he think that if one of the others was feigning death, he himself would be shot. But they were all dead. He moved slowly and stupidly from one body to another. They were all dead. The priest, cleanly and quickly through the head. One of the drivers through the head, another sidewise through the arm and heart. Alvarez through the shoulder and then—a lucky shot—through the throat.

Rincon stood there, silently, among the slain. He tried to think, but none of the proverbs in which he thought seemed to cover what had happened. . . .

He heard, as though it were unimportant, Manners creeping toward them among the brush and rocks. "It is all right, Bill," Rincon said in a small voice. "They are all gone."

Manners stood and walked toward them. His heavy flashlight picked out, one by one, the dead, from where he stood near Rincon. He whistled. "Boy, you didn't clean up or anything, did you, Joe?"

When Rincon did not speak, Manners touched the priest with his toe. "This one looks like an American. What was he doing with them?"

"He was not of them," Rincon said.

"Then how come he's dead?"

For an instant, the mind flashed clear. They had all died for himself, Rincon felt suddenly, but the priest especially had died so. It was not an altogether pleasant feeling. He knew, in the same flash, that he would carry their deaths with him all his life, as a kind of burden of honesty. It was too much for him.

Manners noticed, in the light on the rock, several little drops fall at Rincon's feet. "What's that dripping, Joe?"

"Blood," Rincon said. "Pieces of the rock cut me when they fired."

He turned away quickly from Manners' searching glance. The spots on the rock were not blood, they were tears. The little wounds had dried before Manners came. But now, at this moment, it seemed easier to Rincon to say blood than tears.


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# HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES

## *3 ways at same time!*

## Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A splitting headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach — all tending to aggravate the pain in your head. *That's headache's "vicious circle!"*

And that's why a mere single-acting pain-reliever may prove so unsatisfactory. It may relieve only the pain in your head and still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with a product that acts *3 ways at the same time*—Bromo-Seltzer. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH.

Next time you get a headache, fight it 3 ways at the same time. Take 60 seconds out for a Bromo-Seltzer.* See if it doesn't leave you feeling refreshed; more alert both mentally and physically. Get Bromo-Seltzer today!

**Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

# BROMO-SELTZER

WE YIELD to nobody in our dislike for Hitler, or in our hope to see him some day, somehow, kicked up some convenient blind alley for good. Nevertheless, we have to stretch our imaginations strenuously in order to picture ourselves hating Finland.

In the winter of 1939-40, the Finlanders under Field Marshal Mannerheim put up the most heroic struggle against overwhelming odds that the world had witnessed since the Dutch fought off the Spaniards in the 16th Century.

For one reason or another, neither Britain nor France sent the Finns any aid to amount to anything, though there were loud shouts of "Go it, boys; we're all for you!" Could the Finns have held out a little longer, substantial Allied aid would have arrived; but they couldn't, and it didn't. Finland had to quit.

The dauntless little nation was robbed of the best one tenth of its territory by Russia, and went on semistarvation rations while it strove to rebuild. It gradually moved into the German orbit, as happened during the previous war, and presently the British were blockading Finland. Britain was no doubt justified in doing that, under the rules of war as practiced nowadays; but the effect on the Finns personally was that they got hungrier than ever.

Then came Hitler's decision to leap f in's throat. Rumania, another natio which Stalin had grabbed territory wh grabbing was good for him, went all t with Hitler. Finland gagged for a few d finally also sided with Hitler.

To repeat, we don't blame Finlan expect never to forget the epic of the M heim Line, or that other epic of little F paying on its American debt year afte We hope for Hitler's eventual immolatio we also hope that Finland may someho out of this fight stronger, better protect happier than it ever was before.

# There Ought to be a Law

IT'S an overworked phrase: "There ought to be a law." But in the case of the Federal Communications Commission, we're convinced that there really ought to be a more stringent law than there is.

The FCC is a seven-man board which grew out of the old Federal Radio Commission, which was created by Congress and told with a vague wave of the hand to regulate the then infant radio industry.

In the last few years the FCC has made itself ridiculous time and again. It has tried to regulate the morals of radio programs, and then the thrill-content of them, tripping over its own feet in both cases. It threw a wrench a while ago into the natural development of television —a wrench which the radio industry only now is beginning to extract from the works.

And now the FCC, like Don Quixote attacking the windmill, is trying to break up an alleged National Broadcasting Co. monopoly which, so far as we can make out, does not exist. NBC operates two networks. These two networks do not throttle freedom of speech by air, and do not cut legitimate radio operators off the air. They do enable NBC to collect enough money from sponsored programs to pay the freight on a lot of worth-while unsponsored programs. The Town Meeting of the Air, Toscanini and the Metropolitan Opera are three examples.

If the FCC succeeds in smashing this arrangement, it will open the door to radio wildcatters and shoestringers, who will torment the listening public with worse stuff than the worst put out by NBC or any other chain—truly a frightful prospect. Further, the FCC will, if it wins this fight, make it financially nonfeasible for NBC to be anywhere near as generous as it is now with free time for politicians to present both sides of various issues to the public.

All this power-grabbing by the five-man majority on the FCC (Commissioners Craven and Case often show sense and discretion) could be stopped if Congress would p aforesaid law.

Such a law would specifically deli powers of the FCC. It would protect waves against bureaucrats who make w themselves so as to look as if they are the salaries the taxpayers pay them. I protect small stations from impositions stations, and—equally important—vice And it would strictly curtail the FCC's power to jerk any station's license on more than the whim or caprice or peeve commission.

Unless Congress enacts such a la reasonably soon, the FCC can be count leech away the freedom of the air, unti American radio listeners will be able nothing but what seven bureaucrats in ington think they ought to hear. In ti these, when truth is both essential and get, we can imagine no greater misfor the American people.

# Epitaph for an Era

THOMAS E. DEWEY observed in a recent speech:

> I was graduated from college and then law school in the early '20's. Life then was very simple indeed, as we now view it. I don't remember a single classmate of mine in college or law school who had great trouble getting a job. . . . The object was to choose the right job offered, make as much money as you could and learn to break 80 on the golf course. The world was going to take care of itself, and all any individual had to do was to accept his share.
>
> A learned speaker at one commencement in those days solemnly advised the youth before him that the principal things of life would be achieved by joining the right organizations and knowing the right people.
>
> Another, I remember, suggested that the correct solution was even simpler—all you had to do was to marry the boss' daughter.

What we say is, thank heaven th cracked up. What a bore life would be it had gone on rolling along as in the '2 a tougher world now, but it's an infinit interesting one; and its rewards, thoug to win, are more worth winning.

All of which is only a variation on truism that the good old days are alw now and right here.

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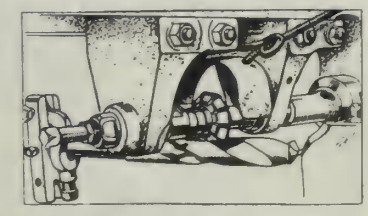

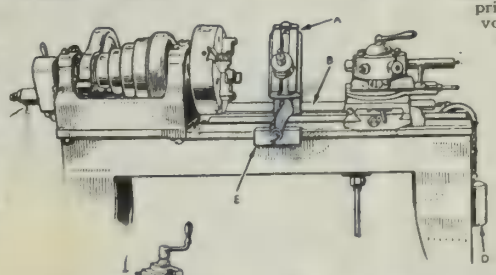

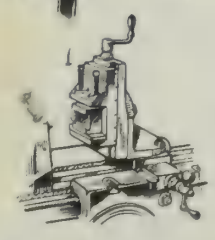

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# THIS WEEK

AUGUST 9, 1941


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COVER LAWSON WOOD


# ANY WEEK

OUR hero this week is a fellow who wears neither toga, uniform nor badge of authority. He has never rallied a people to a holy cause nor faced an enemy on a battlefield. He was rejected by the Army doctors in 1917 and he's a trifle too old to fight now. Several months ago, at the sober age of forty-five, he got married. As far as we know he had but one strong prejudice—an abiding distaste for buffet suppers. He told our informant—Mr. Edwin T. Monigore of Santa Clara, California—that he'd gone to one buffet supper when a young man and vowed then that he'd never go to another. But perhaps you know how it is. His wife, a charming and exceedingly social woman, had a great many girl friends who apparently made almost a fetish of buffet suppers. When our hero and his bride returned from their honeymoon the first of her vigorous friends gave a buffet supper in their honor. He went along, protesting mildly, however, and warning his wife that buffet suppers brought out the worst in him. But she said, "What nonsense, Alfred," or something like that, and warned him that she was going to cure him of all those old bachelor prejudices. Nevertheless, it was only with great difficulty that she dragged him to the second buffet supper, a week after the first. When, a week later, the third buffet supper was announced he refused to budge until his wife turned on a freshet of tears.

"Okay, darling," said he, with an ominous quiet that failed to warn her, "I'll go. I'll go, darling, but I have a strange feeling." So they went. The hostess was a skirted dynamo, a Helen Hokinson lady. No guest of hers had a chance. She smothered our hero with hospitable greetings and escorted him personally to her table where no fewer than sixteen different components of a superbuffet supper were arrayed. She insisted upon serving him herself, he holding his plate and she leading him along dishing out large portions of everything to our grimly unprotesting hero. When she had given him a load of everything on the table he bowed low, thanked her darkly. Then he strode to the nearest window and threw the whole mess out, plate and all. That done, he wordlessly grabbed his hat and went home. Mr. Monigore reports that our hero's wife's friends have called off their buffet suppers.

AND while we don't want to encourage gambling, we think that a less heroic adventure by a friend of Mrs. Jane Tropkik of St. Paul, Minnesota, deserves mention. Having been down on his luck for some time and consequently pennilessly in debt, Mrs. Tropkik's friend received a dispossess notice from his landlord. So many misfortunes had been his that by this time he was almost cheerful. He read the dispossess notice, started packing, found a dollar in a pair of old pants and read the dispossess order again. He took the dollar, played the serial number of the notice in the numbers racket and won a hundred and sixty-seven dollars. There should be a moral of some kind in this story. If you can pry it out you're welcome.

FOR our part we string along with a highly important member of Mr. Roosevelt's government. His duties are closely connected with our country's defense program. With the aid of several assistants he had just completed a survey of world conditions when, wholly unexpectedly, Germany waded into Russia, rendering null and void the just completed survey. He knew nothing about the war's new convulsion until his chief aide telephoned him in bed. The aide was pretty badly disappointed at the collapse of the new survey. Yet he had ideas for a fresh start and was in the midst of explaining when his superior yawned. "I'll tell you what," said he. "Let's forget it. I'm leaving at once for a five-week vacation. Why don't you? I'm beginning to suspect that this man Hitler is unpredictable."

OUR South American agent, Richard English, has informed us that he arrived in Buenos Aires just in time to fail to be invited to a wedding, which, Mr. English reports, started out on its chin. As wedding presents to each other, the bride and bridegroom exchanged checks. This somewhat unusual departure was hailed by all sides as both tender and practical. But the bridegroom's check turned out to be rubber, thus shaking the bride's first confidence. While pondering that, Mr. English picked up the Buenos Aires Herald, an English language newspaper and ran across a bit of advice and encouragement to Mr. Hitler's ill-wishers: "Thumbs up! Chins up! A stiff upper lip. Tails up. Eyes up. We'll lick the Hun hands down. Bang up."

WE'VE had so many stern reproofs for retelling ancient wheezes that we're getting hardened. But Mr. Chip Cleary of Hollywood, California, forces us to take another chance. He says that a British sapper was chatting with a German prisoner. "What will you do when the war's over?" asked the British sapper. "I shall take a bicycle tour of Greater Germany," replied the prisoner proudly. "Yes, the sapper, "and what'll you afternoon?" Furthermore, formed by Quentin Reyno British airman got on the invading German bomber, latter to earth somewhere landing the German's plane badly smashed and the pil immediate danger of being death. Rescued from his English conqueror he was vo thanks. "Quite all right, old the latter. "But tell me: wl fellows making such beastly of yourselves?"

IT DOESN'T make much whether such yarns are tr It's immaterial that they a To us, at least, they prove that can never be demon numbers of planes, size of power of powder. It's that can't lick England. We're dicting an English victory, and we're just as cagey ab man triumph. All we know screaming neurotic can imp upon people who regard beastly nuisance. So don't stopped after a few words w a couple of hefty colored w half asleep, were fishing in mac River. It was very ho no evidence of fish caught o "But you don't seem to b much," we said to them. we don't aim to," replied th asleep. "Thass white f Cap'n."

WHICH is why we're shru particularly dire prophecy "A True Irish-American." us that "after beating Russ parachute armies will des Ireland with tanks and ar squeeze the British to dea will at last be free in the of the word. Let us hear y tions, you British slave, i them." But he appeals t thority. He ought to ask the Danes, the Norwegians, the Belgians, the Greeks peoples Hitler has bludg submission, including the I this True Irish-American r few of their politicians wh betrayed them.

HERR LAVAL, for exampl


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The efficiency of Bell Telephone service is more than ever essential to government and business, and now as always Western Electric can be counted on to supply the life lines.

**Western Electric** *. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service*

# TOO BAD FOR DAVEY...

## *he had the* double O

THE girl he had always been crazy about, marrying someone else! Once, years ago, before Charlie came along, Davey might have had a chance. Edith really liked him but, fastidious girl that she was, she simply couldn't put up with the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath).

What a chump a man is to take chances when there's a delightful double precaution against frequent causes of "Double O."

For dull, offensive-looking teeth, you ought to try the new Listerine Tooth Paste . . . there's really something!

It's especially created to go after ugly surface stains, and then allows special polishing agents to help bring out the natural flash and brilliance of the enamel.

You simply have no idea how much better this new paste makes your teeth look . . . how it enhances your smile!

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If you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before every social engagement. It's the ideal pair for oral care—the double precaution against the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath).

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*the double precaution against* double O *Offensive Breath Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

# KEEP UP WITH THE WO

## By Freling Foster

*That* there is an appreciable afflux of blood to the brain during mental activity has been demonstrated several times by having persons lie on a delicately balanced table. As long as the mind is a blank, the table does not move. But when the demonstrator is given a problem to solve, the head end sinks under the increased weight.

*The* best substance for filtering air, particularly in gas masks, is charcoal made from coconut shells. One gram of its particles, or less than a teaspoonful, contains about 3,000 square yards of adsorbing surface.

*The* 1940 census has issued completely revised statistics on the land areas of all states, the first remeasurement of its kind since 1880. The five largest additions are 1,246 square miles to Texas, 1,151 to California, 1,145 to Maine, 1,058 to Mississippi and 743 to Oregon; while the five largest deductions are 992 square miles from New Mexico, 849 from Minnesota, 599 from Florida, 546 from Idaho and 541 from Wisconsin.

*Spain* holds a special lottery each Christmas for which the whole ticket costs $183 and the first prize amounts to $1,372,500. It is a double lottery, which means that if a person holds both lucky numbers the two tickets, costing $366, would win $2,745,000. Even one of these prizes is the largest amount of money ever offered at one time in the history of lotteries.

*Although* Japan has waged a vast and costly war on China for more than four years, the territory that it has conquered and now controls with an occupational army of nearly one million men contains less than ten per cent of the Chinese population.

*A* study of the past life of seven hundred schoolteachers committed to mental hospitals revealed that more than ninety per cent of them had never been interested in any kind of recreation such as movies, games, sports, music, dancing or travel.—*By Ethel P. Seely, New York, New York.*

*The* word "over" is usec compound and combined w any other in the English Webster's dictionary lis than 2,200, beginning w ability and ending with ousness.

*For* more than a cen flagships of the British Ro have been equipped with walk," a contraption rese back porch, about fifteen by five feet wide, which l on the stern of the vess supposed to be used by manding officer when he take the air.

*The* American Arman poration, with three lar in Pennsylvania, is the c pany of its kind in this Unlike all other firms t arms exclusively for and supervision of the govern AAC sells nothing to th States but is permitted to ture war materials for othe nations.

*The* only Negro whos has appeared on Unite postage is Booker T. Wa and the only Negress to an American justice is Bolin, who sits in the Cou mestic Relations in New

*One* New York compa proofs" buildings so that no longer be fouled by while another organizatio proofs" outdoor amusem such as concert stadiums ball parks, so their night will not be bothered by m

*Although* public zoolo dens have been known si established its famous "Ir Park" in 1100 B.C., ther more than a hundred in today and about forty tained by two countries— States and Germany.

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And, with 8500 Chevrolet dealers dotting America, you're always near home when you want skilled, reliable Chevrolet service.

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And isn't it surprising how much better anything tastes when you *know* it's clean?

Yes, soda fountains serving in Dixie Cups are a part of the trend of the times.

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**Food manufactu** for packing ic tage cheese, many other fo

ollier's
ATIONAL WEEKLY
AUGUST 9, 1941

# COME DOWN SHOOTIN'

**BY W. B. COURTNEY**

**gathered behind German lines by Collier's W. B. ney, is the first complete of the paratroops—how hy they were created, igorous training, the or- tion and fighting meth- hich produce a cocky aristocracy of killers**

ACME

**German paratroops during maneuvers have freed themselves from their chutes and rush to secure their rifles, which, fully loaded and enclosed in a metal container, have been dropped from the same plane that carried the chutists. Below, a paratroop unit in Crete is greeted by what Germany calls "a representative of the populace"—probably a fifth columnist**

EUROPEAN

one blustery, rain-smeared aft- oon you are approaching Sten- 70 miles west of Berlin, in th a German staff officer. You plane and look up to see a tri- unkers-52 brushing along under ceiling. Neither an unusual r sound in Germany these days. before you look away in bore- velty explodes into the misty

w, so close, you can see every seven boys come tumbling out lane's door, each with a travel- of some description: one an ioned portmanteau, another a arpetbag of the Bismarck era, a nappy modernistic number.

roup descent by parachute al- ems to you like a sudden garden ky. You expect to see this one scattered by the turbulent wind. contrary, although the soldiers severely, they steer, manipu- time their chutes so deftly that ey reach the ground they are so gether it's like the collapse of a ren-petaled flower.

u drive in upon the airfield the tists are walking toward their s. You might think they had pped from a bus.

colonel says: "It's Tuesday. just back from Easter leave." earn it is a custom at all para- every week end, or at least er enough men are going on justify it, to disperse the soldiers the nation to their homes by tes. Planes—those customarily ed by the schools for training gular schedules. Each plane- grouped for convenience accord- ea, as suburban taxis might take commuters who live in the same rhood. Each boy is dropped as this home as possible. Actual in- have been recorded of soldiers in their own back yards. You ost imagine a paratrooper yell- is small brother on the ground, run tell Ma to put supper on!" ats down into the rhubarb patch. eturn journeys, groups assemble own expense at airports nearest homes. Inasmuch as Germany, tary purposes, has more than d airfields, big and little (in an aller than Texas), this means a alk for many soldiers; a bus, r bike ride for the others. If collections" are to be made in where airports may be com- ely far apart, then designated on the *Reichsautobahnen,* or na- highways, are utilized. While at he soldiers have repacked their because arrival back at the must be made by jump.

"This program," the colonel says, "is here domestic propaganda stunt, h it serves that purpose too, by arousing local interest. The parasoldier is an object of curiosity to the elders, of envy to the youth. He is bound to be questioned, and bound to do a sales job in educating the public, as you would say.

"Most important, however, it is sheer indoctrination, very carefully planned. It is not mere generosity or thoughtfulness toward the soldiers: it is a reasoned part of their schooling. It quickly applies to their personal needs what has been hitherto for most of them an unfamiliar, or at the most a circus, measure. The men are not denied leave if they wish to go home by other means. There is no compulsion. Still we find them standing around begging for the rides. And this is what we aim at in the schools—make it the natural thing to do. Bring them to mental acceptance of their chutes as a routine, almost casual, useful and precise instrument.

"Chute leave not only gives the soldiers more time at home in any case; it also enables many to travel distances that would be impracticable by surface means for brief holidays. This makes paraservice attractive. It helps to relieve the strain imposed by soldiers on leave on railroads and other surface lines that are badly needed for food and equipment movement. I think you must already find this a considerable factor even in the United States. We are repaid in every way. There is no *extra* strain on our gas supply because the double purpose is served of training pilots to find objectives and drop chutists with reference to them, and it fulfills the practice-jump quotas to precision landings which the chutists would have to make anyway!"

You will hear a lot about "precision landings" today, much talk of the parachute as a precise instrument. Listen, because it's an important part of the whole German theory of paratroops, and of profound interest to Americans who want to see their own defense preparations forwarded.

The colonel talks frankly of the German paratroop background:

"The lesson of 1914-18 was that defense by trenches and other positional measures backed by machine guns had immobilized the old-style warfare of mass movement and maneuver. Such war could only result in total waste of men, national resources and time without possibility of decision—in a military sense. Air warfare promised a loophole; but how to employ it?

"Traditionalists insisted that the

plane was just a new addition to war's arms—that air force was merely auxiliary to either naval or land force. The enthusiasts, as always, made the mistake of claiming everything for air power. Imperialistic growth was predicated on sea power. And veteran seamen insisted that only sea power could control water lines of communication. While army men said that air power could never win wars alone, because you must actually occupy a country in order to conquer it.

"The Italians, misled by the sheer brilliance of General Douhet; the Russians, equally misled by the requirements of their geography and their lack of adequate or efficient surface transportation, foolishly put most of their military eggs in the aviation basket. Neither was fitted by industrial background, engineering or research personnel—Italy, moreover, lacked the natural resources and national wealth—to make this great experiment. Both came to disaster. Both made a too-belated swing to a more balanced concept.

"We remembered there is always truth in tradition. We looked for a middle way; listened more to your General Mitchell than to General Douhet. Mitchell was the first high officer to see that air power was more than a new auxiliary; that it was a genuinely new arm which, to blossom to tactical and strategical fullness, required independence of command and administration—while, of course, submitting to that co-ordination between arms, that unity of supreme command, which is fundamental for national success.

"At any rate, presently we believed we had worked out the answer to the two main contentions of the traditionalists: First, our medium-range bombers to co-operate with submarines in the harassment of enemy sea lanes. Our High Command statistics for this war show that one fourth of the total enemy tonnage sunk by us has fallen to the Luftwaffe; sixty per cent to the submarines; the rest to surface raiders. Second, air power through paratroops *can* occupy a country—thus conquer it. By complete independence of each command, yet perfect co-operation and timing by all concerned, we think we have co-ordinated into one arm a combination of the facilities and effectiveness of three arms—that is, land, sea and air!"

### Germany Keeps Her Secret

Aside from her general strategical plans, the preparation and strength—not the existence, which couldn't be hidden—of Germany's paratroops has been one of her two greatest war secrets. The other is the size of her war reserves. Even the number of her planes and her capacity for producing them can be guessed with greater accuracy.

Perhaps the greatest mystery is how Germany concealed from the foreign attachés in Berlin—whose job it is to gather telltale statistics of this sort—her importation of enough silk for enormous numbers of parachutes, for pilots and air crews as well as for paratroops. Yet no one seemed to tumble to the fact that silk for any civil or household purpose was always a rare luxury in Germany, and that silk shirts were always the scarcest item of male attire there—what the well-dressed man couldn't afford to wear.

Since the war began, a humble worker in a factory at Hanover discovered a new material or processing of which the Luftwaffe people will give you no closer description than "It's a kind of silk blend!" At any rate, he was handsomely rewarded and is now operating director of a factory in mass production on parachutes. They are being made also out of flax, and from wool.

The origin of parachute usage in warfare is obscure. They were extensively employed in the Great War to land spies and saboteurs. It is also of record that in 1917 General Mitchell tried to persuade General Pershing to permit him to form an experimental troop of parachute fighters. Thus Mitchell was probably the first man professionally to express the notion of paratroops.

Grandstand quarterbacks of all staffs will tell you now that it was an inevitable idea. But the Soviet Union, stimulated by national youthfulness, was the first modern power to do something more than talk about it. During Russia's great surge of air-mindedness in the 'twenties dozens of captive jump towers were erected—the contraption at the New York World's Fair was an adaptation—and parachute battalions were formed, trained and demonstrated. The Soviet airmen nicknamed the parachutes "death roses." There is no evidence that Russia pressed her development very far. France considered paratroops next. However, the French conception early turned away from mass parachute attacks. Instead, they emphasized tactical plans for jumping single fighters, each capable of speaking several languages and thus of operating as secret agent as well as soldier. This was an unfortunate reversion toward Great War ideas. Major André Langeron, foremost French military scholar, wrote of the parachutists as "air legionnaires."

The Germans, studying their neighbors' trials, then harking back to General Mitchell, saw that paratroops must be self-contained fighting units and a major branch of war effort, not casual adventurers. Great War Ace Ernst Udet (you remember his stunt flying at Cleveland and other air races; also in the famous motion pictures The White Hell of Pitz Palu, and S.O.S. Iceberg) probably did most to midwife paratroops in Germany. Udet—short, pudgy, a bachelor who trains parakeets and holds target practice in his apartment, good-natured and full of beano—is known and liked by most American flying old-timers. He sent a sympathetic telegram to Eddie Rickenbacker when the latter was hurt in an accident last winter. He is now a colonel general, in charge of technical procurement and production—next only to Goering in Luftwaffe importance and influence.

It was in 1935 that Hitler ordered Goering to organize paratroops. Goering had his own "house regiment," a sort of glamorous parade troop which he had developed from the police force. With an eeny-meeny miney-mo finger he selected the third battalion of this regiment to be the first paratroop unit.

The officers were startled, of course, but willing. The noncoms and privates, most of them sedate married fellows, needed persuasion. So Propaganda Minister Goebbels was summoned to weave his arts upon the third battalion. He delivered to them an inveigling description, plus alluring movies, of Soviet parachute antics. A professional stunt jumper came along to demonstrate the ease and delights of parachuting. Unfortunately, he broke his collarbone and his thigh, and was carried from the premises of the reluctant third battalion on a stretcher. Nothing mo about the subject that day.

Next day, however, the t ion was paraded. Its comm "Who wants to volunteer men stepped out. The ser then asked permission to words to the men. It was g sergeant major was a throw perial army days; his brief only came from memorab authority but showed app history in the making. "The the lieutenants have volun said. Then, after a dram "Parachutists, to the right, cried.

One hundred and eight ste join the original twelve, l twenty unimaginative soul the third battalion's peaceti of 140. Rotterdam, Cor Emael, Crete—all were linl tiny with that morning in 19.

Stendal, primarily becaus able climate and terrain, w to garrison Germany's first troops. It had a secondar being not too far from ministry, yet far enough work would not be under the foreign military attachés, spondents, the tipsters.

### A Jolt for the Atta

Exactly *eight days later* maneuver was held, with Go and other aviation leaders watch the intrepid third bat som whitely in the sky. Tra ing, organization, equipme preliminary tactics—all thes been accomplished meanw your military friends will t a chore. Progress and num paratroops was kept more o dential for three years. Not cellor Hitler's fiftieth birth spring of 1939, was there a onstration. Then, during a tary review, to which all attachés, diplomats and una perts were invited, hundreds uniformed soldiers dropped mada of planes, shooting and yelling like Indians as down, forming swiftly into patterns of machine-gun soon as they had reached the

The German civil popu taken entirely by surprise. throng of unofficial witness impact had sunk in, broke i applause. The effect upon attachés was quite different no haphazard show, like "jump of the five thousand" sian maneuvers of 1932. sobering insight into a new war potentiality. It was s ambassador expressed fear forwarded his attaché's re matter he would be laughed

While General Udet an labored on the purely techr of paratroop development, staff worked on the larger fitting the new arm into thei result is what German offic as "plane-panzer" offensiv the world calls "blitzkrieg. this concept divides the r tional arms as follows: A been put into planes and cavalry into motorcycles, in into the air but largely int a follow-up role of moppin ing. Watch the commun Russia and you will see th pressed.

In descriptions of our U Army paraschool at For Georgia, certain references t sponding German paratroop widely published in Amer

*(Continued on page )*

EUROPEAN

**Germany's World War ace, Ernst Udet, had a large share in the organization and development of the new "air infantry." Now a general in the Luftwaffe, he is shown here in his own sailplane**

Idet

"Why, you've done it already," Nelson said. Bateson looked down. The two rings were lying separated on his broad palm. He said, with genuine astonishment, "Well, I'll be darned!"

# Conspiracy

## By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

THE light coming through the big window behind Kurt Bateson's desk was strong and bright. The office was big, simple almost to austerity. Some thing like Bateson himself—a big man but not fat; iron gray hair cut neat and close; a straight-clipped mustache. Bateson leaned forward a little. His big blunt fingers were patiently busy with two small, twisted, interlocking metal rings. They flashed in the bright Washington summer sunlight as Bateson turned them carefully first one way and then the other. Trying to solve the puzzle. Trying to find the one simple position that would let them fall apart.

The box at his elbow buzzed a muted, respectful note. Bateson flicked a button. His secretary's voice said, "Mr. Cathers is here, Mr. Bateson."

Bateson said, "Thanks. Send him in, please."

He flipped the button again, returned with slow persistence to the problem of the metal rings. He stopped twisting them, but still held them in his fingers as the door opened. He stood up with native politeness, said, "Come in, Cathers. Come in."

The other man crossed the room swiftly. Bateson watched him. A slender dark man, impeccably dressed, the picture of the keen executive, the hard-hitting businessman. In Bateson's eyes, as he watched Cathers come toward him, there was a hint of the same look of baffled bafflement he had given the metal rings. But he reached a big hand in greeting, then gestured to a chair by the desk. They both sat down. Bateson's fingers began playing with the rings again, but his eyes were on Cathers' face. He said agreeably, "It's good of you to come down."

Cathers' smile was thin and quick. He said, "A two-million-dollar order makes travel a delight."

Bateson said, "Sure." Then, a little more slowly, "There's no easy fortune in it. Not in any of this defense work, if I can help it. It's my job to keep production up and profits down."

Cathers said suavely, "I quite understand that."

Bateson said, "Sure. But I'm a production man. I told them that when I took over here. I'm not so good at the ins and outs."

His eyes were on the metal rings now. There was a moment of silence. Bateson said, "Well, you've almost got it."

Cathers said, "Almost?"

THERE was the faintest edge of metal in his voice. Bateson stopped twisting the rings and looked up. He said, "We've got to have those compression pumps in a hurry. They've got to be right, but if we can possibly help it we don't want to wait for tooling up. So we asked for bids and descriptions on a pump that could be produced at once. Yours was closest. It was almost the exact thing we want."

Cathers said, "Then why the 'almost'?"

Bateson looked at him. He said slowly, "Well, for one thing Markey doesn't think you can meet the price without squeezing your labor. We've got enough headaches in that line."

There was rising color in Cathers' face. He said, "Markey's a—"

Bateson raised his hand quickly. "Never mind. We don't go looking for trouble. We want pumps. We'll take that up when we come to it."

Cathers said, "Then what?"

Bateson said nothing. His eyes, fixed on the rings again, still held a dogged, unsatisfied look. He gave the rings a final, exasperated tug, looked up at Cathers and grinned. He said, "Twiddling while Rome burns. I've been fooling with them all morning. It's got me down."

Cathers' politeness was a little thin. But he said, "Let me try. There's always a trick to them."

Bateson said, "Sure. Take a crack at it."

He tossed the puzzle across the desk. Cathers picked it up, his fingers thin and quick. He said, "I've done them. It's just a trick of lining them up."

He was busy for a minute. Bateson watched him, a faint frown creasing between his heavy brows. He looked like a man straining to see through fog. Irritation quickened in Cathers' fingers. He said, "You're sure it can be done? Sometimes—"

Bateson said, "It's no joke. Young Nelson in the specifications office had it. He did it twice right under my eyes, but it gets me down." He chuckled deeply. "I guess he got a kick out of stumping the boss."

Cathers' head was bent. He straightened suddenly. The metal rings clinked as he handed them back to Bateson. His effort to be smooth was very apparent now. He said, "Mr. Bateson, could we get down to business?"

Bateson turned the rings slowly between his fingers. He said, "Why, sure. But it's like the gadget here. It's got to be in line."

Cathers said, "What isn't in line?"

Bateson said with slow frankness, "I don't quite know. It's partly what Markey—"

Cathers made a quick gesture. Bateson's lifted hand cut him short again. Bateson sat frowning at the rings. Then he said, "Well, there's one thing I can clean up."

He bent close to the office phone, flicked the button, and murmured briefly. When he straightened up, he sat looking at Cathers for a long, reflective moment. His face still wore a look of patient, prodding search. There was a slow minute in which neither man spoke. Then the office door opened. Bateson said, "Come in."

He looked past Cathers to the young man standing in the door. For a moment, their faces were almost in line. Bateson's fingers stopped twisting the rings. He looked like a man who stares through fog, and the fog clearing. He stared for a moment longer. Then he said softly, "Cathers, I think you know young Nelson here?"

Cathers' face was motionless, controlled. He returned Bateson's look. "No," he said. "I'm afraid I don't."

Bateson shrugged faintly. Nelson hesitated a second, then came across the floor. His glance flicked briefly to Cathers, then back to Bateson. He said. "You sent for me, sir?"

BATESON smiled slightly and held out his hand. He said, "I only wanted you to do this darned puzzle. It's got me down. It's got the whole defense program down. For Pete's sake show me, and then take it away."

"Why, you've done it already," Nelson said quickly.

Bateson looked down. The two rings were lying separated on his broad palm. He said, with genuine astonishment, "Well, I'll be darned!"

Nelson took the rings in fingers that shook slightly. He said, "It's easy. You just slip them together like this, and then—"

Bateson said, "Never mind."

He was looking at Cathers, and his face was hard. He said, "When I asked if you knew Nelson just now, you denied it without even looking around. A man generally takes a look, just to make sure."

Cathers half rose. He said, "What are you—"

Bateson said, "In line, Cathers. I just put it in line. With what's been bothering me. With the look on young Nelson's face when he came in and saw you here. I only wanted him to do the puzzle, but he didn't know that. And what he didn't know scared hell out of him." Bateson sat back in his chair. He said, "We need compression pumps. We need them like the very devil. But not from a chiseler who fakes his specifications and then steals precious weeks—months maybe—while he tools up."

He turned swiftly, said, "What did he pay you, Nelson? How much did it cost him to get his specifications so beautifully right?"

Nelson said, "But, Mr. Bateson—"

He stopped miserably. Bateson said, "You're out, son." And to Cathers, "We'll be taking a not-quite-so-perfect pump. But a real one. From somebody who plays it straight."

IT WAS quiet in the office again. Bateson sat staring at his desk. The sunlight glinted on the rings. Bateson picked them up, began twisting them again with dogged patience. They stayed stubbornly linked.

"Damn," Bateson said softly, "damn, damn. . . ."

# Cream-Puff Sailor

## By Herbert Dalmas

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

**Education of a yachtsman. He knew more about boats than he did about women**

I REMEMBER when the racing fleet on Sachem Lake consisted of four very old Mowers, several Suicides, two St. Lawrence One Designs, a half-dozen homemade unclassifiables, and something called a Swedish Square Meter. There was also Gord Lawlor's Class A scow, Virginia, but she was the scratch boat and we never saw much of her under sail, because she was always home and put to bed by the time we got anywhere near the finish line.

Our racing starts in those days were enough to gray your hair. They were always reaching, and the whole fleet would come down on the line at once, whooping for buoy room, violently fending one another off, half of them jibing around the marker and the other half trying to protect their rigging from flying booms. The confusion used to last for minutes, and it looked like a log jam; but after it got straightened out everybody was in a fine state of exhilaration for the rest of the race. We were competing, on a series basis, for a cup we had all chipped in to buy, and nobody in the fleet thought one bit more of winning it than he did of his right eye.

We had no club house, of course. We used to race off the Sachem Gun Club wharf, where they shot traps in the fall; and afterward there'd be a keg of beer and we'd discuss racing.

I used to be sheet man for Wally Hanford. He owned one of the St. Lawrence One Designs, and we took the cup the first year. Hap Berger tended the stays and acted as utility man and roving ballast. Susan Meade was on the jib.

Wally was big, with wide shoulders and no hips to speak of and sandy hair and brown eyes. His hand, which weighed roughly forty-five pounds when he slapped you heartily on the back, was lighter than a dying breeze when it was on the tiller.

He and Susan were the important things on that boat. Susan looked on the jib as an only and delicate child—except that she got more out of it. The thing you noticed first about Susan was her eyes, which were dark blue and usually rather grave. She never seemed to be a knockout as to looks, although when you came to think of it, you saw she had everything. She just never worked at it. I think it was her complete unconsciousness of self that was her greatest charm. She was the only girl in the fleet and as popular as anybody. That tells a lot about her. Wally's boat was named the Susan, and that tells the rest.

Well, one day after this had been going on for a couple of years, we were lying around sunning ourselves and Wally said he thought we ought to organize. There had been a lot of new boats come into the fleet, and we were getting to the point where it behooved us to take racing more seriously.

There was sense in that. After all, we were only the second era of sail racing on Sachem Lake. There had been a golden age some years ago, before any of our times, when the Lake Sachem Yacht Club had enjoyed a fame far out of proportion to its size. None of us knew anything about it firsthand, and to be honest we didn't believe half of what we heard from our families.

But we were proud of the lake, and we respected the traditions even while we were skeptical of them. We used to talk about "the old Atalanta"—never just "the Atalanta" for some reason—and swap secondhand lies about the fabulous exploits of that legendary Class A scow which none of us had ever seen. We bandied freely such names as Bradley, Robertshaw, Withrow, Steuben, Cross and Merton—all great sailors in their day, though they had all gone some place else to live or died before any of us had grown up. We knew how the old clubhouse had burned down and how sailing had somehow died with it, and I guess we felt we had some responsibility to revive it.

WALLY'S idea caught on. We all envied Gord Lawlor's Class A, and that being in the tradition of the old Atalanta, Class A seemed the logical class to push. Susan said she had some money saved up, but if Wally would marry her without a dowry, she'd put it with what he could get from selling the Susan, and they'd buy an A. The Douglas boys, Howard, Lew and Bob, who sailed the other St. Lawrence, said they'd follow along, and that would make three. Three was officially a class.

Wally and Susan got theirs a week before the Douglas boys, and it was a beauty. There was some difficulty about naming it. Wally refused to own any part of or skipper a boat that wasn't named Susan; he also refused to call it Susan II on the grounds that it was misleading, only one Susan being possible. So they just took over the name of the old boat, and Wally said if it wasn't quite regular, it would have to be explained by the transmigration of souls.

We called ourselves the Sachem Lake Yacht Club to make a distinction from the old Lake Sachem organization, but we began with a blessing from them in a way. Justin Withrow, one of the skippers of the old Atalanta, turned out to be a surgeon in Washington, and he donated a cup to be competed for by the A's in a special race at the climax of each season. It was quite a cup too. Capacity about five gallons, very fancy in the older fashion, and solid silver from truck to keel.

But I never got to be in the first race for it. About that time the company I worked for sent me West for an indefinite term, and I had to be satisfied with an incoherent letter from Wally telling me that they had won and that the new Susan was the miracle boat of the world and probably about five times better than the old Atalanta.

Wally was not the letter-writing type, and I wasn't much surprised to hear from him less and less and finally not at all. I still got the club bulletins, though, so I could follow the growth of the fleet. It went up to twelve Class A's, with a dinghy class and a miscellaneous handicap division besides. Also, halfway through the first summer after it had been formed, the club acquired the clubhouse. I had the details of this from my family, but I couldn't place the house they mentioned, so I didn't think much about it.

It was very hard to have to hear about all this at a distance of twenty-five hundred miles, and when I learned that they were planning a three-day regatta late in August of the second year, I couldn't stand it any longer. I was due to make a trip to the home office within the next six months anyway, so I stretched a number of points and timed it for the regatta.

It was the afternoon of the first day of it when I got in, and I hurried right out to the club before I even went home. On the way out I could see the sails dotting the lake; there must have been fifty of them, and it gave me a queer mixed feeling of pride and inadequacy to think that I had helped start what they represented.

And then I arrived at the club. For a minute I just sat there in the car, and I don't think I would have been more dazed if I had gone home to find that my family had moved away. Then I got out and started to walk around the clubhouse with my mouth hanging open.

It had been a summer home—I knew that. It was low and rambling, white with blue shutters and gay awnings at the windows. I went in one of the doors, more or less to see if it was real, and found myself in a bar. Honest. A bar like the cocktail lounge of a small, exclusive summer hotel. I hurried out.

There was about an acre of lawn, with a flagpole near the breakwater, flying the club burgee and a lot of signal pennants. There must have been nearly a hundred people sitting around on the grass or in deck chairs, people I knew, of course, but not anyone that I could remember ever having shown the faintest interest in a sail before.

THEY were all talking or sipping long drinks, and there were two tables of ladies playing bridge. I said hello here and there and staggered over to the rocking-chair fleet in the sun along the breakwater. There were four middle-aged men in faintly disreputable fishing togs there, and in this handsomely dressed crowd I guess I felt that I'd be more comfortable with them.

The man I sat next to asked me if I was a member, and when I said I was, he wanted to know if it was all right for them to be sitting there.

"We came up for some fishing," he explained, "but we saw all these boats and it looked kind of interesting."

I said that as far as I was concerned they couldn't be more welcome. He had a displeased sort of face, but that apparently made him feel better. He handed me his binoculars.

"We've been trying to make out the flag on one of those boats over there," he said.

I looked where he pointed. Three of the A's had anchored across the lake. The rest of the class were spread out far up the lake, but these three weren't in any trouble.

"I can't make it out," I said. "Looks like an inverted cocktail glass."

"What would that mean?"

I had to admit I didn't know.

"Think it would be fun?" one of the other anglers said. He was bald and wore pince-nez with long black ribbons.

"Looks easy enough," the fat, red-faced man on his left said.

A little wisp of a man at the other

end leaned over and said, "M young feller can tell us how that race."

It seems they'd heard about row Cup race and having see ing, thought it looked like than trolling. I explained as could that sailing an A was a expert.

A couple of race committ flannels and yachting caps ha pass at this moment. My ang hailed them and presented They were told that anyone w A boat could enter.

"Trouble is," the displeased

**Still the other boat, in our lee, mind you, was outpointing and outfooting us. "Well," said Larain, sitting back. "Those funny old men!"**

n't seem to have a boat. Couldn't one, I suppose?"

they couldn't.

"Wll," said the fisherman in the ibboned spectacles, "there must at around somewhere. Haven't oat yard on a lake as big as this?"

two committeemen looked at ther, and one of them winked .

"Cne to think of it," he said, "there at down here at the boat yard in tlet. Called the Elvira. If you now they'd let you use it."

ew the Elvira, of course. It had n attempt by a local amateur in boatbuilding to copy the old Atalanta. It had never really sailed. It had always been a cranky old wreck from the day it was launched, and it had lain for years right where it belonged—in the junk section of the boat yard. But one thing is true of these A's. They don't leak when you launch them even after a fairly long haul-out. The Elvira had been in the open; it might not be so badly dried out. It wasn't inconceivable that it might float. But under no circumstances would it sail.

So after the two committeemen had left, I apologized for them and told my anglers the facts. They thanked me.

Then a gun went off on the wharf, and I saw that a class of dinghies was finishing, so I excused myself and strolled out to see if I could find any of the old crowd.

The winning dinghy came about, and I saw who was at the tiller: Susan Meade, and she was alone.

She didn't see me until she had brought her little cockleshell smartly to dock and came forward with her bow line. I leaned down to take it.

"Well, Bill!" she said.

That was all, but it was better than a brass band and a welcoming committee. I hauled her up, and she put her arms around me and kissed me the way a woman does when she wants you to know she'd rather see you than almost anybody else in the world—but only almost.

"Let's go back out and talk," she suggested.

*(Continued on page 51)*

# Dina Cashman

## By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHILE supporting her poverty-stricken fami in a grocery store, not far from San Franc ("Dina") Cashman takes a brief outing in the companion is the man she loves—Vere Holland, a

The outing, a happy one for both the girl and Dina returns to her home—a shanty at dingy Rail Holland goes back to Yale. Then, a few weeks lat a discovery: she is going to become a mother!

Terrified, she writes to Vere; his replies are in a desperate frame of mind, she calls on Vere's Rogers Holland, at his beautiful Burlingame es the whole story, asks for advice. He makes I proposition: Recently jilted by the woman he always love—Aline Pierpont, who has unexpec Andrew Havens, an artist—he is giving a dinn Havenses will be among the guests. Will Dina attractive girl) attend the party and arouse Al

In need of money, Dina co-operates with hin the party, and when it ends Aline Havens is c jealousy. . . . Vere's mother comes to Burlingar worldly woman (like Aline) she informs Dina an she will never permit her son to marry "beneath h

A short time later, Holland astounds Dina l calmly, if she will marry him—will become his *only*. Desperate, Dina accepts the offer; marries R

Aline Havens (whose husband, regarding Dina dinarily beautiful girl, paints her portrait) makes hide her animosity toward Mrs. Rogers Holland. . land is driving with Dina beside him, a truck ru Dina is injured—one of her legs is broken. While pital (with her leg in a plaster cast) her baby—a And Dina is radiantly happy—*for the time being*

### VIII

NOT proud, I suppose," Roge tone as thoughtful as her proud of doing—anything proud, I should think, of the way selves out of mistakes, make u Mightn't one be proud of that?"

"Perhaps," Dina said, bright

"I remember thinking about A my first wife," the man present "that I'd not played fair with h loved her, and she knew it when w ried. The Farjeons were promi but they had no money; Anna kne me, that it would be a good thing f that when she went into invalidis was something I could do to make I could take care of her. It m better, afterward," he finished sim

"Perhaps what you've done fo to make you feel better afterwar

"It was my proposition," he reminded h "I wanted to impress Aline, to call off a joke—her practical joke on me! Instead o know exactly what has happened," he ad innocent look of bewilderment that made "but I seem to be—as you might say—in seat. From the beginning she took your b a personal matter. Just as everything t her used to torture me, everything that ha seems to—to worry *her!* She always kno you. If I meet her, she's up on all the new that your mother and father came to see wanted to know all about them."

"I imagine they were safe with you," I

"And if Andy really exhibits your por vember she'll be wild," Rogers said thoug

"I don't see why." Dina was talking la opinions seemed much less important th once seemed. The great awakening of mot lessons of helplessness had changed her va

"Well, it's excellent! The best thin done!" Rogers said.

"I suppose," Dina said, "that *(Continue*

**"It is a good picture," Vere said. "Did it long to do it?" "To—to what?" Dina ask**

# Sing, Gracie, Sing!

## By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

**The lady below is Gracie Fields, the robust darling of London's music halls, whose American and Canadian benefits have netted $300,000 for dear old England, much to Herr Goebbels' indignation**

CHARLES KERLEE

most highly paid woman in the world—up to and uding a certain sultan's favorite concubine (names nheld for obvious reasons)—earning in the neighbor- f a million dollars a year is Gracie Fields. She's the ory hand from Lancashire who is advertised as "Eng- Greatest Comedienne"—and makes that title stick, she does her other royal-granted titles: Commander British Empire, Commander of the Order of St. John, e Director of The London Hospital. Also, as the ke to point out, she is pretty widely known as "The lan's Beatrice Lillie."

"Aich," Gracie says, in the abrupt accents of Lancashire, tin' proud to be—except maybe fer the pushin'-around it. Being the workingman's idol entails a great deal of utograph signing and button losing from which Gracie wealthy enough to protect herself—although she re- do so. "Ef they want to maul me before and after how, they got the right," Gracie says. "Wouldn't be me not to let 'em."

O once did she deviate from her policy of regularly her head on the block of public enthusiasm. That November, the night she sailed for America. Know- it was goodby to Gracie for a while, the benefit-for- ng audience had kept her on stage singing encores for tra hour. Then, when some kind soul finally lowered ain, Gracie heard that the crowd outside was so large ffic was stopped in the entire downtown district.

H boat was to sail in a few minutes, and convoys wait one. The only way out seemed to be via the furnace the theater, thence into a filthy coal tunnel through e had to crawl almost a block. Grimy and feeling like tors, Gracie, her accompanist and her manager paused he manhole cover at the end of the chute; listened y to the throng above them. "We want Gracie! We racie!" thousands were shouting in football-crowd

ie wiped a sentimental tear from her eye. "Well, he called with all the power of her enormously power- e, "Ef ye want me, git off the lid and lemme oop!" fans thought at first that it was some kind of ventrilo- nd there was general, baffled laughter. Gracie yelled d all the manholes in the district—scores of them— ened and stared into. The lucky people who tore off ning cover lifted her to their shoulders and bore her antly toward the pier.

turn for the free, if hectic, transportation, Gracie had a song from the bridge of the ship as it moved out into or. "It was quite a little goin'-away party," she says "Makes me 'omesick to think about it."

### "Like the Statue of Liberty—Only Bigger"

e then audiences all over Canada, and in New York, nd, Tulsa, Tacoma, San Francisco—and many stops e—have paid almost half a million dollars to attend ity performances, the proceeds of which go to the war s of England. Many of them went out of a sense of pecting Gracie to be either dishearteningly cultured ibly Kipling, or to have a brogue so thick she'd be less ble than the village idiot with a bun on.

few of her American spectators are prepared for what —a good evening's entertainment. When the curtain diences discover the most monumental woman they've n. As one Middle Western columnist put it, "She looks Statue of Liberty with a healthy color—only bigger." h forty-three-year-old Gracie is only five-feet-five and ed and thirty-five pounds, she stands so straight and tes her audiences so completely with her vivid blue at they think they're watching something terrific in -until she smiles, which is soon, and she becomes moredly, brilliantly, alive.

one of the three hundred and some odd thousand dol- ear—which her solo efforts already have sent back to l's civilians mightily annoys the Nazis. Herr Goebbels' as taken to referring to her sardonically as, "Little racie-Wacie, England's Number One Beggar." One astic German magazine writer pointed out that Gracie ned England the equivalent of a hundred sleek new (an exaggeration), and should be adjudged a war .

At his bloodthirsty computation, Gracie's humanitarian quakes, but she grins mischievously. "I have de- neself an open city," she says firmly. "I'm not a mili- jective in any sense of the word—so please don't oys."

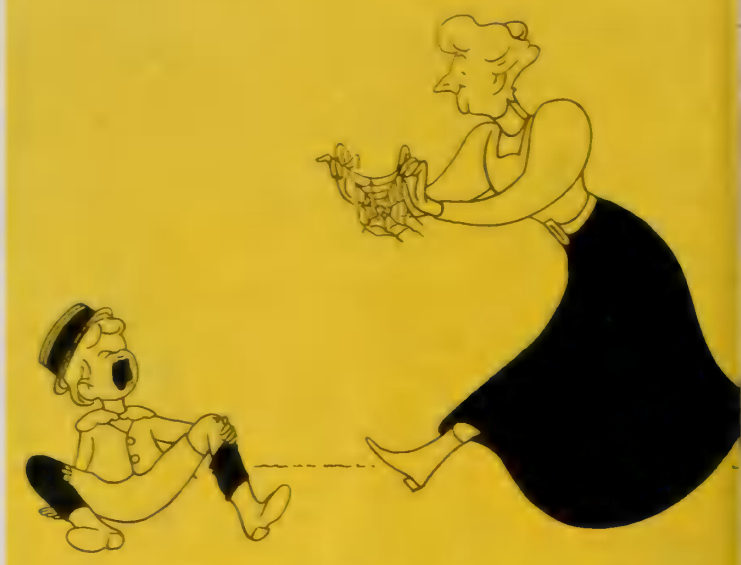
In the tippy, tippy top of the gallery of a Manchester ten-year-old Gracie Stansfield sat nervously eating dkerchief. She wore a dress her mother had proudly her—one hundred green bows rampant on a field of own velvet. Also she was wearing complete, mother- stage make-up, a fact which a flat-faced, elderly lady her noticed with clucking disapproval.

Th, suddenly, Gracie popped up from her seat and took breath. The clucking woman was indignant. "Sit ye she commanded. "Down in front!" Then, when egan to sing a long-range but (*Continued on page 42*)

# MEDICINE OUT OF MAGIC

By
**Victor G. Heiser, M. D.**
ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

From wearing a magic amulet it was a short step to eating it



Your aunt knew spider webs were fine for stopping blee ng

**We can trace the beginnings of our science of medicine back to the magical rites of our early ancestors. And even today in many parts of the world superstition and folklore supplant reputable cures for illness and disease**

WHEN you anoint your chapped hands with lanolin or rub a little lard on a burned finger it probably never occurs to you that you are in direct descent from those dim ancestors who clustered around the altars of prehistoric gods. While they watched the priests kindle fires under the offerings of sheep or pig or sometimes human sacrifice, they waited to receive a portion of the drippings. It had magical properties, this first salve. It was believed to cure whatever afflicted them.

Did you ever wonder how the early medicine men discovered the properties of the cascara and the cough drops in your medicine closet? Did they eat their way through all the herbs they knew and chart their effects or was their knowledge arrived at haphazardly?

The beginning of medicine was magic. The science as we know it developed along the slow, zigzag course of trial and error. It grew from a concept of disease common to all primitive races: the belief that it was caused by an object lodged in the body or a malicious spirit. The variations were legion. An especially unpleasant version still is believed by natives of New Zealand. When one is ill, they say, the spirit of an infant is living in his body and eating the host's internal organs. The intensity of the patient's suffering, no doubt, depends upon the hunger of the guest.

In America the belief persists in many forms. The Pennsylvania Dutch blamed Satan for their ailments. His chief joy was to harass humans so he and his bondmaidens, the witches, were eternally on the hunt for someone to torment. These western Pennsylvanians who brought over their superstitions from medieval Germany—they are, as a matter of fact, Germans with a few scattered Swiss, French Huguenots and Dutch—believed also that disease is caused from something foreign in the body. In their nomenclature, for instance, the word for cancer is "krebs," a crab.

How slowly these superstitions are dying one can judge by the weird tales of hexings that occasionally burst into the news. Not many years ago one could buy, at almost any bookstore in Pennslyvania, the books of magic that the hex doctors used and I assume they are still displayed with the paper-backed editions. The two most popular ones were Albertus Magnus: The Approved, Verified, Sympathetic and Natural Egyptian Secrets and The Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses. In them are found charms for everything from testing the chastity of your intended wife to preventing cherries from ripening before Martinmas. One magical practice with a highly romantic flavor, entitled How to Make Your Intended Wife Love You, is accomplished by kissing her with a turtle dove's tongue in your mouth. Another that might be useful at any time is "How to cause male and female thieves to stand still without being able to move backward or forward." All one needs to set up as a magician is literacy, a dollar and access to a bookshop.

### Rub Your Rabbit's Foot

All of us have grown up with superstition. You, no doubt, remember people who carried a rabbit's foot, a metal ring or a rattlesnake's rattle for rheumatism, or rubbed the aching joints with angleworm juice. When I was a boy in Pennsylvania the favorite remedy was a horse chestnut carried in the pocket. Well I remember how we robbed the trees in the autumn to find the most perfect one. Not a year ago I met in New York an enterprising young man who is making a tidy fortune out of rabbits' feet.

Just as the original concept of disease had many variants, there grew up several schools of practice. One that had a wide vogue in Europe during the middle ages was the cure by amulet. Strangely enough, from this belief in pure magic springs our knowledge of materia medica. An amulet might be anything from a piece of mistletoe to a dead black spider. The evolution from magic to medicine grew out of the wearer's implicit faith in the healing properties of the amulet. If wearing it around the neck helped, it should be even more effective taken internally. What happened? In rare cases the patient might be poisoned. Most likely nothing happened and he had the benefit of his faith. Occasionally, by pure chance, he might have eaten something that actually benefited him. If that was so, the fame of the amulet spread and gradually it became a household remedy. Then came science to determine the medicinal properties of the amulet.

The spider evolved from a charm in a walnut shell to the modern pharmacopoeia in this erratic way: In ancient times a live spider was worn around the neck as a cure for ague. Finally it occurred to someone to eat the creature. From that time the spider, alive or dead, became a popular remedy for a number of diseases. The germ-infested webs were used to stanch blood. I myself remember, and perhaps you also, when mothers and solicitous aunts ran out to find a spider web to stick on their children's minor cuts. Doses made of pulverized spider and the web were standard remedies for centuries. Finally, about fifty years ago, arachnidin was isolated from the webs.

Ants, too, were prescribed for everything from deafness to insanity. The bites were considered by the Cheyenne Indians a cure for laziness, and boiled ants were used to relieve the French of gout. Quite recently sufferers from arthritis have been treated with the sting of bees, another way of taking formic acid.

Winged ants were especially valued as aphrodisiacs. A few drops of formic acid served in wine were highly recommended by medieval doctors. Now the synthetic formic aldehyde is used as a tonic, more effective, I fear, in healing the wounds of unrequited love than in arousing it.

Medieval pharmacists did a thriving business in love philters. The ingredients were whatever happened to be at hand. In England pig's brain was popular.

Still another ancient practice that science has now vindicated is treating snake bites with snake venom, although it has failed to give its approval to the prescribing of snake flesh for sterility. Brazil and India are the two great centers for making venom. In India the problem is serious, for 30,000 deaths a year are attributed to snake bite.

From time to time native remedies for snake bite have been investigated but none of them have pr ed su ful. I remember one in rticul vegetable preparation in ich its ventor put great faith. H was lo his claims that the Indiar overn would not adopt his remec bec its hostility to native medi e. F the director of the labor ry in him to test his cure. He w to co the laboratory, submit to cobra and show how his remedy orked came but when the lid was ed an cobra raised its head, he c hed e the laboratory and was nev seen

The Indian government h spent lions of rupees investigatin ative icines and has found only e of v that was not already in ou pharm poeias, kurchee, the spongy usty-lo ing bark of a native tree. a rem for dysentery it is good bu ot as as other medicines.

### Ready-Made Diag ses

In China the Pekin Ur a Me College met a similar situa a. It sp a huge sum investigating ive re dies and found one only, t vegeta ephedrine, a drug very sim to adr alin which we extract fror he su renal glands. There, too he st desire to cling to the anc t Ch teachings has hampered m jern m cine. The Chinese physic depe largely upon the pulse for d nosis the two wrists he feels six ses w among them are believed to dicate condition of every part of th body.

But for every competent ysician China there are at least hund quacks. A favorite method diagn is the one by which you m have your fortune told in Chin wn. shake a handful of sticks a bam cup and the priest reads r tort stamped on the one that ps seven children and a vener e old Just so the Chinese quac reads name of the disease on th stick bounce out of his cup and fi ashes with a ready-made diagnosi

In the Middle Ages the C hese among the world's greatest hysicia but they have not progr ed su Their methods of treatmen were based on sound principle but came so lost in ritual and vmoc that they are now meaningle cure- Acupuncture, the universa nalia has some virtue. It is an anc t me of setting up a counterirrita n a point in the body by stick g need into the flesh. The surgeon d an posing-looking assortment need some long, some short, some th are heads and spearpoints, othe round sharp or blunt. They were n e of

(Continued on page )

For scrofula: try kissing seven virgins

# Advance Agent

## By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

PUBLIC LIBRARY

*Story Thus Far:*

British take a German agent—Erich lin—off the Bermuda Clipper. A short er, a man who is supposed to be Köch- who is, in reality, an American—Cap- nes Garrett, of our Army's Intelligence ent (G2)—makes his escape from a ound train in Canada.

ng the international boundary line, —who makes use of various names— h Römer, Köchlin, John Page, Philip and Garrett—works his way to Ver- . . In Manchester, Vermont, Gail Arm- a young widow who lives in Windham, usetts, is preparing to marry Lynn Sco- ealthy radical, when suddenly realizing may not really love him, she jumps in ano runs away from him. On the road to m, she gives a lift to a man (obviously man) whom she finally drops at Camp , a resort that is a meeting place for es. *The man is James Garrett.*

tt has orders to learn everything he can e activities of a brilliant German agent von Weitbrecht. Cleverly he worms his the confidence of an American Nazi— who is co-operating with von Weit- and presently, comfortably ensconced aitor's beautiful Berkshire estate (Pin- anor), he is learning much of value to ret Service. . . . *The traitor is Lynn* . .

Armstrong encounters Garrett fre- She feels sure that he is a dangerous rer; but, not aware of what he is doing, realizes that he is the most fascinat- she has ever known. . . .

ay, a newspaper reporter from New ty, wonders what is going on at Camp . Accompanied by Scovil's attractive r, Connie (who, disapproving of her radical ideas, lives with Gail Arm- he motors all over the Ryegate area— the toughs who are working for the . .

Weitbrecht leaves Detroit, his headquarters, and comes to Camp Ryegate. On the verge of a nervous breakdown, he goes into hiding there. He makes it obvious that he does not thoroughly trust the man known as Erich Köchlin.

In need of more data on Lynn Scovil's activities, Garrett orders a woman spy (who is in the pay of the Nazis) to prepare a full report on him. Then, confident that he will soon have all the information he needs, he awaits developments. He knows that he is in great peril.

### VI

TIME was when Sunday at the bookshop had been fun—pajamas and New York papers and feminine chatter till noon, and a pleasant idleness all day. But not today. Connie did her best but Gail seemed to have no conversation and no ears. It looked like a brown study or a deep blue grouch. Was it long thoughts about Mr. Lynn Scovil, the fiancé who kept on not making good, or longer ones about Mr. John Page, the mysterious but distinctly prepossessing pickup? Well, neither one of them seemed likely to break in on it in person—and where was Mr. William Jay, our New York correspondent, whose custom was to spend his idle hours here? Mr. Jay was absent. Our Miss Scovil had to cultivate the pleasures of solitude.

At midafternoon Connie got out from stock a little violet and white checked gingham suit that had caught her eye when it arrived, and tried it on. Bull's-eye! If you could imagine anyone's having Constance Scovil in mind when designing a dress, this proved to be the dress. It was demure—demure with a really wicked gleam in the eye. Posed at a mirror, she candidly admitted that the vista had a certain charm. You could point out emaciation and angularity, yes, but the face was not bad and there were curved areas which the little suit took due account of. Encouraged, she did her hair carefully, put on two-thread stockings and high heels, and, in fact, gave herself the works. She sought out Gail, who was pretending to do accounts.

"This cost us eight dollars," Connie said. "Deduct eight dollars from my honorarium. It's my contribution to research science. What the world needs is more information about the effect of skirts on the male heart."

Gail looked up long enough to say, "If you wear it without a blouse, that way, don't walk past the pool hall."

Connie made out a charge slip and deposited it in the cash register. It was thus that she happened to pick up the revolver she had seen there every day for months—for some reason she found it amusing today. She could tell that it was loaded because she could see the tips of bullets, and that was her total knowledge of firearms.

She aimed it at the bust of Shakespeare. "When the night marauder comes a-prowling do you know what to do? If we had to defend our honor, could we?"

Gail looked up, her eyes far away. "That's a pistol—it belonged to my husband. You're supposed to shoot it."

Connie stared at her, said, "I see," laid it down, and went out to the side porch to marvel at the feminine heart. And now the idea was for Bill Jay to come striding up and get all enmeshed in the demureness of the gingham suit. But he didn't come for more than two hours, by which time Connie had worked up a grouch of her own, and he didn't see the demureness at all, for he had a grouch that made hers seem like a passing whim. . . . They were going for a drive, it turned out, but his conversation consisted of some grunts sparingly salted with monosyllables. Connie chatted girlishly, tried companionable silence, produced some deep thoughts. Score: home team, zero. So she got mad again.

"I'd get farther with a bus driver. Is there any reason why I shouldn't use my mad money and leave you to your thoughts?"

Bill said, "Lay off. . . . I phoned the Boston F.B.I. this morning and they had a man in Worcester for the day—heard that Jack the Ripper was there, maybe. I've been to Worcester. He said he had work to do and had I thought of writing radio continuity?"

Bill drove off the valley road, down a lane that ended by the creek. He got out and Connie followed, and he stood there looking down at the water. It was

*(Continued on page 33)*

**He heard Connie gasp and saw Gail's startled face. He smiled tranquilly at Jay, who burst out, "Your name is Römer. You're a Nazi prisoner of war!"**

# Penny in His Shoe

## By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

**Lefty O'Dowd earned a fortune in his time, but his most important souvenir of a brilliant career on the ball field is a one-cent piece**

HE STOOD in the vestibule of the smoking a cigarette and looking air the platform. For the moment he cou the men near him and only now and then hear the scuffing and shouting of the crow in the station.

He thought of the letter in his pocket wife. She wanted him to quit and go back the coast. She wanted a house of her own. said so, but it was in all the letters. Now she ried about his maybe being made to qui knowing enough to get out while he was s She was saying that, he knew, and she mear what she meant more was that she was tired ing him east each spring and then, like as no baseball school in South America in the wi they should have been at home, if they had a

An assistant station master came down and glanced hurriedly around the scatterin on the platform and in the vestibules before ward the man in the green suit.

"Would you mind coming up and show self just for a minute, Mister O'Dowd? W the gate closed and we're bringing any late p in through another entrance. But the cro go away and they're crowding against the g there and we're afraid they'll push through i down the well of the stairs."

The man was concerned and a little fright his voice was louder than he had intended Round them a little hush had fallen.

When they saw O'Dowd coming the cro to howl. It was almost midnight and they l over from Brooklyn and would have to go they would have to go to work the next da were sweating and most of them had no tie there were a few women among them, their and their voices separate from the men's in They had been yelling in unison, "We want (

He stood on the top step behind the gri his smile was natural because he was plea in his tiredness. He held up his hands and them back. They took it as a sign for sile even he was startled at the way the quietness in those nearest him, spread backward.

It shouldn't be, he thought again, tha should be able to affect people so. He had ne himself seriously and now that he had seen a motion of his own could do he was dism even displeased. I am just a washed-up o he thought with more frankness than he had and they think I am the President or someor

"Moider them, Lefty," someone yelled. them Cub pitchers!"

"You guys are going to come through th O'Dowd said, smiling, "and someone's goi hurt."

THEY moved back and were suddenly seric clock in Penn Station said four minute twelve.

"Bring that pennant back, Lefty," an voice that had waited for silence said. It di them off again.

"We'll bring it back, all right," he said, yelling began again, lower, but with no sur stopping quickly as he kept talking. He did what he was saying. Meaningless words ab they'd do to the pitching in the West. The c one minute of, and he told them he'd see the weeks at Ebbets Field. They were yelling a quieter, as he went down the stairs.

He felt eyes watching him as he entered t bule again. Carson, the manager, had turn but the newspapermen were watching. He even knew what he was thinking: how it wa that on a team of now better players and be was the only great hitter on it, he should st the crowd's affection and even come to symb team that only looked good, that was going W three games out of first place, that was ridir winning streak, and that would blow up in th any day.

He undressed, sitting on the edge of his be in the August heat, rolled over naked onto th pulled the curtain to and lay there. Usua came quickly to him. But now, tired and wife waiting for him in St. Louis and with the on in the summer heat, sleep did not co its usual ease. He could hear the kids, re other berths. The first- and *(Continued on*

**"I walked him purposely to get at you, L Willie said. The bench hooted in loud de and Lefty told Willie what he thought o**

# Victorious Vic

**By Robert Cartwright**

**Vic Fleming is king of the graybeards who thrill fans at harness race tracks**

CARL OESER

**Master of every trick of the driving trade is fifty-one-year-old Vic Fleming, here behind Dusty Hanover**

T FLEMING of Syracuse, New ork, has driven more horses to orld's records than any other liv- ver. He has trained and driven eleven horses a mile in two min- less. His greatest accomplish- s Billy Direct, fastest harness ver bred. Billy went a mile in quarter-second faster than the reyhound.

of the younger Flemings, twenty- ear-old Will and twenty-five- d Charley, are world's record on their own. The youngest boy, aged twenty-two, is expected to best of the bunch as soon as he growth. That's really carrying l in a sport where the stars are ired old men and youth is more ity than an asset.

the unpredictability with which s around unconcernedly break- ess racing records that gives the owd appeal. On September 28, r example, Sep Palin had prom- xington he would shoot for rld's trotting record with Grey- The oldest Fleming was driving irect in a three-year-old race preceding the Grey Ghost's ed assault on time. He won the heats and the third at once be- mply a race the crowd had to hile awaiting Greyhound's ap- e.

ing, though, didn't look at it ke that. He knew his colt had of speed and had decided this ood time to find out how much. ly, he shot Billy Direct far out in the pack. The crowd set up a "Push him, Vic!" it yelled.

him, hell!" intoned Fleming hind the big bay. "We're flying

Billy Direct, unexpectedly and previous fanfare, rushed under in 1:58 flat to become the fast- ee-year-old pacer that ever

for Victorious) Fleming is a big, ed, handsome fellow of fifty-one ks about twenty years younger. frame, topped by full-flowing ray hair, is as straight as ee. Tanned and windburned s life in the open, his skin is as the hide of the horses he drives. but not flashy dresser, he allows one extravagance in jewelry, a amond-studded horseshoe stick- e boys have smaller ones.

### Stars Out of Plugs

e race track, Fleming is a glam- gure. He combines ability to and hold attention with rare nto the character of the standard- rse. Given to slightly overtrain- charges, he makes up for this by he master craftsman who gets unce of speed possible. Many have had fast horses, but mostly foaled that way. Only Fleming e a fair-to-middlin' performer ke a star out of him.

Flemings came to American rac- n Canada. One of Vic's boyhood was to drive around the Canadian side collecting milk from farm- e made the trips behind a young rnished by his father. One day vered the little horse could pace. orth, he whooped it up through ntry lanes lickety-split.

Like most farmers, Fleming's father ast horse or two himself. Each entered his best in the races at , Ontario. One day a race failed Young Vic rushed home, hitched little mare and got back when had about decided to call the

ose days, harness men raced un- of them had won three heats, it took all day. Fleming's father took the first two, another driver the next pair. Young Vic, trying to drive a cautious race, wound up far back in each. Then he got mad. Driving like a dervish, he surprised everyone, including himself, by winning the race in three straight heats.

"I guess I was pretty inexperienced then," he recalls. "But it was a start and I just kept right on going."

Only seventeen then, Vic scraped together enough money to buy a string of horses. His father tossed in the little mare and the youngster set out alone for the west coast of Canada. He rode the boxcars with his horses.

Out West, he sold the horses for a handsome profit, raced the mare and won several good purses. He sent the money with a message to his girl back east. She hopped the next train and they were married.

"I did all right for a young fellow," Vic says now. "I stayed around the tracks for a couple of years before coming back to settle down on the farm."

But farm life and venturesome Vic didn't jell. After Charley, Jimmy and Jack were born, Fleming decided the races were his dish. He had heard of American's Golden Grand Circuit where the horses were fast and the purses big. He made up his mind to try his luck. So far, it has been good.

First of all Fleming's record holders was Grattan Bars, a colt he brought with him from Ontario. Together, the pair swept around the Golden Grand, winning purses wherever they went. Grattan Bars, overnight, became the world's biggest money-winning pacer. In 1928, he won all his eight races, including three $25,000 stakes. An injury ended his career at the end of that season.

Vic hit the racing jack pot again with Calumet Evelyn, the world's fastest double-gaited horse. She was a pacer who needed hobbles, a leather straplike contraption stretching from fore to hind legs, to keep her in stride.

At Lexington, Vic paced her a mile in 1:59¼. Five days later he had one of his inspirations. He took the hobbles off, put rubber pads between the shoes and forefeet and entered her in a

*(Continued on page 53)*

# Singapore Scen

## By Martha Gellhorn

**It looks like a Hollywood set out of De Mille. bristling with pillboxes, planes and uniforms, atmosphere of parties, gin slings, gossip, ir easy money—and a possible war. And if the to happen—well, there's always the United S**

**British and Indian officers (right) plan operations at a fire-co den on a rubber plantation. It's part of the defenses of**

**Britain, the U. S. and Holland once supplied Malaya's steel needs—now Singapore foundries (above) work 24 hours a day to keep up with the great demand**

**Australian troops and tank corps will have the job of defending Singapore and its great naval base if war comes. Singapore enjoys its rowdy Aussies' jokes**

**Singapore is ready for anything, from inside or out. The island is literally ringed with guns, and above is a pillbox in the center of a business street**

SINGAPORE is like a movie about itself. It has everything: the deadly heat, rickshas and Rolls-Royces, the native kampongs, Chinatown, low dance halls, the country club for white gentry, beautiful houses, Indian officers with beards and bright turbans, Australian troops in rough-rider hats, English officers like actors impersonating English officers, Chinese taxi-dancers, elegant milky-skinned ladies, planes zooming overhead, Malayan royalty, orchids for five cents a bunch, tropical trees, pahits, gin slings, gossip, intrigue, parties and a possible war. Not long ago a seventeen-foot python emerged from the drains in Raffles Place. It was not an unusual event. This is just about like catching a seventeen-foot python coming out of the sewers on Park Avenue, near the Waldorf. Such odd and exotic features are perfect for a movie. And the British Empire angle makes the whole thing both timely and important. All that is really needed is Miss Marlene Dietrich in the role of a water-front siren, vamping the army, navy and air force.

The theme song of this movie is: "I am not at liberty to reveal." Every official in Singapore is choking on red tape but, if not actually speechless, they are apt to give you the old refrain: "We're at war here. Of course you understand. I am not at liberty to reveal . . ." It is a theme song that sounds as bad in any language. After a while the suspicion grows that there is very little to reveal. Hush-hush, obstructionism, a harsh censorship and oppressive red tape are usually the signs that all is not well.

If you relax and decide you are a part of the movie, an extra perhaps, you can have a wonderful time. You can dine in magnificent homes (only houses in movies look as rich and ornamental). You are waited on by the legendary silent-footed Oriental, and Singapore is one of the few places left in the world where you can still eat fresh caviar. (Every luxury is on sale in Singapore, from perfume to champagne. Life is expensive but the upper classes have plenty of money.) The ladies, in the wonderful houses, are as elegant as women were in Paris when Paris was French. The male company, augmented by the young English lieutenants, is mostly in uniform and extremely gallant. There are very few white women in Singapore and each one is a queen. The conversation, considering that this is 1941, is startlingly unreal. It could have been written by Noel Coward on a day when he was not writing as well as usual.

Or if you tire of nightly dinner parties, you can visit the young gentlemen in their barracks. At Changi there is a great handsome yellow stucco barracks and two Scots regiments are stationed here. Just at sundown, and cocktails, you can drive out to the bagpipes playing Retr barracks square. It is a pictu moving ceremony, and the colorful uniforms, with wool all, must be a horror to the After this you follow the gay pretty ladies and the visiti from other regiments, to cock officers' mess. The officers' large, cool building, with a bil and a well-furnished lounge, it you move on to the Tanglin lavish country club where orchestra plays dance music for members only. If crowd well-dressed women with pe dos and good-looking officers servants who are lordly, wel all waiting for their retireme tire you, you can dine in one small, chic, very European r or drive out to the Gap and moon rise over Singapore b all the tiny black islands o moonlit sea. There was eve Johore, to vary the pleasures. thing was that it rained all a true flooding tropical rain, s grounds were more than ank mud. The common peopl around in the mud, and the soldiers drank beer and had a but the gentry—staying mos the royal enclosure of the Johore—ruined their shoes pretty bored. There were Eng to play in the various booths, handwork to buy, and a danc where Malayans danced to monotonous music. The Singapore came, at one time during the evening, and retire with mud. The fair made the Bomber Fund.

### Things You Mustn't S

A part of the movie has been cut. Singapore has abo inhabitants, and 82 per cent o Chinese. You do not spend a the Chinese section of the c the Chinese live as usual, ten You do not see the tin mine hovels where the miners live not see the kampongs of t plantation workers, you only fine roads past the neat, unem You do not realize that this rich movie is racketing along glittering if somewhat heat-st basis of 50 cents-a-day wages of the population. This wo grimy note and spoil the scena

The plot of the movie is: war on." In fact, the war in farther away from Singapore New York. During one tense war became terribly real, beca ships bringing English cigare

ACME

ACME

**Brewster Buffaloes, American-made planes, are assembled at an R.A.F. station. They are flown by British pilots, many of whom have fought Nazis over Britain**

**One of the medium coast-defense guns points toward the China Sea, a uni in the air-, land- and water-defense network built around the naval bas**

BLACK STAR

**Singapore's crowded Chinese districts are especially vulnerable to air attac Here native air wardens are learning how to extinguish incendiary boml**

t al there was a tobacco shortage ing ore. Meantime, the war they pre aring for in Singapore is a war ns he Japanese. All the stupidity h ends any actual war, the pomp- es and paper work and nuisance , a in Singapore in force: but there w . When you are in Singapore, i the movie atmosphere, you do fee here ever will be a real war and pr arations seem rather like the as ing herded around in order to e attle scene.

he are some very good modern el on the island of Singapore it- every taxi driver knows where a and as one of them is the regu- co ercial field, it appears futile to id e press to mention them. There a tain number of Brewster Buf- es, ockheed Hudsons, English pur- al bomber planes, Australian ne lanes, and they are getting some eri n PBY bombers. How many nes here are is a secret, naturally, re are new airfields, scattered ou ut Malaya. They have been de the jungle and most of them u achable by any other means n t air. Their location and num- is secret, again naturally. None his reparation is surprising or new: by ow (considering that the whole ld either fighting or getting ready igh it is not even particularly in- esti . The air force flies a patrol r t waters surrounding Malaya, as to e expected; pilots are being ne and promoted; and in various ne ers the air arm co-operates. De- e t false air of mystery of Singa- e, d the comic solemnity of the so ip, there is nothing more to it n t t.

Fro the point of view of invasion by , t re are only certain spots which fe ible. The west coast of Malaya a t mud shallow with two good ts. To invade the west coast, the an e fleet would first have to pass ga re, an unlikely operation unless N therlands Indies was already rru. If that can be done, Singapore ost yhow. The defenses are there- o gically concentrated around ga re island itself and the few ces n the east coast which are open att k, and on the border between ail d and Malaya. It must be ner ered that Malaya has its own ur Maginot line of jungle, and ere here are no roads an invading ce ould simply find itself stuck in gle which kills off all people who n specifically trained and armed su ive in it. Sand bars block the ra es to the sluggish, coiled rivers. t t re are a few points of entry on e coast and at these troops have en ationed who are trained in jungle nti and who have themselves built ach defenses. The defenses, again, are just regulation; machine-gun pillboxes and barbed-wire blockades. The roads, leading back to Singapore, are similarly organized. If you have seen the same type of defenses at Hong Kong, Singapore makes a rather feeble impression, by contrast.

Singapore is, as everyone knows, one of the greatest naval bases in the world. It has practically no ships now, but that is temporarily unimportant. The island is literally ringed with guns, counter-bombardment and coastal defense guns. All military points are protected as well by antiaircraft guns and, of course, by the air squadrons stationed on the island. Around Singapore, scattered as if they were thrown out like a handful of gravel, are dozens of small islands, mostly uninhabited. They are of great strategical value because they break up the field of operation for enemy battleships. The waters around Singapore are mined and the lanes must be swept every day. A few commercial ships have hit the mines and their masts, sticking up above the water, bear testimony to the efficacy of the mine fields.

### Consider the Young Lieutenant

There are a great many soldiers in Malaya now. There are Scots and English regiments, Indian regiments, Australian divisions, Royal Artillery and Royal Engineer regiments, a Malayan regiment and airmen from every part of the empire. They are all colorful to look at and they have fine regimental fighting records. They all wish they had something better to do than wait for a war, especially in this climate.

I was talking to an Englishman who had been an officer in the last war and is now a rubber planter. We were talking about the young lieutenants. The young lieutenants are all over the place and very charming. You can be a lieutenant if you come from the right school and the right family after a nine weeks' training course. At one time in the British army no training course was required. Nine weeks is not a lot of time in which to learn a highly technical trade like soldiering. (We had our own ninety-day-wonders, in the last war.) Fortunately, back of every lieutenant there stands a sergeant who did not go to the right school and whose family is socially unknown, but who has been in the army for ten years or more. I was pointing out with irritating civilian logic, that it would seem more sensible simply to make the sergeants into lieutenants. So the Englishman explained to me, "The troops will follow those boys when they would not follow the sergeants. They have confidence in them, and they will trust them and obey them. You can only judge when the real fighting begins. And you can be sure of one

*(Continued on page 43)*

# Worth a Premium

## By Ted Flynn

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

"He's all I've got," the kid said. "There ain't enough money in your Army to buy him"

**The kid figured Smoky would make a good Army horse; the horse didn't agree. So it was a good thing the major recognized soundness when he saw it**

MY TEMPER would have been worse than Major Clive's, the way things were going.

"Once more, gentlemen," the major was saying wearily to the crowd of Mexicans, Navajo and Apache Indians, homesteaders and ranchers. "We won't buy mares or paint horses. Or gray horses. Or anything under five years old. We want a definite type—"

Just then this grullo horse and rider came in at a fancy gallop and the rider pulled up short. A bad cinch let go. Whoops and laughter came from the crowd as the rider slammed into the dust almost at Major Clive's feet.

A leather-faced cowhand yelled, "He flies prettier'n a young buzzard!"

"Corporal Kinson, move that horse back!" the major snapped at me.

A cowhand already moving to the grullo's head stopped warily at a dry warning from an elderly rancher:

"That's the man-hating grullo who crippled Skin Higgins. Better watch him."

"*And* we won't buy vicious horses," said the major in a voice that made Captain Bell lift an eyebrow at Lieutenant Fortner.

"Smoky's gentle. We come better'n sixty miles since last evening an' he's fit to go back. Ain't a better horse in New Mexico."

The kid was grimy, gaunt, shabby, as he came out of the dust. Maybe he was seventeen, yellow-haired, knobby, awkward-looking as he caught the grullo's reins and turned back to pick up his ancient saddle.

The major gave him a hard look. "You've just ridden that horse sixty miles?"

"We laid up a little in Cold Water Canyon last night," the kid said. "Didn't hear about this horse-buyin' till near sundown yesterday."

The same prosperous-looking old rancher volunteered: "Bud Shumlin there's been with Patricio Garcia all winter and spring. I'd make Garcia's place closer to seventy miles by the canyon."

"We won't look at hot horses. Cool him off for an hour or so," the major said, turning back. "Next horse."

Here in Three Forks we were seeing the finest bunch of hammerheaded broomtails in northern New Mexico. Twenty-five dollars out here would buy a saddle horse. When word went out that the Army would pay a hundred and fifty up for good horses at Three Forks today, they cleaned the ranges.

THE major was in uniform, like the other officers. But he was all Army, all hard-boiled cavalry. He knew horses, knew what he wanted. He was rejecting nine out of ten horses offered and getting more exasperated and particular. When this kid, this Bud Shumlin, finally edged up on this smoky blue that the Mexicans call grullo, I had a hunch that the major was going to make short work of him and his horse.

"Walk him out a hundred yards and neck-rein him back," the major directed briefly, and showed no interest while Captain Bell and the lieutenant closely sized up the grullo's looks.

I was a little surprised that the kid was allowed the next step.

"Trot him cleanly about two hundred yards and bring him back fast. Get some wind on him," the major ordered.

That little trot and gallop put good-looking horse out of the

The grullo looked a little footed on the trot; but when h back at a gallop, he stayed stretched out, coming fast. Bell waved his arms for the ki up short before them. But th went past before the kid g stopped.

"Got a hard mouth, has he? Clive snapped.

"No, sir," said the kid, pat grullo's neck. "I was afraid that let go again if I pulled him hard

The major grunted like he' that talk before. "Get down a the saddle off." And it was th himself who put his hand o grullo's right nostril and his ee left nostril to catch the breath then reversed nostrils.

I could tell by the way the ma after distemper sign back up th jaw, and went over legs and hoo he was ready to throw the grullo half an excuse.

"So he was a bad actor," s major ominously, and I figured t the pay-off.

The kid hesitated. "He's gent mister look at him."

(Continued on page 50)

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## Dina Cashman

Continued from page 14

the reason people go on having their portraits painted is because they're always so flattering."

"And then nothing looks so important over the mantel as a painting of Great-aunt Louisa."

She laughed delightedly, said:

"I suppose not. Everyone agrees it's one of the best portraits Andy's ever painted, and if he wants to show it, I should think Aline would realize that it's his business: it's important to him. Why didn't he have his exhibition in May, Rogers, as he was going to?"

"Too busy painting. He's had five commissions, I believe, and he thinks you brought him all his luck."

"You did, you mean. I never would have thought of such a thing."

"WELL, if I did, it was to spite Aline." Rogers confessed smiling. "Lord, Lord," he said under his breath, "but she is the spoiled baby!"

"The day he came to change the hair in my portrait—the day of the accident—you and she had a talk, didn't you?"

"Yes, downstairs in the drawing room. He proposes to exhibit only two portraits of her, and another in which she is only part of a group, and this one she doesn't like. It's of some well-known musician, a 'cellist I think—forget his name—and Aline is only a minor figure. I think that's part of the trouble."

"You say you think she's spoiled?" Dina smiled.

"Aline? Spoiled from her birth! Her mother and father spoiled her. Pollock let her do anything she pleased and Rosenstirn spent money on her as if she were a princess—jade necklace and chinchilla coat!" Rogers' tone was fond, amused. "That quiet little mulish way of hers—" he mused. "But she is fascinating, Geraldine," he roused himself to say interrogatively.

"Oh, she is!" If Dina's tone lacked heartiness he did not discern it.

"I have never," Rogers went on thoughtfully, "I have never seen her as charming as she was on Wednesday. She was down on the terrace, in that blue outfit—"

"Beautiful clothes!" Dina put in, as he paused. "That hat!" She went into a reminiscent ecstasy.

"But it wasn't only that she looked lovely," Rogers went on. "She was in such a sweet, gentle sort of mood. And she told me—well, things about herself that I never understood before. She's always been trying to help people, ever since she was a little girl, and—as she said herself, laughing, she's always made a mess of it. She married Pollock because he said he would kill himself if she didn't. 'Oh, I know,' she said, 'he mightn't have. But I loved his mother and she'd been good to me and I thought there was nothing else to do.' "

"They had children, didn't they?"

"Two. They're with his mother now."

"And is she still devoted to his mother?"

"The mother took his side in the divorce. No, I don't suppose she is. She was awfully funny telling me how she'd tried to be an influence for good and how she'd come out! You know, wherever she goes, men make it terribly hard for Aline," Rogers said simply.

"You mean they admire her so?"

"All of them. *All*," the man answered. "In Europe, on trains, in theaters and hotels, men are noticing Aline, trying to get to know her. For instance, she says that at cocktail parties and dinners in New York, the men would gather around her, and Pollock would naturally be furious."

"And Doctor Rosenstirn, was ous, too?"

"Worse!"

"A woman as beautiful as tha have so much fun," Dina concec thought. "She can only marry —at a time, that is. And getting marriage, arranging for a divor be such a fuss!"

"She suffered horribly in this vorce. She says that's what m ready to jump into marriage so with Andy. She was dizzy with f down there at Palm Springs, b glorious time, and she lost her h

"Then she thinks marrying A losing her head?"

"Think of what she gave up w married him! Rosenstirn was her fifteen hundred a month!"

"Whew! She *did* lose her hea exclaimed, impressed.

"That stopped at once, of co don't know exactly what she they *would* live on," Rogers add it was characteristic of her t didn't stop to worry about that! that her father had a portrait her in England when she was a the dress she wore at the drawin and she had an idea that artists and twelve thousand apiece f traits. Some of 'em do, of cours

"Then her people had lots of too, Rogers?"

"Her father was one of the men in the country until the cras Then he put it all into some oil and lost most of it."

"So that she and Andy really much, now?"

"Nothing. She says he has slightest idea what becomes money. For one of these port was paid in advance and that's go one of the others hasn't paid y doesn't seem inclined to pay."

"Shaky," was Dina's thoughtf ment.

"Shaky! And she is beginning that she wasn't fair to Andy, in ing him in the first place. She's e gant, she knows it. The other nig tells me, she called up a friend i port and talked for fifteen min ought to be shot. I never thoug it would cost,' she said."

"SO THAT marriage may no success either?"

"It's a success as far as their each other goes. She says she'll respect him as one of the fine she's ever known. But—no," Rog mitted slowly. "I don't believe it on for very much longer. Their grounds are too different. Aline belong in a country studio, with j old Chinese doing everything, bathroom that Andy's friend b himself of old boards and secon plumbing. Things done in that sl Bohemian fashion don't fit her low."

"But if she divorces him, Roger she'll have to marry again."

"Yes, I suppose she will. No there!" Rogers said with a short "She was telling me that when s New York she always has din lunch with Frank—Frank Poll mean. He'd be only too glad to h come back to him."

"You'd think she might because children."

"The children have been her fir sideration all through," the m served. "'I could have had the months a year,' she told me, wouldn't upset them by dragging to and fro over the country. Far

le e them quietly with their grand-
ot r and their schools. They have
e st right!'"
D was not as deeply edified by this
ta e of maternal devotion as she
gl have appeared. She regarded
g steadily, making no comment.
e is as aware as he of the fascina-
ns f Aline Havens if less affected by
n She knew that Aline had seen fit
bu racious to him of late, affection-
nfiding, appealing. Rogers was
sk g at last in the favor for which he
d ngered for years. Dina could tell,
y from what he reported to her,
t his changed manner, that he felt
op with Aline at last.

C RRING no blame at all from the
ro in which she moved, Aline could
or Andy. Beauty and position like
ne were a law unto themselves; no-
dy ould blame her.
S pose—suppose she wanted to di-
ce ndy, and Andy objected?" Dina
ec
Sl would never do anything to hurt
dy She feels that possibly—oh, she
sn talking of today or tomorrow—
s said that if ever she thought she
s nding in Andy's way she would
dl ree him."
A y mightn't see it that way." But
na lt a half-angry, half-jealous con-
tic that he would. She had seen him
ce nce the beginning of her long im-
so ent; once when he and Aline
d ed, and he had peeped into her
m ly for a half-minute, and again
en e had sat with her for half an
ur.
R ers," she said now, out of pro-
nc ought, "I never was brought up
an religion. We went to Sunday
oo or a while, Art and I, but we
n ave any real religious training.
t i eems to me queer to feel about
rri e the way Aline does."
'W . I was brought up to go to
rc and I know what you mean,"
ger answered, his head tipped back
nn the cushion of his chair, his pipe
on elaxed hand, his narrowed eyes
sp e. "But Aline has been unfor-
ate She never should have married
llo although they stuck it out for
ht ars and had children. The Ros-
tir marriage was a little different.
's ite a big shot in his profession.
d s adores power. I think Aline
lly as deeply in love with him for
vhi When it ended she was mis-
ble She was saying the other day
t s d rather be a man's mistress if
lo d him, than live with a man she
didn't love. She told Rosenstirn so, frankly. He saw it. He didn't try to stop her. That's her idea of honesty."

"But after all, she did say 'For better, for worse,' didn't she? I know it made me feel very serious when we said it. And yet ours wasn't the—the usual sort of marriage at all."

"I suppose she said those words. But perhaps later she found she didn't feel them. As for the Havens marriage," Rogers resumed, "that never seems to me like a marriage at all! Aline as fine and chiseled and rare as a Chinese porcelain and this fellow like a big puppy rollicking around her! She's quite a bit older than he, for one thing. No, she'll not do anything hasty," he finished, "but one of these days I think they'll talk it all over and come to some agreement."

Dina made no comment. She wondered what her own position would be when that agreement was made. If Aline really was tired of love experiments, worn out with passion, then she might be glancing at the security of the position of Mrs. Rogers Holland with more than an impersonal interest. Between what she had guessed and what Caroline had told her, she must know that Dina's marriage was no real marriage; she must know that Rogers' generosity had served its turn, and that Dina and the small child, who was now secure of her name, who had been protected and made presumably legitimate, might go their way.

Well, if that was the verdict Dina could not protest. The understanding from the beginning had been that she should supply a counterattraction to Aline, make herself a foil and she had apparently succeeded. Dina sighed, feeling suddenly tired.

She had come to feel that life in the somber, heavy old house might be complete and satisfying. Rogers was more than twice her age, but they were companionable. They loved to talk, to play games; he laughed at her; he was brighter and better for having her with him. With the baby for an added distraction and delight, with her health completely restored, with Mrs. Bucket to play grandmother as well as guide, philosopher and friend, Dina's life was sheltered and remote; she need see few outsiders; she was not anxious to see anyone.

If she wanted to visit her mother, she had thought, it would not be hard to take the car and the baby and Ida and drive up to Stockton any day she chose. The Cashman family had moved in April; all the reports that Dina had had.

"I don't understand why they call it 'Gay Paree'"


## Mr. Indigo Blue and Mr. Beamish Bright

**MR. BRIGHT:** A glorious morning, Mr. Blue! I feel as joyful as a skylark!
**MR. BLUE:** And I feel as sad as a crow. All I know is trouble.

**MR. BRIGHT:** Here! Here! my lugubrious friend. Cheer up! There's Springtime in the air! Come walk down to the grocer's with me.
**MR. BLUE:** It's not springtime inside of *me*, Mr. Bright. If you only *knew* how many pills, purgatives, salts, laxatives and cathartics I've taken. Life is just a vale of tears.

**MR. BRIGHT:** (at the grocer's) Here's a present for you, my woeful one, that may show you the silver lining. Instead of *dosing* constipation why not try to get at its *cause?* If yours is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of the proper kind of "bulk" in the diet, crisp, toasty KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN may be just the ticket. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter.

**MR. BRIGHT:** (sometime later) Well! Well! If it isn't the old king of the glooms. Isn't that "Happy Days" I heard you playing?
**MR. BLUE:** And happy days it *is*, Beamish, since you told me about ALL-BRAN's better way.

## Join the "Regulars" with
## *Kellogg's All-Bran*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

and her two calls, had confirmed her impression that never in their lives had her own people even dreamed of felicity and pride like that they had felt upon taking possession of the yellow cottage. She had found in them a change that had made her more than a little thoughtful. She had wondered how many other forlorn, slatternly women like her mother would turn housewifely and brisk and ambitious under such a change of prospects and environment as her mother now had? How many self-declared failures like her father would have risen as he had to the responsibility of a steady job? How many pretty, frivolous little sisters like Myrna, transplanted to the dignity of a room to herself and a home with a real parlor in it, might grow up overnight to a sense of fineness and character?

At all events the effect of the transplanting had been miraculous on the Cashmans. The kitchen now was only a kitchen and the big back parlor a family sitting room, comfortable with lamps and rugs and old-fashioned chairs and table, where the younger children could gather for homework every night. Myrna's and Art's friends used the front parlor for their card games or radio entertainments. "And we go out in the kitchen and cook things," wrote Myrna in an enthusiastic letter to Dina, "and there aren't a lot of kids and dirty dishes there. Gee, we have fun!"

NOW she found Rogers' words vaguely disturbing. If Aline once were free again, and in this new mood of tenderness and confidence toward him, then what would her next plan be?

"She's worried about something and she wants to lunch with me and talk it over," Rogers was saying. "So I may go into town tomorrow and see what it's all about."

"I go downstairs tomorrow," Dina told him proudly. "I can sit for one hour on the terrace!"

"Walk downstairs?" He was pleased.

"Walk downstairs. I'll take my time. But today I walked into the nursery and out on the porch and wasn't a bit tired."

"You're well again," he said with satisfaction. "You know I may go off with Salter on his yacht over the Christmas holidays?" Rogers asked.

"I heard you and Mr. Salter talking about it the night he was here. Remember he came upstairs here and spoke about it?"

"You wouldn't mind that? Being left alone?"

"Oh, no! I never have a minute to spare. And over Christmas, Rogers, I was going to ask you if I could take Margaret and go up and stay with Mamma for a few days."

"Could they squeeze you in there, do you think?"

"You don't know the Cashmans! Margaret's little crib goes along with us, and Ida'd board in the neighborhood. And I'd take them all presents," Dina said, her eyes shining. "China for Mamma—she was so excited over a teapot and cups she got for her tea coupons that I thought I'd give her plates, and for Myrna a sports suit with a hat. But Pop—he's hard. He really needs everything!"

"Tires for his car are always good," Rogers suggested, pulling on his pipe.

"I thought maybe an overcoat." She fell into a dream of the delight of it. To arrive with her nurse and baby before Christmas, to take her old place, to hear all the news—ah, it would be fun!

"How about my getting back some of my own, Dina?" Rogers said, glancing at the card table upon which a backgammon board was set. And as he moved it toward the bed he added, "I wonder if your father would wear an overcoat of mine? It could easily be fitted, and it would probably be a better coat than he could get in Stockton."

"How he would feel!" Dina echoed in light scorn.

"You mean he wouldn't mind? I have one or two that I'm not wearing. One's too small for me."

"My father," Dina said soberly, "would be extremely grateful, and so would I."

"I could fix up a box of things," Rogers said. "Two-six; I don't like it. I double."

He threw a two and a six again, scowlingly considered his play. Dina looked about the big room, pleasant in soft evening light. She knew its every angle and contour now; she had lain through many a wakeful night studying the patterns shadows made on the walls, the old-fashioned wallpapers of trellises and roses, the gold and brown cornices from which the curtains hung. If Aline wanted her place here Aline would get it; Dina would have to go away.

She played, leaned back against her pillows watching Rogers' face. It was as fat, as owl-like and froglike as it had been a year ago when first she had seen it. But one could come to like an owl's face, a frog's face with strong glasses, when that face and those prominent eyes had never expressed anything but kindliness and interest.

"I love him the way a daughter might love him, I suppose," Dina mused. "I never can pay him back for what he's done for me. But I have paid him back a little. He's happier; he's more human. He's taking the chairmanship for the Community Chest Drive; he never would have done that before. And Aline likes him better than she ever did, even the times when they were engaged. But she shan't have him! I'm not going to let her wreck his life!"

"Your play. What were you thinking about?" Rogers asked.

"Nothing," Dina answered with a smile.

"YOU knew Aline had left me?" Andrew Havens asked.

Dina brought startled eyes to his face.

"Left you!" she exclaimed.

"Last Sunday. Yep," the man said briefly.

Her own interest in this situation touched Dina with a first premonitory finger of fear. She turned and went to a great leather bench and Andy sat down beside her.

THE little gallery was flooded with November sunshine, and deserted except for themselves. It was ten o'clock in the morning; other visitors would trickle in to see the Havens portraits before noon, and the afternoon would find a smart crowd there, talking, drinking tea, studying the canvases that lined the walls. But it was empty now.

There were seventeen portraits in all. Ten had been loaned, and sent on from the East; four were of local patrons, and three were of the artist's wife. These last were a full-length presentation of Aline dressed in a sheath of white Chinese brocade with the famous jade-and-pearl string encircling her throat and caught in her ivory hands, a crayon portrait in white and scarlet and black; and a large canvas not quite finished of a man with a violoncello, a standing girl with a violin, and a woman glancing over her shoulder with her hands on the keys of a concert grand.

The woman at the piano was Aline. The other musicians were the great Marinkoff and his daughter who had been at Palm Springs when Aline and Andy had first met each other there. It had been Andy's idea to paint the famous man and his equally gifted daughter with their instruments; the absence of their accompanist had given Aline the additional inspiration of taking his place. Not that she played more than a few pieces on the piano remembered from childhood. But it would be such fun!

Everything had been fun for Aline in this halcyon time. After several years of marriage to a man who had consistently expected her to be everything, as a wife, that she was completely unfitted and unwilling to be, after a long dearth of compliments and spoiling and flattery, after a dark East-ern winter of snows when she ill, and an unsatisfactory ho in which she had attempted t of her children whenever th made it difficult, and felt the barrassment and a burden did, Aline had blossomed in t phere of the southern Calif sort like a plant languishing abuse.

The bland sunshine, the gr ing palms, the pleasant people of them famous, the enchan tages with their lush foliage a the stimulation of rides and w nis and golf, swims and bridg ter and friendship had transp to a world free from unpleasan responsibility. In that world always lovely and admired, young and free and giddy—one chanting daytime frocks of scarlet, white and French blue gowns of Oriental beauty and

To be on terms of cordial with Ivan Marinkoff and Olga the handsome young painter her about with undisguised had set the world right again And Caroline had been there, a abetting! She had laughed at a week or two. Dear, silly bo he know that she was ages o he, and had two unsuccessful behind her and two children growing up!

Apparently he did not. Befor ture could be finished the M had gone and Aline had been more fascinated, teased, tortu the idea that it would be qui to drive to Reno one day wi and again be an adored wife.

So perhaps "Morning Tr would be finished. Even as it was the finest work Andy ha the old maestro, a commandi with his wild gray hair and bow, was complete. Aline's por complete; he had had leisure on that on a dozen mornings st background of sun-flooded r chintz curtains and even the figure of a Chinese boy dusting book shelves were finished. B hands, the important and hands of the artist, were only sketched in, and Olga's mou mere smear. But the critics pr work, and it was reproduced i journals nevertheless.

DINA'S portrait, however, was most admired and most st had behind it a story that all the ences knew. That was Rogers' wife. The mysterious girl, ages than Rogers, who had sudde peared in poor Anna Holland's place. They had a baby now. had been in a motor smash miracle was that both she and hadn't been killed. She'd been for months—the murmuring crowds in the afternoon told other—but she was all right agai been in, opening day, with her —a very pretty girl and appare ribly fond of him.

Now Dina was in the galler with Andy. Her morning in to as usual filled with engagemen was having a session with her she must get Margaret larger she was to meet Rogers for l and there was a symphony a which they were to hear fro Salter's box. Billy had been a California for years; now he yacht had anchored once more Francisco waters, and an old with Rogers had been resum great enthusiasm on both sides

This circumstance, too, with others, had helped to reinstate in his own and public estimatio with his bachelor apartment, h

"All I can say is, he's one guy I wouldn't want to start anything with!"

# "Imagine a Debutante getting chummy with me—"

**n' along** at a free-and-easy 35 when this gal in the snappy blue roadster . I notice her right rear tire looks ft so I lean on the horn and let But all I get is the icy stare.

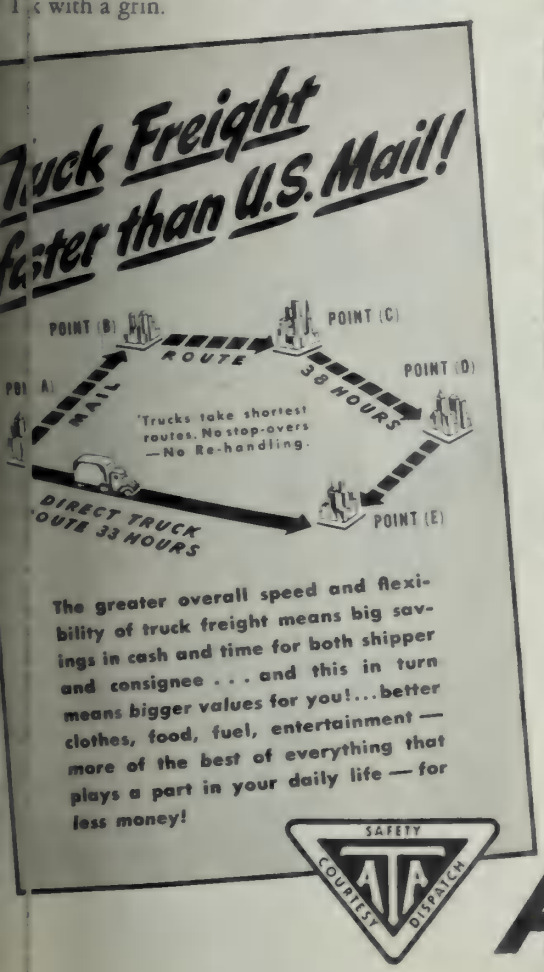
**rns me up**—but a mile further on I laugh. stopped—gazin' under the fender—and boy! ghnut flat! But courtesy is *law* with us—pull over and get out. "Somebody put the fire k with a grin.

**3. Now she's burned up.** "Why you—you gorilla—" she begins. But I cut her short. "Now wait a minute, lady. I stopped to give you a hand, not an argument. Where's your tire jack?" "Oh!" she says, kinda surprised, "I'm sorry—I didn't know—."

**4. "That's OK,"** I say. "Lots of folks *don't* know. In fact—some treat us like trucks spread the measles. Yet thousands know from experience—in case of trouble—it's smart to flag the first truck you see. And—trucks help in lots of other ways, too—."

**5. "Fact is,"** I tell her, "nearly everything you eat, wear or use comes faster and cheaper by trucks." I go ahead and change the tire and by the time I'm through we're right chummy. "I did have you truck drivers wrong," she apologizes. "Thanks a million . . . and so long!"

**6. Well, back in Chicago** a coupla days later my boss calls me in. "Hey, Pete," he says, "old man Bannfield just telephoned. Says if you're good enough to handle that daughter of his, you're good enough to handle his freight, too! I'm on my way over there now, and when I get back *you're* getting a raise!"

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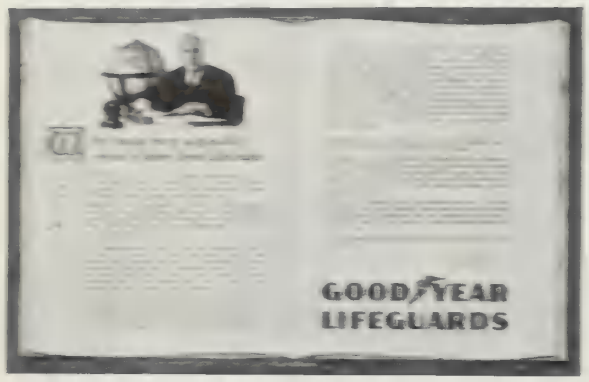
**AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS**
**WASHINGTON, D.C.**

# A Report and Recommendation *to American Motorists*




THREE years ago we announced what I consider the most important of all Goodyear's contributions to motoring. This was the Goodyear LifeGuard, the tire within a tire that prevents sudden collapse from a blowout or other injury.

At that time, in a published statement, I said: "For 40 years I have been supervising the design and production of approximately three hundred million pneumatic tires for automobiles, increasing their comfort and reliability, and reducing their cost per mile to a mere fraction of what it was a few years ago. *But only with the introduction of the LifeGuard have I ever felt that we have made the pneumatic tire absolutely safe at all speeds.*"

That was a strong statement. Now, three years later, I can tell you how LifeGuards have lived up to expectations.

### *The Report*

Since this statement appeared, hundreds

*How the LifeGuard functions is explained by P. W. Litchfield to some of the thousands of visitors to the exhibit of Goodyear products for national defense, recently shown from coast to coast.*

of thousands of cars have been equipped with LifeGuards.

I am proud to report that in countless millions of miles of highway travel there is not a single recorded case of a LifeGuard failing to function in an emergency.

A great many people have written us, saying they owe their lives to the LifeGuard because it carried their car to a safe stop after a tire failed at high speed.

Thus have LifeGuards fulfilled the promise that they would make any tire safe at all speeds and under all conditions — *for the full life of the tire.*

### *The Recommendation*

Today the emergency confronting the nation provides a new reason why the use of LifeGuards is important. It is to help America conserve rubber.

To quote again from the original LifeGuard announcement: "The older a tire gets, the more liable it is to sudden failure. For this reason tires are often discarded before they have performed their full mileage, and there is hesitancy to retread tires for fear of weakness in the cord fabric."

But now American motorists *must* get full mileage from their tires. They should retread — to save rubber.

Therefore, I want to recommend that you equip the tires now on your car with LifeGuards. With their protection, there is no need to discard tires when the tread wears smooth.

If you have LifeGuards, tires may be driven far longer than normally — without danger from blowouts. And when treads wear off, there is no need to hesitate about having tires retreaded, if the carcass is sound. For with the same LifeGuards inside, a set of retreaded tires can be safely driven nearly as far again.

Thus, apart from conserving rubber for national defense, the use of LifeGuards contributes to economy.

Those who equip their tires with LifeGuards now, will make sure of getting maximum mileage and useful life from every carcass. And most important of all, as we have often said before, *"you can't get better protection to save your life."*

P. W. Litchfield

*Chairman of the Board*
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connections and the yacht, whose hospitalities were famous, was an important figure in this particular world. He and Rogers had been close friends as younger men, had drifted apart, were now intimates again.

And Billy liked Dina, had accepted her not with mere politeness but with great formality. He had given her a dinner in his apartment, given a second dinner. He had been a sort of auxiliary host when Rogers had returned the dinner. Other social leaders had taken the hint; Rogers and Dina could discuss their invitations at his late breakfast table now, and decline them all, and yet feel the better for being asked. Rogers had long ago had his fill of dinners before coming-out parties, dinners with bridge to follow. Dina was afraid of them. Once again they agreed perfectly upon their policy.

TODAY Dina had had an interval between engagements that had given her an opportunity to slip into the gallery and see her own portrait again. Like everyone else she thought it was beautiful. "The way I'd like to look, Andy," she said. It was flattering of course, and yet the serious face, the shadowed eyes, the firmly clasped young hands on the chair arms were all Dina, too, and youth and youth's eternal questioning incarnate.

Coming into the gallery she had found Andy in conversation with the proprietor of the art store of which the gallery was part. When old La Motte had said what he thought of "A Portrait of Mrs. Rogers Holland" and had departed, she and Andy had gone the rounds discussing the various pictures. He had broken in upon a talk of art and art work in Paris and his experiences there, with the flat statement of Aline's desertion.

"But Andy, what *for*?" the girl said.

"I don't know." He sighed, crossed his arms and leaned back, his lips pursed for whistling, his narrowed eyes on space.

"Quarreled?"

"Nope."

"She's just—tired?"

"Guess so. I don't understand her. She says I never have. We moved down to Bill Cutter's place at Los Altos in June, you know. I thought it was swell down there. Everything blooming and warm, and we had Bill's old Looey Koo to run things. We couldn't go on in town; it was costing us more per week than I make in a month. Orders had stopped and after old Bowen died, the estate refused to pay for his picture. I didn't have anything in writing and the daughter said she understood I had asked her father to pose as a favor to me.

"Well, in August Aline said she wanted to go east to see her children. Your sister-in-law was going and she wanted to go with her."

"My sister-in-law? Oh, Caroline? Yes."

"She wanted money; she didn't know how much; a couple of thousand. Of course I didn't have it. That fussed her. Where could we get it? I said we couldn't get it anywhere. Afterward she told me she'd tried to borrow it from Rogers, but he said not while she was my wife. Then she said she was sick of the place and of me and she was going to stay with—oh, someone, Mrs. Clyde, I think. She went off to the Rogue and to Lake Tahoe, was gone about six weeks. When she came back she began to talk about divorce."

A silence. Then Dina said timidly, "How do you feel about it?"

For answer he put his head down in his hands, his body doubled over his knees; he rumpled his hair and groaned.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Dina said. "I know how you love her!"

Suddenly the man sat erect and looked at her with bright, angr under his tumbled hair.

"No, I don't love her; I sup never did," he said definitely in voice. "I was carried away as si She is one of the beautiful wor all time; I was flattered; it v drinking and dancing, moonligl cocktails—I don't know what har But it breaks me up to—I me all mixed—it doesn't make sens

"She wants to marry Rogers, said calmly.

"She'd throw him over at th of a hat if she got a better chanc has twice," Andy answered moo

"She may not get a better this time," Dina observed. Th looked at her curiously.

"Rogers is married," he said.

"You needn't tell me!" Dina an with a mirthless little laugh. "B been in love with her all his life.

"Who said so? She told m But she says that of lots of men, said skeptically.

"Oh, but this time it's true. I mits it."

"Rogers?"

"Yes, and if she'd look at hi jump right through rings," Din too much in earnest to pick her

"But he's—he's married to Andy stammered.

"Yes, but I'd never refuse anything he asked of me," Din her voice dreamy and her eyes fa "He's been too wonderful to m done too much for my people—

"But if you love him, my G not give him up to anyone like Andy protested. "She's show twice what she thinks of him. S love me," he went on; "we hac wonderful times together at firs she's never loved him."

"You see there are twenty ye tween Rogers and me, Andy, makes what he feels for me, an I feel for him, too, more like father and daughter might feel," began with some difficulty.

"You've got a child!" the man tered, bewildered.

"Yes, yes I know."

"You don't mean that you an ers might separate so that he a could get married?"

"Well, there's no plan," Din hesitatingly, "but he has loved his life."

"Well, for Lord sakes!" Andy lated under his breath.

"WHAT will you do, Andy, sues?" Dina asked a little t "Will you contest it?"

"Certainly not. If she wants he dom, she can have it!

"No," he went on after an in "I'll go back east. You see, I don't belong here; I belong there all my studying there. I was along at the league and eating every third day when a fellow asked me to donate a portrait t charity bazaar; that's how it al pened," he went on. "I had a spare time and he said he'd pay paint, so I agreed. Well, the gi won the raffle happened to b Marion Sloat who was all over th —remember? Debutante or Girl Number One or whatever s So I went down to their place a tington to paint her. A lot of h came in to see the work going we all got friendly and from tha —oh, five or six more. So one led to another and I took ov studio of an old French artist w going back to Paris.

"Work kept coming in and I t I was made. I came west to wood last year and went to Springs for the Christmas holida there I met Aline; Bill Cutter

ii: tudio at Los Altos, I had lots
bm: issions, and the future looked
: it I've found out in the last
m: ths, I'm not anywhere nearly
ou: ly grounded in portraiture as
ou: I was. I've a lot of hard work
so, id so I'm going back to study
a: l of mine—Emilio Bernasconi
: N: v York."

Oh, she said, regret in her voice.

ef: ne and Rogers are really plan-
ar: hing," he presently added, "I'd
yc to know— What is it?"

or: na, suddenly pale, had got to
fe: and turned so that her back
to: rd the entrance to the gallery.
y: ng man and a middle-aged
ar: had entered—the one, a tall
d: oung fellow in well-tailored
es: n overcoat over his arm; the
r, fashion plate in furs, white
es, im small hat.

'he: —that's Caroline—that's Mrs.
an—" Dina said hurriedly. "I
: t go—come with me—"

ne: om was small; it was inevitable
th: new arrivals should see them.
y: re all face to face. Andy was
fir: to speak:

Ho: do you do, Mrs. Holland? Aline
m: you were back."

Ho: do you do?" Caroline Holland
at: She faintly inclined her head.
ral: e," she added briefly.

he: ylights and the floor and the
ure: in their gold frames began
eni: ly, slowly to reel together. Dina
dly: ut out one hand and steadied
elf: y gripping the back of a leather

My: n, Andy," Caroline said. "You
em: r each other at Palm Springs
ye: ?"

Oh: ello, Vere. Glad to see you
in,' Andy said.

He: , Dina," Vere said, clearing his
at: eaking in a low tone. She gave
h: hand; it was cold as ice.

Ve: " She had to say it twice to
ke: rself heard. She stood looking
im: hile he held her hand.

N: 'S been doing some pretty
sv: l painting, hasn't he?" Vere said.

in: could not hear him. All that
he: d was the remembered voice,
vo: that had been the only one in
wo: d to her once. Vere was with
ag: n, tall and broad-shouldered,
n th: husky, unforgotten note in his
e, d those eager eyes on hers.

I w: ted to see your portrait," he told
: veryone's—everyone's talking
ut:"

he: noved toward it, leaving Caro-
ar: Andy conversing.

in: had turned from the others in
ins: ctive need to keep them from
ng: er face. Now, still clinging to
ba: of the great leather davenport
su: ort, and fighting to the best of
p: er the vertigo and weakness
: eveloped her, she blindly indi-
d: e picture.

It: good picture," Vere said. "Did
did: take him long to do it?"

To: to what?" she asked faintly,
llo: ng.

I: an, have to sit for him a lot?"
s: that really mattered, as if that
w: at they two had to say to each
er!

Oh: no." Her voice, thank good-
s: s audible at last: "He came to
ho: e to paint it, six or seven times,
in!'

It's beautiful. That's the library,
t i:'

Ye: That's Rogers' mother's pic-
e: at little bit there in the corner.
w: ted that in."

Yo: live down there now, don't
?"

W: ave, right along. We've always
n: home, Rogers and I."

He: ustn't ask for Margaret, not her
le: argaret!

"Home, huh?" he echoed. And then, awkwardly: "You were awfully sick, weren't you?"

"Never dangerously. We had a smash when Rogers was driving me in to town one day, and I broke my leg. And that same day Margaret was born. But it was never dangerous."

"Lord," he said.

"I don't think it looks very much like me, but it is a lovely picture." Dina was regaining her self-control. She was many, many years older in experience now than was this boy with whom she had danced at Cotta's a year ago. He could not reach her. She was safe in another world.

"Dina," Vere said in a low tone, "will you let me tell you something?"

"But this is the picture everyone thinks is so fine," Dina said hurriedly. She nodded her head toward Morning Trio. "That's Andy's wife at the piano," she added.

"I know. I was at Palm Springs when he was painting it," Vere reminded her. "That's Aline; all she can play is The Happy Farmer," he added scornfully.

"Andy thinks it is the best thing he has done."

Vere studied the rest of the canvas. "He's smart, all right," he conceded.

"He's wonderful," Dina agreed.

"It sounds funny to me to have you call Uncle Rogers' place 'home.'"

SHE had steered him away once from dangerous ground. She fenced again:

"Have you the time, Vere? I'm supposed to be keeping a twelve-o'clock appointment."

"Weren't you laid up most of the summer?"

"From July twenty-third until—well, about three weeks ago. I came downstairs then. But I'd been getting up for about two weeks."

"You've had a rotten time, haven't you?" Vere said.

Dina looked up at him squarely.

"I didn't mind it at all. I had puzzles and books and everything I wanted. I have to go; I know I'm late. Andy," Dina said, breaking away deliberately from Vere and interrupting the painter's conversation with Caroline, "we have to go now."

Her hand to all appearances was laid lightly on his wrist. But he felt the fingers close like a vise.

"We're late," she told him, and there was warning and appeal in her glance. "Goodby, Caroline. Goodby, Vere. Andy," Dina murmured, taking his arm, propelling him toward the door, "we said quarter to twelve, and my dentist's at twelve—oh, get me out, stay with me!" she whispered when they were out in the gallery; "come with me, Andy!"

"I'll go with you anywhere!" he said bewildered, holding open the door, accompanying her as she went hurriedly into the street. "What's the matter?"

"Don't—don't ask me!" Dina breathed. "Just stay with me. Let's turn here—anywhere. Let's walk—fast."

"What the deuce—?" His big hand was under her elbow; they were racing along together blindly, hardly noticing where they were going.

"Yes, let's go up to Chinatown," Dina said. She looked up at him and tried to smile. "I'm all right now," she went on, slackening her pace and beginning to breathe more normally. "But I—I was afraid I was going to faint or something. What a comfort you are to me!"

"I gather you don't like Caroline," Andy observed, "but he seems a nice boy. He was down at Palm Springs, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"You'd met him before today?"

"Oh, yes."

"I feel that I am going to buy you something, Dina. Something as a souvenir of the day you came to my


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NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE


exhibition. What would you like?"

"How—how high would you go, Andy?"

"Say thirty-five cents."

"Oh, well, then, one of those bowls. Come on, I'll show you where! Here in the window down the alley, see?"

"I see ducks that look as if they had been strangled, and ducks apparently composed of grease, cockroaches and black string," Andy observed.

"Yes, that's the place! See the bowls in the window. Those; one of those. They're twenty-five cents."

"But that leaves ten cents over," Andy observed.

"Well, then we can buy some honey and flaxseed candy."

"What horrible fancies you get, Dina. Which bowl? The red one? Squaw likee red bowl one chop," said Andy.

DINA laughed shakily; tears came into her eyes; she did not look at him.

"This one is a quarter," said the young Chinese.

"I think I'll send my mother some of these," Dina said, her voice still unsteady. "They were eating oatmeal out of the weirdest collection of saucers I ever saw, when I saw them in Stockton. You deliver?"

"In the city and in the Bay counties, Madam."

"Stockton?"

"There'll be a small extra charge for shipping."

"I don't like your belittling my present by sending your mother eight of it," Andy objected; "it's what's called making small of me. I'll send your mother this elephant."

"You will not!" But still she could not trust herself to look at him. "It must weigh fifty pounds! It's supposed to stand in a garden."

"It weighs about twenty-one pounds, madam," said the clerk.

"Why didn't you tell me they'd all been to Harvard," Andy said in an embittered undertone.

"Because I love your Indian dialect!"

She put down her money and wrote the address in a long account book of folded soft pages. The cle wrap one red bowl in tissu paper.

"Yes, we take that one a the eight. Well, nothing this morning," Dina said.

"Are these oysters?" An respectfully.

"Dried oysters, yes."

"Dina," he said in the s with those soft yellow cakes like folded-up wool socks rotted oysters, and the stra how does it happen that al nese aren't curled up in spas from dawn until dark?"

"Perhaps—perhaps they dark until dawn, when w them?"

"Here's the church. War

"No. I'm afraid I might

"I bought all my Christn here last year. They made Andy said conversationally

"Everyone in San Fran

"Feeling better?"

"Every minute, thank I have missed my dentist haven't I?"

"Yep. It's twenty to one. things to upset you, Dina.'

"Neither do I!"

"Caroline Holland has b you."

"She doesn't like me, blame her."

"Are you lunching with

"I can't. I'm meeting twenty minutes."

"May I suggest a short s dressing room with powder or rouge or something? You what like a young weasel of retirement after a long

"I'll fix up. Andy," Dina ing to his arm as they walk hill, "you are terribly g You've been awfully kind. you terribly then."

"I don't suppose you k said, in a tone suddenly s low, "exactly what it mea be needed by you."

*( To be continued nex*

## Medicine out of Magic

**Continued from page 16**

or copper or, if the surgeon was affluent, of silver.

It is amazing how skillful the early surgeons were in avoiding a vein or an artery. For that matter, it is amazing to watch the quacks perform the operation wholesale in the market place today. I have often seen one lay out his needles by a bowl invitingly placed for coins and heard him exhort the crowd in the best manner of a side-show barker. I have watched him stick needles agonizingly close to an artery or deep into the head. Between operations he wets the needles in his mouth and cleans them on his hair or filthy robes. He punctures for everything from colic to leprosy.

In spite of the disrepute into which acupuncture has fallen, it is based on the principle of the Biers hyperemia treatment and in a way is a forerunner of diathermy. Instead of needles Biers used a tight rubber band. Both methods drew blood to the afflicted spot. And the blood, the body's greatest repair force, helps rid the joints of collected poison. In the 18th century the English and French became interested in acupuncture. One English physician used it successfully in treating sprains and chronic arthritis.

The medieval Chinese were also good herbalists. So were the gypsies. Recently I came upon a small book written by the son of the tinker whom Borrow immortalize many Rye and Lavengro mother, a Rumanian Zinga gro learned the gypsy fo had been handed down by w for many generations. T blood pressure with the co ing nettle, eczema with a from birchbark, colds and l with a cherry syrup, stomac with hops and rheumatoid ash leaves. The list of flowe berries is extensive and m have a place in our mod copoeia.

On the whole we owe a the folk cures of those dext healer-sorcerer-jugglers, medicine men. Many of we now use are in direct them. Among those that c most readily are mercury, rada, tannic acid, gum asafetida, apiole from p and papain from papaya.

But lest you think all me cines were disagreeable yo this prescription enjoyable virgins, daughters of one seven days in succession. ommended as a cure for s believe you would find it e tive for deafness, a sprai Bright's disease. Or what

## Advance Agent

Continued from page 17

t here, cool, no sound of cars, d gray shadows, the sweet mur- the stream. Poor Bill! His rs were dejected; his drama had out at the seams.

e was touched. "I'm sorry he t play ball. Tell me about it." sat on a rustic bench and Bill angry, sheepish, and obstinate. superior young man—Harvard ubtless. He said a thug, even with a record, had a legal right beer. He said if there was one Ryegate, maybe he just liked As for midnight at the cross- f in fact I was sober, hadn't I rd about changing a tire? Did that truck lines employed in- who stopped trucks to check up ? And the U. S. government tty busy these days, though al- d to talk to the press."

t did he say about your escaped inspiration?"

oked at her sullenly. "I didn't it."

ulously, "What! But that's ner head—the rest is just filler. ve out the leading man? Why u tell him?"

rew her a queer, half-desperate nd got up and walked down to k. He picked up a handful of nd started skipping them, one Connie watched him in bewil- ; the last one skipped eight d maybe that was a triumph, why? But, when he turned back he bench, for no reason she felt ind of haste in her pulse.

desperation in his eyes. He pposite her, positively glaring. a damned pretty dress," he said ly.

ewildered, she stood up and ut the skirt. "Your orders. You ts were out, so pants are out. l hope went with this suit."

He was scowling at her. "You're a damned pretty girl," he growled. Then he snorted. "Pretty! My God, you're beautiful."

She didn't know what was happening but exactly at this moment the haste in her pulse became turbulence. "Does that make you see spots?" she asked. Then, "Trying to undermine my will power with flattery, are you?" Then, getting better control, "Some day you'll call me beautiful in front of a third party and you'll find yourself trapped into a shotgun marriage."

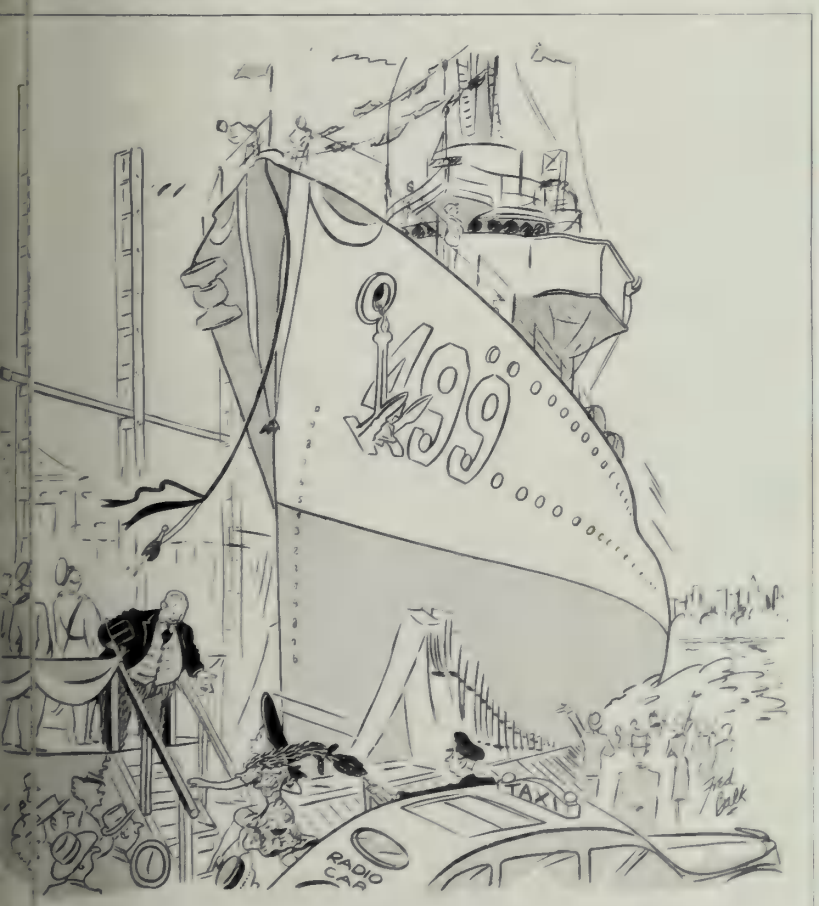
He was beating one palm with the other fist. "Shut up!" he said furiously. "Have you always got to be making wisecracks?"

NOT a bit of this made sense, and there was a roaring in her ears, and she needed a lot more self-control. "Look here!" she said. Her breath lasted just two words. She took a deeper breath. "Are you trying to see if you can make me bawl?"

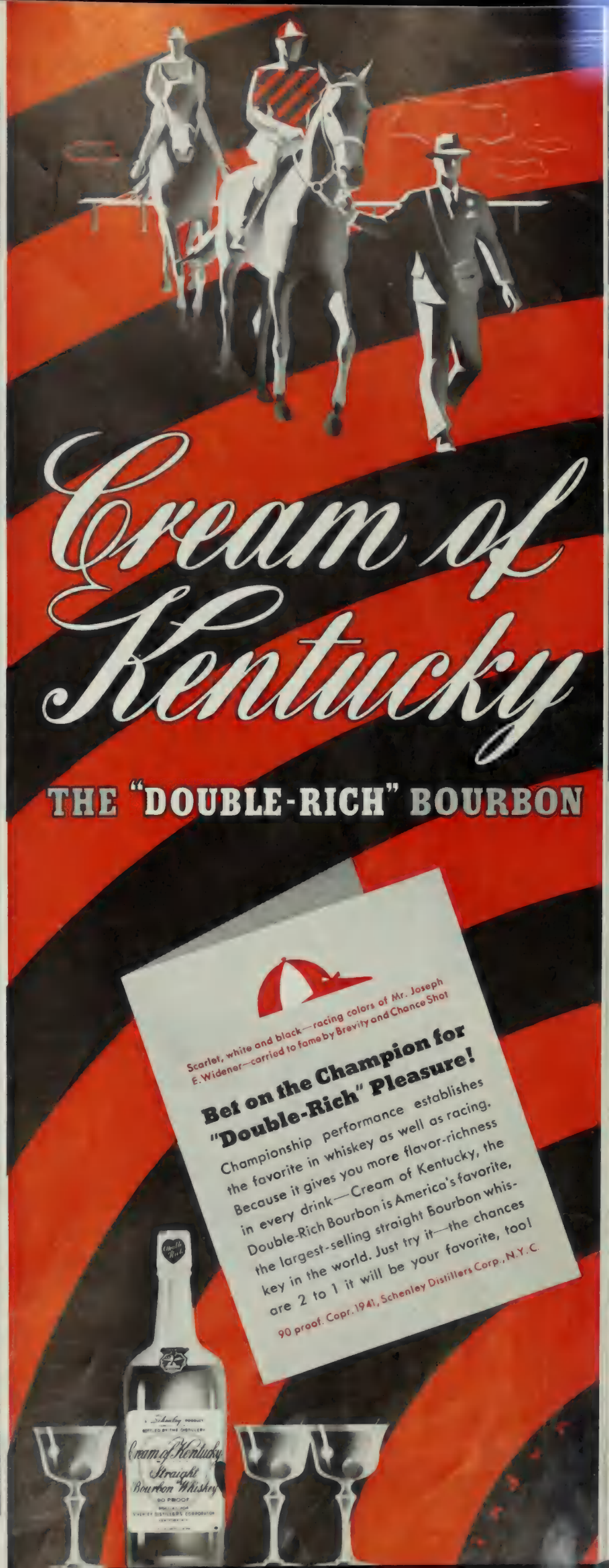
His voice was agonized: "I'm crazy about you!"

How many times had Constance Scovil, Martha Case College, '43, mooning by herself, tried to imagine him saying just that? With no warning, spoken as if he hated her like the devil, here it was. It could be a hallucination. Her own voice sounded frightened: "I thought I heard you say that!" He said, "I'm crazy about you—you're wonderful—I'm always thinking about you." The trees by the water were all confused and Bill was just a blurred outline, and she said, with a gasp, "Why don't you do something about it?" And Bill looked helpless and said, "Do something?"

The power of motion was gone from her legs—but not altogether. She said, "Like this," and contrived to take a couple of steps. And those were his




**"Sorry we couldn't wait, Miss Hotchkiss, but stick around—we'll have another one ready for you shortly!"**

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arms around her and Bill Jay was kissing her at last. She couldn't believe it yet and then the great wave broke over her and it was true. She pressed against him and there was nobody else in the world and no place but this little circle of trees. After an eon or two he started to drop his arms, maybe to look at her, but she whispered, "No, you don't," and held him tighter. He whispered, "Connie, there are tears on your cheeks," and she said, "You know what to do about them." He said desperately, "You really mean this—you really like me?" She could only say "Darling" and really sob.

They sat on a bench and her head was on his shoulder and he had both her hands and kept saying idiotic things. He actually thought that she had just now made up her mind—she had to keep telling him that he hadn't had a chance from the beginning. He said, "It won't turn out to be just a summer crush—you'll really marry me?" She said, "In this dress!" and the best of all was laughing together. And talking in whispers, even though there was nobody else alive. "I kept on throwing myself at you and that was always me sprawling on the ground where you let me bump—you've lost a lot of time you didn't need to lose." And Bill, turning her face up, as if she hadn't had the same idea, and whispering, "Lost time can be made up."

LATER on, blue dusk had made the trees indistinct and the brook murmurous and a great calm had settled on them. Infinitely long ago they had started out for a drive, grouchy, with no notion of a thunderclap to come, and now they were going to be married, they were two people in love, and it simply wasn't the same world. What had the world been like before the thunderclap?

"Let's see," she said dreamily, still holding his arm around her with both hands. "Where were we when you made that inflammable remark? You called me pretty—so look what happened. I know! You were going to tell me why you left out the scarlet thread in your movie script. Why did you?"

Her fiancé muttered something and his arm tightened around her. And then she knew. When you're in love, when someone is in love with you, you don't have to be told.

She sat up. She saw things in the clearest light, and only half the world was glory now. "I see it," she said quietly. "You were in love with me. I guess that's how you found out you were. If you're right about him, my father is involved."

Bill said, "That's right. I'm in love with you."

"That means you're absolutely convinced it's true." A ghastly thought constricted her throat. "Bill, did you—is this—oh, Bill, it wouldn't just be that you feel sorry for me?"

"I'm crazy about you. You don't have to be told."

No, not when you're in love. She took his arm away from her waist. "Let's get it said. You think my father is mixed up in something. You really do."

Clearly and slowly: "Making peace speeches for headlines is one thing. Harboring an enemy is something else. That's a Heinie, that's the aviator who was in the news. And there are queer smells. Winkler—somehow I can't like rich people who have no particular country. Maybe it was just thugs at Booker's camp, but the Heinie was there too, so maybe it wasn't just thugs. It comes under the jobs I've done, darling. I'm supposed to understand the kind of setup this can maybe be."

But it meant . . . yes, there were her own long fears, and bit by bit you could assemble the most damning suspicions. *But it was treason!* Against the United States. She was cold and [illegible] to imagine the terrible un[illegible]

"You don't know anythin[illegible] "you just suspect."

He nodded. "That's exac[illegible] anyone who suspects—we'[illegible] try."

Connie stood up and wen[illegible] creek. That was what Bill [illegible] before the thunderclap. It [illegible] dark now. She stood lo[illegible] water, not seeing it. She [illegible] Bill got up from the bench.

"If you're right, they wo[illegible] bad people, wouldn't they [illegible] could be dangerous?"

"Escaped prisoners, ene[illegible] they don't come any tough[illegible]

"That's what scares me, [illegible] think," she said softly. "M[illegible] it now, darling. I'm crazy [illegible] we're in love." She woul[illegible] voice break. "I can't stan[illegible] look, everything we've bee[illegible] has been without each oth[illegible] we're going to get marrie[illegible] don't need to consider m[illegible] about my father. I mean, [illegible] might happen to him—we[illegible] be things happening to you [illegible] live through, not him. . . . I[illegible] you want. Whatever you t[illegible] But I've got to be near en[illegible] touching you."

He took her hands. H[illegible] crazy about you." She said [illegible] me." In a world grown tre[illegible] the unknown it was mor[illegible] glorious to be kissed. By [illegible]

"That's settled and we [illegible] she whispered. "So—oh, [illegible] me to dinner. We've never [illegible] gagement dinner up to now [illegible] you can be the boy detec[illegible] long, but tonight we're m[illegible]

"Where shall we go?"

She laughed and tears w[illegible] her eyes. "Do you suppo[illegible] find some little place wh[illegible] beer?"

GARRETT said, "You s[illegible] strain, *Fräulein*."

Mathilde nodded. "It wa[illegible] before I came here—the sh[illegible] raids. One would think th[illegible] cess in getting here would [illegible] that. But there is too m[illegible] Erich, too much delay, too [illegible] purposes."

With an almost humor[illegible] ment, he speculated abo[illegible] Winkler. She might be ner[illegible] was resolute. She looked [illegible] seductive, and she might s[illegible] had to shoot someone wi[illegible] matic in her bag, she mig[illegible] she had shot him, but she [illegible] And whatever amusement[illegible] her leisure hours, her mi[illegible] and clear, and sharp. Bes[illegible] vil's rhetorical intoxicatio[illegible] stupidity.

"I had not expected to [illegible] long," she said. "Certain[illegible] expect to have to keep y[illegible] from each other's throats."

"I think he is quite mad, [illegible] reason to be apprehens[illegible] *Fräulein*, you had better [illegible] you are holding back."

No doubt about the co[illegible] mind. "What do you mea[illegible]

"I don't know. Mathilde [illegible] you are withholding some[illegible]

"In the face of that?" S[illegible] a little packet of papers.

She had obeyed his in[illegible] last night completely, and [illegible] material enough to sen[illegible] Leavenworth a dozen tim[illegible] far more detail about the [illegible] offensive than G2 could p[illegible] It was invaluable—and it [illegible] relevant. Von Weitbrecht [illegible] reached.

"Yes, in the face of that [illegible]

s tiny; he could not read her ıg s. "Well, you will decide for rs —I trust, not too late. There f y-eight hours left."

W t does that mean?"

Ju this." He assumed the steel of N hrichtendienst. "You are quite t ime has been lost, our situation es rate, and Scovil is—too vision- make no progress toward von th cht." He had, in fact, decided r re was known about von Weit- h han had been told him. "I will t enty-four hours more for him ep t to me—till this time tomor- e ning. If he comes, we will be- th e. If he doesn't, *Fräulein*, I can t r longer."

W t can you do without him?"

W," he said, calmly, "you will m everyone at the Forwarding ap y who knows anything about p ıs, and everyone else who can he by car or plane before Tuesday n. e will have a little meeting, de- ni who is to blame for mistakes a dents, and then work out the w of repairing them and prepar- to lo the job without von Weit- ht Mathilde was appalled. "You id ll a general rendezvous? Here? h, othing could possibly be more ge ıs."

Ye it is unfortunate. It is also un- un e that von Weitbrecht has failed T se are my orders—and do not ıti them to Scovil."

H guess about von Weitbrecht was gh she would have to tell Scovil at fir opportunity. . . . He was taking of nsive, bringing on action, pre- ta g an unknown climax.

Ma lde was watching him narrowly, h aw a slight quiver in her fingers. a event," he said, "neither of us b here after Tuesday night. . . ."

I nk Booker is downstairs," she d. Maybe he has brought news of itbrecht. Or—" more slowly. ou ow, he suspects you of being an er n."

He ok Mathilde's arm and said, "If I am not too critical, when you choose helpers like Booker, could you not look more closely for intelligence?"

Scovil, in good humor but his eyes glittery, was filling three cocktail glasses. Booker got to his feet when they came in—and looked surly. An ugly brute, a true squarehead. So typical a Nazi that he seemed a caricature.

Garrett called the houseman, "Bring another cocktail glass." He nodded to Scovil. "Don't stand on caste—Booker would like a drink." He gave one of the filled glasses to Booker, and said, "Now as for my being an American, just what—"

Booker nearly dropped the glass. His low forehead creased, his eyes were first startled and then vindictive. Garrett glanced at Scovil, who was clearly embarrassed by his subordinate's stupidity. "Why not?" Garrett said. "It is not bright to hold a suspicion past its proper time. But Booker was certainly right to suspect me." He turned to Booker. "Drink your cocktail! Tell me what is on your mind."

The thug was no menace when embarrassed. His swart face got darker, and he muttered, "I thought I had seen you somewhere."

"Where?" Booker moved his massive shoulders and had no answer. Garrett waited, then said, "You are a *skimeister?* Were you ever in the Sierra Nevadas?" Booker shook his head. "You could have seen me there ten years ago. Where did you practice your trade in Germany?"

"In Austria. Arlberg."

Garrett said carelessly, "Perhaps you have seen me, then. I first went to Arlberg in 1932. I've been back many times."

"1932!" Booker growled. "That year there were many Americans."

That year, in fact, there was even a team composed of Americans studying at German technical institutes. It had done surprisingly well. And a member of it named James Garrett had placed several times and scored one first.

"I believe there were some Germans

"I finally persuaded my wife to put out her hand on taking a turn. I bought her a diamond ring"


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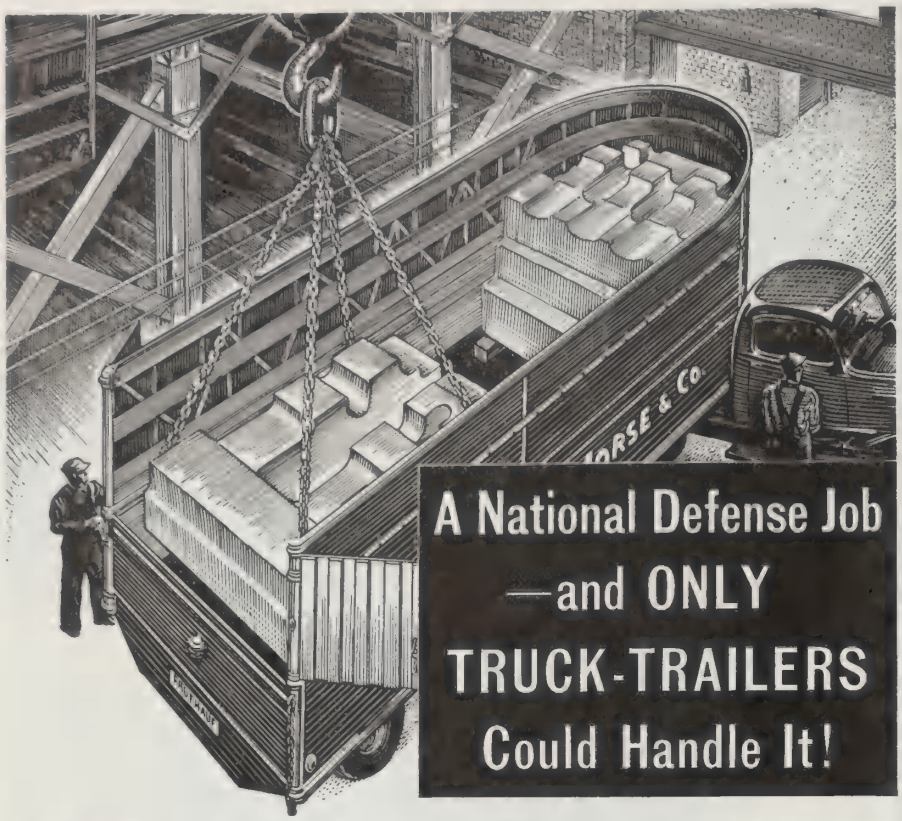


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too," he said, and turned to Scovil. "We can use men who remember a face nine years. But Booker means something else." He stepped nearer Booker. "The truth is, you think I am from the *Gestapo*."

He had made the shot at random, merely to embarrass Booker more, but at once saw that it had got home. Instantly he followed it up: "You do not like having the *Gestapo* near. It would be comfortable to get rid of it—and what better way than framing me as an American spy?" He made the most of the inch or so by which he out-topped Booker, stood close, spoke with controlled harshness. "I may well be from the *Gestapo*. You have only to obey orders. Obey them. I will do with you what I see fit."

DISCIPLINE was a handy thing. The reflexes of Carl Booker—Karl Bucher of Arlberg—were trained to obedience and he would never again suspect Garrett of being an American.

"Now, leave us." Booker made an about face and strode away, but Garrett halted him. "Wait!" With the greatest suavity. "You are at the disposal of all three of us, *Fräulein* Winkler, Mr. Scovil and me. Understand, however, that I command. If anyone's orders should conflict with mine, you will obey mine."

When the door closed behind Booker, Scovil said, "Word from von Weitbrecht reached camp this afternoon."

"Yes?" he said imperturbably.

He scrutinized the dark officious face for a motive—deception, policy, canniness, but nothing was legible. "By wire. We reported your arrival and he will doubtless come to the camp. He should come sometime tomorrow, or by tomorrow night's truck, or at the latest, Tuesday."

If there was any clue, would it be a trace of surprise or possibly doubt in Mathilde's eyes? Well, he would stand pat. "He would find it convenient to report to me tomorrow. I will not wait past Tuesday."

After dinner, Scovil went away. The breeze had fallen and the still night was humid. He was afraid of this pause, for when tension was released one risked getting careless. But tonight he was buoyed up and confident exulting in his progress toward the goal. The improbable, the all but impossible, was coming true. The long chance had been worth taking. He had converted accident into good fortune, failure into success, and the all but forbidden end was coming near.

Mathilde crossed from her chair in deep shadow to sit beside him on the steps leading down from the terrace, and took his arm. "You are thoughtful, Erich."

"I do not enjoy inaction, Mathilde," he said.

"Heaven knows you have had action enough for most men." She was whispering, and her hand made a small, premonitory pressure on his arm.

He stood up. "You will forgive me if I leave you for an hour or so?" She rose in a single sinuous movement that brought her hair very near his face, and softly breathed "Erich!" He said, "I have hard thinking to do. I think much too irrelevantly when I am by your side, *Gräfin*. I will drive for a while."

"You can't mean to miss the broadcast?"

"Or do you think, like Booker, that I will get in touch with the Americans if you are not watching me?" Her hand made a gesture of denial which allowed it to brush gently across his. "I promise I will not betray you to the enemy tonight, Mathilde. But it is sound sense, it is a very needful sanity, for us not to be alone together. There is too much likelihood of forgetting my errand."

Done with a spade! But
and, with a sigh, she let h
one at the garage objected w
a car but, a mile or so past S
there were again persisten
in the mirror. Mathilde h
time to summon Booker, a
Scovil had not ventured to
orders. So Booker was doin
own. Either he had not bee
at cocktail time or he had
vinced too thoroughly. Supp
had turned feral? Easy enou
up beside this car and disp
of an American agent or
agent with a single shot.
be guns at Scovil's, many c
any cost, by any expedient,
hands on one tomorrow.

But it was a different d
shook him when he drew
bookshop. All the many fo
impulse, all the private and
asters that might turn on it,
clear in his mind as he sat fo
before going in. He under
perfectly, and he had no wil
them. Between dark and
half-hour seized from neces
must be himself.

Gail answered his ring. S
the open door and was neithe
glad "I admitted I couldn't
she said. "But I hoped you
what I asked."

He stepped past her int
went into the bookshop that
a library, and stood looki
"Still," Garrett said, "you
charming dress to welcome
ment in."

THE full force of his folly
ent, for, grave and troub
beautiful, she stormed his s
the sudden, overwhelming re
how much was denied him.
rose in him in a great tide; he
gling not to take her in his
She looked back at him, wit
ing, without turning her eyes
gestured toward a deep cha
down across the room from h

"That's true," she said. "I
self a fool but I wanted to lo
so that you would be glad o
by day I've come to be mor
you, and tonight I could h
waiting for you. It must not

The shameful alias heigh
rebellion. "Too many thing
be. I must not remember
smiling, or driving with yo
night, or how it is to kiss yo
What is there to do? I do r

Her gaze fell; she looked d
crossed ankles. So he could
fill with her hair, her shou
knees, the tenderness of her
looked up again. "When are
to tell me the truth about yo

Yes, that was how the kn
twist. Never. And already h
ing high for his folly in co
Only a desperate levity could
"God knows what the truth
man is, my dear, when any w
that question."

She ignored it. "There is
desperate about you, John."
rose in a long sigh. "Oh, I d
what you think! It's nothing
you called yourself a thief, o
did not seem to know Lynn S
you came to the town he lives
got all that when . . . when
happened to us. But there is
rible alertness in you. As if
in the midst of deadly ene
God help me, as if the shado
was on you. You are like a s
bent too far. You seem to
looking past my shoulder, wa
your mortal enemy. It terr
I've got to know what it mear

More of the inexorable pr
folly. In an honest man's lif

would have been sheer ecstasy. at moment on Wednesday eve- en he had first touched his cheek hair there had been something l between Gail Armstrong and Some spark that flashed when t and carried across the gulf that d them. It had enabled her to he impersonation that had com- deceived everyone else. She was ent of the evil world he labored e was ignorant of his history— had come, in the heart's knowl- the edge of his secret.

rap closed on him and what lie lp him out? He smiled. "That's romantic description for a drab rgist to fit." For a single mo- s tone brought a dimple to the f her mouth. It vanished when "I hadn't suspected you of a melodrama." She shook her d her eyes reproached him. He of his chair, went to a window, ooking out. The unpredictable incredible swirled in his mind. gton — Detroit — Scovil's little snakes—the antlike creatures of itbrecht scurrying in darkness. rned back—and had to pass a th a cash register. And good here was a revolver on it, a revolver. But he had decided re was only one way to answer divert her from the unan- question. "And you trouble me, e said. "There is Scovil—you t marry him."

ad the dignity of complete de- sness and complete honesty. "It ake any difference to . . . what aying. But I won't, John. I . Not possibly. Not now."

HAT much of the price was re- l, and whatever else might come is hour, one vileness was re- rom her. But he had been swept a current far stronger than the rence he had fought against. as the curve of her lips, and for nent in the midst of war a man e himself.

ood up, shrinking back. "Don't e, John!" she whispered.

opped short. "My name is not e said hoarsely. "I won't touch ou tell me not to. What do you ?"

ave him the dismayed tender- her eyes. She said, syllable by llable, "I can't care what your me."

oment was fulfilled in the touch of her lips. . . . If there were no war, if he were an honest man, if he had no job to do. She raised her face again. "You said all hell would be brought down on us if there were a third time," she said. "This is the third time. It isn't hell yet." He said, against her cheek, "It will be. Nothing can come of this, Gail."

"Then I'm right. You'll tell me what it is . . . now."

Her image had been in his eyes through the deadliest of days. Trust, loyalty, and surrender were in her kiss. She stood in his arms, and in ten seconds he must find some final harshness that would alienate her forever and some despicable lie that would scar her forever.

Voices and footsteps on the porch. Gail stood away from him—and no one could look at her cheeks or her eyes, or doubtless his either, without knowing that a love scene had been interrupted. But the two who came into the bookshop were hilariously excited, too concerned with themselves to observe anything. There was a girl with blond curls and a lively face, and close behind her a young man whom Garrett noticed only vaguely.

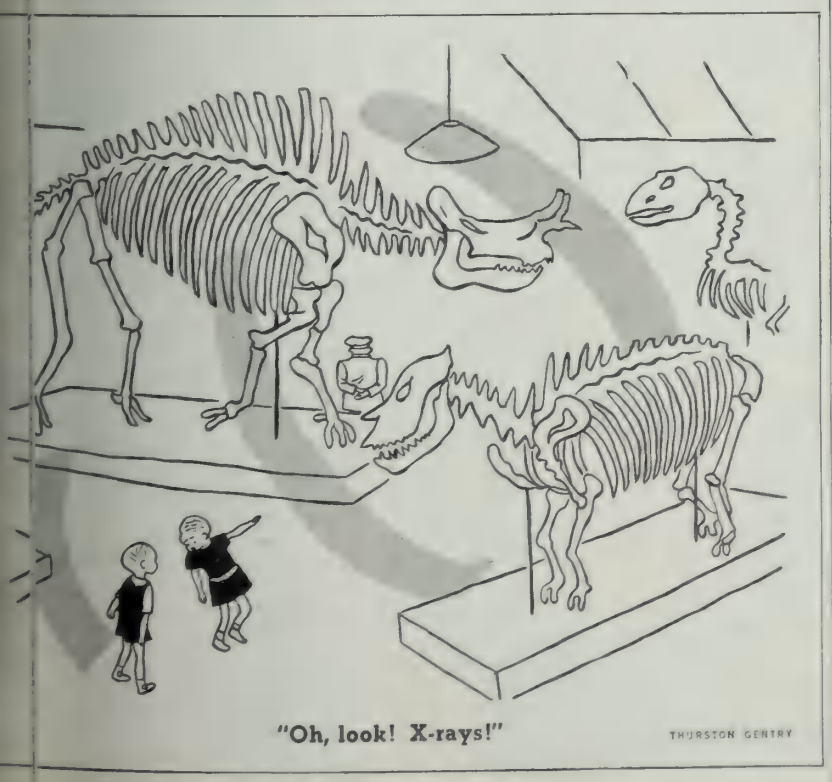
"Gail!" the girl said breathlessly, "Gail, you've got to listen! Richmond has fallen—Martha Case College in the stretch—all of a sudden he just crumbled and it's true, it happened, we're engaged . . . Oh!" She had seen Garrett. Her voice broke off, gaiety went out of her face, she looked first startled and then apprehensive.

Women had their own discipline. Gail was poised and graceful, as if no emotion had been interrupted. "This is Constance Scovil," she said casually, "Lynn's daughter. And Mr. Jay, Bill Jay. John . . . I mean, Mr. Page."

Garrett bowed to Scovil's daughter and turned to Jay, holding out his hand, aware now of a homely face, a tall, spare frame—and, unexpectedly, eyes that were hard and hostile. The young man did not take his hand but said, "I saw you at Pinnacle Manor, the night of the dance."

Garrett's full alertness roused to the unmistakable antagonism of Jay's manner. He said easily, "Yes, I'm staying there."

"Yeah." It was unmistakable hostility that was written on Bill Jay's face. He had no clue to it. A glance at Connie showed that she was tense. Jay said explosively, "I've seen you somewhere else, too. Camp Ryegate." He hesi-



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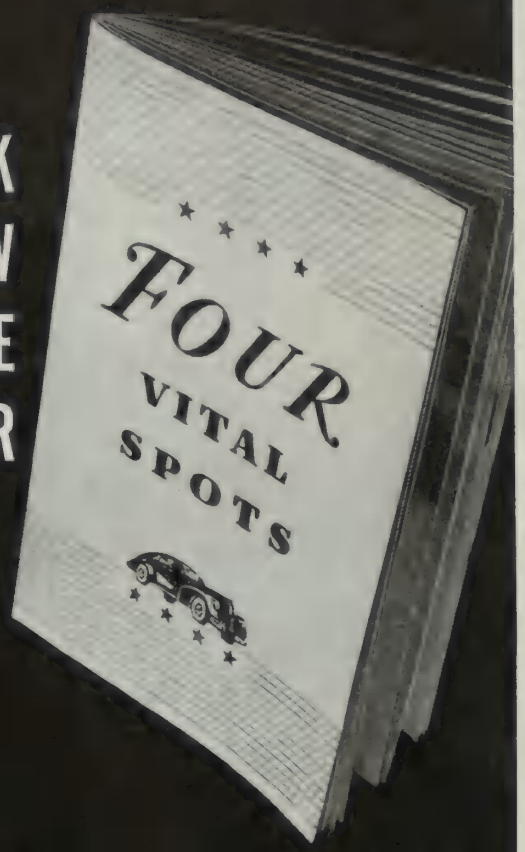


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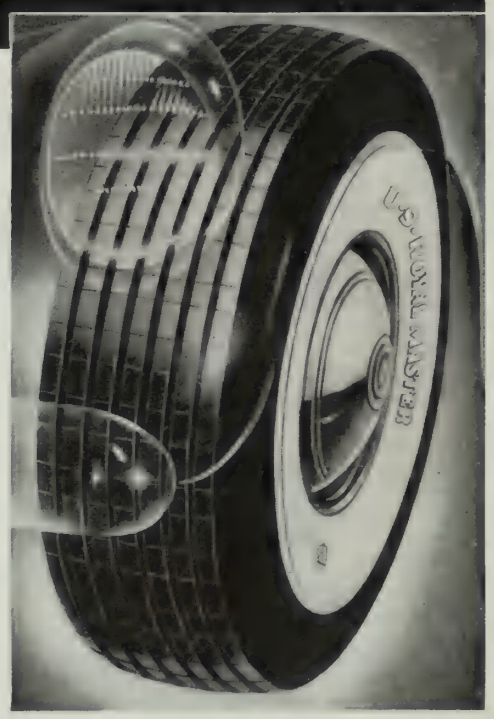


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C-41

tated for a moment, then plunged, "How much longer do you think you can get away with it?"

He heard Connie gasp and saw Gail's startled face. The dice had fallen wrong and an emergency was here. He smiled tranquilly at Jay, who burst out, "Your name is Römer. You're a Nazi prisoner of war."

So it was a total emergency—and in a quarter where it could not have been expected or prepared for. There was no possibility of flight. The thing had to be handled here. Handled here, handled now and handled right.

Connie had said "Bill!" in a frightened whisper, and Jay was leaning forward from his toes. The tableau held. Garrett broke it by sitting down and saying conversationally to Gail, "Is your friend connected with the theater?"

Gail too sat down, not gracefully. Connie said thinly, "Those were the beans spilling, Bill—the whole jar." Bill Jay nodded and seemed about to paw the ground. "I'm going through with it."

"Yes?" Garrett said. "What is it you're going through with, Mr. Jay?"

"Sorry, Gail," Jay threw her an apologetic glance. "I don't like being pushed around. I was pushed around right after I saw you at Camp Ryegate. You were with Booker. At the halfway house, the cabin at the bottom of the ski tow."

Never deny what could be established! He nodded. "That would be Thursday. A little before noon."

"I'm a newspaperman—I've formed a habit of looking into things. I was looking into the Taylor Mountain ski run. I got my jaw socked."

Garrett said thoughtfully, "I can understand that."

"Yeah. But who does it tie you up with? Just thugs, I thought at first. Thugs seem to like Camp Ryegate. There's a truck that comes by every night toward midnight, and gets met. Somebody hangs out at the cabin on top of Taylor Mountain—people who mustn't be seen. I get knocked down when I start in that direction."

Mr. Bill Jay was certainly a newspaperman! He had located the line of communication. More than that, he had learned something which Garrett had not been able to—someone was in hiding at the top of the ski run. Mr. Jay was a good man, much too good a man. He must be stopped.

JAY rushed on: "The hell with that! When I saw you at Scovil's, after seeing you with Booker—well, I got on the job. You'll find this is a funny country, brother—we get the news. Who unloaded from a car of prisoners in Ontario? Who got shot at on the bank of the St. Lawrence opposite Cornwall? Who broke into a lunch counter north of Malone? Who stole an automobile up above Saranac Junction and drove it into Vermont and abandoned it just north of Manchester?"

Garrett's mind flashed to that revolver at the cash register. No. This crisis could not be eased by shooting. Could it be eased by anything? "I don't know," he said evenly to this best of all newspapermen. "Is there some idea that I did?" It was his luck that both Jay and Connie kept their attention fixed on him. They might have seen Gail's face. He saw it.

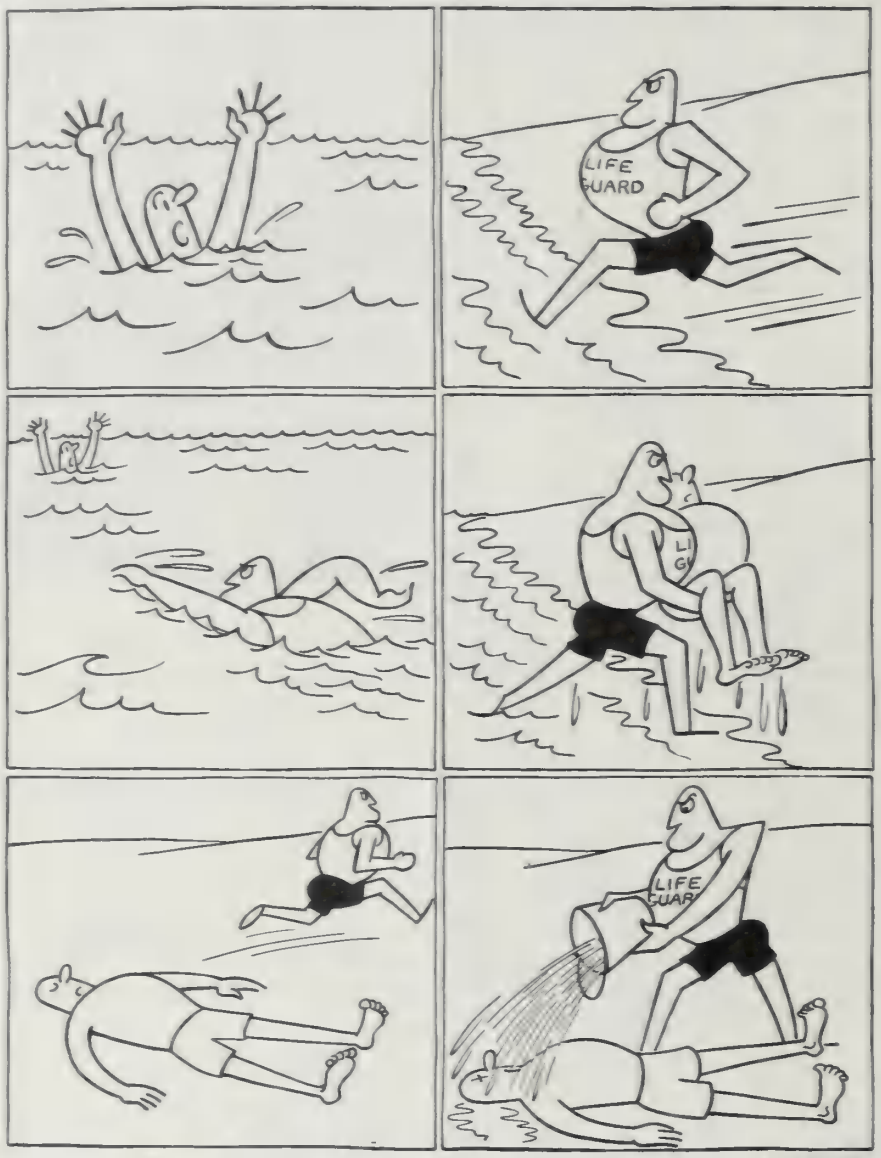
Jay launched his final accusation: "Who did Gail pick up at Manchester just about the time the car was abandoned there?"

Gail made no sound. Garrett said, "Gail picked me up at Manchester—though it's an ungraceful phrase. That was late Wednesday night." Only he knew what her eyes meant when he turned to her. He made his cast. "Was there some suggestion that I had abandoned a car there, Gail?"

It was the most despicable act he had been called upon to perform in a despicable trade. Her eyes died but she said calmly, "None whatever. And no suggestion that you had stolen a car or that the police were after you. Bill, this is unforgivable. You're making some grotesque mistake."

HE FELT a bitter and intolerable exultation. He had counted on her, betraying her, and he had been right to count on her. He roused himself to the advantage. Jay shouted, "I know what I'm talking about!" Garrett said scornfully, "I admire your talent for fantasy and headlines—but watch out that it doesn't get you into trouble." But, unexpectedly, it was Constance Scovil who took charge.

"Wait, Bill!" Her thin, pale face had




OTTO SOGLOW

an intentness as deadly as Gail's. "We can be wrong. Maybe you could be seeing things backward—from some bad angle. Look at him! If you're right, he's got nerves made of steel. Nobody has nerves like that. No escaped aviator looks down his nose at you—why isn't he through the window and out into the night? Something is very screwy—it could be us. Mr.—Mr. Page, will you please tell us who you are?"

He said, "No, not on compulsion, Miss Scovil." But Gail said, "Yes, tell us . . . who you are." How could they miss the desperation in her plea?

Between Gail and Connie he had won time enough to know what to do with Jay. He knew, now in full. He said, "Libel is a precious privilege of the newspaper business, Mr. Jay. But it has two edges. Why haven't you taken your melodrama to the police? If you've found an enemy of your country, you certainly ought to."

"I'm going to. Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Not if you're prepared to pay the price of being wrong." He let a brusque anger be seen in him, and stood up. "But before you do, inquire about me at the California Institute of Technology."

He turned to Gail: "The young man is a fool and I should treat him as one. But I can't let him embarrass you." He went to stand a couple of feet from Jay. "You'll find my picture in Caltech's annual for the class of 1931. I am a metallurgist. I have offices in Toledo—a telegram will check that. I am an old friend of Miss Scovil's father. There is no reason why I should account for myself to you. I'd enjoy your going to the police before verifying all this. But if the newspaperman's technique permits verification, see me tomorrow at Pinnacle Manor."

"What if I don't—" the angry young man began, but Garrett cut him short. "Do whatever your delusions require—but get out of here now and let me make amends to Mrs. Armstrong." He turned to Connie: "When you came in you were making an announcement. I can't say that I congratulate you. But, maybe it gives you an interest in keeping him from being too big a fool?"

"Nobody can call Bill a fool to me," the girl said slowly. "But even Bill could make a mistake. I think he's wrong about you. What I believed about you when I came in doesn't seem to make sense. I guess this is a good place to retire and sort out our ideas and see where some second thoughts bring us out. Come on, Bill. This time, let's make it bright."

Jay growled, "I'll damn' well see you tomorrow," and the two went out.

No, not tomorrow. Tomorrow would be altogether another day.

She sat in the deep red chair, motionless, without animation, hands clasped in her lap, her eyes cast down. Nothing about her moved, not her t the tips of her white pumps. spoke at last her voice w of all life: "You have to go must not wait till tomorrow. safe."

The one thing he must do thing he could not do. "I do to believe anything, Gail."

"Yes. And we won't even don't know why I protected needn't be afraid. But you lose a moment now."

Precisely. He must not l ment now. Nor was there a could say—even if he were p say anything. He stood sayi

Gail put her hands over "You still haven't told ever name . . . Römer . . . Well, I him that I saw the police. . . have been better if just one ments had no lies. Our . . . lo Her voice broke. "Do you ha to see me in tears?"

He saw her shoulders begi under the heavy white silk. and went out. An enemy of the eyes of the woman wh swered his kiss twenty minu Nazi to the woman he had fal with. . . . As he passed the ca he picked up the loaded rev put it in his pocket.

BEFORE he reached the po made over all his plans. had resolved to do everything precipitate the ending wit eight hours. Now he had no s time as forty-eight hours. T was under way, however u It had been begun by Bill Jay much too good as a newspape fortunately, was a little naiv too impetuous. And if it wa sonal disaster of James Garre had come to the bookshop was not the disaster of G2— most incredible luck.

But what if Jay was not s delayed by his fiancée's doubt first-rate performance of G2 man? What if he had gone str the bookshop to the local co or the state police. No. Proba just strong enough to hold J tomorrow.

He ducked down the side of and went out at a rear gat shadows at the corner, and pe four streets. A car was uno parked in the gloom of an el empty when he reached it but Booker behind the elm, snar he called him by name.

"Never mind—it's a good th here. Do you know a man na Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter your gang apparently beat hir

"I know him."

"It was distinctly a mistak him up. . . . He will be cor here before long, with a gir Scovil's daughter—she mus alarmed. Can you follow him leaves here—and take him qui

Booker nodded. "Yes, but—

"Silence! I will hold you re Take him to your camp and there. If you harm him in t will choke you with my own h is not to be touched—only hel I decide what to do with him. tell you." He turned away, t back. "Say nothing of this to *Fräulein* Winkler."

So Erich Köchlin was of th service to James Garrett, and was taken care of. There rem unpredictable results that mi from the emotions of two wo lightning that had actually s come from a direction about predictions could be ventured. would see. The finale had be

*(To be continued next w*

## Come Down Shootin'

Continued from page 10

a our men are volunteers whereas m s are "forced" into parachute ic A second is that the United es as not followed German prac- hird is that German planes have led "jump master," who kicks a who hesitate, where American ps "will be so highly trained not have to be urged to jump." m. officers smile when they read sconceptions. You know why. th sort of foreign thinking that has ee nto their hands since this war an

s a atter of fact, there was no other ra precedent for the Americans— d six months after paratroops Rot rdam convinced army men they e ere to stay." Some practical s re obtained from the two-year- pa chute fire-fighting of our Forest vic But of military experience not ug has been reported by our at- hés a Russia, France or Germany. e tual combat usage of any new pc occurs, fundamental data is ckl collectible. Thus, after the st, e had a "chart." Our paraplanes ry velve paratroops, as the Ger- ns o, knit into a self-contained ad quipped to wage a miniature alo y itself. We have a chute-trip- g ice similar to theirs. Our alti- e ctices and timing follow suit. s i details of technique that varia- ns i the development of any weapon e p e, due to differences in national ch gy, temperaments, problems re urces.

aft Stendal, other schools were es- lisl d, chiefly in the bombing-free nts east of Berlin, latterly in me Polish territory. Stendal has re- ine Udet's favorite. Its cautious, in se, routine is of his devising, H become standard paraschool ric m. Scores of thousands have n ained in Stendal's five years. ly endal among the dozen schools th perfect record: injuries have urr there, but *not a single fatality*. th other schools have had fatali- . one public demonstration I w one chute failed and killed its lie In Crete twenty-five men were ed rough chute failure.

### Nothing But the Best

Ger n paratroops must come from he her branch: this is the first uir ent — a thorough elementary ita training.

ll ratroops are strictly volunteers. s o ious that for psychological and ral reasons they must be. In no er y could be obtained the audac- fr iness, mental and physical ini- ive required for the split-second e-t ling of chute offense. The ety of every man, the success of ry ttle, requires the lack of hesi- on hich can only be expected in y c efully hand-picked volunteers, eth in the German army or any er my. So great has become the stig of the corps that it has a wait- lis wholly in excess of its apparent uir ents. The somewhat dubious ure f the volunteering of Goering's rd ttalion is laughingly admitted Ge an officers, who point out that asc iering was then an unknown l u ried mystery; besides, these re erans of the line, not likely to ent siastic for new tricks.

Pro ganda effort to attract volun- rs vs concentrated, upon making it m elite and cocky branch of the vic Distinction was granted in spe- l pr ileges, in diet, in extra pay, in all the little ways of army pampering.

Paratroops must pass psychological, educational and physical tests which in principle and severity are the same as for pilots. Tests to detect inclination to giddiness are especially stern. It was found that men who excel in active sports were most suitable. The paratroops include virtually the whole roster of Germany's 1932 and 1936 Olympic teams. All prize fighters who can qualify mentally are in the paratroops, likewise bright, middle and dim lights of basketball, fencing, hockey, swimming, diving and track. Practically, without exception, professional and amateur jockeys are paratroops. The boys who mount the ponies at Ruhleben, Berlin's famous race track, each Sunday morning are nearly all on week-end leave from a paraschool.

### They Ride Through the Air—

Horsemanship seems to give special aptitude. Famous gentlemen jockeys and steeplechase winners and international poloists are among the officers. Willi Klucke, renowned soccer goalie of Leipzig's champion team; Werner Paresemann of Erfurt, who scored 43 goals in the last prewar football season; Olympic winner Alfred Schwartzmann; Count Wonder Schulenberg, international pistol star; Assistant Reich Sports Chief Tschammer Osten; men you have watched in Forest Hills and Los Angeles—are now dropping out of the skies over Russia. And, of course, there is Max Schmeling, who fought bravely in Crete until he was knocked out by tropical fever.

A soldier, then, to begin with, the paratrooper gets a special training course of eight weeks at Stendal or one of the other schools before going into a division.

First, he is taught to pack, unpack, pack, unpack his chute until he can do it in his sleep.

Second, he receives indoctrination in soldierly initiative; in the qualities of "rugged individualism" which might be required of a man on an important mission who might conceivably find himself suddenly alone. We'd call this "scout training."

Third, expert and thorough instruction in automatic-pistol marksmanship at moving targets, to simulate firing in a drop. He practices from the ground, while suspended in harness, from the top of a speeding automobile and lastly while making actual descents.

Fourth, body-building exercises—gymnastics, contortions, tumbling, acrobatics, somersaults, rolling, ground-obstacle hurdling and sprinting with heavy packs, falling backward and forward from a standing position, first on a mattress then on bare ground. This latter seems the hardest thing for the men to "let themselves go" at. It is the medical experience at paraschools that trainees—even professional athletes already in tiptop condition—lose weight. But they develop an extraordinary catlike quickness.

Fifth—most of these stages, of course, are simultaneous or overlapping—is suspension above the ground or floor in parachutelike harness of especially designed machines, in front of great blower fans. The recruit learns how to get in the direction of the wind by movements of his legs and oscillations of his body.

Sixth, he makes practice jumps, without a chute, of course, from roofs of automobiles moving at moderate speed. The theory of the parachute is to arrest the law of falling bodies. In physics we

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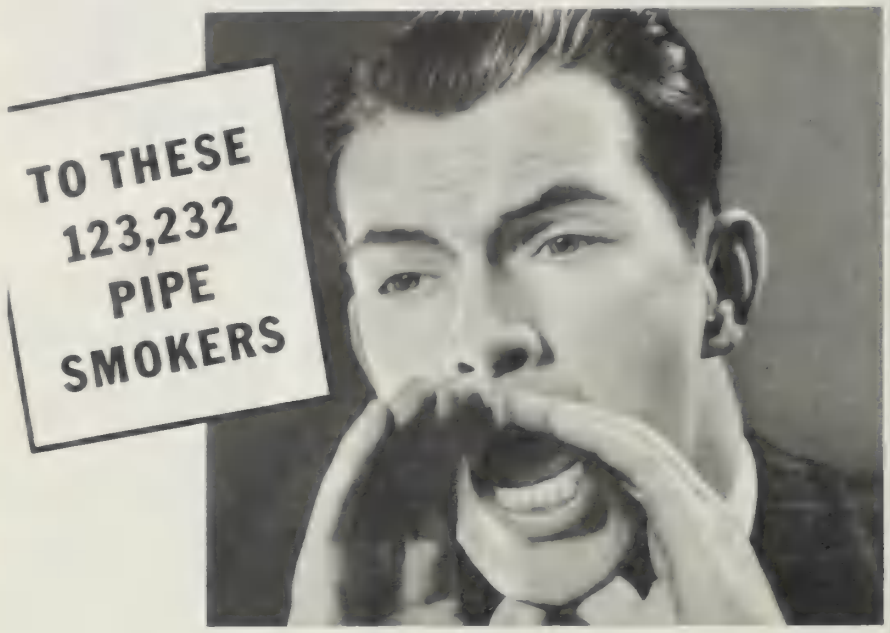


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learn that a falling body falls 16 feet in the first second, 32 in the second and thus keeps increasing its speed to so-called terminal velocity—the highest speed at which it will fall. Terminal velocity differs with objects of different masses and weights. The average human body falling unimpeded will build up a speed of 257 miles per hour. The parachute, simply, holds the speed at the initial mark—16 feet per second. That is equivalent to a jump from the roof of a freight boxcar; but automobiles are easier to practice with! In either case it's quite a jolt and you can get nastily banged up—commonly with broken ankles—if you aren't trained. This is one of the many reasons why commercial transports in their earlier days of unreliability were never equipped with parachutes: It was a choice between killed passengers and badly crippled ones.

Moreover, even safe landings might become disastrous in high winds, because chutes will not collapse but will drag their victims. Thus part of the training is wrestling with billowing chutes in front of the blowers.

### No Room for the Inept

Those are the six phases of preliminary training. At the beginning, only a small percentage of volunteers were accepted. Now even from those, the inept, the slow, the timid have been weeded out and returned to line outfits. No more disgrace attaches to this failure than to the washing out of student pilots, who, in our practice, customarily are sent back in droves from Randolph Field and Pensacola to the Army or Navy. It's entirely a matter in which the safe-being and usefulness of the man is governed by his aptitude, not alone his courage or intelligence.

The remaining candidates now begin real practice jumps with captive chutes from high towers, in which diving from plane cabins is fully simulated. His technique is zealously coached. Then he is ready for actual free jumps. Now comes his *Fallschirmschutzenpruufung*, or professional examination. To pass he must do a series of six jumps from altitudes beginning at 50 meters and going up by fifties to 300 meters. One jump must be on a pitch-dark night. One must be under sham-battle conditions.

Lastly comes unbelievably intensive drilling on the ground and aloft in the two fundamental principles of paratroop fighting. General Udet himself worked these out, and he insists upon 100 per cent perfection. These are basic:

1. The entire squad of twelve must be out of the plane within eight seconds after the buzzer horn sounds. Work that out with a pencil if you want to appreciate how really fast it is, or get twelve of your friends or relatives to pass through any door in eight seconds—two thirds of a second each. It means the man farthest from the plane door must exit at high running speed! There is a squad leader, of course—usually several noncoms to each squad, and perhaps a commissioned officer; but no "jump master!" If one were needed at this last critical moment before actual combat, the squad might as well have stayed home.

2. Landing must be made, the men disengaged from their chutes (which are abandoned for later salvage, if possible) and the entire squad must be gathered into battle formation and be ready to fight *within two minutes after the buzzer went off*. The position each squad assumes is called the "porcupine formation," because it forms back to back, facing outward in a small circle, like twelve quills.

The paratroops—and this is a fact not generally known abroad—are not part of the German army. officially known as "air infa they are an integral part of pendent Luftwaffe or "air chief of air infantry is Genera who leaped with his men at broke both legs, recovered back in active combat servi

There are approximately to each air-infantry division supply, medical and other se This requires for each divisi plane force of 1,000 trimotor transports, from which all other normal fittings have be and one bench installed, para cabin wall, together with spring hook near the door— troops call it a "carbine b which their parachute rope snapped before jumping.

Germany has at least ten paratroops with full replacer facilities. It is significant tha slow and old-fashioned by commercial airline standards three plane types in mass pr Germany today, the other Stuka and a fighter.

Paratroops get double t army pay; and in combat serv again. They also get extra and cigars, which to all Ger navy and air personnel are a ration. The paratroops no officers are proportionately than other branches.

German paratroops wear that, in the green-gray skir and blue-gray blouse, com colors of land infantry and They wear thick, high-lac boots to give ankle protect special flat-round steel "dive helmet. For combat jumps trooper wears a green linen z bination smock and shorts regular uniform. This is sna protects his uniform and pers ment. It is discarded the fir he finds time to zip it off. T unsightly and shapeless, m caused the misapprehension troops wore enemy uniform that would be two-edged, reasons.

### Paratroops Aren't Good

The German chutes se smaller in diameter than types, and somewhat dee have a secret type of "air which they can be steered or accelerated. Each squad, du scent, endeavors to bunch tog close enough for the conv enemy gunners, but so that la be effected in a group and swiftly undertaken. The par not the target he would s hanging in the sky. He is falling rapidly, shooting d and is only in sight for an av seconds. Combat jumps ar low as possible—from altitu feet to a maximum of 1,000 ditions requiring jumps fr 1,000 feet would not be favorable to attack.

Each parasoldier is ad equipped with a gas mask, pistol, a supply of hand gre rubber sack, emergency rati include unspoilable bread an energy pills called "Pervit keep him wakeful by increa pressure.

Each air-infantry division plete sanitary or medical u to that standard for ground This includes a full complem tors, Red Cross men and stre ers—who jump along with the division. Instead of w doctors carry specially desig gency medical and operatin

scalpels, morphine, artery nd stimulants. The Red Cross y stretchers and first-aid packs. medical equipment is thrown padded containers, marked crosses. Still more is brought ransports, including those sani- veniences which are normally for soldiers of all armies.

horough provisioning for their turally has a great morale- ning effect upon the para-

mplifies, moreover, the per- ierman contention with regard ıfantry—that it comprises an n, and is not a desperate "lost " sort of military undertaking. that the parachute is a "preci- strument, every bit as much machine gun, a fieldpiece, a mine; and that parachute s a precise maneuver with to a precise objective, quite as a grenade rush upon a

this German theory in mind. idering the lessons it may bear is now interesting to examine ıod of a parachute offensive. le of this technique is not nec- the Russian campaign, where ıo sea below to modify Panzer ıtion. It is, however, with two t qualifications, the model that ısed against England if an in- hould be attempted. The ex- are (1) extra help expected arrage by long-range cannons hannel shore, and (2) naval- rface co-operation.

### Twelve Steps of Conquest

then, revealed for the first he complete standardized man- ıich a paratroop attack is made. ed full-scale in Crete: it com- welve separate and distinct ıd usually sets as its primary the occupation of at least one airport *within one hour*—un- whole affair is to fall behind

ction by the High Command bjective, and intensive study ting of the campaign against general staff of the Luftwaffe. onged and careful reconnais- *air,* leading to a selection of ific primary objective and the vorable and useful landing ith reference to it.

h-altitude bombing of defen- ıs and field positions, such as and airfields.

ka attack.

troyer plane sweep to clear y aviation: the destroyer plane of long-range fighter or pursuit.

actual invasion from the air, *Fallschirmjaeger,* or parachute At first they have only pistols ades. In Crete each man had a r emergency, parachute—in the ısition.

planes from which the para- mped now come over the com- again—as quickly, in fact, as circle in orderly traffic; mean- course, exposed to and dodging hey can enemy flak, or antiair- n this second trip over the area s of the planes drop the addi- uipment of the paratroops. This chiefly, a rifle for each man, or more machine guns. The ma- ns are a special type, built of ht manganese alloys, dropped sections, which can be quickly ogether. The rifles are packed, ded, in a long metal, cushioned ich has an attached rubber- "dolly" so that it can be rolled round to the position where it is Some of the equipment cases own by a triple parachute, each component, of course, being much smaller than the single chute used by the men. Different-color parachutes denote different equipment; to a small experimental degree only, camouflage coloration has been used in the chutes of the troopers.

No gliders, by the way, are used for the transportation of paratroops, although this is a fallacy which seems to die hard abroad. For obvious technical reasons which every airman knows, gliders for this purpose would be impracticable. They cut the speed of the planes dangerously, making the whole expedition a setup for enemy antiaircraft. In the event of a long overwater hop, such as Crete, they would lessen the paraplanes' range beyond safety.

### Scout Car, with Wings

The Germans, however, have a novel and completely unpublicized use for the glider principle. It comes, when used, in the next, or eighth, stage. It is a small scout car, much in appearance like the one Ford is building for us, but made almost entirely of manganese alloy. A man can heft one by the end easily. It carries two men and an antitank gun as well as a machine gun, both of lightweight alloys. The glider wings are affixed to it and it is towed by transports. The scout car is thus really the fuselage of the glider. Upon landing, the glider wings are detached in a jiffy, and the scout car rolls into action as a land instrument.

8. Landing of the first Junkers-90 transports upon the airfield objective. This transport carries the following list of equipment: Portable field radio, extra munitions, food, bandages, mine throwers, a folding gun carriage with a rapid-fire manganese alloy 75 mm. cannon—and, to allay the fierce thirst expected in the men under the conditions of battle yet not take up as much weight and room as liquid, a box of lemons.

9. Arrival of the second transport, carrying a bicycle detachment—twelve men with rifles, grenades, a flame thrower, bicycles complete. The third and succeeding transports are nonparatroops; in the attack on Crete these were *Gebirgsjaeger,* or mountain soldiers.

10. Union of the paratroops and the nonparatroops. Here is the point where usage of enemy uniforms might cause fatal mix-ups.

11. Landing of further supplies of all nature by waves of transports. This includes gasoline drums and lightweight tanks and motorcycles.

12. Landing of heavier equipment and supplies by surface vessels. In Crete this was effected by two ships seized from the Greeks and quickly cleaned out inside. The ships were beached under full steam. Their bows were blown off by an especially skillful detachment of engineer troops; the lumber for ramps, carried inside, was quickly nailed into place and the heaviest tanks, waiting inside, motors going, simply stepped on the gas and ran ashore and into action.

That's all—except for what a German paracommander said to me: "Military effort has always been to 'lengthen muzzles.' Basically, the battleship is a lengthening of the range of coastal batteries; the tank a lengthening of army artillery; the pursuit plane a lengthening of machine gun, and the bomber of cannon muzzles. Thus the paratrooper is a lengthening of the striking power of infantry. And whatever the outcome of this experiment, whether the plane-panzer design is successful or not—bear in mind that the military science is a highly experimental one—this much is certain:

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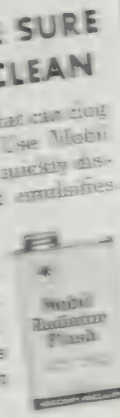


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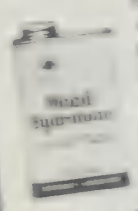


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BY SOCONY-VACUUM

# Sing, Gracie, Sing!

Continued from page 15

competent duet with the prima donna on stage the hag methodically and rhythmically belabored the child's head with an umbrella. Gracie sang on, quavringly and tearfully, through the rain of blows—she had to, for she was employed as a "shilling a performance girl"; a professional echo.

After the song, Gracie managed to hunt her attacker's umbrella over the gallery railing before running out into the alley where her mother was waiting for her. "There, there," Sarah cooed reassuringly to her offspring. "Yer one o' the many hard knocks a trouper has to expect."

"But," Gracie wailed, "I don't wanna be a trouper or take hard knocks."

"Nevertheless," Sarah said firmly, "I want to be a trouper—so take 'em ye will."

Even when nobody beat her, Gracie hated the shilling-for-a-shilling job which went on night after night. She liked to sing well enough, but that could be done in the privacy and safety of her own home in Rochdale, Lancashire, or in the near-by cotton mills where she was occasionally permitted to work, as did all her friends, as assistant winder.

Her father, Fred, her younger sisters Betty and Edith, and her brother Tommy all sympathized with her. Sarah sympathized too, of course, but she was too stagestruck to let emotion interfere with what she took to be her daughter's promising career. So footlight-foolish was Sarah that she could never see a show without wanting to act it all out afterward—violently. One weepy 1908 melodrama affected her so deeply that, when she arrived home afterward, she was still thoroughly mistaking herself for the heroine. "You drunkard!" she screamed at her husband, who was soberly imbibing his single nightly mug of ale. "I've had enough of yer beatings," she continued in the words of the play. "That, an' loose women, and whisky breath—carouse, will ye, while I spends me life raising yer poor wee 'uns!"

### The Cure for Histrionics

No one knew what was wrong because no one knew she'd been to the theater, and the "wee 'uns" cowered around her in blank but loving compassion. Fred, believing his vile "off her 'ead," protested so mildly that he looked positively guilty—the gathering neighbors thought they'd uncovered a real domestic scandal.

Sarah's weakness became increasingly annoying to her family as she went more and more often to the "mellers," although it never again confused them quite as much as that first outburst. They finally quenched her histrionics by the simple process of sneaking to a play themselves and doing a little imbibing of their own. When Sarah came home that night she was confronted by her entire brood aligned against her in stern formation. "Me father and ss is leaving you," Grace told her magnificently. "There is far too many a man hereabouts who can point the finger of scorn at you. Loose woman!"

This reversal broke Sarah's spirit and thoroughly undermined her authority. She couldn't even protest when, next day, Fred forbade his spouse to go to any more plays, yanked Gracie out of the theater and put her to work in the mill. There Grace had a wonderful time being "one o' the girls" and developing a strong enough voice to sing above the noise of machinery in a light-hearted effort to amuse her coworkers.

Sarah was wild with frustration and for a full year could satisfy her show-business yearnings only by taking in laundry from Rochdale's lone theatrical boardinghouse. Even today when she thinks of the glamorous clothes of those actors, her eyes grow misty. "The frills!" she says softly. "The lovely, lovely bangles!"

Finally Fred's vigilance began to relax and Sarah sneaked out to a play. It was a "beautiful, beautiful drammer—cry, I thought I'd die!" In it a fair young woman suffered horribly with leprosy. It gave Sarah an idea.

From that evening on she methodically soaped her hands each night before she went to bed, and it was less than a week before her fingers were swollen to the size of overripe bananas. "Workin' me fingers to the bone fer ye," Sarah shrieked, waving her balloonlike paws at the stricken family, "and no one o' ye will help!" Fred, a mechanic and local handyman, earned but little and felt too guilty about it to talk back. The children clung to their mamma's skirts again.

Sarah, who kept her ear to the ground, had a clincher ready. "And right in this town there's a method of Gracie's earnin' two pounds a week—enough so I could rest meself and heal me hands."

There was no way out and Gracie joined "Cousin Freddie's Concert Party," a group of young actors who toured the resorts. She got along famously and her only trouble was with the letter "H"—so Mr. Cousin Freddie made her substitute "Q":

*"Quar makes me love ye as I do?*
*There's hother boys as nice as you,*
*Quar makes me think you're so divine,*
*Quat makes me love to call ye mine?"*

By the time Sarah's hands had defated, Grace was in real vaudeville and earning five pounds a week—too much for her to dare to quit. She changed her name to Fields so that, if she ever became a star, there'd be lights enough to spell it out.

Her trade-mark was in lights by the time she was eighteen—little ones, true, but still lights. As second female lead in a revue touring the provinces she got featured billing and a magnificent twenty pounds a week. In this show she was working with a real goal in view, for there was a lad in Lancashire, a clerk, who wanted to marry her. He saved his pennies and she saved hers and it began to look as though they could soon set a date.

She was close to being able to retire from the hated cold dressing rooms, cheap make-up, one-night stands and become a respectable housewife—would have, in fact, but for Archie Pitt, the show's comedian. Grace gave her dandy suitor her old feather boa from Act II—"for remembrance"—and married Archie. Now she was committed to a stage career through marriage as well as birth, for Archie was theatrically ambitious. So much so that he sat down and wrote her a revue called Mr. Tower of London. This show was enormously successful, running for six and a half years and even playing London's smart West End.

By the time the scenery fell apart, the war of 1914-18 was well over and Grace was a real, honest-to-goodness star. She was big enough to help Tommy and Betty and Edith into show business, from which Betty and Edith finally dropped out, leaving Tommy a popular comedian—but no competition for his sister.

For Gracie was launched like an irresistible snowball on an in[illegible] After the show closed she be[illegible] ing regularly in London mu[illegible] fies, continued to tour the [illegible] performed for so many wort[illegible] her "spare" time that the be[illegible] as The Charity Queen. Ra[illegible] ings by the hundreds, a n[illegible] English films—all hits. By t[illegible] established as an internatio[illegible] some Americans offered he[illegible] breaking salary to cross the [illegible] a two week' engagement in [illegible]

The master of ceremoni[illegible] this first American appeara[illegible] by announcing, "Gracie F[illegible] land's top star." Grace, su[illegible] embarrassed, burned to the [illegible] as she finished her turn. [illegible] said, "what's this about top [illegible]

The American grinned. [illegible] said, "aren't you?"

Grace blushed and denie[illegible] truth was beginning to [illegible] night she put in a call to [illegible] in London. "Sarah," she [illegible] awed voice, "guess quat!"

### Lancashire Hospita[illegible]

"Home," Grace says, "is [illegible] a lot of garden to putter in. [illegible] in Capri is closed to her by [illegible] place in England is right in [illegible] part of the invasion coast—[illegible] day is a charming, sprawlin[illegible] ment in Santa Monica, Cali[illegible] took it with her second hu[illegible] tor-Producer-Director Mor[illegible] shortly after the Churchill [illegible] ordered her to this side of t[illegible] last winter.

It has sufficient putter, co[illegible] swimming pool, and, most i[illegible] all, a guest house which is j[illegible] her mother and father. W[illegible] and Monte are forced to live [illegible] lywood lives in the front, it [illegible] both happy to know that the [illegible] bit of Lancashire just behind [illegible] There Sarah cooks and reads [illegible] mes while Fred builds thing[illegible]

So plain and uncosmetic [illegible] stage Grace that people w[illegible] the street think she's prob[illegible] body's governess. Around Sa[illegible] she is able to do her own [illegible] when she wants to, haggli[illegible] clerks who think "she work[illegible] Fields."

Grace isn't there much, h[illegible] ing for Britain takes her a[illegible] hemisphere, including Nassa[illegible] muda. In July it even took [illegible] ing trip back to England—[illegible] folks in the bombed areas a b[illegible] in' up"—but she's due to ret[illegible] York this August to embark [illegible] tour.

Since the war started in b[illegible] has accepted no money for [illegible] she takes that quite for gra[illegible] the limited funds she was p[illegible] bring here, she supports her [illegible] her office, a staff to manage [illegible] say nothing of the Grace Fie[illegible] age in England, which is b[illegible] charity. She realizes that [illegible] than a star—she's a national [illegible] mustn't let her country down.

And whatever happens, s[illegible] has to borrow to swing it, t[illegible] age will continue as long a[illegible] "Whenever I think of orphan[illegible] ry," she says. "Suppose I [illegible] mamma—"

Which only makes Sarah [illegible] ally. "Humph," she says, [illegible] of self-pity, "suppose I hav[illegible] Maybe then I'd've become [illegible] this family."

# Singapore

Continued from page 21

hey know how to die." I remem- mortality rate of English lieu- in the last war. And I was sure ber planter was right anyhow. questions their courage or their r their ability to set an heroic e.

movie there has to be a comic nd in Singapore the Australians the great blessing of laughter. he Australians arrived (those iners the Ile de France and the Mary having been converted into ips), the jokes began. Hanging e ships rails, the Aussies saw re for the first time, and the dis- ed company, including all the military and civil authorities, d come to meet them. Instead g anything they might be ex- o do, they threw down pennies e pier and onto the welcomers. is were not enough, they began the pennies over match flames hrowing them.

day brings in its new and won- rop of Australian stories.

ultan of Johore, who is a great imself, likes Australians and ns, and a great many Australian came to the Johore Fair. Dur- er, an Australian soldier, with very far unbuttoned and his hat on one side, came up to the table and tapped the sultan on ulder.

re," he said pleasantly, "do I prize?"

t prize?" said the sultan.

ight a star off that girl's skirt," sie explained, "and it's got the number. But where's the

had been going around in a ess sewn with paper stars. For you bought a star (and the right it off) and the chance that the a number written on its back. ultan rose from the table and set ade through the mud of the fair- . Orders were issued. Where man's prize? His Australian not getting their prizes? A fine ndeed. He returned later and with dinner and presently the an came back. He wore, now, a n a buttonhole of his very rt, and inside his shirt he carried ottle of toilet water, which was e.

pped the sultan on the shoulder again. "Got it," he said. Nobody enjoyed this more than his highness.

One of the finest Australian stories was told me by the colonel of an Indian regiment, whose troops had been stationed together with a Scots regiment on the east coast. An Australian battalion was moved up and encamped on the road opposite the Scots regiment.

"You know, the Australians don't salute much," the colonel began. "They don't like to salute anyone except their own officers, and then they only like to salute their own company officers. Well, it got very bad because all our men thought that was a fine idea. Why should they salute, if the Australians didn't? So we put it up to the Australian officers and they explained to their men that it was a question of everybody's discipline. The Australians said in that case they guessed they'd have to salute. An Australian sentry was standing at the gate of their camp, on the road, opposite the Scots camp. A Scots officer was supervising the unloading of some trucks and he kept walking up and down the road, in front of the Australian. The Australian saluted three times, languidly, bringing his left arm up to his rifle. Then the officer passed a fourth time, and the Australian saluted once more and said: "And for God's sake don't come back this way again."

### So This is Democracy

Everyone however is not amused by the Australians. The English are not always too cordial to the Australians and vice versa. I was going out to an Australian airfield with an English press officer. He asked me not to overemphasize "the democratic angle of the Australians when writing about them." He went on to explain that there was too much stuff written about how the Australians call everyone by their first names, and don't salute, and it was very poor stuff indeed. I pointed out that I came from a country which had been willing to go to war for democracy once, and was probably going to do it again, and that Americans called each other by their first names too.

"As a layman," he said, "you would not understand." I told him that he had been a layman himself, and a journalist at that until very recently, and that the change from being a journalist to censoring journalists did not make him exactly a military man.

He was disappointed in my attitude and to bring home this point he said, "Besides, the Australians aren't the only ones who are democratic. We are very democratic in the R.A.F. We have a lot of sergeant pilots in the R.A.F. and we sit down and have a drink with them just like anyone else."

It took me a full minute to get the point, but when I realized that a man who went up to fight in a bomber or pursuit plane (of course not a chap from a good school but still he could fly) was actually allowed to have a drink with his betters, I was bowled over. When you come across a really first-rate English snob you can put that in the comic-relief category, too.

In a movie of this sort there has to be drama, so bring on the spies, the Japs and the Communists. You don't hear much about spies, and there are no obvious ones sitting around in the bars (none of the rare-looking characters you see in Hong Kong for instance). And you don't see much in the papers about arrests. Spies are something of a washout. Of course there are a lot of Japanese. They work as photographers, hairdressers, masseurs, fishermen and prostitutes, among other things. They are mostly poor people, who have a tendency to make themselves small and keep quiet. If the plot should develop into real war, the Japanese would just be picked up and put in concentration camps. But the Communists are another matter and, though no one is at all clear about them, they provide a fine ominous topic of conversation. The reason no one is too clear about the Communists is that the Communists are Chinese and though far from crazy about British imperialism, they are anything but enthusiastic about the Japanese. On the other hand, there were a great many strikes last year and some this year. The strikes are pretty well put down, under wartime regulations which do not permit that sort of thing. The strikes were all very simple: the workers wanted more money. The rubber plantation workers, notably, kicked. They said the price of living was soaring, which is true. They also said that the rubber plantations and the tin mines were doing boom business, which is true also.

So they said: give us more money. Now enters the Communist drama. The moneyed people in Singapore claim that this native labor would never have thought up anything as pernicious and treacherous as strikes: only Communist agitators could foment such unrest. So the drama thickens and the Communists, the only visible local fifth column (a loose term) are nabbed. Lately the police went into a back room on the premises of a foul little Chinese coffee shop. They found there a "youth" (that means under twenty) who was evidently a Communist. He was the shop assistant, the boy who sweeps up and washes dishes and lives in a dank cubicle and eats a few bowls of rice a day. Behind a picture, in his room, the police found a thin slip of paper on which was written the Ten Principles of the Chinese Communist party. The youth was sentenced to six months rigorous imprisonment (hard labor, to us). The magistrate, trying the case, said, "Their (Communist) methods of work are to try and install one of their number in some registered society, in some capacity where he is able to work as a clerk or secretary. In this way they are able to spread their insidious propa-

"I don't care if it is a bomb! There's two bits' postage due on it and somebody's gotta come across!" JAY IRVING

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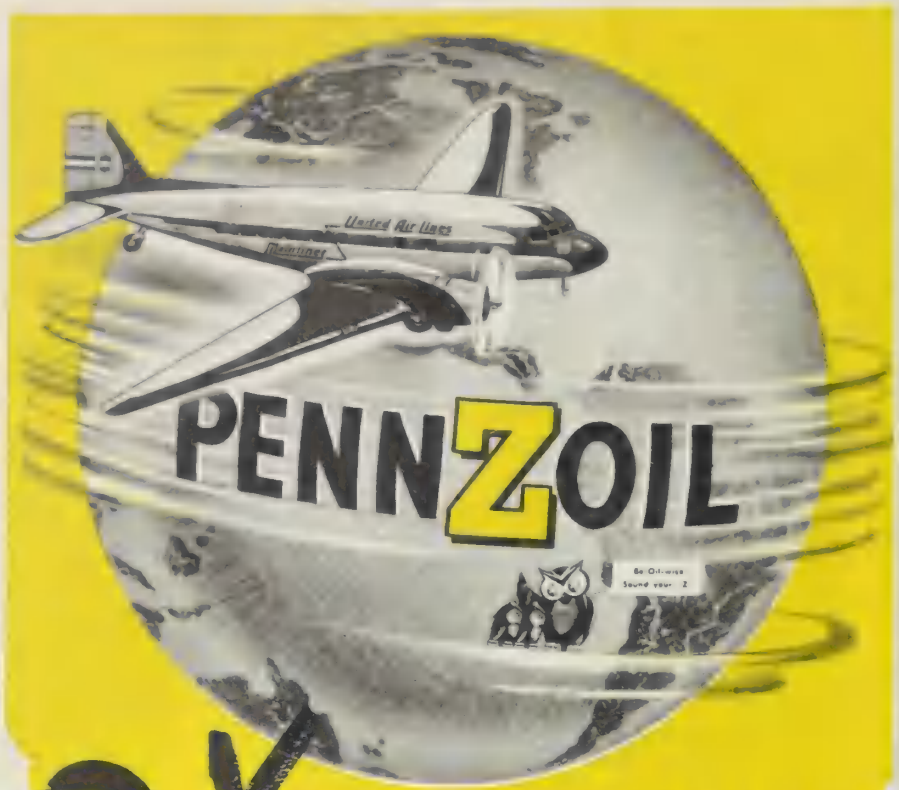


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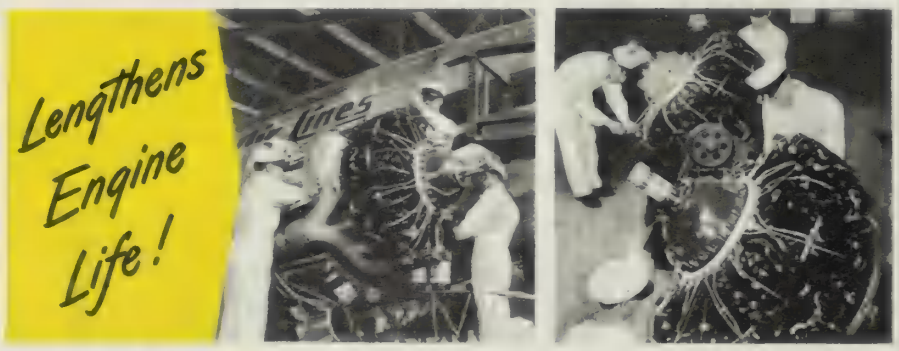


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ganda among the different classes." This did not seem to have much to do with the case, but the enemy-within-the-gates had been caught and jailed. It is significant that the enemy-within-the-gates is one who threatens excess profits rather than military defenses.

And let us not forget the moral of the movie. No movie is any good that does not prove something. It is better to be honest than rich; love outlasts the grave; friendship is worth more than rubies. There must be something of that sort. The moral of the Singapore movie is very interesting. If the plot is: "There's a war on," the moral is: "Business as usual, or rather far better than usual." The great strength of the English merchant is that he has been taught that he is the backbone of the empire, because the backbone of the empire is trade. Trade means making money. And they are making money like mad in Singapore.

Nine large tin-mining companies made an average profit increase of 321% during 1940, and more is expected this year. Eight large rubber companies made an average profit increase of 218% during 1940 and more is expected this year. Wonderfully enough, the top income tax in Malaya (and income tax has been in existence only since January) is 8% on all incomes of $20,000 a year and over. Of course agriculture is hit, but agriculture is not really big business anyhow in Malaya.

The president of the biggest local tin-mining company, protesting against the new taxes, pointed out that they would not have boom business like this indefinitely. And therefore, they should not be taxed. They should be able to put away money to tide them over the inevitable slump that would follow after the war.

The insignificant income taxes surprise Americans, who see their own taxes climbing tremendously high, so as to pay for defense and a two-ocean navy. It is odd to reflect that the ships which would be used to protect Malaya are certainly not going to be paid for by anyone in Malaya.

### What the War's About

As for the booming business in rubber and tin, the greatest buyer of both is America. In the last war, the price of rubber was jacked up to $1.00 a pound. Americans do not own any Malayan tin mines and only one rubber plantation is American property. Another heavy buyer is Japan, which buys 6% of Malayan rubber (as contrasted with the 54% which America buys and the 13% which England buys). Japan buys 10% of the Malayan tin ore, whereas the United States buys 69% of it and Great Britain buys less than 1%.

As for iron ore, 1,935,314 tons of it were produced last year and all of it except about a thousand tons was shipped to Japan. Japanese interests own and operate all the iron-ore mines in Malaya.

It comes down to this: Japan, in attacking Malaya, would be making a war to get the raw materials she already buys in undiminished quantity. Since rubber and tin are vital to America, we would be fighting for the right to continue buying these commodities at any price the owners see fit to name.

There are a great many people in the Orient who think that some empire money-makers are thinking more about after the war than they are about winning the war. There are curious little facts which you learn while traveling in these parts. For instance, an American tire factory in Java makes the same fine brand of tires we buy at home and use on our cars. It is a large factory and could supply all of Malaya easily. Considering how few boats there are to carry food and munitions t fewer all the time, it would cal for Singapore to import neighboring islands, using sr wise steamers. Not so. Du are sent out, by ship, from Singapore: because busines means never lose a market, porarily, no matter what.

Finally, there is the hap The music is The Star-Spar ner and there should be a shot of the Pacific Fleet stea the opalescent China Sea. case the plot works out an actually a war, a real war, n war, a war between two defi tries: England and Japan, Netherlands Indies and Au the Philippines involved. I ever starts, the only happy e can be for Singapore is the U and Singapore knows it.

### What's America Waitin

If people talk to you ho not just politely, in Singapor apt to ask you accusingly wh is not in the war this minut do we think we are waiting

If there is a real war, and is no longer like a movie of i things will change. As alwa when life becomes tough and people appear who were nev fore and they are more en often smarter than the one the stage while nothing was Suffering would give dignity now only silly. And as alwa and file, what the English s lower classes, would turn ou perb. I am thinking now of gunner, who spoke with a c cent, whom I saw one day of the coastal defense guns. crushing back-wave of the the sickening roar of the gu ished, we talked. He said, " ter has seen more bombs I am ever likely to see. And years old." If war comes to Sea, he would be there, a somehow for his daughter venge for all the unnatural had already gone through.

If there is a real war, the only be the unpublicized her little people, and the cessati of the artificial nonsense th a war. There will also be a ple military facts: the prob terrain of Malaya and the the waters surrounding it. ( rain to invade, treacherous fight in.) How well Japanes up to *well-armed* opposition rific the Australians and troops, schooled in years warfare, can be in battle. Singapore's air force will b uniforms get dirty and the di cease and the business in bring down enemy planes. and Malaya will be no picni on the other hand they will to attack. Once the real wa does start, Singapore will b movie and more like an epi

I was talking to the adm mand about that great que would happen *if?* . . . The J of nerves, now being wa China Sea, was having no e Finally he said, "If the Am came here, we are prepared the same facilities as our s men have. Fuel and repairs tional facilities."

So there is that to look as part of the happy endin will be treated well. And sailors will be lucky. Ma movie aspects of Singapo have disappeared. Amer should have fun on shore

# WING TALK

**Transatlantic Clipper motors get a 2-day going over by 185 mechanics and inspectors, working in eight-hour shifts, before each ocean flight**

THE close of the first World War, 3 per cent of the employees in ne 40 plants building cloth and rplanes were women. Today the ion in plants building all-metal planes is infinitesimal. Fore- a peak employment of 1,000,000 in the aircraft industry by the next year, the Women's Bureau Labor Department is investigat- ee just where women can fit into ories. Their experts already have d seven plants working on mili- rcraft and have concluded that rth to one third of the jobs now own by men can be filled by

now the plants making combat are so thoroughly masculine en women visitors are discour- uring working hours. When the ughters of a company official to see Daddy's factory and walk ally down the assembly line, ss man-hours of valuable air- bor go to pot as the boys try p their minds on their work n't.

tting that the predominating job out the assembly of a modern al military airplane is riveting, , countersinking, dimpling and , the investigators, nevertheless, at a large proportion of these ght be filled by women and sug- eir training as riveters. Myrtle, e your rivet gun will yuh?

URNING to New York after a t from Portugal, a Pan American is hauled up into the giant at the edge of LaGuardia Field nced upon by 185 mechanics and ors, who work in three eight-hour through two full days. More than arts of the plane and engines are hly checked and serviced in this ime—a job that used to take a Then the crew assigned for the p, accompanied by maintenance rvice engineers, inspectors and ical specialists, go out for a test nd all important instruments are ted. After that, the captain be- think about Lisbon.

UCKS, geese and other birds with stantial gross weight that won't the right side of the beam and to obey the other air-traffic rules are costing the taxpayers $10,000. That amount has just been appropriated so that technical experts of the CAA can develop windshields strong enough to withstand colliding with them in flight. Pilots are getting tired of having the glass bashed in, a cockpit full of feathers and cut-up wild fowl in their laps—without gravy and potatoes.

IT MAKES little difference what it costs to train Army and Navy pilots because we've got to have them at any price. But $12,000 is what the government spends to make a regular military airman or naval aviator. It takes 30 weeks, 10 each for the primary, basic and advanced courses, and in this time the student has collected 225 hours in the air. Although officially listed as a pilot of the armed forces, he is not ready to go into action and has a lot to learn in tactical squadrons. But he can take planes out, and so forth.

ONCE the redheaded, incorrigible, undersized stepchild of the national defense, the Air Corps today is the second largest branch of the Army, being exceeded only by the infantry.

When Major General H. H. Arnold, now chief of the Army Air Forces, was appointed deputy chief of staff for air, he became the first active airman ever to receive that assignment. Now, General Arnold, who has been flying his own airplane since 1911 and has been a constant advocate of air power since he left West Point, has had his day with brass hats when he and a small group of forward-thinking, low-ranking airmen years ago sought to impress upon the general staff of that era that the airplane was no messenger service, but a dominant, striking force in future wars.

Came the day when his subordinates wished to present him with a little token commemorating the unprecedented event. There was an ominous silence as General Arnold, surrounded by his admirers, untied the box—the kind of silence when the engine quits cold in flight. The boys were reasonably but not positively sure how he would receive it.

The token of commemoration was a silk top hat, done in the color of—brass! The general roared. Then he put it on. It fit. Now it is a treasured object in his office for all to see. F.R.N.

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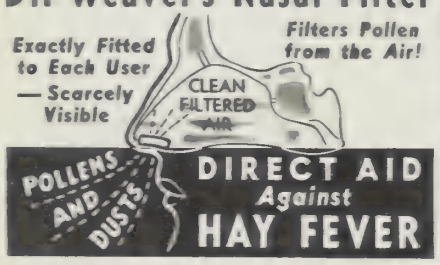
Dr. Weaver's Nasal Filter




Dr. Harrison J. Weaver, traveling physician to the St. Louis Cardinals, originally designed this pollen filter for his own use. The renewable filters, fitted *inside* the nose, can be worn at work; completely comfortable, make breathing easier. As they instantly cut intake of irritating pollens, benefit should be noticed in few hours even though symptoms have started.

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For complete information, name of nearest fitting agency, write today to THE NASAL FILTER COMPANY, Dept. 53, Columbus, Ohio.

# Penny in His Shoe

Continued from page 18

second-year ones. Most of them wouldn't sleep tonight.

If a man was going to be a professional athlete, O'Dowd thought again, he should have as little imagination as possible.

The train crossed the Jersey meadows and he waited for it to whistle, then remembered that it was an electric train and it was years since it had whistled for a crossing here. "And how many times have I taken the midnight out and how many years and the train whistling and the porter waking me in the early light and the train pulling into East Liberty." . . . He felt sorry for himself. Any day he would blow, now, like the team itself. He wanted to get out while he still didn't look bad, and of his own volition, and not be like the Babe, too fat to stoop for a ground ball, or like the others, not being able to run faster than a trot, and the crowd mocking you, finally. . . . He wanted to go out while they still liked him.

He slept and then it was the porter shaking his shoulder again and the taxis waiting at East Liberty and the big breakfast at the Hotel Schenley. After breakfast he felt better. There was a letter from his wife. She'd been visiting her people in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, and she would meet him in St. Louis when the team got there next week. She must be sick of all the traveling, he thought, and only an apartment for home, at that.

He hung around the lobby most of the morning, kidding with the others before going out to the ball park. Pittsburgh wasn't much this year—the pitchers were overworked, and he ought to do all right. They took the single game that afternoon and he got a walk and a single that drove in a run. Not bad, he knew, and not good. They took three out of four in that series, but he didn't hit well. He was still batting fourth and he should be hitting longer, he knew, not punching out singles and waiting out walks.

SITTING, tired, on the bench in the last game, he glanced up at the press box. It was the highest one in either league and you could look out over a lot of the city and see the smoke haze and the smokestacks and the whole sprawling bulk of the city.

He had gone up there once—when was it, 1932?—when they had given him the second game of a double-header off because he had a very bad ankle. He didn't like to do it. Some of the younger players did it, went up into the press box and even brought their wives there, but he had never liked it. For the most part you didn't like the writers to be on the bench and they didn't like it for you to be in the press box. But he had gone this once and it had been good to watch the game from there.

The view of the city had been good, and from that eminence he could see how small the crowd really was in the ball park. There was a girl in a neat white apron and with good legs who was serving a buffet lunch in the press box and he had started to kid her and ask her why with such a good team that year they had such small crowds.

But she hadn't thought that was so funny and she had called him Mister and not Lefty. "Them smokestacks, Mister O'Dowd," she said, pointing out over the wall of the park, "they ain't smoking. That's why we ain't got no crowd here."

He had turned away in what he did not know until later was shock. And now, remembering it, in the August heat and toward the end and years later, he thought: Every time I break my routine, every time I do something different from the usual way I do it, I learn something.

He tried to apply this to the present time, but all he could think of to change was his batting stance and he couldn't quite bring himself to take that chance. He got up in the last inning with the score tied and two men on and one out and he went down on a called third strike, hoping that it had missed the edge of the plate. He hadn't done that in a long time, he thought, and from the dugout watched young Molinski double and drive in both runs.

HE SAT on the bench in front of his locker and noticed Boots Moran come over and stand near him. Boots stank of rubbing oil. He said, "That Heffelbaum must've been blind, Lefty. That ball never come close."

O'Dowd didn't answer. He took off his left shoe, tapped the heel on the concrete floor and saw the penny fall into the heel. He took the penny out and tossed it onto the shelf of the locker. Boots said, "We ain't going to be here tomorrow. You better put that penny in your pocket."

"You worry more about it than I do," O'Dowd said irritably.

"Well," Boots said, "well—" and walked slowly away. O'Dowd, watching the cramped, pudgy and age-stooped figure of the trainer shuffle away, felt sorry. In some curious and esoteric attempt to justify himself, he told himself for perhaps the thousandth time that he wasn't really superstitious. The Southerners and the Middle Westerners were, he told himself, but he himself came from San Francisco, and people weren't superstitious who came from there.

They all had their superstitions, he knew, the way they let their bats lie during a game; the way they threw their gloves down when they came in to bat; the way they tied their shoe laces; the women they knew; certain numbers. Of course, with himself, the penny in the shoe wasn't superstition, he knew—just a matter of habit, a custom he had picked up when he was a kid and playing in a Class-B league, before he'd even met his wife. He had never played a game without a penny in his shoe. He wondered, idly, what would happen if he left the penny out some day?

Getting into Chicago the next morning they were still three games out of the lead. O'Dowd bought yesterday's New York papers and saw that Carson had been popping off again about himself. That was a good way to bring on the blowup as quick as possible. With half the infield not trying, with the averages against them, now that they had won twenty-one out of the last twenty-five, the blowoff could come any day now, O'Dowd knew.

There was no letter from his wife waiting for him and he grew annoyed. But he thought of her growing older and following him around half a continent for all the good years. And no real home. Molinski came toward him across the lobby, his heavy-boned, Slavic face very grave. He took everybody too seriously, O'Dowd knew.

"I wanted to ask you something, Lefty," Molinski began.

"Sure, I know everything," O'Dowd said. "What do you want to know?"

Molinski grinned faintly. He didn't know whether O'Dowd was serious or not, and was trying to be prepared for whatever his intention had been.

"It's about my hitting," Molinski said.

"You're worried about y
O'Dowd said. Those in ears
grin. Molinski was one o
leaders in runs batted in,
wasn't in the first five ba
O'Dowd.

"No power," Molinski sa
getting the power."

O'Dowd shook his head.
rible. Yesterday only a d
triple and three runs batte
be sending you back to the

"That triple," Molinski sa
he lost it in the sun. You
that I just ain't getting the c
dered if you noticed what's
my stance?"

There was nothing wrong
Molinski or his stance. O'
and feeling strongly, p
strongly, the irony, was m
something smart, but cau
The irony was all his own, s
"There's nothing wrong with
he said. "Just stop worryi
natural. Don't start fooling
your stance."

They won that afternoon
didn't get a hit, although
twice. They lost the next
didn't get a hit and walked c
told the papers that he was
moving O'Dowd up to seco
the lineup and putting Mo
cleanup. "I have to read t
know what he's going to d
O'Dowd thought, and he th
how he had led the leagu
three times and how he was
in the league standings.

They were still three gam
lead. The double-header
day in Chicago would be
O'Dowd knew. He wonder
had managed to stay up as
had. It was a Sunday, and W
was mobbed. The bleachers
mass of white shirts. The
out of them would be h
O'Dowd wondered if anyo
the same feeling he did—tha
would blow.

IN THE ninth the Cubs
8-7 when he came up, st
the series, with two out and
He worried the pitcher into
two count and then when th
across, high but right over,
to take it—he could murder
but let it go and took his
first he watched Molinsk
swinging. He shouldn't ha
to Molinski. And here i
games and no hit for himsel

He was very tired and
room wasn't a pleasant pla
the heat from the sun and
bodies, the place stank and
antly warm. They lay arou
pop or beer and someone
wished they were back in th
in Brooklyn where they ha
play pool on. Some ballplay
thought. He saw Calhoun, t
len first baseman. Calhoun h
lier in the season that he
eleven thousand dollars an
only going to give him eigh
dred dollars and so he was
to give them eighty-five h
lars' worth of ball. . . .

He wasn't worth sevent
dred, even, O'Dowd thou
desperation had risen in h
was going around—like a
coach, O'Dowd thought—tal
man individually, and studi
ing O'Dowd.

He closed his eyes and pr
would get a hit. He lay on

ıcl n front of his locker and suddenly tl ught came to him again as it had Pi burgh: "Every time I change my ti and do something different, I rn omething." And then: "If I am sh up I would like to know it now I f: out and not have that Carson pr g me down the river next year." He it up suddenly. Willie Satterlee s ng to pitch the second game for C s, and Willie was one of the few n O'Dowd couldn't always hit. Do l took off his spiked shoes, then igl himself and looked around. A c hem were watching him, includ- l ots Moran. O'Dowd shook the in ut of his shoe and tossed it, with y slight hesitation, onto the shelf th ocker. They were still watching n, he got up without putting his es n and walked over to the water le and rinsed his mouth out. Mo- ski ame toward him again. If that a s me how to become a great te once more, I will go nuts and wi im, O'Dowd thought.

E WALKED away before Molinski r ched him. They had started to go f the second game. O'Dowd sat wn d put on his right shoe. He hesi- ed er the left, then put it on with- t penny in it. Walking out alone de e stands to the dugout, O'Dowd t and almost as though relieved. h not played a game in twenty ars ithout a penny in his shoe. And w was going to do it with what was p -off game of the season coming l they won this they might hang ar if they lost it they were through d y could not kid themselves any re They would blow.

Ha was a funny thing, though, he ug. He was so used to feeling a nn ith his big toe that it was almost th gh he could feel it now. He had t it ut to change his luck, to find out ne ng new, he told himself, but en e struck out with a man on base th rst inning, he knew in a sudden sh hy he had really left it out. It s t if he didn't do good in this me he pay-off game, he would have ex se for himself: that the penny d r been in his shoe.

Th went on, in the heat, the dirt and e sv at and the noise pouring down on em ke water. They had a pitcher ock l out but they were hitting Willie tte e, too, and the Cubs had to leave m i The score was tied, 6-6, in the ver inning and O'Dowd scratched a gle ff the end of his bat toward third. oli ti came up and dumped a homer to e temporary bleachers in right ld d they went into a lead that ste until the end of the eighth when e C s knocked another pitcher out of e b and scored four runs. So it was -8 r them as they went into the nth

O'D wd could see it shaping up even for t came, the whole thing building wa a climax as though it were be- g d e consciously. There were men on second and third and two out and Borden, who batted third, was up and O'Dowd found himself wishing Borden would get a hit and not leave it too much up to himself. On the bench they were whistling Marching Through Georgia because Willie Satterlee was a Southerner and it wasn't doing Willie any good. Ordinarily O'Dowd would have enjoyed Willie's discomfiture but now, for some reason, he felt sorry for Willie.

With the count three and one he walked Borden and now it was up to himself, O'Dowd knew. Now it was coming again, the thing he had always enjoyed, the thing he had done best of all the things he had done in his life—hitting in the clutch, when it counted. He felt and heard the hush come over the crowd and the thrill went through him again. He could still frighten them. They were scared of him now and he had got only a scratch single in the last four games. But he could scare them. He rubbed his hands in the dirt and dug in on the right side of the plate. His body tensed like a fine spring and he faced Willie, slender, erect, the bat moving with infinite assurance. He wondered only if he should punch it and get a single or swing it and try for the works. It would have to depend on what Willie threw him.

Willie looked bad. "I walked him purposely to get at you, Lefty," Willie said.

The bench hooted and Lefty told Willie what he thought of what Willie had said. The first pitch was high for ball one and the second looked high for ball two and O'Dowd let it go but the plate umpire called it a strike and the bench began to scream. Carson ought to come out and squawk, O'Dowd thought. It could make the ump give himself a second thought on any doubtful pitch that followed. But Carson sat there. O'Dowd didn't say anything to anyone. He knew it was no time to excite himself.

They were whistling on his bench again, Marching Through Georgia, and Willie threw the next ball at O'Dowd's head. O'Dowd dropped away from it, the gesture still graceful, bent like a spring, then came up again without losing grace. "You oughta know better, Willie," he said. "No one's a-scared of you."

The next pitch was high and inside and almost caught the corner but it was ball three. Maybe he will walk me and force a run in to get at Molinski, O'Dowd thought. But he knew it wasn't likely. Molinski was still new enough in his first year to be a partially unknown quantity to the pitchers.

He was still half hoping for a walk when the next pitch came across his wrists on the inside and caught the inside edge of the plate and it was three and two and the crowd was screaming. O'Dowd stepped away from the plate and rubbed his hands in the dirt again. He had always liked it this way in the old days and he told himself that he liked it now. . . .

Willie looked at him, took the ball to his chest, glanced around. Sound hushed, hung quivering like a wave at the edge of the stands. Willie moved into his windup, and the runners began to move. The ball came, hard and out of the white shirts of the bleachers, fast and on the inside, and O'Dowd swung and he felt it catch solidly with the bat, and the crowd began to scream again and he was running, too. As he ran he could see the right fielder backing up to the six-foot wire fence that separated the right-field bleachers from the field. Then O'Dowd was rounding first, and the coaches were yelling and he knew they all thought it was into the bleachers for a homer and he was almost sure himself, but he knew, from the feel, it had been a little, maybe an eighth of an inch, in too far toward his hands, and he was almost to second when the crowd went insane and he knew it was all over and looked and the right fielder had backed up against the wire and reached his hands up and over and, nearly breaking his back, had caught the ball.

O'Dowd stopped dead. Then he began to walk through the crowd on the infield toward the dugout. The crowd spoke to him kindly, even with some admiration, and someone said it had been tough, but he didn't hear them.

Out of the dull confusion of his mind, one thought emerged clearly, even slyly: it had been tough, but he'd left the penny out of his shoe and that was why it had happened the way it did. He'd never do that again, he'd always use the penny and he'd be good for another couple years.

He even began to trot. He sat down before his locker and felt suddenly better. They'd be in St. Louis late tonight and he'd see his wife. He took off his right shoe and threw it into the locker and he took off his left and through force of habit, tapped the heel on the floor. A penny fell out.

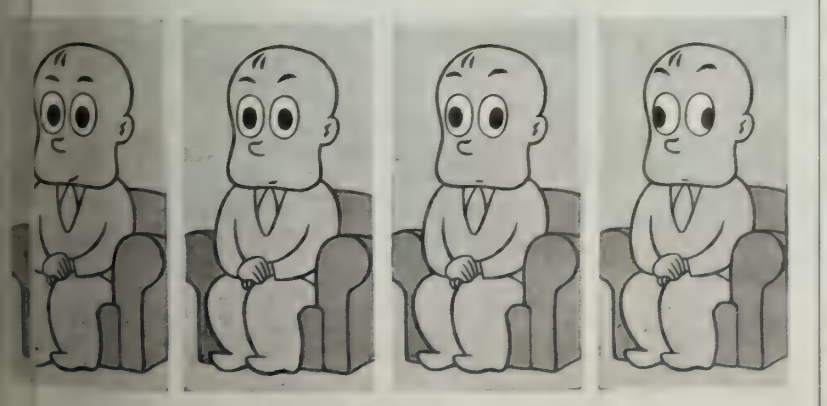
He stared at it, fighting off the dismay. Boots was standing near him. "I see you take it out between games, Lefty," he said, "and I was afraid you'd forget it and when you was at the water cooler, I put it back in the shoe for you. . . . But it didn't seem to do no good today, huh? That was a terrible way to lose a ball game."

O'DOWD looked at him and his first impulse was to anger. Then it came clear to him. He nodded without speaking, feeling old and suddenly heavy and tired. It probably hadn't been a bad thing. He'd found out what he wanted to know: No penny was ever going to give a man his batting eye back.

He wondered whether he should tell the newspapermen that he was quitting at the end of the season, or whether he should wait until the season was over so as not to discourage the others. They couldn't win any pennant. Still, with all these guys like Calhoun laying down, he could wait, and not discourage the kids like Molinski any more than they would be. It would only be a month that he would have to carry his secret. And he couldn't hit any worse than he had been. He had to tell someone, though. It was too heavy a thing to carry alone and not to share with anyone else. He got some change from Boots and went to the wall phone to call his wife.

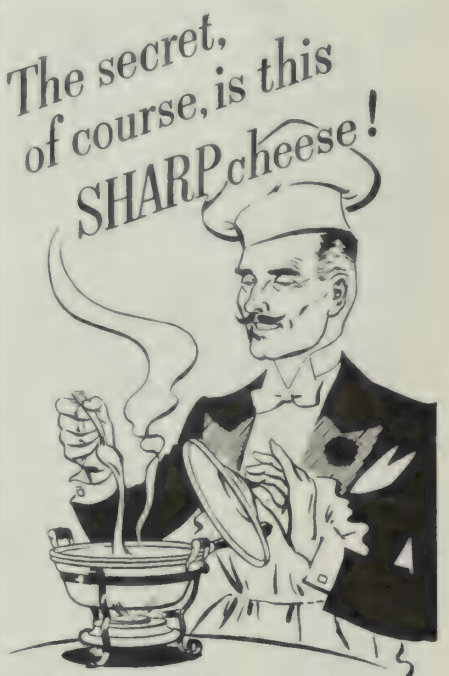
Behind him, while he waited for the connection to be made, he heard Molinski telling everyone in a loud voice how lousy O'Dowd's luck was. O'Dowd smiled a little. Maybe he would tell Molinski, too, so that when Molinski was washed up, too, in twelve or fifteen years, he would know when to get out.

When he heard his wife's voice he was almost able to be funny. "Look, friend," he began, "how would you like to start buying furniture? We've only been married a scant fifteen years, but—"



Fish Story

CROCKETT JOHNSON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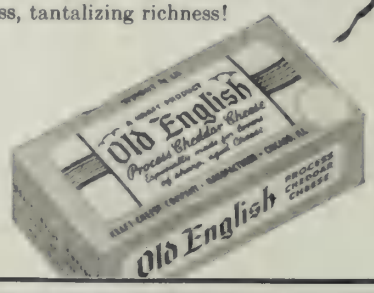

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LIONEL GREEN

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## WASHINGTON

9TH ARMY CORPS

McCHORD FIELD, Tacoma. Just for a change, let's talk about the weather. One of the newer additions to the new Army is the First Weather Squadron, which garners data for fliers. The squadron can't order a pilot not to fly but if it gives too doleful a forecast the flight officer won't clear the flight, so the responsibility for crashes in bum weather rests on the weather boys, who are generally conservative with their atmospheric news. Seven of the twenty men do the forecasting, having learned the business at an Army school in Illinois, where, among other chores, they had to figure out the future weather every day for six months and hit it on the nose ninety per cent of the time. When they got to McChord it wasn't so easy, because there are no neighboring weather stations on the Pacific Ocean west, northwest and southwest of them to give out preliminary information. There was a time when ships at sea gave out positions and weather conditions but all except a few American boats are discreetly silent these days.

HEADING the McChord Field Base Photographic section is Sgt. Sam R. Brame, who encourages the men to take pictures on the side as a hobby. Most of them were amateur shutterbugs and don't need egging on. Newcomers who find photography a pain in the neck last about as long as a snowball in Haiti. Housed in a new brick building the photo section is right up to now with its equipment, and its dustless, lintless laboratories are something the average photo fan merely dreams about. Top assignment is in aerial photography, producing huge mosaic maps. The ship's pilot has to keep at a given altitude and fly in straight lines while the cameraman takes scores of pictures, which are later matched up and copied on a big negative to show every feature of the terrain. The operation takes so much equipment and effort that spies don't mess with mosaics—unless they can snitch one ready-made. That's why Sgt. Brame and the boys keep theirs locked up, but tightly.

## ALASKA

FORT RICHARDSON, Anchorage. They don't go in for dances up here because there are twenty hours of daylight from morning to night and the boys spend their spare time fishing for fighting rainbow trout and panning for gold. The latter activity started last month in the vicinity of the Little Susitna River near Fishook (you'll have to look it up), when soldiers reported pay dirt and staked claims over a five-mile area. It's a nice break for the lucky strikers, who earn only $21 a month just like everybody else but have to shell out eighty-five cents for Anchorage ham and eggs and thirty cents for a bottle of beer.

## UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. There's a new fence around the airdrome here to keep visitors on the adjoining commercial field from getting too near the Army planes and hangars. It may be purely coincidental, but on a recent Sunday a soldier lugging an aerial bomb (they call them Hell Stones) got a gander at a beautiful dame, who smiled and waved (he says); and when he tried to wave back he got clumsy and let the bomb slip. It turned out to be just a dummy, but near-by officers thought "What if . . . ?" So the fence went up.

HERE'S a hint for medicos: A young Salt Lake physician, recently ordered into service from the Reserves, got to brooding about what would happen to his growing practice, and his secretary figured out a way to cheer him up—at least temporarily. On the b om monthly bills she typed: he d has been called to Army d ." W long-overdue checks fro pat patients began to pour in made doc feel pretty chipper. e wo even wanted to know if it uld be right for her to circulate a ition ing Congress to defer him. e medi said no; thanks, anyway.

## TEXAS

8TH ARMY CORPS

GOODFELLOW F LD. S Angelo. Pfc. Henry 1. Silve stone was very ha . Lieu Col. Charles H. Dov an. of t Inspector General's partmen wanted to take a look at the 800 n cadets and enlisted men at e Arm new basic flying school, and t. Silv stone had been officially e sed fro the formation so he could ta an offic photograph of it. As he dged o onto the field loaded dow with camera, tripod and assorte gimm he visualized a couple of ck snap then a bit of repose while s buddi

**Bottle of TNT (in hand) is attached to controlled dummy mine, exploded from shore. Navy uses contact mines**

**As mine hits water the mine layer sweeps past and shoots an electric cable toward an L-boat, w ch mak necessary connection. Mine-laying detachment can sow nineteen mines in ninety minutes. T s type mine, harmless to shipping, may be used to defend New York Harbor. Five more ships are ing bu**

erspiringly at attention in the hot the first location our man found dn't quite get the whole group picture, so he dragged everyck a hundred yards and got set n—just as another unit moved e and spoiled his composition. erformance was repeated until verstone was practically a fifth ile from his starting point, by me he found it necessary to take e shot. Another move. Finally grim photographer was in posie focused the lens, set the shutisted the aperture and grabbed e release. At that point the com dismiss wafted across the field and with one motion the inspec dissolved. . . . The Army got its though. While Pvt. Silverstone k-muling the better part of the ground, Staff Sgt. Richard cruising coolly up and down the BT-14 taking aerial shots.

### MISSOURI

EFFERSON BARRACKS, St. Louis. Medical officers who examine inductees for the reception center and Air Corps ground school here don't have much tripping up the wise guys. When ays he's illiterate a simple check ecord will show whether or not held a job—such as truck driv it required the ability to read e. Instruments soon reveal the en a man pretends he has poor . And the gent who claims on of one bad ear usually for ch one it is when the examiner, behind him, puts a stethescope victim's ears and talks into the while pinching first one, and then r, of the tubes. The examinee s both ears are bad may pre t to hear the test phrases, but a while the doctors run across a who hears a whispered, "That's won't do," and when he jumps ously relieved, they've got him.

### ILLINOIS

SCOTT FIELD, Belleville. Beating the heat in this flat, Midwest post is one of the major pastimes of soldiers in the Air Corps Communications but nobody knows what to do during working hours. The fa mper is cooler around the neck e regular uniform but hotter in atomical areas. Taking a chair showers and sitting up most of it is advocated by some. Others e job of the private who drives a ll night, when it's cooler. He's ring the days and spends them ng Belleville breweries.

EBERS of bomber crews in train at the field weren't allowed to eworks on July 4th. Too dan

### SOUTH CAROLINA

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. In order to keep things interesting for himself, Corp. Walter Schumann, of the 26th Training Battalion, has devised a rec al and utilitarian device worthy . Having discovered that the ary fly ribbon supplied by the id not fulfill its mission to an ef degree, Corp. Schumann tacked of fly paper to a badminton and employing a technique com he best features of cross-country and tennis, invented Terra Fly the beginning it was somewhat on his roommates' uniforms and ent; now he can pick a fly from on with the greatest of ease. To ndoggling brothers of the fighting fraternity the corporal gladly passes on this indoor sport as a welcome addition to a generally meager repertoire.

### FLORIDA

43D DIV

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Men of the 31st and 43d divisions would like to know why Uncle Sam doesn't keep his post office open during hours when they can get to it. The camp's P. O. seems to be strictly union, closing promptly at six P. M. It's in the dead center of the reservation, miles from thousands of the boys who would like to use the money-order facilities but can't, owing to lack of high-speed locomotion. Result is, the American Express has what amounts to a monopoly on the money-order business at a desk in the P-X, which doesn't button up until nine at night. There's no gripe about mail, which is delivered to various units, but the lads wonder why the government passes up a money-order business that actually exceeds the tremendous gross sales at the P-X itself.

31ST DIV.

THE famous French-speaking outfit from Breaux Bridge (Co. F, 156th Inf.) has chalked up another record of sorts. Early last month the 31st Division left camp for a trek to the Ocala National Forest, the infantry making the trip afoot, with sixty pounds of gear on each man's back, and doing better than twenty miles daily for three days. A check, made at the terminus to determine how the outfit had stood the gaff, disclosed that most of them had come through without losing a man en route. The officers had no sooner started to slap each other on the back than they learned that Co. F had come to anchor with three extra men in it. The three had been AWOL back at Blanding but by forced marches and hitchhiking had caught up to the unit a couple of hours before it reached its final bivouac. This act of loyalty drew KP for a week.

### GENERAL

NOTE to hotel men: Mr. William M. Dewey, president of Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel, is entertaining five men each from the Army and Navy every week end. No officers; just guys from the ranks. They live like millionaires for two days and to say they have a time is not even putting it.

NO SOONER had we reported (June 21) that members of the Consolidated HQ Detachment at the Boston Army Base had only one medium-sized tuxedo in the outfit for formal functions in Boston than two citizens each donated a monkey suit to the boys. Thank you, citizens. What else do you need, boys?

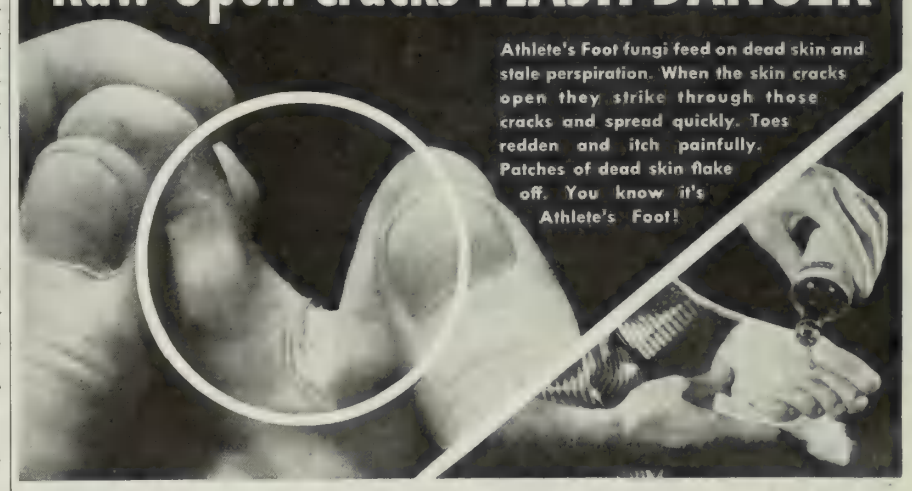
OWING to high humidity and various distractions, this department recently and inadvertently placed Fort Lewis in Seattle. The veritable molehill of indignant, outraged and sarcastic communications which poured in from Tacoma prove that civic pride and intercity rivalry is just as good as it ever was.

SELECTEES in some Southern camps are being issued the old, broad-brimmed campaign hat, but most of the rest of the Army wears the overseas field cap—and doesn't like it. "We're developing crows' feet in the corners of our eyes and a perpetual squint," writes a Camp Edwards private. "As ex-Guardsmen we miss the old headgear, which made a swell sunshade, rain protector, water bucket and a pillow on bivouac. Why don't you use your influence?"

HAVEN'T got any. You better join the Boy Scouts. G. W.

WHEN FEET ARE HOT and steaming in sultry summer weather, Athlete's Foot is most apt to strike. Your excessive perspiration feeds the Athlete's Foot fungi . . . makes them grow twice as fast! It also irritates the skin between your toes until it cracks, exposing raw flesh to an invasion of this agonizing skin infection.

## Raw Open Cracks FLASH DANGER

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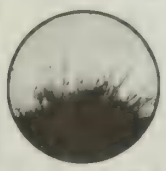
**Fungi growing fast**
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!

**Fungi dead**
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing pain and misery.

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# Worth a Premium

Continued from page 22

"Saddle him again. Corporal . . . no. Lieutenant Fortner, see how gentle this horse is under a stranger."

The kid swallowed. "I'm the only one that's been ridin' him."

"We can't catch Hitler with a bad-acting horse," said the major.

Lieutenant Fortner went into the saddle gingerly. You could see he didn't care about a spill in front of the crowd.

The grullo's head came up and he stiffened under the strange weight. He had a sudden proud, startled look, as if voices inside were calling to him.

The kid's voice was low. "It's all right, Smoky."

The grullo turned his head and looked at the kid. Just looked. And then quietly obeyed Lieutenant Fortner's gingerly neck rein and walked away.

"It's your horse to sell, I suppose?" asked Major Clive.

"Yes, sir. I give two months' pay for him after—after he knocked Mr. Higgins down an' tromped him. I got the paper here."

The major looked up from the grimy bill of sale. "Ten dollars . . . two months' pay?"

"Yes, sir."

"This man Higgins only paid you five dollars a month—but sold you a sound horse for ten dollars?"

The kid licked his lips. He hated to say it. "Nobody could handle Smoky. They were goin' to shoot him."

"Why couldn't they handle him?" pressed the major curtly.

"They broke him the hard way an' made him mean," the kid said. He swallowed again and looked as if he thought the major might laugh at him. "I—I figured Smoky just had to know somebody thought a heap of him. He had to trust someone a heap, so he'd know folks wasn't so bad after all."

"And he trusted you and gentled for you?" said the major coldly.

"Yes, sir." The kid was eager again. "Smoky knows now. Ain't a better horse in these parts, sir. He'll go anywhere. He knows rope work an' he c'n jump too, and he'll keep his feet on a loose-rock trail like a goat. He'll come to be saddled when I whistle. He's smart as any man, sir."

"What's wrong with him then? Why do you want to sell him?"

THE kid scuffed his feet. He looked red-eyed and tired and like he thought the major wasn't going to believe him.

"I've been savin' for school, sir. With what I've got, the money'll take me to Albuquerque to school. When I heard horses'd bring so much here today, I lit out as fast as I could. Seemed like—like I was already on my way to school."

"A lot of others lit out too," the major growled, and turned as Lieutenant Fortner brought the grullo back, dismounted and nodded. The major barely glanced at the lieutenant, and I suddenly realized the major's mind had been made up all along.

"That horse is the build and type we like to get," he told the kid. "He's sound, intelligent, and seems to have bottom. He's worth a premium. Two hundred for him."

A buzz of comment started up in the crowd behind us. Two hundred was top price so far today. I thought the kid paled a little under the dust grime on his face.

"Two hundred . . ." he faltered, fumbling with the reins.

"We don't bargain," Major Clive warned. "First price is the last price. It'll take you a year or so to save that much toward school, even if you're lucky."

"Yes, sir," agreed the kid in a low tone. "More'n that." He nodded and dropped the reins.

So the major had made another buy.

"Corporal," he said to me, "take the horse over to the corral and paint on his number. Captain Bell, go ahead with the papers. Shoes removed at the seller's expense, and the usual statement that the horse hasn't been inside Arizona quarantine."

I led the grullo toward the corral and the kid went with Captain Bell toward our car, where the captain's typewriter was set up under a side awning.

The grullo nickered suddenly and jerked on the reins. He had stopped and was looking after the kid. He nickered again. . . .

The kid stopped too . . . and then went on without looking around.

I jerked on the reins. "Step on it, buddy. You're in the Army now."

THE grullo blew and followed me. But when we got almost to the pole corral he stopped again. His head was up. He had that proud, wild look, as if he were hearing things beyond my knowledge. He was looking toward the awning where the captain was sitting down at the typewriter and the kid was standing with his back to us.

The grullo's bugle cut through the hot, white sunlight like a peal of protest into the far distance. He bugled again . . . and the kid turned slowly, reluctantly . . . and then whistled shrilly and started to run toward us.

The grullo broke from me and bolted toward him, and the kid scooped up the reins and went into the saddle with a lithe swing. They were bac
major when I got there, panti

The kid looked gaunt and
the old saddle. He was grin
getically and blinking hard a
to the major:

"I told Smoky it was all ri
wasn't. First time I ever told
an' he knowed more about it
I'm all he's got—an' he's a
There ain't enough money in
to buy him, sir. We'll make
school some way. I'm sorry
bothering you."

He shook out the reins. H
sure of himself, the kid bur
back like they were one,
raised little spurts of du
stretched out toward the mo
that low, fast run.

Talk? Even the Indians w
I heard Lieutenant Fortner s
lessly under his breath. And
rancher on the edge of the
"School, hell! Sure he'll get
soon as I can get out to Ga

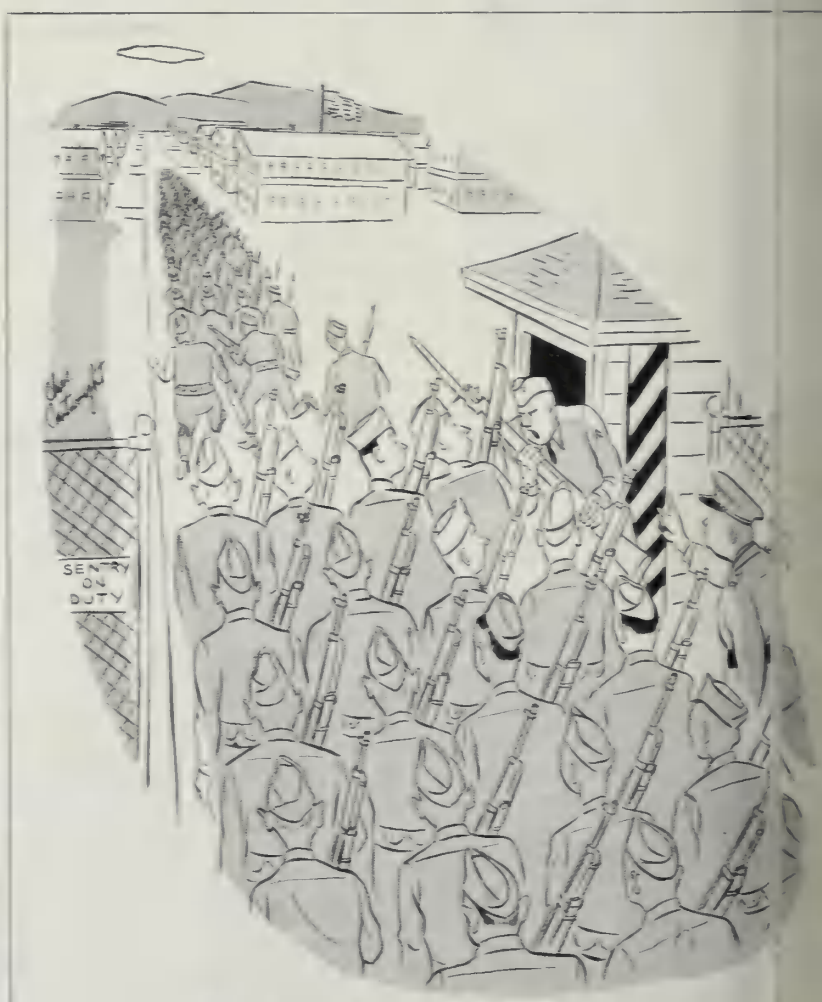
I was nearest the major,
posed he was speaking to
looked after the grullo.

"Good stuff there. Sound
through. The cavalry needs
that."

"Yes, sir," I agreed regretf
horse comes sixty miles and
like that, ought to be on his
Sill."

The major answered me g
exposing a weakness in his
cavalry manner:

"Damn it, Corporal, I mea
He knows a horse from the
and has guts enough to bac
ment. I'd give a premium f
day in my command. Next




"No need to challenge each one, Sentry. I'll personally vouch for the entire regiment!"

## Cream-Puff Sailor

Continued from page 13

I dn't been on a boat for two years. I dn't struggle. We went out. There so many things I wanted to ask that I didn't know where to begin. ally I said. "Quite an establish- you've got here."

S nodded. "We had a membership ast fall. In honor of the mortgage. you fifty bucks to join—resident ership, and seventy-five a year hat. It's become the smart thing in town."

"e beer we drank," I said, thinking "used to come to about three dol- piece for the whole summer. Re- er?"

"vish I couldn't," she said.

"ll," I said, wanting to change the t, "it's swell to be back anyhow."

"s," she agreed. "You can catch nce tonight and the dinner tomor- ght and the dinner dance the next after the Withrow Cup race. If ay long enough, there'll be a cou- stag parties, numerous luncheons e numerous ladies' committees, al movies, smokers, clambakes, raight picnics. Sometimes there's ailing if anybody happens to think She pointed toward the shore, the three A's were anchored: "Do ow what that flag is that's flying middle one of those?"

"looked like an inverted cocktail I said.

"an inverted cocktail glass," she "The boys that fall too far be- rop out and go over for a drink. inks are always on the one farth- ind at the first buoy."

In't know what to say, so naturally ped in with both feet flat. "It's I said, "but not as bad as not hav- ally around. Where is he any-

as silly, but I just couldn't con- of Susan and Wally on different

"'s here," Susan told me. "Lead- e way as usual."

t was left of the A fleet was com- me under spinnakers. They were read out.

"I bought out my share," Susan

ew Wally had never had the cash that unless he had struck oil, and so.

"uess he was acting as an agent," id. "It's a long story."

WENT in before the A's finished. was low in my mind, because some- was obviously very wrong. As soon lly brought his boat in, I saw what ; and when Wally had finished ing me on the back and maiming ht hand, he introduced me to her.

H name was Larain Croft. She was g short-vamped deck shoes and e sharkskin play suit. She had a ittle face with wide, cornflower nd a soft mouth ripe enough to a pie. Her hair was a mass of curls, and on top of them was he sauciest visored yachting cap er saw. It was incredible.

B this is the pay-off. Wally was g a yachting cap too. And a uni- Blue denim with SUSAN in large across the blouse. The same with st of his crew—two lads I didn't Hap Berger, it turned out, was on er boat.

T s was Wally Hanford, who had worn anything more formal on at than a pair of tennis shoes with- ces, flannels too old and shrunken vilized use and no hat at all.

L ain was very cordial. She hooked rm in mine and the other in Wally's, and skipped us light-heartedly into the bar. We passed Susan on the way, and everybody was careful to make the hellos very friendly.

The bar was diligently nautical, with lots of pictures on the wall of the old Lake Sachem outfit.

"This is John," Larain said to me, introducing the bartender. "John makes the best daiquiri north of New York, don't you, John?"

John simpered, and Larain and Wally bespoke a couple of these marvels. I said I'd have beer. This seemed to shock Larain and make Wally uncomfortable.

I tried to get Wally to talk about the boys in the old fleet. He was evasive. I gathered that the Douglas boys had dropped out and gone to another lake to sail. It seemed, when I started to go down the list, that there weren't many of the original sailors left. Wally finally wrenched the conversation around to the dance that night, and at that point Larain became vivacious. I didn't stay.

I DIDN'T go near the place next day. I shanghaied Susan, and we went driving in the hills and parked where we could see the boats. Laying my cards squarely on the table, I said I would club her with the nearest blunt instrument if she didn't tell me the whole story.

"It's none of your business, Bill," she said kindly. "When a girl loses a man—"

"Just a second," I interrupted. "I've lost a friend. That wasn't Wally—that guy I was talking to yesterday. I can remember when Wally would have slugged anybody for even suggesting that he wear that cap he had."

So then all of a sudden Susan's head was on my shoulder, and she was crying. She told me the story, although of course I had guessed most of it and you have too by now.

The race for the Withrow Cup was set for the next afternoon at one-thirty. I went up to the club about eleven. There were just the skippers and crews around, and the place didn't look so bad. Wally was all alone, folding a spinnaker. We talked of this and that for a while and then I said: "It doesn't seem natural, not seeing Susan on your crew."

"She been talking to you?" he asked quickly.

I didn't like that, but I didn't say so. I said she hadn't.

"Well, I'll tell you, Bill," he said, frowning at the spinnaker. "It's possible for a man and a woman to be the best friends in the world and still not be right to be married. That's a hard thing to understand, and I don't think Susan quite understands it, but it's true."

"Nuts," I said.

He straightened up. "You've been away," he said. "Naturally you don't know the whole story. How about sailing with me this afternoon?"

"You don't want to break up your crew for an important race like this," I said.

"It won't make any difference," he answered. "We'll win anyhow. Besides, it's not a matter of life or death, you know."

In the old days it was life or death in every race, but I didn't remind him of that. I didn't have the strength to refuse.

The lawn started to fill up about an hour before the race. The crowd was milling around, being very social and gay, when all of a sudden above it all came a shrill hail from the lake: "Yacht Club ahoyyy!"

It was repeated a couple of times be-


Dear Jack,

Well, I'm really in the Army now, and it's not bad! Barracks are comfortable, food swell, officers good guys, etc. And am I glad I took that I. C. S. Course last year! On account of that special training, I've got Special Rating already, and higher pay. Some stuff, kid! Take a tip from your friend Joe, and find out how easy it is to take an I. C. S. Course, and how little it costs, and what a difference it will make when Uncle Sam calls your number! Just mail the coupon the way I did, and they'll send you all the info.

Regards to the Gang! Joe.

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fore it penetrated, and then people started to point. A boat was trying to make the dock, and the crew was waving for help. The boys already out on the wharf were laughing too hard to be much help, so a few more of us went out.

"Good lord!" somebody said. "How does it ever stay upright?"

I don't know if you've ever seen a Class A inland lake scow. They look sort of awkward till you get used to them. They don't have much in the water—maybe fourteen inches with the bilge boards up—and they have round prows and convex decks, slightly streamlined. They never look like much at the dock, but under sail they're pictures.

This monstrosity laboring toward us was a Class A all right, but more than a shade on the caricature side. Its sails were grimy black and looked as if they had been meant for some other boat. The battens were in crooked; the mainsail bulged in all the wrong places, and the jib sagged, possibly from the weight of the dirt on it. The jib was rigged on the forestay instead of a stay of its own as was proper.

The crew, of course, were my four angler friends from the first day. The displeased man was at the helm; the thin guy with the beribboned spectacles wavering on his nose was handling the jib—if you could call it handling. The fat man and the little one were perched on the side of the cockpit, too scared to move.

WE FINALLY hauled them in and the skipper up on the wharf. He panted for a while before he could speak. "My name's Hastings," he said. "We want to get in this race you're having."

Well, everybody seemed to think it was too good a joke to let die, so the race committee took the entry and asked the name of the boat. Hastings looked around till he spotted the committeeman who had spoken to him two days before.

"What name did you say it was?" he asked. "It's got no sign on it."

"The Elvira," said the committeeman with a straight face, and somebody in the back of the crowd hooted. Hastings glared.

I was glad when Wally at least tried to argue Hastings out of the idea, but it was no go. It was better than trolling, Hastings said, and they were decided. So the chairman of the race committee explained the course and the guns, and Hastings got back on his wreck.

"We'll just go out and sail around till you're ready," he said, "and kind of get the feel of it."

We snaked them out of the clutter of boats, glad enough not to have them around getting in the way when the rest of the fleet left the dock, and they limped away across the lake.

We forgot about them then until the half-hour gun went, and then someone rushed in with word that the old crate was in trouble on the other side of the lake. We sent a boat over to tow them back.

The course that day was a triangle. A reach for the first leg, one long tack for the second and another reach, a broad one, home. It was easy, but nobody had got around to changing the buoys from the day before, so they let it ride.

I took the sheet, and there was another lad on the boards. Larain, looking very pert and trim, had the jib.

We were jockeying around with two minutes to go for the start, when Larain looked back and giggled.

"Look," she said, "here come the ancient mariners and their albatross."

I took a quick glance back. The albatross was halfway to the line under its own power, and something had happened to it. The mast was straight up now, and the sails were as smooth as curved sheet metal. She was heeling just a little—less than we were, and there was a whisper of white water under her saucer prow.

We had to concentrate on the start then, but when we were on our way, I looked back again in time to see that blackened old sail jibe over like a feather and then take hold instantly on the course.

We took the lead right away. Wally was still enough of a sailor to shut everything out of his mind but the job at hand, but something kept pulling my eyes back to that old boat. It was the last over the line, but it started passing the others right away.

The windward leg was three miles. It was rough and getting rougher, and we weren't sailing as we should have been. Larain, holding the jib sheet, took the spray full in her face every time a wave hit us. She turned away with a little cry of distress at each shower, jerking the sheet in her effort to shield her face, and of course that shot wind right back on the wrong side of the main. Those A's are the most sensitive boats in the world to trim, and, on any boat, that is exactly like jamming your foot on the brake pedal of a car in motion.

"Are you sure my time isn't up yet?" REAMER KELLER

WITH a half mile to go to the windward mark, I glanced astern, and there was our albatross a length behind us. By rights we should have been backwinding her silly, but she was coming steadily on.

I saw she was going to sail in our lee, and I told Wally. Not because he could do anything about it, but because that was my job. He set his jaw and concentrated on pointing the Susan as high into the wind as possible. But every time we hit a wave, Larain screwed up her face, and turned away, jerking the jib and cutting our headway.

Then the other boat had an overlap.

"Hold your course, please," Hastings called to Wally.

His crew never gave us a glance. The old boy in the black-ribboned glasses was babying the jib as if it had just been born. The other two were crouched in the cockpit, staring ahead.

"Damn it!" snapped Hastings. "Hold your course! You're bearing away."

It was insult to injury and Wally knew it was deliberate as well as I did. But the Susan was pointing as high and footing as fast as she could, and still the other boat—in our lee, mind you—was outpointing and outfooting us.

FINALLY, Wally had to luff or foul them. His face was black with rage, but he did luff, and they pulled ahead. They came around the buoy like syrup, and their spinnaker blossomed out as if it were some kind of trick. We didn't get ours set and drawing until we were a hundred yards on the way home.

"Well!" said Larain, sitting back, now that there was nothing for her to do. "Those funny old men!"

I looked down the lake. Some of the A's had gone in. Two of them had put into shore across from the club and were anchored.

"Look!" Larain exclaimed, pointing at them. "Harry Bonner's got his cocktail flag up. Let's go over."

Wally was too sore to speak.

"Well, there's no use going on," she said. "You've lost, and you'll never catch them now. What's the sense of trailing along behind four old men?"

Wally didn't answer.

"Are you going over?" Larain asked, an edge in her voice now. She waited and got no response. "Listen to me, Wally Hanford," she said. "Either you take me over and we have cocktails like civilized human beings, or I'll jump overboard and swim."

It was a good mile, and I had an idea she couldn't swim.

"Okay," Wally sighed.

And, so help me, we handed the spinnaker, put about, and went over for cocktails.

I could see it was killing Wally, and while I didn't particularly sympathize with him, it was killing me too, so I said something about having to get back for a business appointment. Wally took me home. Larain and the other member of the crew stayed.

We moored at the wharf and went into the bar. The first thing I saw was the four anglers lined up at one end, gravely drinking hot buttered rum. Susan was sitting alone at a table near by-ting there, looking sad and dej

Wally asked for some rum a I. We leaned against the bar in silence.

At last the old guy with the b bons said, "Kind of a waste wasn't it, Hastings?"

The little bird said, "Spo snorted.

I looked at them. They did at all funny now.

The fat man said, "We might some kind of competition pitch nies."

Then Hastings said, "I'll be d I'll take their silly cup. I ur they competed for it."

"Well," said black ribbons, "y buy one if that's all you wa cup."

"I don't know if you've no said Hastings, "but there's a ye to the sailors around here tha me a little sick. They're crear

The other three nodded agreement. It was more tha could stand in silence. "I supp said, holding himself in care suppose you guys think you' thing, don't you? I suppose y you're quite a bunch of sailors."

General laughter from the

"We didn't have a chance black ribbons said. "Was tha route out there supposed t course?"

"You wouldn't be on the sa on a course dead to windward," said, and his cronies laughed a

"Windward, leeward, reachi ning, upside down, or on ou said Wally, frowning heavily name it and we'll lick you at fists were clenched white at the b

"For what?" asked Hasting

"For my boat or yours," W back at him. "What do you that?"

I LOOKED at Susan. She wa upright on the edge of her cl her eyes were shining.

There was a gleam in Hasti "I like it," he said. "We star an hour."

At that moment I swallowed a ful of rum the wrong way. frowned at me.

Wally headed for the boat. I Hap Berger was sitting on a sail side, glumly smoking a pipe. him.

"Come on," I said. "Oh, boy!

"What?" said Hap, getting

"Nothing," I replied, clutc arm. "Just oh, boy! oh, boy!"

Wally was fussing with th changing the rake of his mast Hap and I turned to without being said.

Finally I said casually to "You'll need a good hand on t

"We'll get along," he grunte

"Don't be a sap," I told hin need the best you can get if yo ing to keep your boat. Those sail. You know that."

He set his jaw and didn't loo I went back into the clubhouse was still at her table, staring in I said a few words.

"If Wally Hanford hasn't b enough to come in here himsel began, tight-lipped.

"Look, Ironhead, dear," I sa for the boat, not Wally."

Wally didn't say a word wher on board, but that was all rig Susan crossed the starting line, other boat crossed with us, twen to windward. The course was the wind; the going got rough minute. Susan was soaked in hundred yards; but you neve more beautiful sight than she w ing that little sail.

e asn't anything you can do in th we didn't do on that leg. We fi matches, dogfights—we even ac once, and we were all even s edboat that had gone up to a marker for us. By that a nd I were screaming maniacs. s was lost to everything but the d lally was very calm.

he spinnaker is out before ours," e etween his teeth. "I'm going k omebody's neck."

w d have saved him the trou- t e didn't have to. The two ke came out as one.

e' othing in the world like rid- A own a good wind with a man ti who knows his stuff. I don't no Wally did it. He kept shift- b and forth inches at a time st e trim to every little change wi —maybe he pushed the Su- th will. I wouldn't know. But d rds from the finish we were o nches ahead. And we held

fo in the other boat gave us th brought a half-dozen peo- n g out of the clubhouse to at as up. Wally waved; Hap wa d; and the ancient mariners ed d waved back. It was quite fe for a while. Susan was the ie one.

wa beautiful, Wally," she said

nl Wally said, frowning.

a I walked into the bar with r gentlemen, and you'd have t i as a thieves' reunion.

d, ll bet that's the first race the ala a ever lost."

yo guessed," said the skipper. gh ou had when you choked on m.

e at the end of the bar," I said, ay u were, and I'll show you."

They lined up. "Now look behind you," I said.

They turned, and for a minute they were silent.

"I remember that day," one of them said softly.

It was a picture of the Atalanta with her skipper and crew lined up on the deck just as they were lined up at the end of the bar now. Justin Withrow, Dave Bradley, Bill Robertshaw and Stub Steuben.

"Well," said Withrow, turning, "we've always kept the old girl in the barn of a farm I own back in the country. We always planned to have one more race in her, and this seemed like the time. But when we got back and saw how fancy everybody was, we thought we might as well be fancy too. We had her all in shape; all we had to do was pour soot on the sails."

"Tough you lost her," Hap said.

"We'll never have a better race," Withrow said, "and maybe your skipper'll lend us to her when we can get back." He thought a moment. "Is there anyone else around here that likes to sail?" he asked.

The bar was filling up. The crowd was loud and festive.

"A few," Hap said.

Withrow said, "Why don't we take a few of the boats and go up to Bill's place here up the lake tomorrow and do a bit of sailing? We can have a few races, then sit around and talk. And the hell with clubhouses. What do you say?"

I looked out through the window. Wally and Susan were sitting on the edge of the cockpit of the boat, half facing each other. Wally was holding her hands in both of his and talking. And Susan was listening as if she didn't care whether she ever heard anything else in this world.

"It's a date," I told Withrow.

## Victorious Vic

Continued from page 19

he on, hitting two minutes flat. ext ear, Fleming raced her as a an she took a record of 1:59½. n t re was Nate Hanover, the d ole-gaited gelding that ever (2:0¼ trotting and 1:59 pacing), ust Hanover, who holds the rec- th astest two heats over a half- ack . . 2:00½ and 2:00¾. And, rse Billy Direct.

n t, you may get the idea s ring has more records than ll. Vell, not quite. But it has ts marks for mile tracks, half- rack single heats, double heats e l . It has been argued that nar river, given a tolerably fast can t at least one record by the ex dient of inventing it.

of best horsemen in the busi- Fler ng, however, never has won med Hambletonian, harness rac- Ker cky Derby. This $40,000 g ke for three-year-olds is ver e mile track at Goshen each t. e best Vic has been able to s tinish second with Gauntlet ars o but he still has hopes.

nes horsemen, unlike their run- ors ousins, train the horses they Mo of them regard their charges ical mechanisms to be handled are. Not Fleming. A horse, to a g, hulking brute whose only for xistence is to race, and fast. am ng type of driver, he trains rse he same way. He loves to hin the pace for a full three rs o a mile, then come a-winging the retch like an old-time fire cha ng to a three-alarm blaze. it-h ded pilot, he nevertheless whoops and shouts and otherwise lets the horse know he's boss by pulling and tugging on the reins whenever inspiration seizes him. Because of this, he is scarcely ever successful with two-year-olds; for the most part they're too young to take that kind of driving.

This roughhouse style makes Vic the master of every trick of the driving trade. More often than not, his tactics pay big dividends. Things like locking wheels and shouting to distract a rival horse may seem a bit unsportsmanlike to the public. Race drivers consider them all a part of the game.

Once Fleming and Doc Parshall were staging a personal duel around the Grand Circuit between The Widower and Parshall's Chief Counsel. The Fleming colt, a tough two-year-old schooled in Vic's peculiar style, got soundly trounced in every race. Then they hit Indianapolis and the $10,000 Fox stakes.

Starting the deciding heat of that race, Fleming pulled another surprise. He rushed into an early lead and kept the Parshall colt just behind him all the way to the stretch. There, he had another inspiration.

Yanking hard on the reins, he pulled The Widower up short. That forced Chief Counsel to come to a virtual standstill to avoid running over the two in front. Then, with one flick of the reins, Fleming was away flying, leaving Parshall and Chief Counsel stranded a hundred yards or so away from the finish line.

"That ten grand made up for all the times Parshall whipped me that year," Vic recalls happily.

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

**Collier's**

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
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# How Smart is Congress?

OUR elected Congress, as it sweats the 1942 tax bill through the works, is obviously trying to avoid two things: (1) a general sales tax, though there will be any number of sales taxes on any number of kinds of goods; and (2) any adequate push-up of taxes on lower and middle bracket incomes.

This is thought to be smart politics, because these taxes would hit a lot of little fellows, who are believed to resent such things.

How smart, really, are lawmakers who think thus?

Well, here is what can be looked for if Congress fails to levy enough taxes to pay a large part of the defense bills as we go:

A lot of purchasing power from defense-swollen pay rolls will be looking for things to buy, instead of being siphoned into defense. This will raise retail prices, because there will be more and more shortages of nondefense goods. Such shortages will occur because defense will be soaking up more and more raw materials—steel, aluminum, plastics, rubber.

These mounting retail prices will move labor to demand higher and higher wages. Increased labor costs will be shifted into still higher retail prices. Even a rigid government price-control system will probably not halt this tendency, assuming Congress gets up the nerve to establish such a price-control system, which Congress probably will not do.

The result will be inflation. Inflation, as everybody knows, hits the little fellow hardest. This is the same little fellow whom Congress is now trying to detour, because in the aggregate he has so many votes.

Suppose an inflationary catastrophe arrives, and suppose the little fellow ever figures out that it was Congress that did it to him. The revenge he will take on his representatives and as many of his senators as possible at the next following election will probably be colossal.

There are those who think the little fellow never remembers, and is just too dumb to understand, anyway.

Maybe. But John C. Lloyd had a short, meaty article in a recent Collier's, describing findings of Dr. Henry C. Link, first of the public-opinion pollsters, on the question: "How do you want to pay for defense?" Dr. Link found that, *regardless of income differences*, 13% of Americans prefer to pay their taxes in a lump sum after the year's end; 22% would like to have their taxes regularly checked off their pay; and 60% want a general sales tax on current purchases, as the fairest and most satisfactory method of collecting some of the billions we've got to raise for defense.

So it looks to us as if the little fellow isn't as dumb as he may once have been, and as if he realizes the terrific danger that inflation is to him, and urgently wants Congress to take enough money out of him now to avoid a ruinous inflation later on.

We can't help wondering how smart a lot of our lawmakers really are, as they blithely conspire to take too little out of all of us now, and leave too big a defense bill for later on.

# Pernicious Pension Plan

THE House of Representatives, fare, has passed a bill to give $2 the widow of every veteran of the matter when he died or what he die gardless of whether he ever saw ac He need only have been listed in military forces for ninety days or m

The total cost to the nation wo $22,238,000 a year.

The plan was done to death in mittee two years ago. The fact th past the House this year is a near-s a testimonial to the spineless w some politicians to bow down and any pressure group.

There is no more justification f than there would be for a plan to pe body who has driven a car for nin every woman who has refrained f a divorce for a year after her marr bald-faced Treasury raid by a spe group, and one which can open the and ranker of the same.

We hope the Senate will find th club this bill to death; or that th will if the Senate can't.

# Stop Fanning the Air

WE'RE alarmed over the way t tionist-isolationist dispute is

Many interventionists are calling Wheeler, Hoover, et al., everyth traitors. Everybody in his right these men are among our finest would do nothing intentionally t own country.

Many isolationists are calling t tionists Anglophiles, Tories, would- of the Declaration of Independenc want us to invest in a dead horse. in his right mind knows these charg lous.

What is the net effect of all this ning of the air?

It is bound to be, we fear, to ham down and take the drive out of w all agreed a year ago is our main jo to build up our own defenses to s that no nation or alliance will dare

From hating each other, both i ists and isolationists have gone on of favoring witch hunts and per everyone who does not see eye them.

The result of all this cannot he ever-widening diversion of mental energy which all of us ought to be the furtherance of the defense prog is exactly what our leading Europe wants to see happen to us.

How about all of us refocusing the ball, and keeping them there?

# Collier's

AUGUST 16, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

## YANKEE WINGS IN BRITAIN
## BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

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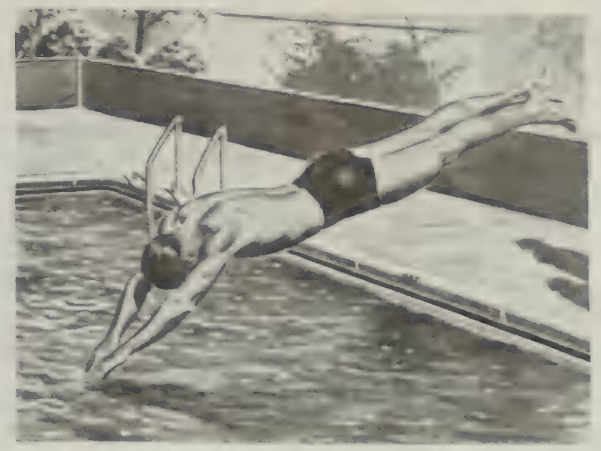
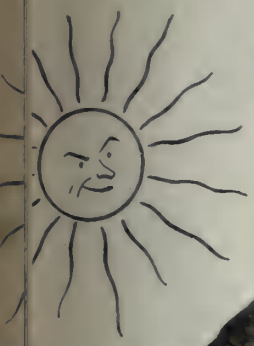
Cl ing off pars under the hot, baking summer a eat way to build health and stamina. But am ummer sun bakes your scalp and hair. The al s needed for hair health and good groom- re ied out, leaving your hair dull and brittle.

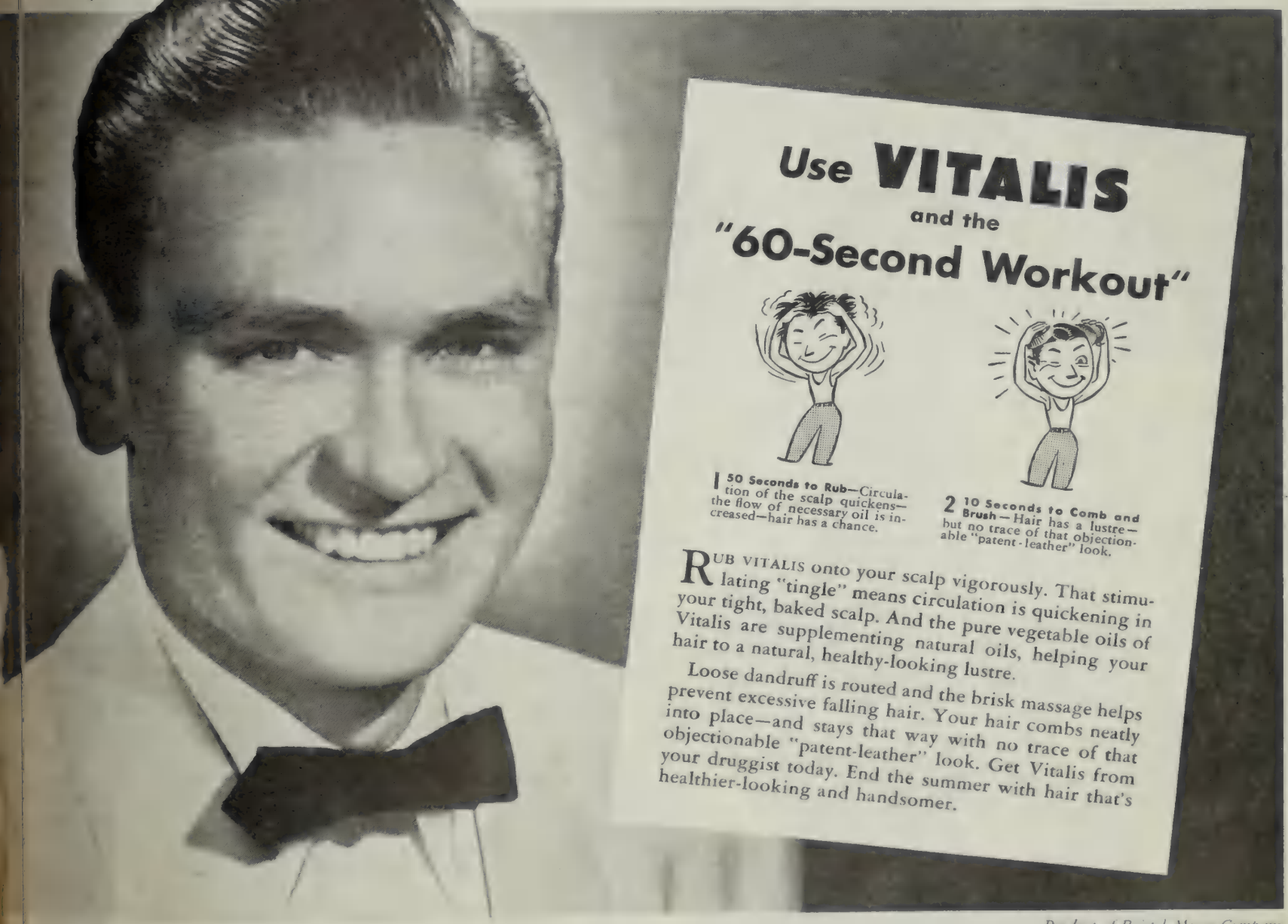


**WATER**—Your quick plunge or your drenching shower completes the damage—washing away the last trace of natural oils—leaving your hair bleached out, dry and lifeless! Your hair is hard to manage and won't stay neatly in place when you comb it.

**PROTECTION**—This summer—get your fill of summer sports. Harden lazy muscles. Store up resistance for the cold months ahead. *But care for your hair with Vitalis.* Keep it healthy-looking and well-groomed, an asset in all your social and business affairs.



# Keep your Hair Handsome, Well-groomed in spite of Summer Sun and Water

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VER VANCE LOCKE

# ANY WEEK

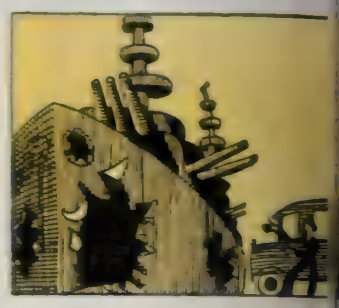
BRUSHING aside a number of international problems, we hasten to give you a letter from a lady who is through with us. From time to time (oh, about twice a month) she has sent us poems. We have always returned them, read but unmarred, explaining with a patience which we think does us a great deal of credit that we don't publish verse. We've always taken care to add that hers is pretty elegant verse and that we reject it with a certain amount of pain. We now have a letter from the lady and it contains no poetry. "For some years," writes she, "I've been offering you first-class verses. I have done this generously, thinking less of remuneration and more of raising the standard of your publication. You have repeatedly told me that you do not publish verse. In a recent issue of your magazine there was a jingle by one Carl Sandburg called Mr. Lincoln and His Boy. I shall pass over the historical inaccuracies in this contributor Sandburg's halting lines. I am not interested in who the gentleman may be. I am interested only in convicting you with your own evidence as a self-confessed fabricator. Please look for no letters, contributions nor subscriptions from me in the future."

WE HAVE forwarded the lady's letter to Mr. Sandburg who, although she does not seek the information, is a struggling American poet. He is also a historical biographer on his way up. His country will hear from him yet. So we pass on to a letter from Mr. Winship Courter of St. John's, Newfoundland. When we were in St. John's Mr. Courter scoffed at our enthusiasm for the deal that gave us military outposts on British islands in exchange for fifty destroyers. At that time Mr. Courter said: "For your fifty destroyers you got the right to buy British real estate and don't kid yourself." We told Mr. Courter that he ought to be ashamed of himself and that if he were an American and talked like that he'd have the F.B.I. on his neck. Well, as we say, we've just heard from him again. "How is it now, sucker?" jeers he. "It has just been decided up here that the land on which you Americans are building your naval and air base at Argentia is worth $285,000. I'd have written to you sooner but have been too weak from laughing. You've seen Argentia, haven't you? Well, now you know what you rich Yanks are paying $285,000 for—and you can't say I didn't warn you. Before that destroyer swap you could have bought the whole peninsula, outside St. John's, for that kind of dough. And don't forget that you don't own the land. You've just leased it. And aren't you the guy who said that this Newfoundland Commission of Government was dumb? We await your public apology."

IT IS seldom that Mr. Crichton of this staff ventures off his front porch of a Sunday, the week-end traffic being what it is and Mr. Crichton being the shrinking, crowd-fearing person that he is. But, determined upon a bit of personal observation of highway conditions, Mr. Crichton sallied forth one Sunday not long ago and got what he asked for. He was caught in a terrific traffic jam—stalled for hours. When his car was able to move he inched along and presently came abreast of what looked to him to be the oldest living motorcar. Smoke poured from all corners of the car. When it stopped it clanked like a chain factory. When it started there was a convulsion—and much more smoke. Mr. Crichton watched, fascinated. Then with characteristic quiet he leaned out toward the daring fellow who was driving and said: "Excuse me, sir, but I heard that Mr. Ickes is looking for you."

A FRIEND of ours reports overhearing his two sons, one fifteen and the other seventeen, discuss the fate of an August excursion the younger lad had hoped to make. It involved a motor trip of five hundred miles with two other lads not much older. Father demanded that the kid write out the plan in detail and submit it to him before he granted his permission, which, incidentally, included the financing. When the lad got the plan back it was merely a ghost. The five hundred miles had been cut to a hundred. A new destination was suggested. Objection was raised to one of the boy's companions. And of course the appropriation had been cut terrifically. "No use kicking," said the older brother. "It's wartime and that's censorship. You're licked. You're too young to fight and not old enough to be a censor."

WE CAME very near to taking an interesting motor ride. We had just come from the Navy Department where Colonel Knox had admonished us that nothing should be printed about British warships in American repair yards. We were crossing Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. A sightseeing bus barker asked us whether we'd like to spend five dollars to see damaged British warships. "We leave early in the morning and get you back before dinner. Nice outing. Some of those cruisers got holes in them big enough to drive the bus through." We asked him how business was. "Swell," he replied. "Carried four hundred down last week end. With bus private cars and so on, there m been fifteen thousand down them over. Nobody's supp know nothing about them."



NOT that we're blaming the With imitation they're flatte more and more. And it's no subtle flattery either. Mr. Darrow of Los Angeles, Ca relays a report from his Englis spondent. In the Middlebor lice court a solicitor asked client be excused from appear fore the judge. Pleaded he: first place, your worship, m is a man of not very great inte Secondly, he is employed in in government work."

WE HOPE that that puts an e subversive talk to the effect department is a trifle unsoun sterner subjects. Therefore ahead with a bit of intellige nered by Miss Martha Cunli Louis, Missouri. Miss Cun shopping in a department sto salesgirl admired her trig se suit and advised her to get more because, said the girl, " ernment is calling in all see They've already called in all t and brown and are going to other colors soon." Miss Cu manded the girl's authority friend," replied the girl, "wo wholesale house over on Wa Avenue and he told me about a fact." Miss Cunliff wanted what the government wante sucker for. "Oh, they're going bedspreads for the Army."

WE KNEW it! Now we have from a gentleman in Chicago, asking us to hand over a littl thing to the Friends of Russ Democracy. We're licked. Bu willing to part with one buck fo argument (we're not asking fo that there has ever been anyt Russian democracy. We have to the gentleman to this effe if his reply is satisfactory he dollar. And he can spend it cream cones for all we care. gone back to our original si tion of it all: We merely h something awful happens to

SOON . . .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PUBLIC LIBRARY

# "Quick, Mary, look helpless"

*: H's this? I hope it stops somebody . . . Mther never told me about jacks!*

*I now one thing—if we ever see town again, will switch.*

*: Switch to what . . . a horse and buggy?*

*N stupid! Switch to Goodrich. That's what Dd told us before we started.*

★ ★ ★

*the new*

**SLVERTOWNS**

**Y SLVERTOWN.** Duramin it l ger wear, and top y. H lex cords make it er t n ever.

r)

**KE LVERTOWN.** Dura- ade ives the best com- on o ileage safety, com- d et running.

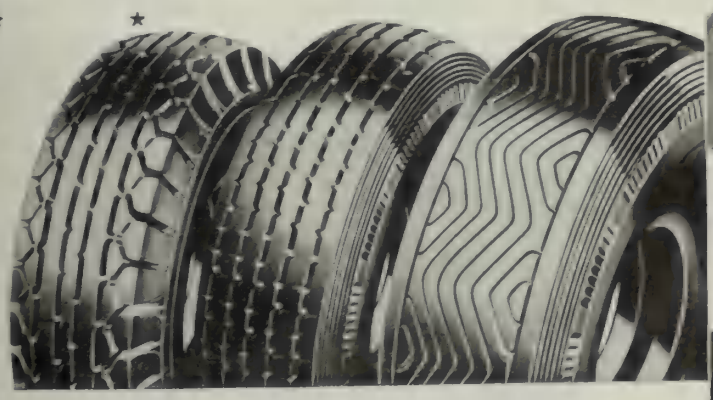
)

**SAVE SILVERTOWN.** No an p you quicker, or ou er from skids. 20% mil than the *original* aver re. Duramin-made.

THE BEST FRIENDS to take on any trip are Silvertown tires. Makes no difference to them how tough the going is. They'll protect you from dangerous blowouts and skids. And they'll pile up mileage long after they have a right to be worn out.

Why? Because of Duramin, the great discovery of B. F. Goodrich scientists. Duramin — called the "tire vitamin"—puts life and fight into rubber, keeps tires young and tough. Duramin means more miles —and *safer* miles for everyone who rides on Silvertowns.

There's no fun in driving when worry gets hold of the wheel. And there's really no reason why you should let old worn tires worry you these days. Silvertown prices are low—trade-in allowances are high. And, if you wish to pay as you ride, you can use the Budget Plan. Many B. F. Goodrich Dealers, and all Goodrich Silvertown Stores, offer it.



Switch to

**B.F. Goodrich**

**FIRST IN RUBBER**

**OME F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY**

**HERM** *...the first synthetic rub- r u d in automobile tires ld the American public.*

**CARBON BLACK TREAD,** *a B. F. Good- rich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

**DURAMIN,** *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

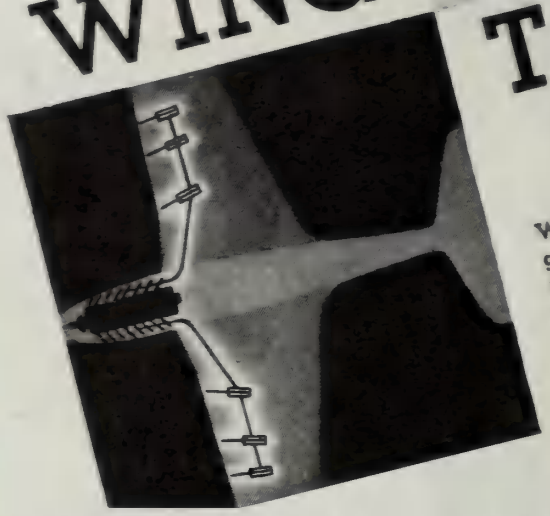
HUNDREDS of additional miles on oil . . . many miles more on a tankful of gas . . . new car power and performance! That's *your* car once you install Sealed Power Piston Rings. These scientifically engineered rings—the same brand used as original equipment in 12 of the 18 American makes of cars—make old cars perform like new. They are now available in packaged sets engineered for your particular make of car. Ask for them by name. They cost no more! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario. *Piston Rings for all types of Automotive, Diesel, Stationary and Marine Engines!*

**SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS**

*Best in new cars! Best in old cars!*

Bombers, troop ships and transports of the future will need 8,000-h.p. engines and propellers with 45-foot blades. Drawing at right gives you an idea of the size of a 45-foot prop

# WING TALK



Wing-mounted m guns must be war instead of coo cause condensati ice to choke mechanism. F from the engin to guns as sh

MACHINE gunners who fight on the ground are always concerned with keeping the guns cool. Machine guns aboard airplanes have just the reverse problem: they must be kept warm. No matter how mild it may be on the ground at take-off, when the plane goes into action on that aerial battlefield six miles up, it will encounter temperatures of 50 degrees below zero and colder. Condensation follows and the moisture first turns to frost and then to ice. This film effectively welds together the bolt actions of the gun and there you are. Years of experimenting by the Army and Navy air services and the R.A.F. have produced effective measures to keep the guns going no matter how cold. Heated air from the engine is collected and piped through to the wing guns and also to the guns in the fuselage. Can't tell you any more about that.

THE aeronautical engineer's idea of everlasting joy and happiness is to double the speed of his airplane merely by doubling the horsepower and nothing more. Well, when you double the horsepower, as it is now embodied in our high-performance engines, you will get a larger engine, which requires more fuel, and you will have more weight and need a larger airplane, too. things to get the 100-per-c in power and you might ge 40 to 50 miles an hour or cent increase for your troul

EIGHT-THOUSAND POWER aircraft engin five-foot propellers are the the Army Air Corps for bo transports and cargo ships When? Who knows. But stands to handle both these and propellers are now bein at Wright Field, Dayton, O

FIVE years or so ago, th by fast talking, got e together to buy some Boein engined, long-range bom was only a baker's dozen t and they were so precio tremely cautious measure to preserve them against lo caution was that only pi hours and *ten* years' experie them. So a lot of the boy hours and five years sul quarters on rainy days.

Meanwhile, the B-17's das forth across the continent

*(Continued on pag*

**500-hour men will now fly the big bombers. Former requirements**

# Trail Blazers...

THE COVERED WAGON FOLKS deliberately chose to endure hardships and peril. They made their stout-hearted choice because they were pioneers—men ready to risk all to find something better.

The spirit of pioneering that made America great, that created this ocean-to-ocean nation, is still alive. And it is a permanent American trait—visible in every phase of American progress.

The automobile industry—greatest in the world—owes much of its spectacular growth to this pioneering habit. One of its brightest and best examples is the swift rise of Plymouth.

At its start Plymouth met obstacles aplenty. Other low-priced cars were strongly established. Added to competition were the unforeseen influences of trying business conditions, lasting for years.

Thinking ahead—the search for something better—won the day.

In advance of every other low-priced car Plymouth pioneered a series of improvements of first importance—and was rewarded by the car-buying public for doing so. Hydraulic brakes, all-steel bodies, and a rapid succession of other major engineering achievements, created a low-priced car far closer—in both quality and performance—to high-priced cars, than had ever been thought possible.

Recognition was swift. Plymouth owners soon became numbered by hundreds of thousands; have now passed the four million mark. For all the world discovered that "Plymouth builds great cars."

To look ahead has always been smart. Now, particularly, it makes sense. You want to be sure. You want the quality that stands up best.

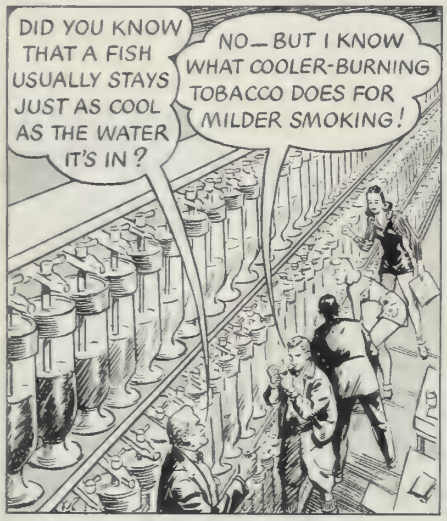
Now, as always, the Plymouth way of working is to make a low price buy a better car. Yes, you can everlastingly count on Plymouth.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

## PLYMOUTH

**CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR**

# WONDERS OF AMERICA
## *Fish Farming*



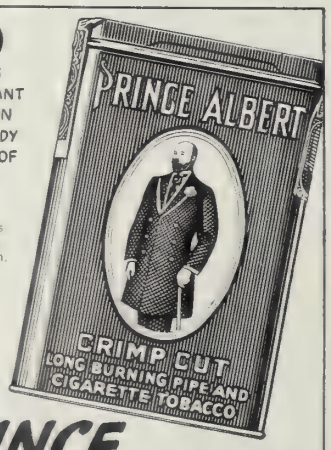

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

**86 DEGREES COOLER**

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

**50** PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.




**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# KEEP UP WITH THE W

## By Freling Foster

*To* prove that a modern motorcar is one of the safest places during an electrical storm, a Pittsburgh scientist recently sat in an all-steel automobile and had his assistants hurl at it 3,000,000-volt flashes of man-made lightning.

*During* certain atmospheric conditions, high-flying airplanes leave a trail of vapor that is like a cirrus cloud in appearance and substance. In both day and night, these trails constitute a real danger to pilots flying over enemy country because they disclose the presence of planes when the machines themselves cannot be seen by the unaided eye. Furthermore, in calm air, they frequently last as long as thirty minutes.

*As* an Orthodox Jewish wife cannot get a divorce unless she obtains the written consent of her husband or proves that he is dead, the latter being impossible when he is killed and never found in a war, Jewish soldiers of England are now being advised to appoint a friend to write a bill of divorcement for them if they have not returned to their homes one year after the proclamation of peace.

*Viruses*, or pathogenic microorganisms that pass through the finest filters and are even invisible under the most powerful optical microscopes, cause more than thirty diseases in man and more than forty in animals.—*By Mrs. R. C. Gladieux, Chicago, Illinois.*

*The* effect of improper driving on automobile tires is revealed by surveys that show some persons get only 5,000 miles of service out of a set of tires, while other persons, under comparable road conditions, get 35,000 miles out of a duplicate set.

*A statistical* analysis of the 902 major wars fought between 500 B. C. and 1920 A. D., using as factors their duration, the number of countries and combatants involved and the casualties, showed that the World War of 1914-1918 was eight times larger than the other 901 wars combined.

*Some* species of liz and others do not, wh eyelids and others a out them. One speci fragile tail that it fragments when rou another is able to body of water wit while a third species ened, plays dead, by on its back and putti in its mouth.

*In* telegraphing a weather reports four its numerous forecas out the United States Bureau in Washingt new numerical code eight "words" can car message, describing ninety-nine differe weather, sixteen wi fifty types of precip kinds of clouds and al included on weather

*Among* the intern records that have a long period are 56-pound weight thr McGrath of the Un 1911, the standing b R. C. Ewry of the U 1904, the two-mile Larner of Great Brit the twenty-mile run land of Great Britai

*Two* 40-watt fluor lamps, which consu owing to their balla produce 2.5 times and last 3.3 times a 100-watt regular bu —*By Dury, New York, N*

*New York City* ha hundred private str oughfares owned by corporations, that n to the public from rise one day each that they may main vate legal status.

Five dollars will be paid f or unusual fact accepted Contributions must be acc factory proof. Address World, Collier's, 250 Park City. This column is copyr The National Weekly. No be reproduced without ex the publish

# Duraglas* is the Final Step in all the Safeguards that Surround Milk

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

"...at the new Handi-Quart I've ...ea...ng about?"

"Ma'am! You'll find it easier ...d because of better balance. ...e...g shorter, it fits into your ...ra...r more conveniently."

No question enters your mind as you watch your family drink their daily milk. It is *safe.* Dairymen, working with health authorities and equipment manufacturers, have spent millions to make and keep it safe.

Product of carefully inspected herds, milk is safeguarded every mile it travels. Its vital last mile to your doorstep is made in sparkling glass containers that have been sterilized with hospital-thoroughness. Science has found nothing better than the customary glass bottle for safe, economical delivery of milk.

But in Duraglas, science has found a way to make a *better* bottle! *Result:* the new Handi-Quart for milk and other Duraglas containers that safeguard the products you buy. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

*Trade-Mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Block, and Libbey Safedge Glasses.*

**OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS**

*First in Glass*

# This Exclusive PHILCO Invent o

now added to

# "Music on a Beam of Light

gives your records glorious new beauty of tone!

## PHILCO AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGEF WI
## STROBOSCOPE PITCH AND TEMPO CO:TR

WITH "Music on a Beam of Light," Pl o engi developed an entirely new *principle* o ecord duction. It gave you new purity of tone, r ced noise, released new overtones of beauty l g hid your records. It eliminated the scraping st needl its ruinous record wear and did away wit he bother of needle changing.

And now, that same inventive genius ha rodu *other Philco first*, another exclusive inventi that tone more faithful, more true to life. In t new Automatic Record Changer with Stroboso e Pi Tempo Control, the sensational Stroboso prin applied for the first time to the phonogra. No may be sure to hear your records with *ab te pitch*, exactly as they were recorded by th artists in addition, automatic changing of records s been more simple, more gentle, more reliable. this . . . and it's yours *only in a Philco!*

In radio, Philco engineers have introduc the *Philco FM System*, giving you finer stan d and wave reception with Frequency Modula n . . . *new low cost!*

Only the 1942 Philco Photo Electric Ra -Phono in the exclusive Philco Tilt Front Cabinet c give y new, *modern* enjoyment of radio and reco d mus your Philco dealer show you today how far phono has progressed under the leadership of P o engi

**PHILCO 1012 PHOTO ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH** with latest Philco phonograph inventions and Exclusive Philco FM System. Philco *Home Recording Unit* optional. *Yours on easiest terms.*

**RADIOS, RADIO-PHONO APHS**
**PORTABLES, AUTO RA OS**
**From $9.95 to $50**
**SEE THEM TODAY AT YOUR PHI O DEA**
*Prices subject to change without notice; slightly higher*

ollier's
N. IONAL WEEKLY
A GUST 16, 1941

# he
# ond
# rse

## omas Walsh
D BY EARL CORDREY

**e McCoy was the elieve the girl in- From that point s went from bad for the kidnapers**

he first house she had seen inutes—a small white build- fty feet in from the road on shaped out palely there dim starlight in a glimmer dark, narrow windows. The alled himself Collins saw it she did; in neutral, with his brake, he let the car roll to he driveway.

ue it's the place," he said. "A ho e, ain't it?" He peered out. to me at the agency to pick up urse here—one this Mrs. ss wanted. We ain't far from Or ard now, lady. Would you see if she's ready?"

ne ck of the car, with the bit er e had been folding over and en her fingers for the past nutes still clenched in her a stared out at the house. ul see no lights.

," e said. "I'll go up. I'll see." turned to her as she opened or, is eyes narrowed to a bright rdonic and ugly mirth. The sio—she barely caught it— vague warning in her mind. irst time during the ride that ought of anything but the got out, wondering about it, a few uncertain steps toward then she saw the sign almost fe, set crooked on the weedy F Sale, 40 Acres. Six Room—" started to say; no, this can't pl e. But before a word came neshed at her back, and the venty feet away, gathering n she turned. She stared nfusedly, watching the tail- dwdle and vanish, hearing the d fade to nothing around her. e thought—a strange joke, t he would come back. Of —

ot come back. For a time foolishly for him, her hands

**he was somebody with you," e aid. "A cop, wasn't he? ebody that followed ere?" "Yes," she answered**

in the pockets of her jacket, her dark, young eyes clouded by worry. It was a little over an hour then from the time he had touched her arm, knifing deftly through the crowd that was leaving the movie with her—a slim dark man she had never seen before, very dapper in a dark gray whipcord uniform and a visored chauffeur's cap. Collins was his name; he was from the Standard Auto Rental Agency; he had a car waiting for her just around the corner. The Bannister boy—the kid she was taking care of—was sick; he'd got sick after she put him to bed and went out to the movies. An hour ago they had taken him out in an ambulance to his aunt's place in Lake Orchard; then they had called the agency and told them to pick her up here. Would she come right along?

Paula had not questioned him; she had thought then, as perhaps he had known she would, only of the child. A month ago she had nursed three-year-old Joel through pneumonia at the hospital. She had gone home with him, when he was well, because he was a delicate child, and for a month or two Dr. Holborn had wanted him carefully watched. Tonight Mr. Bannister—Bannister Steel, Bannister Mill Lathes—was out on the coast; with the boy in the big house on River Drive there had been only the Hansens, the old couple who had been there with his father for thirty years. For a year then, since an auto crash last winter, there had been no Mrs. Bannister.

**"I've got to help," she said. "It's the only thing that will save me. If I had stayed with Joel nothing would have happened"**

As soon as Collins spoke, Paula had all that in her mind; instantly she saw it happen, clearer and more detailed than his words described it. A pain, a sudden fever, Dr. Holborn deciding on his aunt's place in the country—it formed itself in flashing pictures across her mind. She had thought then only the things a woman would think: that if she had stayed with little Joel tonight, if only she had not left him—

NOW, in the quietness, the pale starlight, with the empty house at her back, the questions that she should have asked him filled her mind. Why his aunt's place, and not the hospital? Why had not Hansen come for her in the car, instead of him? Why— The questions were all useless now. They came too late, as they always come. But as she thought of them, something vague, a soft and oppressing weight, filled her heart.

No cars passed on this unmarked road; after fifteen minutes she gave up waiting for one. She walked back along the road, knowing the man Collins had lied to her, not seeing why—past empty fields, past dark and barren stretches of tobacco land. He had chosen his spot well; it was after three before she came to a main road and a compassionate truck driver gave her a ride back to the city; it was almost five before she got out of a taxi before the big gray house on River Drive.

The boy had been gone hours then—probably since eleven, when the Hansens, expecting her back, would have gone to bed. On the pillow, in the depression his head had left, the kidnapers had pinned the ransom note. The boy, it said, would not be hurt; not if fifty thousand dollars, in small, used bills . . .

She called the police even before she woke the Hansens, before the words in the note that had warned her not to call them conveyed any meaning to her mind. They came almost instantly, two men in a squad car first, others in civilian clothes after them. They questioned her in turn all that day—questioned her till her mind was numb and the questions they asked were meaningless. It was late, after dark, before she understood why they did—before the thought came, quiet at first, that they did not believe her.

At nine that night they questioned her for the last time, in the little study behind the dining room. She never found out what the fat man's rank was; he might have been a plain-clothes man, or a detective sergeant, or even an inspector, but all she rem
ward was his name—Mo
way his eyes fastened
lidded, dull black, the m
in from the hall.

"I'm no delicate guy,"
deliberately, in a deep
the room without effort
up to things nice. That's
to tell you before we
—close that door, McC

The other man—a you
a lean, broad build an
moved around the desk
door. As he did Mona
hand on her shoulder an
idly there.

"Remember this," he
and McCoy ain't here
song and dance again; we
of that today. You go
now in your head?"

He did not frighten
effect on her at all. It w
hours then since she'd sl

"We're gonna look a
Monahan said, bending
her that his breath w
cheek, "we're gonna lool
put it together just the
Check me all the way. A
up last night—a guy you
fore. He picks you right
and calls you by name;
screwy story you don't
puts you in a car you
He—"

"A black car," she saic
with glazed eyes. "A bl

"With four wheels n
han went on, in a tigh
takes you out to a road
for us now, dumps you
drives away. Two hours
a truck takes you back to
kind of a truck? You do
was it haulin'? You ca
either. A guy, a car, a
that's what we got so far
not even one thing, can y
any of them.

"There was a cop ou
last night when it let ou
see you, or the guy in
uniform. Why?"

She said unsteadily,
couple of hundred people

THE thick fingers dug
now, into her shoulder

"Listen to me," Mona
grating softness. "List
lyin' little tramp. Don
know the way it was? T
out all night, sure—t
stayed out lots of night
nister was away on b
thing was fine. A night o
friend—who was goin' to
Who was goin' to catch

"There was only the
last night, wasn't there
knew when you got in-
key. So the little punk
up one night in some dar
it all; you was nuts abou
do whatever he'd say. H
while his pals grabbed
you know that now?
that's all he bothered wit
us where he took you.

His eyes, small and s
over her. His fingers wro
in her shoulder. He w
of Joel—of the kid that
cried for her last night
him out of bed. The
somewhere now—hungr
Because a tramp like he
cover up. Because—

He was sucked back
voice, his face, the press
—by something deep a
mous, that blanketed h
swirling whiteness. Sh
through it wearily an

(Continued on p

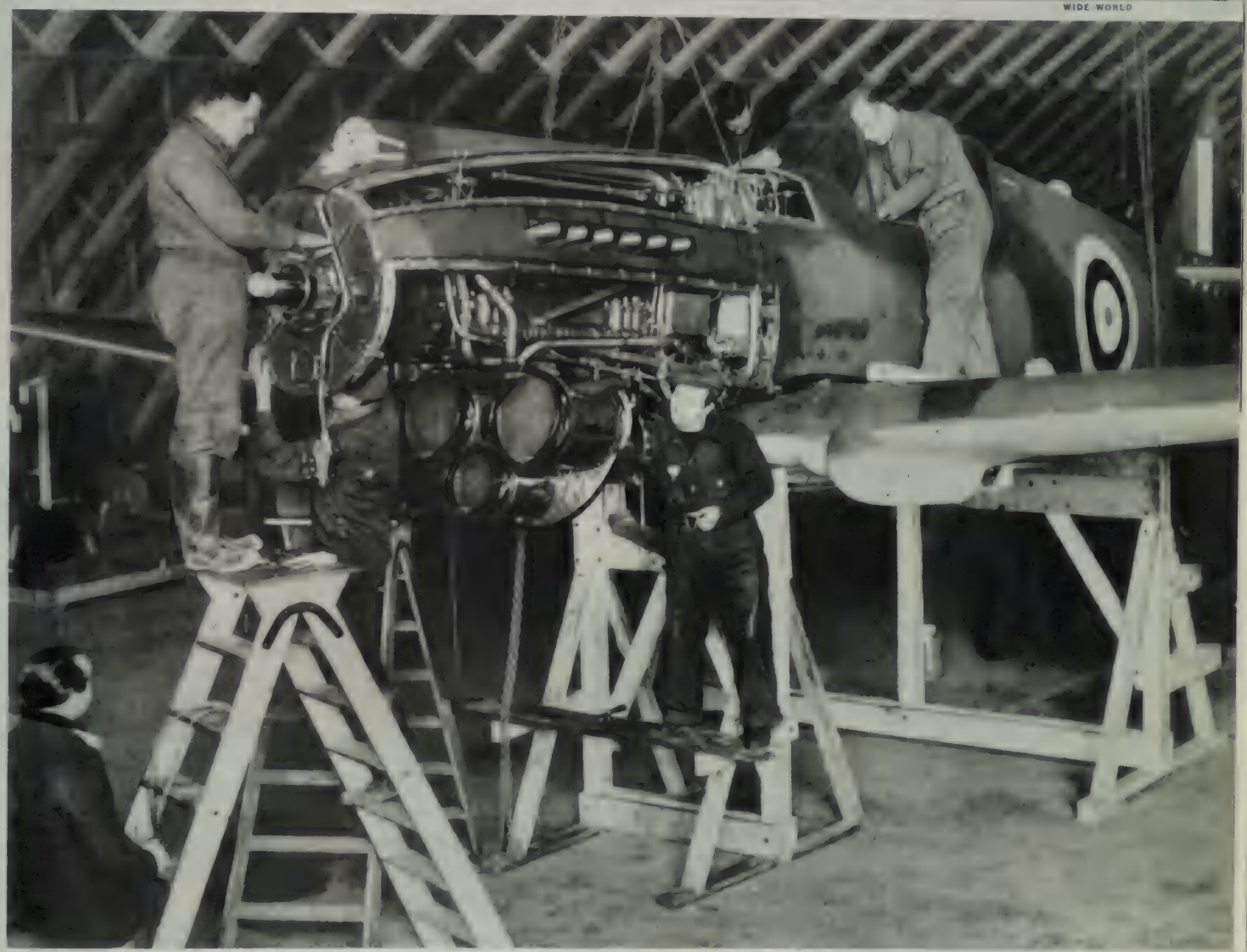
# kee
# ngs
# ritain

**tin Reynolds**

FROM LONDON

**rrespondent vis- secret hideaway —where Ameri- g planes get a ing before their k begins. It's a picture of how itain is working**

WIDE WORLD



BRITISH COMBINE

are the best airplanes in " the lad with the Southern id. "In fact, they are the s in the world. I've flown ure, I'm a ferry pilot but ot of time at airdromes with and the bombers. I know who fly these airplanes in ey like them mighty well." quite natural to hear ent on this particular air- in a remote corner of Eng- bit of territory about two that was as American as Ohio, or Paducah, Ken- ched to the airdrome was a and the one job of this to assemble, repair, recon- ervice American airplanes. of American aircraft was ny Mohawk fighters to the ng Fortresses from Seattle. dozens of big two-motor ers being revised for night have been aptly named o differentiate them from which is the same airplane n day fighting. There were l-looking Vought-Sikorsky used almost exclusively h navy for dive-bombing. Brewsters and Grummans ds made by Glenn Martin, e ferried directly to com- s.

boy with the Southern ac- want you to meet Flying le. He's just leaving with hat Havoc will be taking in London from now on." er Drabble nodded and stiffly to where the big With some difficulty he ladder to the cockpit and lf at the controls. The ed. He let them sing w minutes and then, with of his hand, he was off. , complete with gun and would be fighting if need hours.

ble has a wooden leg," the Southern accent chuckled. how he limped."

e fly with one leg?"

ch," the ferry pilot said it myself every day. We're legged pilots in the service. here's Wing Commander s no legs at all, and I think shot down twenty-eight You don't need legs to

ago Ferry Pilot Conley as a private pilot down in lando, Florida, but he felt r and there he was taking the assembling plant to fighting airdromes. Ferry pilots wear neat, dark blue uniforms. They were warming up a Mohawk for him. When it was ready he climbed into it and soon he too was off. Another American aircraft was ready to fight back.

The Ministry of Aircraft Production never announces exactly how many airplanes have arrived from America. The Ministry likes to keep the Germans guessing. Because of this reticence there has been an inclination both here in England and in America to belittle the air assistance given Britain by the United States. Correspondents were not allowed to visit the big assembling plants. It was all strictly hush-hush.

But in reports of air victories won by British pilots mention of American aircraft became increasingly prominent. The public was finally let into the secret of the Havoc, perhaps the best night-fighting airplane in the world. We heard of what the Glenn Martins were doing in the East. Fighter pilots at airdromes behind the Channel ports told with glee of having knocked down the new Messerschmitts with the Curtiss P40, which is called the Tomahawk here. Suddenly England realized she was getting more than lip service from America.

I asked the Ministry of Aircraft Production to let me visit the hidden spot where the American airplanes arrived; where they were fitted to British combat standards; where they donned their fighting clothes. The manager of the assembly plant was an ace in the last war. Then he went into airplane production. He himself can use every one of the several thousand machines and

*(Continued on page 42)*

**Lockheed-Vega employees gave their own time and money to make the Hudson bomber (at top) and presented it to Britain. Now they are planning to put on a show, with the aid of Director Alexander Korda, for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund**

**Below, British craftsmen put the finishing touches on a newly arrived single-seat Curtiss-Wright fighter, which they call a Tomahawk, at a secret assembly shop**

# OUR NEW ARMY

### SOUTH CAROLINA

1ST ARMY CORPS

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. The personnel of 16,500 men at this infantry replacement center effects a complete turnover every thirteen weeks and the arrivals and departures keep the place in a turmoil. Members of the 32d Training Battalion (then composed mostly of New Yorkers and Jerseyites) didn't help matters any recently when they staged a celebration in anticipation of a rumored transfer back to Fort Dix. The affray ended with the usual quota of bleeding scalps and noses and somewhat more than the customary number of guys in the hoosegow. The latter individuals spent the night cursing the M.P.'s who had rounded them up, and were more than a little surprised the next morning when their company commander arrived to inform them of their new assignment: To the 101st Military Police Battalion at Fort Dix.

### VIRGINIA

2d ARMY CORPS

CAMP LEE, Petersburg. How to torture the Sergeant at roll call, by Boleslaus Szachogluchowicz. That's all there is to it. He's a private in Co. K, 7th QM training regiment who reveals that his family long ago changed the name to Zzachas, for short, but that he decided to take his original and legal tag into the Army with him. His buddies, of course, call him Smitty.

ON a very dark and very wet night a big car pulled into a little-used entrance to Lee and the driver poked his head out with the announcement that herein sat the commanding officer of the camp. The two colored sentries went into a huddle, then one remained standing in front of the car while the other opened a rear door and took a look. "Yep," reported he after he had sloshed back to his pal, "that's him, all right." Snapped the other in a rather unreasonable facsimile of military procedure: "In that case the time fo' deliberation has ended. Attention! Pass, general!" Major General James E. Edmonds passed.

### GEORGIA

1ST ARMY

A CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Letter from a soldier: "I am in the Jacksonville terminal waiting for a train to take me back to Macon and I happened to think of a couple of things. (1) The practice on guard duty is to equip a selectee with an unloaded Smith and Wesson .45, and when one of the boys questioned a shavetail about it the dialogue sounded like this: 'What do we do if we see somebody stealing something?' 'You call the corporal of the guard.' 'Does the corporal of the guard have a loaded gun?' 'No, but he'll call the sergeant of the guard.' 'Well, does the serg—' 'No, but he'll call the officer of the guard—and don't ask me if the officer's revolver is loaded, because by this time the intruder would be in the next county anyway.' (2) When we're policing the grounds at camp our sergeant keeps telling us: 'Pick up anything that isn't red hot or nailed down.' (3) And then there's my friend, Pvt. Indelicato, who got so homesick for food he wrote his mom in Bristol, Pa., to send him a load of spaghetti. She did. In a regular pot. All he had to do was warm it. (4) The pretty gals who come through this station upset my medulla. (5) The majority of fellows at Wheeler are sore at F. D. R. because they were shipped so far away from home. Me, I don't care. I was a clerical worker in the Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington and my job will be there when I get back. But it won't be in a year, I'll bet you a stack of old Collier's. (6) More trucks for the infantry!" At this point, presumably, the train pulled out for Macon.

### MARYLAND

HOLABIRD QUARTERMASTER DEPOT, Baltimore. Pvt. Robert F. Minke, 53d QM regiment, is down to one bed again. For a while, he slept in three at once at the Fort Meade hospital, following an appendectomy. Reason: He's (*Continued on page* 32)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

**FLAME THROWERS of 19 dictable, cumbersome an bestos clothing for the op developed by the Che Service and the Corps o Fort Belvoir, Virginia, a adopted by the Army, flame thrower shown sixty-eight pounds loade oil-kerosene-gasoline mi ing 2,200 degrees of hea it constitutes a potent w box attack and the ro**

# cket to Canada

## ul Jones

RATED BY GILBERT DARLING

**sible thing for Jeff was to go on mak-
ey and let someone else do the fighting.
ust one look at Connie to convince him
s thing had nothing to do with sense**

spring of 1938, Geoffrey Lane, a young British actor, inor part in a mystery melodrama on Broadway. It a role that required much ability, but a talent scout the picture companies liked his looks and arranged est. In due time Hollywood offered him a short-act, and Geoffrey Lane went to California.

ople saw Jeff off—Mrs. Caswell, an elderly widow uely theatrical background, in whose house he had urnished apartment, and her daughter Constance, r junior year at high school. She was nothing but a urse, and her blue uniform dress made her seem ger than she was. But her image stayed with him; air of large, gray, adoring eyes, and a smooth tangle hair under the brim of a wide felt hat.

, Geoffrey Lane was an immediate and astonishing lot because he could act very well, for it was soon he couldn't, but because he had a manly, likable , and he was fortunate to find directors who put him t kind of stories and let his own character come the screen. After three years, he was drawing nearly nd dollars a week, and his name was known wherever e displayed.

ll this, he was oddly discontented, because he had ted more than anything else to be a great actor, and to him that, compared to a dozen people he worked movies, he simply did not have the essential gift. y agreeable to be pointed out as a celebrity, to be is autograph, and to live well without worrying over t at times he was depressed by a feeling that almost table young man, given the same careful coaching, laborate support and attention, could walk through d do as well as he did, or better.

ring it was decided—by his agent, by his manager, pany that held his current contract, by everyone who merely accepted the plan—that his box-office d be enhanced by a series of personal appearances along the Atlantic seaboard. A short dramatic sketch is vehicle, and this required two supporting players. rising starlet, Aileen Renwick, a pretty, ambitious m he knew and liked. The other was Alan Mears, h, about ten years older than Jeff, and a brilliant aracter parts. The caravan from the West included incipals, some small subservient fry, Aileen's mother mistaken, she said, for her sister), and Ned Ryan, ged publicity man.

rival at New York went off according to schedule. that can absorb a world's series or a world's fair aking its hurried stride was not especially impressed, as a fifteen-second traffic jam in front of a 59th Street pers printed Jeff's picture, and four ran more or less nterviews. Ryan considered that he had done well. he first results of his labors was a telephone call for our o'clock that afternoon. "This is Constance Cas- a clear, warm voice.

ly a second, he remembered. "Connie!"

ears was sitting opposite him, in the living room of He had all the afternoon papers and was going m methodically, but now he looked up sharply, sur- e excitement in Jeff's voice.

forgotten me, of course."

ly not," he said. "How is your mother?"

d last year."

ibly sorry. I wish I'd known," he murmured. Or had , and sent flowers, through his secretary? Damn the ficial life could push realities from your mind. "She very good to me."

oing to write you but—well, I couldn't. There didn't anything to say. I just wanted to wish you luck nd to tell you that what *(Continued on page 53)*

**"Je look at the time! You've got to fly!" They broke in a wild, sliding run over the smooth marble floor**

# Three Loves Has She

**By Kyle Crichton**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HURRELL

THE procedure is this: you start interviewing Miss Lucille Ball and then Mr. Desi Arnaz enters and Miss Lucille Ball leaves. It is not that Miss Lucille Ball leaves in person; she merely leaves in spirit. She sits right there but she is absent. Miss Lucille Ball is nuts about Mr. Desi Arnaz. The romance at this point has been officially sealed for eight months, ring, license and ceremony. Miss Lucille Ball looked at Mr. Desi Arnaz as if he were something that had floated down from above on a cloud.

"I got to learn how to handle things," says Miss Lucille Ball, wrinkling her forehead and looking harassed. What she means is that since she became Mrs. Desi Arnaz, she has been getting a new concept of Hollywood. For example: after their honeymoon they were in Ciro's one night, listening to the music and happily holding hands. The headwaiter approached and murmured that he had a message for Mr. Arnaz from Miss Sallie Blotz, famed film star who sat at a distant table silently sipping a snifter. The message was this:

"Tell Desi to come over here and dance the tango with me."

Mr. Arnaz looked at the headwaiter in amazement. He looked at his wife in embarrassment. His wife looked as if she were about to cry.

"Is this the way they do things in California?" asked Mr. Arnaz in bewilderment. He then requested the headwaiter to convey his compliments to Miss Blotz and inform her that he would not dance the tango with her now or ever and he hoped she was in the best of health.

Things were not always this serious with Miss Ball. For years she had been going around Hollywood as carefree as a coot. Originally she had come out from New York to get in the chorus of Sam Goldwyn's Roman Scandals. She knew her way around Hollywood almost immediately and won the distinction of doing a line of dialogue in Roman Scandals — an achievement which she had wangled out of one of the writers, Arthur Sheekman, by demanding repeatedly: "Hey, gimme a line of dialogue, won't you? Listen, Buddy; howsabout sticking in a few words for a gal, huh?"

If you imagine from this that Miss Ball is a forward little hussy, you will be greatly amazed on meeting her to find that something you have said has driven her to tears. Nobody was ever faster on the wise retort than the young lady and nobody was ever less sure of herself generally. She will yell, "Hiyah, Jake!" at every grip on the set and will cower against the wall at the approach of the meekest stranger. How she ever kept going in the years when she was doing nothing better than turning out little smellers for RKO has never been known to her friends but possibly it has something to do with the contradictions of her character.

At one period when she was stinking up the studio with a series of flops, a friend remonstrated with her. "Why

**Lucille Ball adore her band, Desi Arnaz dotes her family and th ks ac in the movies is j t a st step removed fro Hea**

don't you give up this nonsen marry a rich man?" Lu le pa this for a week and finall ne ste own peculiar way. She p ter tice on her dressing-roo do posals Accepted. Then doorway and ballyhooed

"Step right up, gents! I ht Marry a gal with a wonde al st no future!"

Her success in this ve re w ited by the nature of her rst g all applicants:

"You got a million buc N side, bum!"

So Lucille missed out her continued her labors at O Desi arrived on the lot make ture and the pair practi y tr themselves to death in th ex But not before a prelimi y pa strain. As hinted, Lucill , no best with strangers. She as se riority complex large enc n for Carnera, imagines that p ple impressed with her and kes spectacle when first enc ite was scared of Arnaz. Tw on in discussing the delecta ever discovered that Desi had en sca her.

"Oh, that is very good, ried L sardonically. "That is v y goo deed. Next I'll be scarin arlo

### They Gave Her a hold

What got her to Holly od w periodical craze for New ork m At intervals the moguls o every decide that since beauty what sell, beauty they must h e—a comes a cattle car full c New most luscious. For the fir mont photographs are in all t pape columns are full of their ospec then the retreat begins. cille ing on the reputation of l one Roman Scandals, dug in d hum

Getting as far as New York triumph for the young la because start in Jamestown, New rk had been auspicious. The fa y ha bitions in a musical wa nd L dutifully entered the Mus l Cons tory at Chautauqua, wh she ticed the scales, did a bit c arbitr dreamed mistily about futur might include a debut at meg in New York.

"The nearest I got to t was a with Hattie Carnegie as a odel, ments Lucille.

She had come down to N York some hope in her heart ad s at John Murray Anders dra school and had found that eaking the theater was much like easing the Chase National Bank he be could do was the chorus, a three she got jobs with music shows three times she had to le e them go back to dress modeli for Carnegie. The trouble w that require long periods of r earsals nobody in those days wa aid in interval. Invariably she t into show, rehearsed for thre weeks then ran like a frighten thing the arms of Hattie.

"Nothing serious," says cille starvation."

With her first Hollywo check sent for her entourage which sisted of her mother, her other

*(Continued on pa 43)*

# Dina Cashman

## By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

**"Yes, it's been that way since the very beginning," he said. "I never would have told you"**

*Story Thus Far:*

DINA's brief trip to the Sierras with the man she loves—Vere Holland, a young student—Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman returns to her dingy, overcrowded home in Flats; and Holland goes back to Asia. A few weeks later, Dina discovers that she is to become a mother!

Dina writes to Vere, but he replies that he may soon be leaving South America. Desperate, she calls on her uncle, Rogers Holland, tells him all and asks his advice. After promising to write to Vere's mother, Mr. Holland asks Dina to do him a favor, for which he will be handsomely. He has recently been told the woman he loves—Aline Pierpont, has secretly run off and married Andrew Havens, artist. Will Dina attend a dinner party to arouse Aline's jealousy? Needless to say, Dina agrees. At the party, Aline is furious with jealousy.

Dina's mother—a selfish snob (like Aline)—wants to permit Vere to marry Dina.

Holland then astonishes Dina by asking her to become his wife, in name only. He wishes Dina's baby to have a legal father, and he knows that the marriage will infuriate Vere's mother and Aline. Dina accepts the offer and marries Rogers Holland. Aline Havens (whose husband has painted Dina's portrait) plots to get out of her present marriage and back into Rogers Holland's favor.

Dina is injured in an automobile crash and while she is in the hospital (with her leg in a plaster cast) her baby, a girl, is born. Dina is very happy and Rogers admits that he hasn't enjoyed such contentment in years.

At the gallery where Andy Havens' portraits are on exhibition, Dina encounters Vere—the father of her child. Dina, after a few minutes of conversation, leaves the gallery with Andy. They walk through Chinatown while Dina tries to gain mastery over her agitated senses. She thanks Andy for his kindness, saying, "I needed you terribly then." Andy answers in a tone suddenly strained and low, "I don't suppose you know exactly what it means to me to be needed by you."

### IX

DINA stopped short on the narrow Chinatown sidewalk, drew away and faced him, her color changing suddenly. For there was no mistaking his tone. She tried to laugh.

"Andy!" she stammered.

"Yes, it's been that way since the very beginning," he said. "I never would have told you, perhaps I oughtn't be telling you now. But what you say of Aline and Rogers, of their possibly planning to marry some day, makes me feel that sometime you might need me again, and that—that I'd be glad to be there."

"You mean—" Dina began, and was silent.

"I mean that you're the most wonderful woman in the world," Andy said. "I mean that I've been living for months now on just the glimpses I've had of you, the little I've heard people say. At the Carter wedding and at the Musgroves' dinner and the day I came and painted you, when you were still in bed, everywhere, every time, it's been you."

She had backed up against a window filled with kimonos and small wooden toys and red and black chinaware. Her slender figure was enveloped in a brown coat with a brown fur collar; her blue eyes shone at him under a little brown hat.

"Dina, I'm flying south this afternoon; I may not see you again for a couple of weeks, but if you ever are free, if Rogers is still in love with Aline,

*(Continued on page 47)*

# Beware, Honorable Spy!

## By Alice Leone Moats

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL BERRY

**Spies, foreigners, Christians, English words and baseball are things the Mikado's subjects must remember to hate nowadays**

THE day after the signing of the alliance between Japan, Germany and Italy, Tokyo newspapers reported that Premier Konoye had spent a tearful, sleepless night. As well he might. Perhaps he foresaw that his new partners would shortly put him on the spot by leaping for Russia's throat, perhaps he even envisioned the downfall of his own cabinet which followed. In any event, he wept freely during the celebration of the signing of the pact that made Japan an Axis partner. He had managed to make his own statement calmly enough; it was the reading of the Imperial Rescript that undid him. One commentator ascribed this breakdown to the manner in which the emperor had been pleased to permit a change in foreign policy and the way in which His Majesty's interest in the affairs of government had been displayed.

In public the alliance was hailed as the dawn of a new world over which hope, promise, joy and happiness would sweep like a tide.

Apparently, few countries were considered to come under that heading, for immediately the antiforeign campaign begun at the start of the China Incident was renewed with increased vigor and still continues with unabated ferocity. The spy phobia possesses all inhabitants of Nippon. No one believes a foreigner can possibly be living in or visiting Japan for any simple reason such as business or pleasure. He must be in the pay of a foreign government. This entails a counterespionage system in which every Japanese joins with enthusiasm.

One reason why service is so bad in the Imperial Hotel is that the room boys and waiters are too busy keeping an eye on "spies" to have time for their regular duties. Even school children are offered rewards for turning in suspicious characters. One tattletale tot at a summer resort rushed to the police with the report that he had seen two Europeans photographing a fortified zone. The guilty pair—a German couple—were promptly taken into custody and held until the films were developed. It turned out that the "fortified zone" was themselves romping over the beach. They were released, but the officious child was given ten yen, a pat on the head and the admonition to keep on with the good work.

The military-secrets law makes it a crime to take pictures from any height above twenty yards. The penalty is a year's imprisonment or a 1,000-yen fine. If the pictures are shown to the public or published, it means two years' imprisonment and a 2,000-yen fine. Exportation of the films brings on seven years' imprisonment or a 3,000-yen fine. It's wise never to produce a camera in Japan. Even staying on the ground and training a lens on Aunt Minnie may incur difficulties with the police. They might admit that Minnie is no fortified zone, but they are sure to insist that the background—whether bank, department store or wind-swept beach—is one. In total warfare, it seems everything must be kept a secret from the enemy.

To keep the public awake to the spy menace, posters have been put up warning against foreign agents. Most of them show a man in evening dress peeping furtively through the illuminated window of a Japanese dwelling. Match boxes bear such slogans as "Beware of Spies," "Let No Spy Escape," and some have reproductions of the posters. The national broadcasting system puts on a program to teach listeners the words and music of an antispy march with innumerable verses repeating that there are spies everywhere and that friendly smiles are dangerous.

### Moral: Don't Trust Anybody

Villagers are warned against fishermen who arrive with rod and reel and ask the depth of the ocean. They are not interested in fishing; what they really want to know is whether the water is sufficiently deep for an attacking submarine or battleship.

A short keeps reappearing in all movies, giving a graphic picture of how foreigners go about their dastardly designs. The sequences are interspersed with terrifying pictures of a rolling eye, a hand with clawlike fingers, and bloodcurdling cries of "Supy! Supy!" All the deceitful methods used by spies are illustrated: dictaphones, invisible ink, hollow heels, cameras strapped around ankles, the purchase of wastepaper from the garbage man making collections in factories and shipyards. In the final sequence, a Russian is seen sitting in a train compartment, reading a newspaper. He gets a Japanese lady into conversation and asks her the distance between Kobe and Nagasaki. When in her innocence she tells him he promptly jots it down in a notebook. Then he points to an island in the distance and asks what that is s that she doesn't know but s a fortified zone. That als Finally, he draws a map o as the train proceeds. It sians don't have access to

A great point is made th got his information from a Japanese lady is amiable willing to be helpful. Th effort is made to prevent strangers. The authoritie eigners to talk with men. I isn't encouraged. The resu anese are afraid to be se eigners, particularly diplo their Occidental friends n or telephone them.

A foreigner in Japan do have too much to do with or legation. That is co picious. A young Amer pottery-making in Kyoto because he made life dif teacher, who was accused a spy. By chance, the A able to see his police dossi charges on three counts: seen walking on the main undershirt (actually, it shirt with short sleeve lunched with American tou on too-good terms with one taries at the embassy in To

This sort of thing makes ant for foreigners. They

(Continued on pag

**Japanese are co every foreigner i they've built up espionage system eryone joins with**

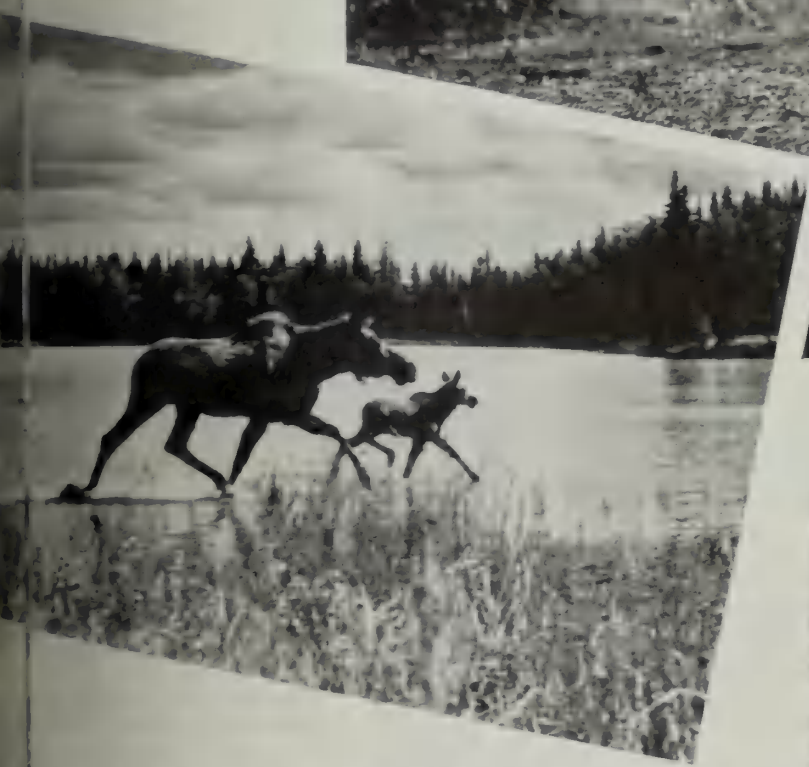
# enai
# uide

## Corey Ford and
## st ir MacBain

RA IS BY DAN HOLLAND

he best hunting in
a cperts recommend
er i Peninsula. For a
ng companion they
an nd Andy Simons,
kows every Kenai
e, brown bear and
ta sheep personally

Old-timer of the Kenai is Guide Andy Simons (left). With him are the authors, Alastair MacBain and (nearest camera) Corey Ford



A ow moose and her calf at Lake Skilak in the Kenai Peninsula

ER ndy estimated that the bear
rok from cover a good hundred
ard n front of them. But to the
ner Hollywood producer he was
ng. seemed less than a dozen.
in l llywood, the producer's word
cus marily law; but the big
ne. otting down the trail toward
now with ears back and ruff bris-
wa evidently unfamiliar with
wo customs. The producer re-
ere to bring his rifle to his shoul-
he e n squeezed the trigger; all he
t w to aim. The bullet barely
d a aw. The bear whipped his
ot rage, and his dogtrot turned
a ro ing charge. Transfixed with
, th producer lowered his rifle and
l.

t w when Andy Simons' own rifle
int action. And none too soon;
ear olled over dead at the pro-
's b kling knees. It was not un-
y ve back in camp, some hours
th the producer regained his
osu and the color returned to
neek He shrugged and pointed to
nor us hide with a casual smile.

"Got him with two shots," he told the admiring circle. "Mine and the guide's."

Every guide on Alaska's famous Kenai is a crack shot. He has to be; when some 1,200 pounds of highly irritated grizzly is charging at thirty-five miles an hour the life of the sportsman he is guiding may depend on his steady hand and level eye. For his job is to take a wealthy bank president or noted lawyer or world-famous surgeon—Andy Simons' clientele would read like a Who's Who, except that names mean nothing to Andy—and conduct him safely through the heart of the biggest big-game country in North America. He has to look after his diet, and tuck him into a warm sleeping bag at night, and think up anecdotes for rainy days in camp. Most of all, he has to see that the sportsman brings back not only the bear's hide, but his own.

The Kenai Peninsula, on your map, is only a tiny wattle of land dangling from about the middle of Alaska's southern coast, between Cook Inlet and Prince William Sound. It's a little more than a thousand miles from Seattle and a little less than two thousand miles from Japan. In area it is smaller than the state of Maine. Yet this dot of land, for its size, offers an unbelievably varied terrain of towering peaks and glaciers, blue lakes, trout-filled streams, limitless swamps and tundra. It teems with wild life.

Half a century ago, a vast fire swept over the Kenai, leveling its giant forests of spruce. In the wake of the fire sprang up willow and alder; and with this abundant new food supply came the game. Today its lush lowlands—at least, until several proposed new automobile roads start reaching across this still unspoiled paradise—are the home of record-breaking moose. Its rugged mountain ranges—until the projected trails are completed up to their hitherto impregnable peaks—hold herds of magnificent mountain sheep. Its verdant hinterland—until more government-subsidized farm colonies like Matanuska plow up its heart to plant turnip patches—is the happy hunting ground of the brown bear, largest carnivorous animal anywhere on earth.

### Andy Knows the Game

The Kenai, as long as it lasts, is Alaska; and Andy Simons, for forty years, has been the Kenai. He is the oldest guide in point of service in the territory—his annual guiding license from Juneau bears the numeral "1"—and he is today one of the best known big-game guides in the world. His face is wind-tanned, shrewd; the lines that crisscross his face are a map of all the Kenai streams, the hard blue of his eyes is the glint of sun on the Kenai's snow-capped peaks. He can read water; you see him seated in the stern of the lithe river boat of his own design, sucking his curved pipe and calmly studying the boiling rapids ahead for lurking snags and boulders.

And he can read the forest: his squat, powerful body drifts like a shadow through the woods, his eyes darting, his ears alert to the least crack of a twig, the pad of a foot on a grassy bear trail. He can meet any emergency in the wilds.

Andy knows game. He knows how to muffle the oarlocks of his boat with a wool sock, and row silently across a lake to a moose browsing at the water's edge. He knows how to stalk sheep. "Thing is to figure out what their natural enemies are. If mountain lions are preying on them, you naturally hunt them from below. But up here in Alaska, where their natural enemy is the wolf, they expect danger to approach them from below. You want to get above them here, and hunt down from the ridges."

He knows where the big brownies lie; knows, for example, that they are likely to frequent the little draws and hollows halfway up a hill, because the currents of air from the valley are sucked up into these hollows and the bear's choke-barrel nose can detect the scent of a hunter two miles away.

He knows how to talk to bear: argue with them, soothe them, even call them if necessary into a charge. He doesn't like to do that, though. He still recalls the case of a nationally known wild-life photographer who wanted a close-up of a teeth-champing, foam-slobbering brownie. Andy produced the bear, all right. As the huge creature reared up

*(Continued on page 46)*

# Advance Agent

## By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

**Turning quickly, she flung herself on Erich, crowding him to the wall. She screamed, "Stop!" but was whispering to him, "Let him go! It is all right!"**

*The Story Thus Far*

CAPTAIN JAMES GARRETT, of U. S. Army Intelligence (G2) is under orders to expose the activities of a brilliant German agent named von Weitbrecht. Garrett, as Erich Kockler, worms his way into the confidence of a wealthy American Nazi, Lynn Scovil, who is co-operating with von Weitbrecht; and presently, comfortably established in the tycoon's opulent Berkshire estate (Pinnacle Manor), he begins to accumulate evidence. Hopefully, he suppresses the suspicions of Matthias Winkler and Carl Booker, spies working closely with Scovil. Garrett knows that he is in deadly peril, but he is determined to meet von Weitbrecht, who is expected almost hourly (but who, unknown to Garrett, is already in hiding at nearby Camp Ryegate, in a state of panic). Garrett allows himself forty-eight hours before forcing Scovil's hand.

Gail Armstrong, a young widow who lives in Windham, Massachusetts, has not been able to make up her mind whether or not she is in love with Lynn Scovil and whether she should marry him. She meets Garrett, as John Page, under unconventional circumstances, and is both attracted and repelled by him. She is sure that he is a dangerous adventurer; but, not aware of what he is doing, she soon realizes that she loves him. And that he loves her but is hiding something from her.

Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter from New York City, is suspicious about what is going on at Camp Ryegate. Accompanied by his fiancée, Scovil's attractive daughter, Connie (who lives with Gail Armstrong and works in her little gift shop), he investigates the Ryegate area—watches the toughs who are working for the Nazis.

Convinced that Garrett is none other than Friedrich Römer, a Nazi flier who escaped from a prison-bound train in Canada a short while before, Bill Jay confronts Garrett—in the presence of Gail Armstrong—with his suspicions.

Garrett sees heartbreak in Gail's eyes. But he steels himself to his duty, and cleverly and coolly manages to obscure the issue and confuse Bill Jay temporarily. But he knows this can't last, that the newspaperman will go to the local authorities the next day and thus ruin all his carefully laid plans to close the net on von Weitbrecht and his spy ring. Realizing that Bill Jay must be headed off, Garrett orders Carl Booker to pick up the newspaperman and lock him up at Camp Ryegate. "If you harm him in the least, I will choke you with my own hands," he tells the Nazi.

CONNIE woke for a
at dawn. She tho
that it might be t
hours since he had kissed h
and said. "See you in the m
went to sleep again. Wh
again it was full daylight.
and a hot morning. No lea
lawn was white with dew
would be thundershowers.
thing was true: they were
married.

Gail's door was open
empty. Connie stood in a
and now she could rem
things, trivial things. He
Springfield. No, they wo
He would get off some w
fornia Tech. Maybe Calt
answer. So maybe there
alumni directory at the
library. He would also tele
paper; the New York Glo
out anything. He would
phone to M.I.T., to Harvar
ton libraries. Bill Jay was
Mr. John Page cold, or He
nant Römer, as the case mig
the day was over he was
front him at Pinnacle M
handful of hard facts. . . . C
Who was a darling? And
gaged girl take war, plots,
identity, or hot weather s

A day like this called f
possible clothes. By habi
a play suit—but no. Bill s
she put on a sleeveless
went downstairs.

"Gail!" Sight of those
and tormented eyes stopp
Her knees shook and the c
ings, the intensity of Bill's
back. "You believe it!" s

"I do not!" Gail said ins
Jay was outrageous. He
fool." There was no botto
in her eyes but she was c
vinced. "Can't you make
talking like that is danger
too?"

COMFORT came back.
light the whole thing,
gled and mysterious, looke
of silly misinterpretations.
amused and questioning n
itself proved that Bill wa
much the better! "Bill ac
two and got a Sunday su
that guy is a Nazi, I'm a s

Why, Gail had actually
that she believed it! Bu
no interest in Gail's en
poured out a cup of coffee
grinning from ear to ear
twenty-one guns or don't
and you never said a word
that Bill is in love with m
engagement ring I'll be g
soon. Ask me how I feel

Gail did not break o
"I'm glad. I'm glad you car
She looked away. She put
lade on a piece of toast. S
again. "Is he going to—to
Page suggested?"

"Check up on him? S
stern, determined mind
down her cup. "Look her
to congratulate us both o
steered safe into matrimo
try. We can't keep on jitt
a guy you know has arou
for headlines. You think
silly mistake. So do I. Le
dering." She met those am
"Speaking as a candid
woman to another, you
wrath of God. Sure. Bill a
to Springfield and see wha
out about Caltech. We'll
your guy is just what he
So my job is going to be to
Bill for making an ass of h
forget it. Anybody wou

(Continued on pag

# Ending, with Honor

**By Will F. Jenkins**

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

**Manning stared at the schooner heading for the inlet of the lagoon. "The devil!" he said slowly. "The—devil!" But the woman beside him sobbed joyously**

gon was very blue, and the ac was very white, and the sun s tremely hot. The schooner on cross the lagoon toward the v age. The man on the veranda f the other white man to walk n e beach where the small boat d him. He said over his shoul- t' im, all right!"

v e was grim; almost savage. w a stirring and a sound like a si the house. Then silence.

n n from the schooner strode sn ing. The other man smoked jaw was tightly clamped on en of his pipe. His eyes were ar defiant.

r vcomer stopped short two fi n the steps. He nodded. o, he said without expression. ia 's Holmes. Does it mean ig particular to you?"

m on the veranda took his pipe h mouth and seemed to con- Bu he remained grim and watch- Vc . ." he said deliberately, "I ay at it does. Should it? Can on hing for you?"

r ht invite me out of the sun," ie ewcomer. "It's rather hot. ve ome a long way. Several id iles, in fact."

m on the veranda made a ges- ic could be construed as an in- 1. he newcomer came solidly s s, nodded once more, and d his pocket. The other man a ttle. He looked ready for ig. But the newcomer only t t a cigarette. He lighted it. ir ame's Manning," he ex- l. ly wife ran away with some- m Manning. You seemed the ne I came to see. When one's ns ff, one has a sort of obliga- lo over the new ménage."

to you," said Manning harshly, ia means nothing to me!"

ne omer shrugged. He sat down ate . His host remained stand- id one of the posts of the ver-

se the schooner across the la- s d Holmes. "The skipper te drop off some stores, and I to ettle my affair without dis- e. told him to send the boat for e when he came back. I was at u were the one. Since you're ia o I do now? Shall I go and the each?"

nin made an impatient gesture. t u a drink," he said ungra- . ve sent my houseboy off on nd I'm alone here. Wait a mo-

dis peared. Holmes smoked, off cross the lagoon.

E e house there was the clink ass . Then a sudden pause. An ibe e sound, like fierce whisper- lol s jerked his head about, s li twisted oddly. But he did e. he clinking of glasses re- anning came back with . H mes took one of them and wi out mirth.

ou ere the Manning I'm looking e c erved, "it wouldn't be safe ik is. Wronged husband, and t."

ilt the glass as Manning's face ar and savage.

su you," said Manning angrily, rin all right!"

drink it," said Holmes. He put he early empty glass. "If I act , i because I'm disappointed. a ery awkward position, you de ived husband is ridiculous. pla ant one is despicable. My isn yet clear. My wife met this ng n fact, she fell in love with whi I was away from home for l ths. When I was due back an f. A compliment, perhaps. But it's not one of those things that can be left there!"

Manning said angrily, "There's such a thing as a divorce!"

Holmes nodded. "Oh, yes! But that wouldn't have ended the thing. A hundred years ago it could have been handled very neatly. We'd have fought a duel. I'd have killed him, or he'd have killed me. There would have been a decent solution to the thing. Nowadays . . ."

He shrugged again. He finished the drink and thrust the glass aside. "Am I boring you?" he asked ironically.

"Not at all," said Manning with elaborate politeness. "Go ahead!"

"I've got to find them," said Holmes. "I don't know what will happen when I do. If he wants to fight me, I've a revolver for the purpose. If he wants to crawl, I'll kill him—because for that sort to steal my wife would be an insult I couldn't endure. A place like this—when I thought you were the Manning I was after—seemed like an ideal spot for either purpose. A man could kill another and get away with it very nicely, eh? With no servants around, and so on?"

MANNING said coldly, "A man from a schooner could, doubtless. If a boat was coming back for him, he could be beyond tracing before the murder was discovered."

Holmes looked up sharply. His host's eyes were defiant.

"Now, I like that," said Holmes coolly. "Really I do. But a man on shore could kill a man from a schooner too, eh? He'd dump the corpus delicti overboard for the sharks, of course. And if the man from the schooner had expected someone to be killed, there wouldn't be any inquiry. I expected that, you know. I thought I'd find my wife here, and I rather liked the idea of a duel. It would end the affair neatly, with everyone's self-respect intact."

Manning said, with burning eyes, "Everyone's but the woman's."

Holmes flicked his cigarette over the veranda rail and looked meditatively out over the lagoon. "Queer conversation we're having," he observed. "Let's change the subject. How are you with a pistol? Ever do any target-shooting? I brought along a box of shells. What say we fire them away?"

He reached into his pocket and brought out a revolver. Manning tensed, and his eyes glowed furiously. But Holmes reached over lazily and offered it to him, butt-first.

"Pick out a target and see what you can do," he suggested. "It throws a bit high and a shade to the left. Six shots. I'll try the same target. If I beat you, we have another drink."

Manning's hand trembled a little as he took the weapon. He glanced around and said shortly, "That bit of coral rock there. You see it?"

The pistol roared. There was a queer gasping cry inside the house. There was a rushing of feet. Holmes—from the schooner—did not turn his head. He stared fixedly at the rock.

"A miss," he said coolly. "Try again."

Manning—of the island—fired again and again and again. His face was pale and his lips were compressed.

"You hit it twice," said Holmes calmly. "Shall I try now?"

Manning handed the revolver back. Holmes reloaded it with an air of complete absorption. Manning stood doggedly in the clear light. He was a perfect target.

Holmes stood up, negligently pointed the revolver at the landscape, and pulled the trigger six times. Then he tossed the weapon over the veranda rail.

"You win," he said dryly, "and there's my schooner on the way back. I'll walk down to meet the small boat."

But he reached into the pocket of his coat and drew out a thick envelope. He plucked out a pencil and scribbled. He tossed the envelope in the chair he had just vacated, nodded, and walked solidly down the steps. He did not look back.

Manning picked up the envelope. His hand shook a little and his brow was dark. But then there was someone beside him, sobbing a little with relief from terror—and something else.

The scribbled words were few:

"Here's a certified copy of the divorce decree. You two can be married now. After all, it was a sort of duel. In some sense we stood each other's fire. And that permits a decent ending."

Manning, on the veranda, stared out at the schooner heading for the inlet of the lagoon. His face was a battleground of emotions, on which shame and a reluctant admiration fought.

"The devil!" he said slowly. "The—devil!"

But the woman beside him sobbed joyously.

"Direct column ahead," he ordered. "Course, three four zero. Nineteen knots"

# Four Stars on His Flag

## By Paul Deresco Augsburg

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

**The fact the admiral was able to laugh when he did indicates he was the man for the biggest job in American naval history**

IN ONE way she was different from every other ship on the anchorage—even from her sister vessels, eleven Amazonian brutes with gray complexions, broad, muscled hips and ugly mouths whose kiss would mean death.

High at her main-truck flapped a flag which showed four stars on a dark blue field.

Another, the first-repeater pennant, supplemented the one with the stars. It flew from an outside hoist on the yard to announce that Admiral Thomas Ackers, commander in chief of the battle fleet, was not at present on board his flagship.

But soon that pennant would have to come down. The officer of the deck was aware of this the moment he saw, through his leveled glass, the bow waves curl from the admiral's barge as it shoved away from the Navy landing.

He spoke to the orderly standing behind him: "Inform the captain the commander in chief is returning aboard."

Other orders followed. A bugle sputtered. At once the quarter-deck's tempo quickened. Eight sailors ran to the starboard gangway and faced one another four to a side. The boatswain's mate took his place by the rail. The marine guard formed and dressed its ranks. The band assembled. The captain appeared.

As the barge moved swiftly over the water, its deck and brightwork flashing in the sun, the coxswains of launches that passed it lifted their hands in salute. And now, with its swinging to come alongside, the boatswain's mate began to pipe a shrill, an utterly mournful welcome pitched to the cry of a foraging gull.

In a moment the admiral's cap appeared and the quarter-deck tensed itself to receive him. The bugle blurted the call Attention. The marine lieutenant snapped, "Present arms!" A dozen rifles clicked in unison just as the opening ruffle started. At this, the rolling beat of the drums, the side boys came to rigid salute and stood as if cast in bronze.

But the human cause of so much to-do had a duty of homage to pay as well. As soon as he stepped on the quarter-deck he faced the Stars and Stripes at the stern and raised his hand to the brim of his cap. Thus, like a priest before the altar, the highest ranking man in the fleet performed the same devotional act as the humblest grade in his smallest ship.

A heavy gold band and three gilt stripes covered the lower part of his sleeves. The man who next followed him to the deck wore two fewer stripes and was six years younger—Rear Admiral Anthony Comerford, his chief of staff and principal aide. To the youthful officer of the deck, standing a pace behind his captain, the faces of both these men looked grave.

What could have happened while they were ashore? Was the situation, as diplomats say, deteriorating beyond repair? He glanced at the debonair flag lieutenant, but no clue was to be found there.

The final ruffle rolled from the drums. The side boys dropped their hands from salute. The admiral said, "Want to see you, Captain," and the seniors strode from the quarter-deck as the band swung into a lively march.

Once again the lieutenant had charge of the ship. To himself he said, "'Want to see you, Captain.' What for, I wonder? . . . Something's up!" Still turning this sharp conviction over, he crossed to port where a liberty party was checking out for the journey ashore.

The launch filled with sailors had cleared the side when the captain's orderly hurried to him. Something was up. It showed on that face, in the eager excitement, then, of his voice:

"The captain says, sir, shore leave's canceled; sound order to strip the ship for action!"

ADMIRAL ACKERS sat at the desk in his suite below the quarter-deck and carefully checked the sailing order drawn for him by his chief of staff. On the bulkhead near him were two framed pictures: one a large photograph of his wife, the other a family group of three—Madeleine Ackers with Laura and Roy, the latter wearing his first gold stripe as a proud new ensign.

But the boy was a junior lieutenant now. He served with Destroyer Division Seven, which had just returned from Puget Sound and was here assigned to Flotilla K. K would escort the battle line as the fleet steamed out to find the foe.

The admiral did not glance at the picture. By an effort of will he kept his eyes down. Yet what they saw was not the order. They were seeing ahead a week or more; seeing an area on the ocean as yet an unknown X on the chart; seeing the clash of the scouting patrols when the two fleets met.

That fight would be sharply vicious, deadly. Not all the destroyers engaged would return. Some would go down while the battle line was still moving up to close the range.

If he signed this order, holding Division Seven near the battle l Ackers would have a last cl to his son. He could see hi time, perhaps, while the sc went on ahead.

"This stands," he nodde ford, "except for Destro Seven. Division Twelve wi In the last maneuvers Twe tached, and Seven has seen with C."

Through the open ports h the shrill of the boatswai ruffling of drums. The firs iors was coming aboard for tions before they should sa

"Thank you, Tony, just Little crinkling lines app face as the Old Man smile of staff. "I guess we'll ha we're fathers."

The admiral rose and w and looked across at the isl country was, technically, s but war would be just a ma That voice in the White Ho his ear across a continent, u had emphasized this solem sat at the telephone ashor was to sail within a few h city, censors were watchin commercial radio stations, trying to keep the departu from the rest of the world.

Again the boatswain's m ing. The Old Man thought his chin. What he said t they were assembled, the whom the destroyers, the ships of the battle line wou must convey more than an this time a feeling of confi

The submarines were soundings. Now, prompt on scouting force hauled up and cleared the roadstead.

(Continued on pag 9)

# "Completely refreshing"

Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Delicious and Refreshing

There's nothing so refreshing under the sun as delicious Coca-Cola, – ice-cold and tingling with the life and sparkle of real refreshment. It has the quality of genuine goodness. Thirst asks nothing more.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

You'll welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola just as often and as surely as thirst comes. You taste its quality,—the quality of genuine goodness. Ice-cold Coca-Cola gives you the taste that charms and never cloys. You get the feel of complete refreshment, buoyant refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

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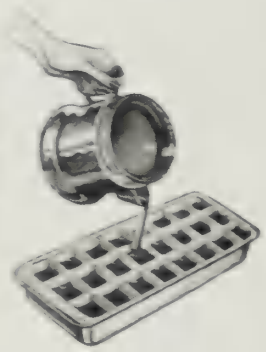
RECIPE

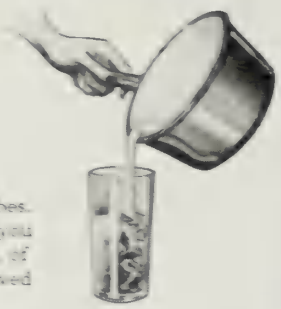
*for making coffee in your icebox!*

**1. Make Sanka Coffee** by your usual method,* but make it *double strength*. Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water.



**2. Pour your** freshly made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.

**3. Now . . . when** iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk . . . not cream. Do not bring milk to a boil.



**4. Fill a glass** with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee . . . of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.

***WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO USE SANKA COFFEE***

**5. Many people,** who are kept awake by the caffein in hot coffee, should shy away from iced coffee too. For there is *more* caffein in iced coffee than in hot coffee! Iced coffee is made stronger . . . and a tall glass holds more coffee than a cup!

So make your iced coffee with Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free, and can't keep you awake. It's real coffee . . . all coffee . . . and is delicious iced. Best of all . . . you drink it and sleep!

The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

*Sanka Coffee comes in "regular," as well as the new "drip" grind.

## Advance Agent

Continued from page 20

were in love with this guy John Page."

Gail said, "I don't want any breakfast," and went away—fast.

Well! No wonder she was upset when in walked the New York Globe and said he was a Nazi! But as for Constance Scovil, the only thing wrong with her was impatience. She busied herself about the shops. She wasn't going to be a working girl much longer. Or a Martha Case College girl. Bill Jay was her higher education. By the time college opened she would have settled down in the young married set. When? Say two weeks from now. Say next week. Well, how about Wednesday?

Nine o'clock and the oaf hasn't phoned yet to ask anxiously if it was true. She picked up the phone and called the boardinghouse where he had a room for the summer. Just tell him Wednesday and add that he'd better get over here right now, for it's a long time between kisses. She heard his landlady calling, "Mr. Jay! Mr. Jay—telephone!" She called some more and then reported, "I guess he ain't in."

Connie hung up, swearing. The first duty of a newly appointed fiancé was to call up and say, "Hey, I'm in love with you." Instead of which, beyond any doubt, he had broken a whole double handful of promises. He had gone tearing off to Springfield at about the time she had waked up first. Well, Connie, you're the newspaperman's bride. You never will have a chance when there's a good story on the fire. Better get reconciled to it right now. The darling! She went back to work.

AT PINNACLE MANOR, Carl Booker was hopelessly bewildered. He no longer had any doubt of Herr Köchlin, and, moreover, no matter how dangerous and costly Herr Köchlin's intentions, he had no choice but to obey orders. But nothing was clear to him and surely it was also his duty to point out dangers.

"This man Jay has friends," he reminded Köchlin. "There is his landlady. I think he is still working for his newspaper. Already many must be wondering why they have not seen him—"

Köchlin had led him to an inclosure of arborvitae on the far side of the lawn. It was very hot and still, there would be a storm before night. But nothing could diminish Köchlin's fierce, badly contained energy. He swung toward Booker. "Let me take the risks. You can assure yourself I know there ar[illegible] have you a truck going [illegible]

"We say twelve-thirty [illegible] tween midnight and one [illegible] past."

"Put him on the t[illegible] Köchlin was showing so[illegible] all. Get him well out of [illegible] then take care of him. [illegible] be by dawn? No—that [illegible] a hundred-odd miles in [illegible] You must keep him on th[illegible] morrow night. It should [illegible] Erie. In some deserted [illegible] turn him loose."

"Turn him loose!" B[illegible] "We kidnap a man so w[illegible] *loose?* You do not un[illegible] Köchlin. When you had [illegible] you made it necessary fo[illegible] posed of. In ten minut[illegible] telephone—"

"We will not be here. [illegible] nor I nor *Fräulein* Winkl[illegible]

Booker stared at [illegible] Köchlin coldly returned t[illegible] big is your staff at the can[illegible]

"Counting the Inn, tw[illegible]

"How many of them a[illegible]

"Four. The agent of th[illegible] workmen. The man w[illegible] care—" Careful! He had [illegible] no permission to ment[illegible] brecht. "The fourth is a [illegible]

"What are your instruc[illegible] is necessary to disappear[illegible]

"Warn the truck com[illegible] the Forwarding Comp[illegible] everything that bears on [illegible] camp over to my assistan[illegible] know what it is. The fou[illegible] I would go to Buffalo, w[illegible]

"Be prepared to go [illegible] Winkler and me to New [illegible]

Resentful anger rocke[illegible] being ordered to abando[illegible] forever—and the whole [illegible] averted by a simple disp[illegible] of miles from here, of [illegible] reporter. "I must know-[illegible]

"*Achtung!*" Köchlin's [illegible] lenced him; his hands w[illegible] and his shoulders square[illegible] permitted you except o[illegible] stant and unquestioning [illegible] you think I will pause t[illegible] convenience?"

"I am not complaining [illegible] But I do not understand-[illegible]

"You are not requ[illegible] Köchlin moderated his [illegible]

**"Who did it? The butler?"**

SUPERIOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

"ıis much should be plain to ɔı time was short enough, but 'e ıd to take the reporter we for- w tever time remained. None w ld have been necessary if you ɔt ll bungled von Weitbrecht. h e to act. But if von Weit- g ; in tonight, there is still a t ;ave your setup here."

ıli dismissed him and went back ıo e. All very well to order men ɔo rogantly! But Booker went t the garage and sent a chauf- t house to ask Miss Winkler vo d see him. She did not come n utes and, when she came, he ee ıat she also was disturbed.

u: understand what is happen- ät in Winkler."

sh lders lifted in humorous des- 'C ers would be glad of a little ta ing, Carl. While he was wait- w a charming gentleman with- ar But since he has gone into -ɔnfess, Carl, I feel very small, s, ıd cold. He would not hesi- se nd to send me to my death. ry ıe is prepared for that. When or nt comes—" she shivered, ni l. "At least the very strength ut essness gives one confidence."

CE doubled his fists. "But what h pened?"

fa hardened. "Enough, but not e rst. For days I have been to revent a break between him ni

n ginning to see that Scovil has s good!"

h delusions of grandeur! Not as rich been wrong about any- an from the first he has warned air Lynn's ego. He wants too l t God help us, Carl, if there ea"

ıy ıould we wait on Scovil's ıe? Why do we not tell Köchlin ɔn eitbrecht is here?"

ıa ome to that," she said slowly. ıt er hands over her ey s and ere "The danger is that Lynn tr o force von Weitbrecht into e th him and defy Erich. And rta that Erich's rage would be— ɔst ngerous to us. No, once we ıle ım, there was nothing to do ɔr

ou agree to handle Scovil!"

—t yet. He is now saying von rec will arrive tonight. I trust to andle him. I trust myself,

n eitbrecht has got his damned b k. He is willing to meet in. say—let us take him to him." ait few hours. Let Lynn talk to ga " She shrugged again, de- ent this time. "Whatever hap- I c not think any of us will ever nfc able again. But give Lynn a e t act sensibly. If he doesn't, ll"

y c tainly! It was time for act- ens y. He would, himself, act sen ɔly than the orders permitted. nin with this weak notion of let- he porter Jay go free tomorrow e prisoner, it could be re- d, n de the serious error of try- e es pe prematurely.

RR T could only watch time slide y. c culate the hazards, and wish a w humor for three minutes at nwa hed telephone. At any mo- Ga Armstrong might spring the whi she knew was in her hands. y n ment Scovil's daughter might the ıouse down around them all. is ıe someone surely, if not the vom n, must have decided that the ter as missing. How long before rch ɔr him would begin?

nar wed down to the chance that We ɔrecht could get here before vthi exploded. And finally, he could only wait while the slow hours passed. He could go to town and phone Washington. Perhaps Washington would put the nearest F.B.I. unit—Boston, no doubt—at his service. More likely Washington would command him, as always, to go it alone.

He sat by Mathilde while she transmitted to the Forwarding Company his orders canceling the rendezvous. She was a trained, effective servant. She spoke guardedly, economically, to the point. "They are relieved," she said. "They say it is unwise to telephone—you should use the truck line to communicate. They say it would have been unwise to send anyone here. And you are not to come there—arrange a meeting place."

"Tell them we are coming nevertheless, both of us. Alone tomorrow, or with von Weitbrecht the day after. Those are orders."

She transmitted them in an emotionless voice and listened to what was said. She drew a sharp breath at one point, and presently hung up. She looked at him and shrugged. "They believe that at least a hundred of our people must have been captured in the last week."

"What does it matter how many small fry are taken? They missed von Weitbrecht. No one of importance has even been endangered."

"For the time being," she said.

Her eyes were fatalistic, and she was more right than she knew. If, groping through the darkness and pitfalls, he missed von Weitbrecht in the finale, he would at least take Mathilde to New York, in ten minutes get enough to deliver the Forwarding Company into the hands of G2, and so close the venture not at a total loss. If he got to von Weitbrecht before the curtain fell, he must contrive to take Mathilde too. Scovil, Booker, the truck line and all his other leads could be mopped up at leisure and did not concern him, anyway.

"Keep your bags packed and your lips rouged, Mathilde. We may go to New York tonight," he said.

She was studying him closely. "I am ready, Erich. But how has anything changed since yesterday? Since Thursday, for that matter?"

"Just that. Time has been lost. Von Weitbrecht, even, is much less valuable than time. He has failed us, and whoever fails us must be abandoned."

"You said you would give him till tonight."

"Yes. Meanwhile I am arranging to do without him and get his job done."

"Meanwhile, if you go and he comes late and meets Lynn?"

"I will take care of that. . . . By telephone."

IT WAS just before dinnertime when Scovil came home, from some errand carefully not disclosed, and touched a match to the powder fuse. Excitement was blazing in him when he burst into Garrett's room, his eyes were vertiginous, and there was an additional anger which, it proved, had been caused by Mathilde's phone call.

"You know I have forbidden it," he said, just short of shouting. "Don't you realize that the telephone company keeps a record of all toll calls? There could be a raid on its way to this house at this moment."

"If one comes after this evening," Garrett said coldly, "you will be free to deal with as you see fit—alone."

"That is why there will be no more phone calls from this house. And just why alone, Herr Köchlin?"

Garrett studied the pose of haughty grandeur. He said, aloofly, "You were never of any value to me except as a means of reaching von Weitbrecht. You have failed."

The harsh eyes flamed angrily. "I have


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson

**Bright Eyes:** But Auntie! No dancer ever looked like that! How about a little animation, a little motion, a little whoosh, a little *pep appeal?*

**Auntie:** Oh, dear! I thought you'd like it. But what in goodness' name is "pep appeal"?
**Bright Eyes:** It's oomph, darling. It's verve. It's *joie de vivre.* And, come to think of it, you need it as badly as that statue does. Aha! I've got an idea!

**Bright Eyes:** No wonder you can't sculpt conga dancers, the way you've been eating lately! If you don't eat right you don't get enough *vitamins.* Vitamins for pep!

**Bright Eyes:** And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. You need to have all the vitamins, you know, and right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones—$B_1$ and D.
**Auntie:** But goodness, child! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me become the most vitaminized sculptor you ever saw.

## Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age, 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

talked to von Weitbrecht," Scovil said.

"Where?"

"By telephone. He obeys instructions, Herr Köchlin. He telephoned to the camp."

"Where is he?"

But the door opened and Mathilde came in. Even in the urgency of her fears, she had not failed to dress for dinner with the greatest formality. She said at once, however, with one glance at them: "Stop it! Both of you have been acting like boys!"

He said, "Scovil has been in touch with von Weitbrecht. Now where is he?"

"He will arrive tonight."

"Here?"

"No."

"At the camp?"

"No." The flushed face had become defiant. "We will work that out together, you and I. But alone. Please leave us alone, Mathilde."

"Stay here, Mathilde," Köchlin said. "Enough of this—"

"Be still, Erich!" She walked close to Scovil and stood studying him. Whatever she made of him, she said quietly, "This is no time to be a fool, Lynn," and went out.

"Well?" Garrett said.

"He is driving here by car. I have given him a meeting place and will be there when he comes."

"You fool! He must come here."

"No, Herr Köchlin, I am not a fool." In other circumstances the blend of vanity and of adolescent hauteur in that flushed face might have been amusing. But at this moment nothing on earth could be amusing. "It would be your folly to concentrate our forces. The more so since you have opened both my house and the camp to suspicion. He will be within reach this evening. Perhaps you can see him before midnight."

"Perhaps? Just what is in your mind?"

Scovil took the center of his stage. He began coolly enough, "You don't seem to realize how precariously you are placed, Herr Köchlin. In the eyes of all newspaper readers, you are an escaped prisoner of war. If anyone were to report you, you would be a prisoner of the American Army. If, for instance, you were so obstinate that I had to defend my position by reporting you."

That was all cool and controlled—but in an instant Scovil was out of hand. "The day you came you remarked that I held you in the hollow of my hand. I have had you there all along. Do you know where von Weitbrecht is? No one knows except me. Can you reach him through anyone but me?

"I have only to step to the telephone to make you a grotesque failure. Von Weitbrecht will be at hand this evening, but we will do some talking before you see him." Scovil paused a moment, then said, "Think it over, Köchlin," and went out.

Well, there it was. And midnight some five hours away.

IN THE early part of the afternoon it was, "You'd think he would telephone. He must be finding out that John Page is the Duke of California with a long record in either crime or good works." Gail had had to listen to Connie much too much and that name—that alias—pounded a nerve that had already meant too much pain. By late afternoon it was, "I'm beginning not to like this a lot. Maybe it's just the good reporter chasing down his lead but it's definitely giving me nightmares." It certainly was. Connie could not sit still, telephoned to the boardinghouse three times, and was obviously suffering from acute lovesickness.

At dinner Connie suddenly shoved her salad away and stood up. "Maybe it's just that there's a storm coming. Maybe I'm a damned interfering woman. But he hasn't telephoned."

She went out. Gail had twenty minutes of frantic ideas and then Connie was back—and desperate. "He didn't go home last night. Gail, I'm terrified."

"He probably went straight to Springfield." Gail said wearily. She didn't care what Bill Jay had done.

"Oh, sure. So I'd be an awful fool if I went and asked the state cops how come. I'm going to be an awful fool."

GAIL'S indifference vanished at once and she saw the girl's frightened face for the first time. She said swiftly, "You would be a fool. And you'd make Bill very mad indeed. Connie, get hold of yourself! What could have happened?"

"I'll tell you! Your boy friend could be just exactly what Bill said. So he could go right out of his house and tell his pretty friend with the cauliflower ear to get rid of Bill."

Since last night the world had got so dark with fear and baseness that that seemed a reasonable possibility. But also there was—a certainty. The man who called himself John Page was an enemy but he was honorable—oh, he was incapable . . . Her mind fell away into dread. To what dark and hopeless flight was he committed? Against the odds, against decency, let him be swift!

"You may be in love," she said, "but it's still possible to be intelligent. Behave yourself, Connie!"

"Sure, I talked that way too, and now look at us! Aren't we ever going to realize that these things happen?" Connie slumped down on the bed—they were in Gail's room—and sobbed. "I know, it isn't possible, I've lost my good sense. But I'm scared stiff. He would have telephoned! Gail, what can I do?"

Gail smoothed the thin, young shoulders. "You can stop being a child. You can do your hair and take an aspirin. Or a drink. You can lie here and wait for the telephone. When it rings, for heaven's sake don't tell Bill how you've been acting."

She went downstairs, closed the bookshop door behind her, and picked up the telephone. She got Lynn Scovil finally and made him understand that this was she calling. How completely it had faded out! The now inconceivable fact that she had thought herself in love with him belonged to another era, ages ago.

"Is John Page there?"

"No."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"When did he go?"

"Excuse me, I'm extremely busy. Some other time." He hung up.

He had made his start! It could not last but he had had a brave moment of freedom. Maybe she had helped him to get it. . . . Nothing was more futile than tears.

The storm broke in a violence of thunder, gusts of wind that shook the house, and torrents of rain. For half an hour the fury kept up, then it stopped and a steady rain set in. And in another hour or so Connie dropped the book she had been trying to read and stood up.

"I don't believe a word of it. Something has happened. I'm going to take one more chance. I'll go see my father and then I'll see the state police."

**BUTCH** By Larry Reynolds

**"I didn't either start it! They was at it when I entered the room"**

"Your father? What possible—"

"He knows what has happened!" Connie said hysterically. "What kind of man has spies living at his house? I've been telling you all year. Yes, and why isn't Bill safe here right now with his arms around me and getting married tomorrow? Because he was in love with me—he didn't want to get my father shown up because maybe I'd feel bad! Maybe you want to marry Lynn but I hope someone shoots him."

She went out with a sob, a flurry of skirt, and rapid heels. She was back in a moment, frantic. "It's raining. It would be. Where's a raincoat? Where are some handkerchiefs?" She tumbled things on the floor of the closet, yanked out a drawer of her dresser, and went out. The heels clattered downstairs.

AFTER a dinner during which Lynn's silent arrogance and Erich's silent wariness were played off against each other, Mathilde Winkler got a few minutes alone with Lynn in the drawing room. She emerged having accomplished nothing, with a heavy fear that Lynn was bringing them all down together. Then Erich was closeted with him and her nerves tautened sti ably. She went upstai neither ease nor distrac

She came out into t claimed, "Lynn! What

He was fitting a clip i pistol. "I am going on said, his voice harsh ar one may need persuasi

She flung herself on h sufficiently under the t Have you gone mad?"

The time when the body had been a concl was over. He shoved h lently that her bare shou wall. "You've made Booker, you, all of you. will go my way—"

"With the rope arou she breathed. She was this—her weakness, "Lynn! There is no safe except in Erich Köchlin

"Then take your cha Lynn shouted.

Erich came upstairs, totally alert, totally on aside, Mathilde," he sa

She saw Scovil exhibi him say, "You know my Erich say, with the ba on the parade ground, "— —and, turning swiftly, Erich, crowding him to screamed, "Stop!" but to Erich, "Let him go! Movement meant Scov them and Erich flung h leaped and clasped h waist. He twisted and to his knees and the tw down on the floor. She "Let him go! It will be you! Let him go, Erich

"At least it is too late

HE HAD got to his f terrified her but wound her arms around have killed you! It is al is better gone."

"He is going to von W you have prevented me him." She felt his terri placing anger. "We wi accounting, Mathilde. meet von Weitbrecht. W

"I think I can tell you

"I'm sure you can." Hi her shoulder so viciously cried out. She said, "I Erich!" He muttered b into her bedroom. She and stood facing him, a "What happened?" she

"That is for you to t manded that I agree to Weitbrecht's place. Or von Weitbrecht and for me."

*Gauleiter* Scovil! He fool—or else a madman. him altogether. There question: could she repa No, there was another she make amends to Eri

"I ordered him to ta Weitbrecht. He ran out. up with him he was wh You kept me from stop thilde—"

"I did not understand

"No? Where is this meet von Weitbrecht?"

She was desperately out what Lynn might ha don't know what he me he has moved him." She the winds and waters. where he was yesterday been since Wednesday been hiding him at the c

Incredulity flashed in his dreadful anger. "He While time slipped throu He had both her shoulde

en keeping me from him?" She that his hands would move to at. She screamed, but one of rd hands came across her mouth ff the sound. She struggled free into the chaise longue. "You derstand! At first we dared not. he had escaped frightened him plete collapse. He would not Once he threatened to kill him- e took you there. I knew he nothing for you in such a state.

at time you had agreed to Sco- e."

nust not think so!" She got out aise longue. "I have been try- ay him just enough to protect e clasped his arm. "The man ith ambition, and with hate of with—jealousy—too." She put round his neck. "At any mo- could have betrayed you. I could master him in the end if et enough time for you. Truly, have not let you know every- t it has been to prevent the t would ruin us all."

engaged her arms. "I do not replace him, Mathilde." Her ld her, however, that the crest had passed. She sat down, ut beginning to get control of Erich's cold eyes held her. "So I was commanded to find has looker's camp. The man I was for and risked death for, es- he man it was the sole duty of all your organization to bring He had another thought. He also was part of this re-

yn was his immediate superior. e suspected you. Till today. e has been quarreling with

ow Scovil is on his way to von it."

w take him more than an hour. e been keeping him on top of mountain, where the cabins are. He sent for. Oh, more than two s."

on."

es. Scovil was armed—von Weit- t. Well, Köchlin would master sit tion. She stood up but her s b kled and she sat down again. e frightened me," she said. "I ot ally so weak."

o." A satirical smile touched his mo entarily. "Merely frail. You d danger your duty for a kiss Scovil. You throw him to the es cause I frighten you. Well, let no when your knees recover."

E sod up. "I am all right." What sd sed her was, after all, fear of his orit not of him nor of the harm hacbeen done. His contempt had ho restored her calm and, the wa her admiration as well. Erich lin as a dangerous man—a man ing ous that, with him on her side, cou not be alarmed about any- "ome on," she said. Then, "But rain g. Go get a raincoat."

e g one from a closet. But shoes! e w wearing satin slippers. She ped r a pair of brogues—and was th second one when she remem- d th oadcast. Oh, good God! No, e w time enough—it could be S ran into the hall.

rick We have forgotten the broad- "

e w putting on a raincoat of l's the hall downstairs. He ed angrily—and at that moment ron oor opened and a girl burst in. as nn's daughter—and another k tr eled along Mathilde's nerves. ss th n ten minutes the broadcast— nus e got rid of. Mathilde hurried nsta.

e l's transparent slicker was dripping water on the floor. Her face was strained and frightened. "Where is my father?" she said frantically.

Erich had become a quiet, urbane gentleman. "He isn't here, Miss Scovil." He turned to Mathilde. "Do you know where Lynn is, Mathilde? This is Miss Scovil. Miss Winkler."

"Do you think I don't know her?" The girl's eyes burned at her. "Where is he? I've got to see him."

"He hasn't been here this evening," Mathilde said calmly. And Erich nodded, "I'm sorry, Miss Scovil. I've no idea—"

The girl was terribly agitated—her hands shaking, her face pale and worn, her voice choked. "Has Bill Jay been here?"

"Bill Jay?" Erich looked puzzled. "Oh, the young man! That's true he was to call on me today. I'm sorry. He hasn't."

IF POSSIBLE, Constance Scovil looked still more desperate. "What have you done with him?" she demanded. She would be in hysterics in a moment—and what could all this mean? Mathilde stepped forward.

But Erich was saying, "Done with him, Miss Scovil? I? I promise you, I have no idea of making trouble. He was rude but I don't resent it."

"What have you done with him?" Her voice rose—the servants would be coming. "I haven't heard from him all day. He didn't go home last night. Tell me where he is or I'll—"

Mathilde said, "What is this about, Erich?" But he had taken the girl's arm. "You are frightened about something, Miss Scovil. There has been no sign of Mr. Jay here. I know nothing about him. I'm sure your father does not, either. Now suppose you tell me—"

"I know what to do!" Constance Scovil burst into tears and fled through the front door. Erich made a gesture to Mathilde and followed her.

A few minutes later he came back. "Remember that my name is John! She was too excited to notice your slip. Don't repeat it. . . . I think I have soothed her for the moment. But she is on the brink of my identity and there is no time left. Come on!"

"But the broadcast!"

"Damn the broadcast! We are going to the camp."

"You must hear it!"

"Have I time to listen to a radio program? With the truth in my hands at last, and Scovil gone mad, and the police just a telephone call away, why should I listen to a broadcast?"

Because he had sat beside her last night, after coming back from where he had been—from, she suddenly realized, a meeting with a man named Jay, and Lynn's daughter, and, oh, very surely, Gail Armstrong—because he had sat by her and listened while the broadcast told him there would be a message for him tonight.

She stared at him in disbelief, bewildered, a shapeless alarm rising to her nerves. "But . . ." It was unthinkable, he was commanded to obey. It took priority over everything. He simply could not ignore it. "Erich!"

"Are you coming with me?"

"Not till the broadcast is over. Erich, it is only fifteen minutes—"

"Damnation!"

He stood raging at her. Then his face cleared of impatience. He nodded. "Come on, then."

At this hour, on alternate nights, there were news summaries and the homely, homespun monologues of one who was identified as Hiram Briggs, an Indiana farmer and a patriotic American who undertook to explain the New Order to his countrymen. Mathilde tuned in just in time to hear his immensely rural twang (Berlin supposed that Indiana

IF it is, then look to your breath! For bad breath is just too much for love to cope with! And if you think YOU haven't got it, then bear this fact in mind . . .

"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between teeth...helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

See how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive smile! Enjoy its flavor . . . its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

# ". . the only thing up there that still works . ."

HARDLY a week goes by but some kind friend writes us as follows:

"Around 1920 sometime. I bought a 60-watt General Electric MAZDA Lamp. I put it in a socket up in our attic. It doesn't get much use up there but I thought you might be interested in knowing it is still going strong after twenty years.

"The old lamp doesn't look much like the G-E MAZDA Lamps we use in the rest of the house, but it still goes on doing the job it started in to do when the kids played house on rainy days

. . . I guess it's about the only thing up there that still works.

"When it burns out it will be like losing an old friend . . ."

"General Electric was proud of that old friend of yours," we write back. "It was the finest seeing tool our research had achieved—*up to that time.*

"But we are even prouder of its descendants . . . MAZDA research, going on tirelessly year after year, has done things to that old 60-watter. The unsightly tip is gone and the bulb is frosted on the inside to cut glare. But General Electric did not stop there . . .

"More important, the present 60-watt General Electric MAZDA Lamp gives 60 per cent more light than it did in 1921 and it is 71 per cent lower in price! Perhaps you have not realized this—or that General Electric MAZDA Lamps have been reduced in price 20 times in the past 20 years.

"So we hope . . . when your old friend finally ceases to function, or when you buy new bulbs for your reading lamps, for your kitchen, for anywhere in your home, you will choose youngsters by the same name . . . We believe they will be a credit to that name . . . That in any size, in any socket, they will always help you enjoy more and more light for less and less cost."

*LOOK FOR TWO THINGS!*

1. **The Right Wattage** to help make seeing easier—your G-E dealer can help you choose it.
2. **The G-E Monogram** to make sure of getting G-E quality—lamp bulbs *made to stay brighter longer.*

| 7½, 15, 25-watt | 40, 50, 60-watt | 75 and 100-watt |
|---|---|---|
| 10c | 13c | 15c |

**G-E MAZDA LAMPS**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**


farmers talked like the Yankees in The Old Homestead) announce that tonight he was going to take up some letters which had been written to him by folks back home. . . . Letters from America—Mathilde translated that to mean instructions for America. She kept her eyes fixed on her watch, for the keyed sentences were on the half minutes. He began reading part of a letter which accused "President Rosenfelt" of playing the game of the British-Jewish bankers who were determined on enslaving the world.

Hiram Briggs finished reading the excerpt. "Now," he said, in his cozy, country-schoolteacher voice, "that is from one of the common people whom Lincoln loved. Lincoln said you can't fool them and the English can't fool them now. They know the English have always been America's enemies. The second hand on Mathilde's watch touched the half minute. "This week I have received letters from plain folks all the way from New York to Detroit. . . ."

New York to Detroit. Received. They were acknowledging receipt of the Forwarding Company's short-wave report that Erich had arrived. She looked up at Erich. He was tensely staring out of the window, impatiently repressing his desire to get out of here, scorning the message.

THE half minute approached again. "One of my friends brings up the dirty Jew-inspired lie that the Reich has hostile intentions toward Brazil. . . ."

Brazil meant Natal. Natal meant the Italian airlines. Or: send a report.

At the next half minute, "If my friends in the Middle West could see me here they would know how important their letters are to all of us in Germany who have the interests of America at heart." Mathilde murmured. "They are getting impatient, Erich." Erich was sitting on the edge of his chair, straining toward the door.

". . . a letter from a friend in the great city of Detroit. I lived in Detroit once. I loved its vigor, its vitality, its magnificent energy. Always" (the hand touched the half minute) "there was something important happening in Detroit." That was hardly coded. New York had reported the raids and something about Detroit was to follow. Von Weitbrecht . . . Erich was scowling at the door. He did not even have his watch out.

At the next half minute, "But those who expect to profit from the lies told about the friends of Germany in the Middle West will have to change their plans." Change their plans. "Erich!" Mathilde said. "Pay attention!"

Erich looked at her ang up. The hand touched minute, "I have decided until a week from tonight.

He switched off the r through the keyed order t a week—whatever was t you want von Weitbrech from us?" he demanded.

It was as if a flash of illuminated everything. knew, understood. He did code. Never in her life h make so great an effort as in order to stand up casua with not a hint of excitem up without haste or alar easily, "Go get a car and door. I'll meet you there

He went out . . . Till t found it easy enough to f by night he had been ab and listen, look knowing, be curt and assured. Tha there had been no messag fore tonight. He had no night that there was to be not recognized it tonight.

On cat's feet she went stole to the stairway, look saw him go through the fr fled back to the library. Von Weitbrecht! Lynn reach!

And there had been hours of getting from her e knew. He knew—he kne Everything except what after, the plans for con which von Weitbrecht had

She phoned the camp. swered. "Get me Booker. in the office. "Get him at or death."

Fear crawled along her her mind was cold and d could get Booker! If she him, it was up to her quivered, her stomach c knees shook. She stopped right!

She heard a car come arc She was about to hang up. answered.

She whispered into the p You were right. He is an am alone with him. Come him Scovil has sent you t von Weitbrecht. I will te phoned saying you are on him away. You know wha

Booker said only, "C him?"

"I can hold him."

She put the phone bac to her bedroom. There w she had to get.

*(To be continued ne*

# Four Stars on His Flag

Continued from page

cruisers, a destroyer flotilla, ft carrier quitting the bay in nation.

l Ackers went to his bridge as destroyer divisions were pass- scanned the bows of those ightweights, each like a race aring her number, until he had e ship he sought. There, as arely a cable's length off, when s were brought into sharpened ere stood his son beside the alertly watching the vessel

d Man noticed the rake of his ed down over one ear, and he But what he saw now was not ant: he was seeing his boy at three, wearing *his* cap, and the large it completely concealed one's ears.

t, Mr. Ackers." An answering

emy is stowed in the brig, sir." got wedged in the Old Man's hat childish reply, so outland- d, had served as a household ce then. His wife had cabled ds to him when the crisis was d their daughter Laura was ough her fight with fever. It Roy reported the news that in- 'bilging," as he had feared, he on the Naval Academy roster inal plebe exams.

miral put the impulse down to inker signal made to that frag- yer steaming seaward: "*Stow y in the brig, sir,*" signed not *Cincus*" but "*Dad.*" His boy ne of so many thousands sail- ow in their ships of war, and hood must embrace them all lowest grade to the highest

S still at table with three of his hen a spoon in its saucer be- mble against the side of his . The flagship's screws had thrash.

on the dot," the admiral lancing up at the bulkhead

rosperous cruise and a quick

in water! Well, why not? way and where'd we be—no n the blasted Army!"

nk, and then his glance re- the picture hanging beneath There was the great white ng out on the cruise which had nd the world. He was a lively in charge of a turret on board York. But what made that memorable had been just a ark-haired girl who waved to Fortress Monroe as the line out through Hampton Roads. come with her mother to see nd the ring she was wearing, a gem, had taken every last dol- ed.

said, "Cute little wagons,

. . Aye, cute," the Old Man "This one here could knock ne after the other, all four and not get even her bright- tched. But I still won't admit lick *that* hussy."

ner guests turned to grin at a a small gray gunboat moored

men, the Samaroa! Six hun- e displacement tons, including rous one-pounder—including g, in fact, except the big head an on the bridge. It doesn't n its full proportions; but it is indubitably the head of Cadet Thomas Ackers, U. S. N., who is all swelled up with his first command."

That was the way it was done in those days. You were not made an ensign all at once when you started out from the school on the Severn, but first you must serve two years as cadet before being given a full commission.

As cadet and No. 2 in command he had gone aboard the Samaroa. Six months later, the gunboat's skipper, he had brought her back to the base at Cavite and had there been cited for what he had done. He had made the name of Ackers known, not just to the men on the Philippine Station but even, by virtue of dull reports, to the Navy Department in Washington.

THE screws were turning faster now, and the flagship shuddered under their lash as she swung around to move with the ebb. But Admiral Ackers was not on board her. He stood on the bridge of the Samaroa steaming cautiously up a river with coconut palms overtopping its banks. In the hot, sticky air the engine room signal sounded far off and very lazy, as though a great effort had been required to strike the gong which diminished her way.

The anchor splashed to the rattle of chains, and mooring cables were pulled ashore to keep the gunboat out in the stream, safe from any surprise attack by natives armed with their deadly bolos. But still the skipper, Lieutenant Schreiber, delayed his decision to land a force. Two courses were open to him. He wavered. An hour ticked past before he moved, taking half of the crew overside to follow that jungle trail from the shore.

One hour. On account of the time he had lost, the tropical darkness closed on him before his party regained the river. On the bridge of the gunboat young Mr. Ackers, smarting because he had not been trusted to lead the scouting expedition, heard the terrible, chilling cries and the rifle reports when the ambush was sprung.

He acted at once:

"Wilcox."

"Aye, sir?"

"You will remain in charge of the ship. Keep the one-pounder firing away, but out to the side where it won't hit our men. I'll leave a skeleton force on board. The rest go with me."

"But, Mr. Ackers—!"

Wilcox, twenty years his senior, had served a full hitch on the Philippine Station. He was skeptical of and, worse, amused by the fledgling cadet still fresh out of school. Even the fact that young Mr. Ackers had come from a prairie farm in Kansas struck the chief gunner's mate as funny; and Ackers would never forget the night when he overheard Wilcox chortle, 'You wait, we'll be burning hay in this tub pretty soon and hollering, 'Giddiyap, whoa' to the engines!"

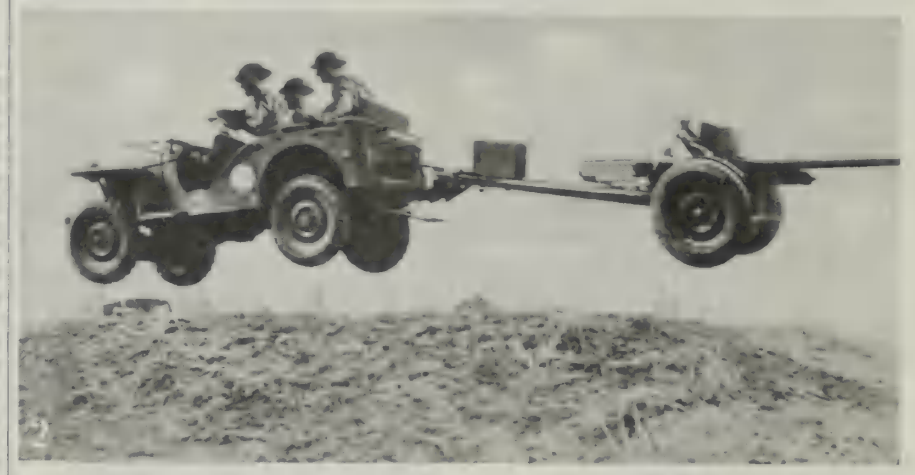
But anger had nothing to do with his tone as he put a stop to the mate's remonstrance. An officer, he had been taught in school, is above such feelings when handling his men.

"You will do as I tell you," he snapped, and Wilcox, saluting, grumbled, "Aye, aye, sir."

He ordered a boat flare lashed to a pole, so that its light would show them the trail without revealing the men who followed. As his rescue party approached the skirmish, Ackers signaled the order to yell. Then, "Silence!" he thundered and, just to make certain, gave the command again in Moro.

But "some" of the men did not obey

Like most civilians, Ilona Massey, star of the Edward Small photoplay "International Lady", is bewildered at the way . . .



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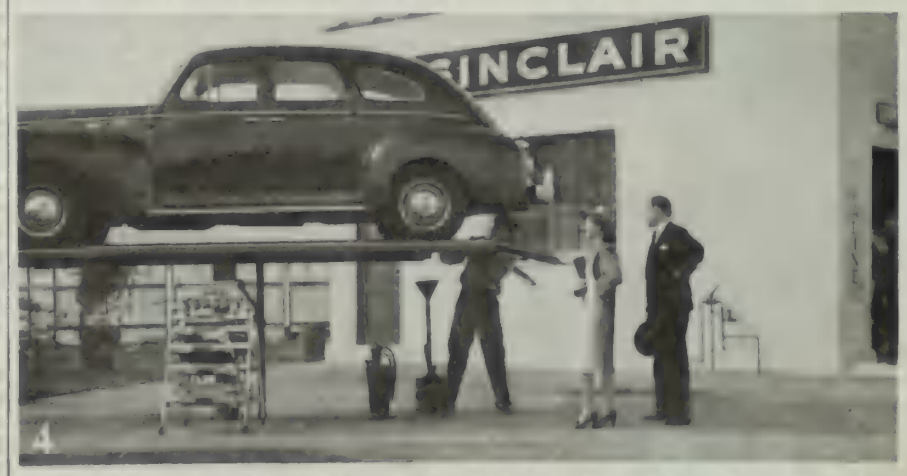


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him. The whole detail, young Ackers included, shouted as though a host were coming. With the one-pounder booming out on the river, and rockets bursting up from the bridge to give an illusion of heavy firing, his band of rescuers grew in force till it seemed a formidable excursion.

The mission on which the landing party had been engaged when it went ashore was to learn the whereabouts of one Zamo, an insurrecto chief who had made of "the white man's burden" a bloodstained cross. In the light of the flare young Ackers saw Zamo. He knew him at once by that mark on his face, the crescent of Islam stippled in ink.

For an instant they stood there facing each other, and then the sharp bolo flashed like a whip. The cadet leaped aside as he fired his pistol. The latter went flying out of his hand. He knew *it* was lost, but not till later—not till he stood on the river's bank, directing the transfer aboard of the wounded—did Ackers become aware of the fact that part of one finger was also gone!

At the time he was driven by just one thought. His bullet had struck and Zamo was wounded. If he acted fast he could capture the chief. With his two bare fists he went darting in . . . and then a big stoker named Pug Melarckey finished the job with the toe of his boot.

So the Samaroa went chuffing downstream with Zamo in chains and young Mr. Ackers in full command on the gunboat's bridge. For Lieutenant Schreiber had died of his wounds while the men were lifting him over the side.

Admiral Ackers rose from the table. One of his captains crossed the cabin to look at the Samaroa's picture.

"You've gone up a bit since that day, sir! What year was it?"

"Aught two," said Ackers.

He glanced at his mutilated finger. There was much more he could tell the captain. He could tell him that what had happened that day was the reason his flag now carried four stars. For at twenty-two he had learned a lesson which, more than any one thing in the service, had boosted him steadily up the ladder. He had learned to accept responsibility with absolute faith in his power to succeed; to trust his own judgment; to make decisions and then act promptly without any doubts.

"Yes, I've traveled downhill," he nodded. "Mr. Leigh, will you get me my glass? I'll have a go topside and take a look."

THE speed cones hoisted on board the flagship called for twelve knots, a cruising rate that would hold consumption of fuel oil down. For nineteen hours they had been at sea, spread in a fan at the hinges of which were the aircraft carriers, three in a row, their fighter planes poised ready for flight. Directly ahead of these were the "wagons," a dozen heavyweights, slow but lethal, advancing three abreast in columns—three divisions and, leading each, the flag of an admiral flown at the truck. On either flank moved a screen of destroyers. Far out in front their sisters were spaced in an arc at the edge of the fan; and behind them, within their protecting wing, ambled four divisions of fast light cruisers whose speed could almost equal their own.

In silence they cruised across the ocean. No wireless talked to betray their presence. On fourscore bridges glasses were leveled to scan each hoist of flags which was raised from the signal bridge of the Old Man's ship.

Above this bridge, between its deck and the navigation bridge higher up, he stood on the bridge reserved for him, his battle station when action was joined. It was midafternoon.

The Old Man turned, hearing hurried steps, and encountered the eyes of a small blond seaman with figures tattooed on each of his arms. A quartermaster, second-class, detailed with the admiral's signal crew. "Lefty," the Old Man thought—"that's Lefty," the name he had heard this youngster called now popping, strangely, into his mind.

"That for me, son?" he wondered aloud.

"Y-yes, sir."

The Old Man smiled at Lefty, startled as though he had met a ghost because, instead of the flag lieutenant, Cincus himself should take the message.

Admiral Ackers glanced at the words which had just come over the waves of air from Arlington's high-powered wireless sender: "To all ships and stations: A state of war has been declared between . . ." For a moment he did not move. Then he spoke quietly:

"Mr. Swanson, I want a general signal made. All ships publish the state of war. Commanders observe Instructions B."

He walked the brief length of the bridge and back. Ever since he was named commander in chief he had been prepared against this day.

More, he had since had two years' time, two years as Cincus in which to develop the battle fleet as *his* fighting force, to indoctrinate his division chiefs and train his staff, so that all were prepared to play their parts in the mobile whole.

EVERYTHING had been done. The fleet was ready. Now he had actually nothing to do until that moment when word would be flashed, "Enemy sighted!" from out there ahead.

The alarm gongs sounded, and then the bugle blared the order to muster all hands. As the Old Man watched the lads responding, his thoughts went back more than twenty years to the narrow deck of an old destroyer . . . a day in April . . . himself, Lieut. Commander Ackers, reading out the official order which told his crew that they were at war.

He smiled when a cheer carried up to him from that spotless area tapering forward under the No. 1 turret's guns. In just the same spirit had his boys cheered. Like skylarking kids released from school, the middy-clad sailors and stiffer marines capered and romped as they broke formation.

With approving eyes the Old Man looked down at his flagship's captain returning aft. Eyes that approved, yet envied as well. For this mighty unit of hitting power, of perfect precision and regal pride, belonged to the skipper and not to Cincus; *he* was the monarch of all her decks, of alow and aloft, of fore and aft; *he* would fight her, would speak through her guns, a dozen great voices roaring as one—while Admiral Ackers must be content with his role as a coach directing the team.

HE RETURNED to his suite. Already its "windows" were being capped with the battle ports, and a small brown steward was taking the pictures down from its "wall."

Cincus' yeoman followed him in. "A radio, Admiral—just received. My hearty congratulations, sir."

"Eh, what's that? You mean my girl—?" His hand was trembling as, taking the message, he scanned those two lines typed across it: "The enemy is stowed in the brig, sir. A marvelous daughter. Laura just fine. Dearest love to Dad and Roy."

"Sometimes I wonder if I know what I'm doing!" FRANK BEAVEN

The pictures were still face down on the rug, where the steward had laid them to wrap and then stow. In his sudden excitement Admiral Ackers went fumbling, himself, to find his family.

There! There was Laura smiling at him, that same impish smile which had made him her slave. She had passed one birthday before her father had ever set eyes on his first-born child, and maybe that fact had played some part in the way he felt about her now—as though she had been deserted by him when, weak and so helpless, she needed him most.

Admiral Comerford entered the office, his brows rather quizzically arched, expectant.

"Well, Tony, I've just received a promotion. Grandpa and baby both getting on fine."

He glanced once again at the picture he held and then put it down.

"Here's heresy for you. I'm glad that my girl didn't join the Navy! Look at me, married now for thirty- and seventeen of those were a in blazes a lass ever weds a

"Quit making me home talk like my wife!"

The Old Man laughed. about that. And yet never, bantering fun, had Madelei complained of her lot.

Indeed, it was she who hac afloat at a time when it seem reer might be sunk. He wa then, of the New York yard. in this case meant actually a section of third-rate speak-e pawnshops, sailor hangouts Street.

A strange sort of place for a as shiny and smart as Thornt appear. Emily Pape seeme so too, the way she wrinkle and grimaced, glancing about caught in a slum. She was v furs which must have stuck much as a captain was paid in

Those furs and that car ar rings had been like a blow in Ackers. For he knew when M coat had been bought, how again it had been overhauled, one season, lengthened the ne ished with skins where its na worn.

All through dinner, the e bridge, his conscience kept broadsides at him. It helped that he could remember when was just Emmy Fulder, wh had run a meat shop at home that twice he had licked he when they were both kids at ship school.

For the Coolidge boom was of the future, and the dollar and—to make matters worse— was just an unwanted child w gress was trying to keep out o

IT WAS while Thornton dummy that he suddenly "Well, Captain Tom"—rising ing his heels together and sn hand in a mock salute—"wh going to quit playing sailor a doing some honest work?"

Ackers just grinned. He w ing inured to such talk, to missed as a parasite who around in expensive ships w for occasional newsreel shots

Thornt wanted to know ho was paid.

"Seventy-two hundred dolla Ackers. He saw his guest wi Emily snicker and then "Damn!" as she wasted a tru

"All right, suppose you get miral—I mean, the biggest P 'em all. How much money get then?"

"Roughly, ten thousand a

"Ten thousand! *Ten* thou lars a year!" groaned Thorn we pay glorified office boys t year I made over three hun sand, and I'll do twice as goo

Madeleine Ackers was smili a wan little smile which we to his heart. Her married life one long struggle to bring u dren and put them through s always the need to make a b ing in keeping with Ackers' rank.

But Thornt did not double that year. Eight months late market crashed. Thereafte those fearful thirties, the pay tain had looked pretty good men said it was "certainly nothing at all to be worried a then his son had entered Ann could give his wife more of she deserved.

And how she deserved the the chief of staff's words st his mind, the Old Man nodde

I ·arly did swallow the anchor once. o ɔoy friend from the old home town le on us at the Brooklyn yard. He s 'e head of a corporation rated at f ɔillion dollars. When he offered t nty-five thousand a year—" The s ·inkled out from the Old Man's s Comerford whistled. "I thought t, o. Job would be personnel direc- was warned, however, that if I e d I couldn't expect to take any ut !"

T :, tick," went the chief of staff. h happened?"

R uest for transfer curtly refused. e told Mrs. Ackers I thought I'd e her answer didn't leave me much ic 'Tom Ackers,' she said, 'if you e resign, so help me, I will quit c d.'"

HE vind whipped up and the infinite cr of western ocean were covered n ɔs. At night they moved with- v ble lights except for the small r tricted beam on the jack staff k ; each vessel's bow, the dim blue p ich shone at her stern.

iv days, five nights the armada ar d, and on the fifth night the com- nd in chief was walking the quar- de , filling his lungs with sea-swept be re going to bed. For the first e ce they had sailed he felt tense. l gitude of the Marshall Islands ju a few degrees in the west, and a me ne two hours before had finally ke silence to tell of the enemy fleet vir north by east.

fo the moon came out from be- l cloud, exposing the darkened pe f ships. Almost at once the flag te nt, hovering near within sound is ɔice, turned and approached the ir s side.

Wh is it, Leigh?"

Be pardon, sir, there's one of our ies n the starboard beam."

he ld Man returned below through ıpe onways where the battle lan- s one ghostly blue. That plane's ro n could mean only one thing. ie ere out yonder, peering far n m the dark of the sky, a recon- sa e man had seen enemy vessels pi like beetles under the moon.

he essage came aft by telephone, he ummoned his staff around the rt. There was the enemy's known tio at 20:15, and there—a red circle is imated position now. Here in e p cil were their own ships. Six s eyes regarded that chart, and ca ains and Comerford said what t ught.

dm al Ackers heard them all. Half oze good minds were better than t on him the responsibility ed, is the final decisions to make. iss d the orders and then said:

Tu y, you will take the bridge till 10. Waldek, relieve Captain Turley n. l have my bunk in the conning er. all me in case there is anything s ɔod night, all—and peaceful ams

APTAIN WALDEK woke him.

'Da n's breaking, sir. Visibility, r. Vind, southeast by east, force :."

s h stepped on the bridge quick hes f light winked from the gray- of he port bow. A blinker lamp sig aling back some urgent bit of rm on. From a scouting plane of dan patrol, hovering over the my fleet, a report came through by o w es. The Old Man entered his nin tower, when these were re- ed, look at the chart.

Sig Admiral Rand: Proceed on rse ree three seven at a speed to age hen the light is clear. Four de- yer divisions lay covering screen. ler a planes aloft at once."

Ie bakfasted without undue haste. When again the Old Man appeared on the bridge the red meal pennant was fluttering down to show that the crew had just finished theirs.

The sun moved higher, dispelling the mists, and with its advance the horizon broadened. Through his binoculars Rand's cruisers were standing out nearer as he moved in. The aircraft carrier Saratoga, empty of planes, loomed larger and larger, racing full speed to take her position behind the protective might of the line.

Dark smoke was rolling alee from the stacks of a dozen battleships girding for fight. They were wetting down the weather decks and plugging the scuppers when word came back that the scouting force was about to engage.

The Old Man ordered general quarters. He heard it repeated into the tube to the navigation bridge above him. Throughout the ship the alarm gongs clanged while the signal was still being raised to the yard. The bugle sputtered. Alow and aloft men hurried to their battle stations.

"Direct column ahead. Course, three four zero. Nineteen knots . . ."

He could feel the surge of the flagship's bows as her four propellers began to lay on. She was swinging to starboard. In a short time, now, a line of battle six miles in length would stretch out astern to follow his lead.

His staff stood around him, yet he was alone. On him, not on them, would fall the blame if disaster came to the flag today.

But, even more, a nation's future and its very way of life were at stake. History turned on these next few hours, and the course it would take now waited on him and what he would think while the battle raged.

IN a way the Old Man was aware of this. But he did not give it a conscious thought. In his shoes stood not just Admiral Ackers. Captain Ackers was standing there too; and Lieut. Commander Ackers as well, who had fought his destroyer in other seas; and Lieutenant Ackers, junior grade, whose choice of a bride was so wisely made that she would not let him spoil his career for the sake of more money to buy her fur coats; and young Cadet Ackers, fresh from school, who had taken firm command in a crisis without either hesitation or doubt; yes, and even small Tommy Ackers, to whom the sea was still fabulous rumor, distracting a bull in a Kansas meadow till his terrified sister could climb a fence.

They were all with him, supporting him now. Calmly he peered across the waves at the first bright flashes of distant guns. His boy was out there, in danger of death, but firmly he shunted that fact from his mind. Dropping the glasses, the Old Man turned to see what was happening on his quarter.

His destroyers and cruisers were taking position to screen the great line from torpedo attacks. He saw the sun dance upon countless crests. Sea and air were both sparkling with beauty, warmed by that light smiling out of the east.

As the first report of gunfire reached him he glimpsed the movement of four sleek backs some few scant fathoms beyond the bow. A division, no less, in perfect formation, rolling along with his battle fleet! The crinkles appeared in the admiral's face and went rippling out from his smiling eyes.

"A lovely day," he remarked to his aides. "Don't blame those porpoises for acting so frisky."

That would be quoted about him later. It would take its place in history's tale, along with what Farragut said at Mobile. In days to come the Old Man would marvel at so much delight over commonplace words.

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Champion Spark Plugs bring extra performance to every engine due to several structural and operative superiorities, not obtainable with any other spark plugs. The patented Sillment seal alone makes Champions your logical choice because it seals them against troublesome gas or compression leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.*

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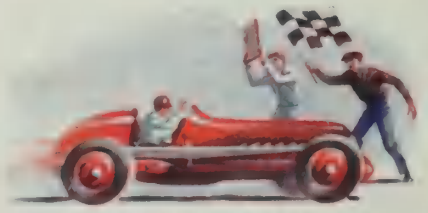

*The 1941 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race was won by a Champion-equipped car—the 17th victory for Champions in this Memorial Day Classic. 10 of the 12 cars to finish were equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.*

*You're always ahead with Champion!*
SPARK PLUGS

# Our New Army

Continued from page 14

more than six and a half feet tall and weighs 135 pounds. They pushed the three beds together and Minke slept crosswise on them so the nurses wouldn't have to detour around his dogs. Minke, by the way, has four brothers; two about his size and two sawed-off shrimps no taller than six feet, three and a half inches.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

PORTSMOUTH HARBOR DEFENSE. Selectees, Regulars and Reservists of Battery A, 21d C.A., drill in an archaeological atmosphere amid Fort Constitution's crumbling ruins which seem to dwarf the few new unpainted buildings. The battery's activities are largely confined to mine-laying, because only one six-inch gun pokes its snout toward the harbor from the 133-year-old fort. The work of putting the old Army post into shape proceeds with the speed and dispatch of a rheumatic turtle. Besides Fort Constitution, the harbor defenses comprise Forts Stark and Foster, and Camp Langdon—none of which is in Portsmouth. Foster is in Kittery, Maine (home of the Portsmouth Navy Yard); the others are in New Castle. Part of Constitution's walls still stand, as does the stub of old Walbach Tower, which was built so quickly by the fort's garrison in the War of 1812 that the British retired from the harbor in a hurry. The opposing forces, reasoned the invaders, must have been ten times their actual size to have tossed up the tower in so short a time.

### MICHIGAN

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. Names still amuse the reception-center crew—and perhaps you. Pvt. John Doe finally showed up. He's twenty-seven, from Battle Creek, and his fan mail ought to be terrific.

FROM Michigan's 5th Division, recently on maneuvers in Tennessee, comes the report that Sgt. Wilbur Vandergoot, Co. C, 7th Engineers, has been renamed Tarzan. During one of the battles down there the sergeant dropped from a tree onto a speeding tank, grabbed its commander by the neck and rode bareback on the jounting machine until it crashed into another tank and ended the threat of a blitz against the sergeant's battalion.

### ARKANSAS

CAMP JOS. T. ROBINSON, Little Rock. In the What Next Dept. we have the sequel to the item of June 7th in which we reported that mothers' clubs in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Arkansas had started sending cakes instead of socks to their sons in the 35th Division. What followed was that Nebraska men in Co. A, 134th Infantry, recently had their cooks bake batches of cakes and cookies which they shipped home to Mother. No information is available as to who made the better swap.

### WASHINGTON

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. With the battlefield shifted from California to southwest Washington this month, the 47,000 soldiers here feel better. They came back from California with tales of tarantulas and scorpions, endless days with the thermometer reading 100 plus, and debilitating physical ailments. Only outfit that seems to have got a break was the 148th F.A. Being a 75-mm. gang, well behind the line, they never fired a shot and spent most of their time swimming in the San Antone River. Reason they give for their inactivity is that the Fort Lewis infantry pushed the opposing Reds clean back out of range before the 148th could pour out its supporting artillery fire. They swear they never saw the "enemy" and it may be news to them that one of their corporals did, and wishes he hadn't. Seems a Red armored car, firing machine-gun ammunition that didn't go anywhere but made a lot of racket, came hustling through the brush behind the line and this corporal of the guard was so carried away by the reality of it all that he drew his pistol and fired a couple of honest-to-John shots that made a couple of very real dents in the car's armored side. Out of the vehicle popped an outraged shavetail and an umpire, and the corporal faded. The umpire, though, rounded up all the guys who had been on guard duty and finally found the one whose gun was missing a couple of cartridges. The gist of the ensuing lecture was that it was okay to be realistic, but . . .

"It means something in the U. S. Army, but our agents haven't been able to find out what"

THIS business of captured prisoners gives the mess sergeants large pains in their collective neck, because there's no provision in their supplies for feeding captives despite the fact that they must be fed before being returned to their outfits. In the California battles the 40st Division roped in 1,200 gents, some of whom were tired of wandering around in the brush at night, eating canned "dog food" and getting no sleep, and it got so that the harassed mess sergeants demanded that enemy field kitchens be included with each batch of prisoners.

THE tough 15th ("Can Do") Infantry didn't fool around with the food problem. The makings of their chow had to pass through enemy territory and brass hats ruled that trucks full of vittles were out of bounds and were not to be fiddled with. Some of the Northern troops said nuts to that, halted a few of the 15th's trucks and swiped the contents. A 15th foraging party, with bayonets fixed, raided the enemy lines that night, cracked a few shins here and there and got their grub back, all right, all right.

BIGGEST traffic problem for the artillery-range officers is what to do with the eight 155's belonging to the 144th F.A. The range can accommodate only so many outfits at a time, and the officers have the necessary impact areas figured out nicely, but the 144th has to have the whole works to themselves. The 155's throw stuff from seven to ten miles, which is about all the space the range affords. However, the 144th has only one quarter of its quota of guns and has to date fired the big shells on only two occasions, because every time one of them goes off, blooey goes $60. A day of slow firing eats up $6,000 worth of ammunition. Mostly the boys get their practice with smaller guns—at reasonable expense.

### TEXAS

KELLY FIELD, San Antonio. At the edge of the field, near the bombing range abandoned more than ten years ago, a sign reads: Keep Out—Military Reservation—Danger—Unexploded Bombs. Workmen clearing ground for the new cadet replacement center half a mile from the old bombing area weren't impressed by the warning until one of them unearthed a live 100-pound [illegible] Sam forthwith hired the P[illegible] physical Engineering Compa[illegible] bomb the place with a mag[illegible] which is supposed to disclos[illegible] ence of iron or steel objects [illegible] radius of fifteen feet and a d[illegible] feet. Total take to date as [illegible] rusty bucket, some baling wir[illegible] snakes (killed by the magneto [illegible] erator).

FORT SAM HOUSTO[illegible] ton. Getting togethe[illegible] shop, morale and at[illegible] ers from this and nea[illegible] have been tossing brickbats a[illegible] of recreation offered visiting [illegible] San Antonio. The criticism [illegible] most other towns near Tex[illegible] too: There's plenty of beg[illegible] entertainment, not enough w[illegible] man stuff. Most people, am[illegible] something for the lonely sol[illegible] to jump to the conclusion th[illegible] lectee is (1) slowly pining [illegible] cause he's three days dis[illegible] Mother and home cooking, a[illegible] ing from day to day only for l[illegible] the gal back home. The th[illegible] apply to some of the men b[illegible] many of them aren't mam[illegible] hearts and can take their [illegible] leave them alone. To be we[illegible] San Antonio's recreation prog[illegible] a few stag parties, smokers, s[illegible] or barbecues—anything the[illegible] visiting selectees a chance t[illegible] chew the fat with leading [illegible] community. Civic luncheon [illegible] do a lot about this.

CAMP WALLACE, Hitchc[illegible] the first things called to [illegible] tion of new men is a bul[illegible] list of Galveston's tabooed p[illegible] cent to which M.P.'s are st[illegible] keep soldiers out. This m[illegible] could hardly be called som[illegible] cause the curious lads with a[illegible] a gander at Texas night life [illegible] down the locations of the [illegible] areas, shuck their uniforms [illegible] the rounds in civvies. "If y[illegible] see the town down here," one [illegible] wrote a pal of his in Pennsyl[illegible] Army even furnishes you w[illegible] tory."

NORMOYLE QUARTER[illegible] DEPOT, San Antonio. [illegible] Joseph Thomasulo was ind[illegible] Buffalo, N. Y., he worked [illegible] dresser. To stay in trim, he [illegible] sueding some of his buddie[illegible] 55th Qm. regiment, to subm[illegible] sional finger waves. Arm[illegible] sneer and snort but keep w[illegible] themselves. Pvt. Thomasul[illegible] a state flyweight boxing title [illegible] up a string of 116 consecuti[illegible] tories.

### GENERAL

"MAYBE," writes Miss So[illegible] Columbus City, Indiana [illegible] interested in hearing about [illegible] tance poker game I'm playi[illegible] fiancé, Ned D. Wilson, Bat[illegible] F.A., Pine Camp, N. Y. [illegible] three months he's been in [illegible] we've completed just two h[illegible] I've won—and not because [illegible] either. We send the cards be[illegible] in daily letters and I'm no[illegible] figure out a system whereby [illegible] Robert Cutter, stationed at [illegible] jamin Harrison, can also sit [illegible]

CAREFUL, Mr. Cutter.

# here are times when he needs
# -more than anything else
# *some snapshots from home*

## NI THEM EVERY WEEK

aw from home, you've opened a er th snapshots—you know what r nan. The letter alone can't do ll. hat boy of yours wants to see rs les. The changes around home. pe. His friends. Only snapshots bri him the very feeling of home. o on't let him be the one "left " ven the mail comes in, and new snapshots are passed around. Once a week won't be too often to send snapshots from home. Shoot them on dependable Kodak Film—it makes your camera a better camera. Experienced picture takers use Kodak Film always—secure in the knowledge that their pictures will "turn out."

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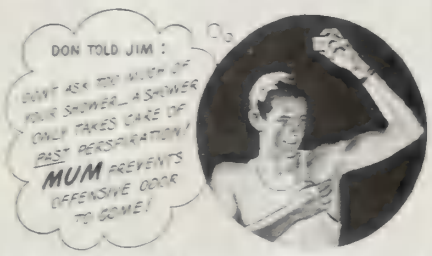
**EVERYONE KNEW** what held Jim back—except Jim. Then one day, just as the Big Boss was considering a one-man shakeup, Don came to his rescue. Taking Jim aside—



**JIM'S SALARY CHECKS HAVE** traced a sharp upward curve—since he began with Mum. Energy and experience, brains and personality being nearly equal—the difference between $35 a week and higher brackets may very well be Mum!

• UNDERARM ODOR is bad business—anywhere, anytime! And since a man may offend and never know he's guilty—it's wise to play safe. Join the more than a million men who use Mum. A quick dab under each arm—30 seconds in all—protects against offending all day or all evening. Harmless to skin or clothing—does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

*A Product of Bristol-Myers Company*

**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION


# Beware, Honorable Spy!

Continued from page 18

what action is going to tag them as dangerous spies. Strangely enough, in such a regimented country, each policeman has his own idea of the law and reigns supreme in his bailiwick. Embassies can't help much. They are usually the last to know that one of their people is in jail.

Since the Japanese have grown wary of being seen with foreigners, members of the different colonies have to depend on one another for company and, what with the evacuation, there aren't many of them left. The diplomatic corps has divided into cliques—none of the Allies speak to the Germans or Italians. These two, although their countries are partners, seldom meet except at official functions. The French and the British don't quite know what to do about each other. With no restaurants, no night clubs, few theaters and movies, fun must be organized at home. And that had better not be too riotous lest the noise of laughter and phonograph music attract some policeman who will knock on the door and point out that levity is not in keeping with the spirit of the times.

### The Too-Honest Houseboy

Servants in every household report luncheon and dinner parties with a list of guests. The wife of an American attaché was approached after a luncheon by her Number One Boy who said: "There is a policeman in the kitchen who wants to know the names of the people here today." He was unusually naïve; apparently too much so for his own good since, about a week later, he gave notice, sobbing and leaving a garbled letter giving reasons which made no sense.

Persecution of Christian churches is to stamp out foreign influence which, through missionaries operating with money sent from abroad, has been exerted over Christian Japanese. Christians in Japan were advised to quit, for Christianity, it seems, runs against the guiding spirit of the national structure. Christian schools were ordered reorganized to conform to fundamental policies based on the Imperial Way.

The first shot was fired at the Salvation Army. It was to reorganize completely, changing its name (the word "army" grates on the ears of a militaristic nation), severing ties with the world headquarters in London, and abolishing its military structure. When all that didn't take place overnight, immediate dissolution was demanded as well as "complete repentance." Its social and welfare activities were transferred to the Japanese government. Then, to make sure it couldn't operate, the leaders were accused of espionage for the British. The Army, it was announced, was nothing but a blind to cover British spying and if it was not put out of existence a victory would result for the pro-British groups.

Sixty thousand Korean Christians have been brought into a group of a completely Nipponized nature. Christian schools in Korea were reorganized. New doctrines condemn Communism, individualism and democracy. Christian principles of self-sacrifice, being in conformity with the Japanese spirit, have been allowed to remain.

Soon after the anti-Christian campaign started, forty-eight Protestant families in a village gave an example of the "right" spirit. They built god shelves in their houses on which to place newly acquired Shinto sacred objects. Until then, they had made a point of maintaining no accommodation for Shinto gods and had forbidden their children to attend shrine festivals. Then, suddenly, the light broke and they allowed the spirit of the times to prevail.

The Religious Organizations law is bringing about revolutionary changes not only in the Christian churches but also in the Buddhist and Shinto organizations. The various Buddhist and Shinto sects have amalgamated. The same type of amalgamation was demanded of the Christians. The Japanese knew very well that Methodists, Presbyterians and Catholics would never be able to join into one loving group. Various foreign missions have recalled most of their missionaries. Once they are all gone, and the Japanese have completely taken over, the amalgamation may take place and there will be but one Christian church in Nippon.

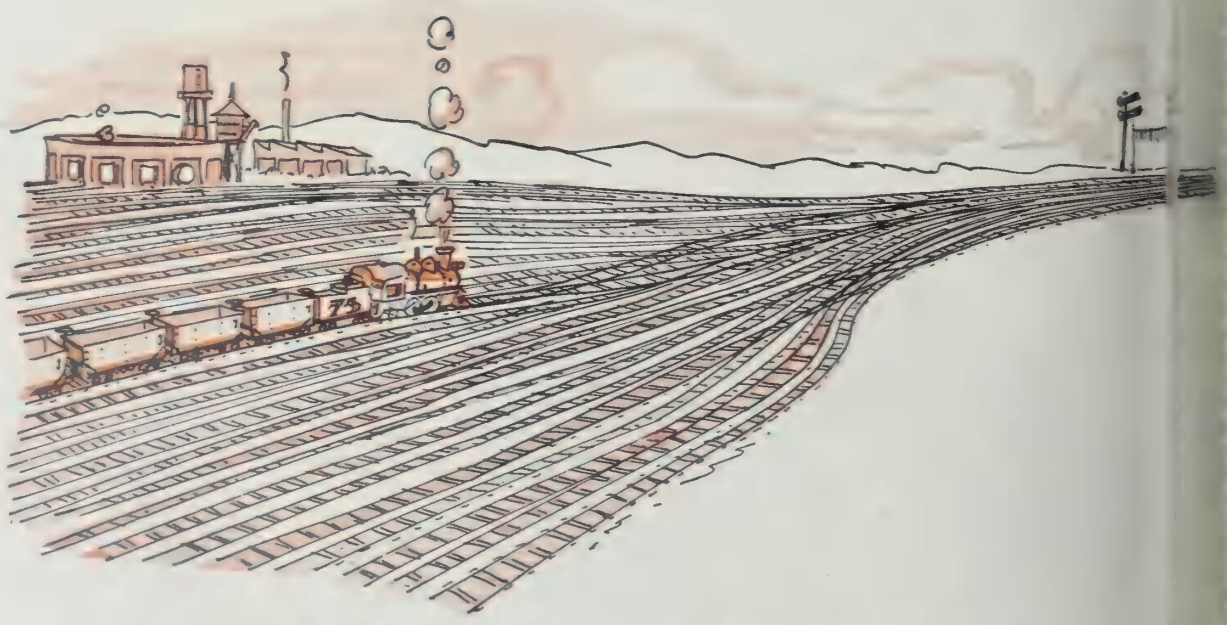
Having disposed of Christianity, the government moved on to do away with all English words in the language. It was announced that Eng signs would disappear. Not such directions as "Way trance," "Station Master" be removed, but also the r station in Roman letters. the officials began to tear some practical soul pointed might be a rather expensi tion, since the Japanese ch on the same boards with the ters and it would mean put signs in some four thousa Regretfully, the plan was but every time a sign is rep will be no English word on

### Baseball—but Dign

Baseball has been remod form to the New Structure. mentals have been left fairl American phrases, scoreb and uniforms have been However, the officials str when it came to baseball ja found a phrase to replace (play ball) but were stum substitutes for "out" and "s

The newspaper Nichi Ni bat for the preservation of played and spoken in Japan of baseball played in the Un it pointed out, "is slight from the Japanese adaptati more dignified and refined. duty to do our best to ins with the true Japanese sp make it one of the national g than condemn it because o origin?" To drive home reference was made to the of Confucianism. "Should proud of the manner in whi fathers adapted foreign cu our ideals?" the writer wen The final word on this hab ing foreign culture, inventic toms to Japanese use was Japanese statesman makir in English—a language o either had a firm or very He said, "We Japanese h been able to borrow the from other countries and ad our own needs through a p digestion."

The Nichi Nichi also urg be broad-minded about the



"A nickel says we come out on the third track from the left"

n ords, and deplored the fact that
o e station had taken upon itself
el inate foreign words from speech
it area. These cops insisted that
Fe e called "foreign tea." That con-
ec eople who used the word "kocha"
di rentiate the imported tea from
n ive product. The paper likewise
ic d those who would rule out such
rd s "stopu" (stop) and "orai" (all
it since they should be acted on
ne ately when issued as commands.
t show how disastrous cutting
m t of the language could be, an
g ry incident was thought up:
p a sight-seeing bus was turning
ur on a narrow road. It is the cus-
f the conductress to keep her head
o he window and call to the driver
en is time to apply the brakes and
u ally cries "Stopu!" If, on the
er nd, she has to use the Japanese
ne ," it will take her longer and
ex a syllable might prove to be the
l lit second between safety and
st
f urse, the writer added, that
ole had already been solved by the
nit on of sightseeing busses. Nev-
el s, it was a good point.
us o be prepared against any for-
n nace, practice black-out periods
iv lays each are held for two suc-
dir months with an interval of three
tt efore the next periods. Alarms
nd veral times during the day and
t signals for air-raid wardens and
r a istants to rush about the streets,
fir ngines and ambulances to start
gi into "bombed" areas, for traf-
o p and for pedestrians to squat
he avements. The ones who don't
at omptly are pushed down by
de There are no air-raid shelters
Fol , so squatting (not lying flat)
er es or the eaves of buildings has
n d ised as the best means of gain-
im nity from bombs.

### A Touch of Realism

efo the black-out periods, news-
ers nstruct inhabitants what pre-
tio to take. All households must
p hand at least 20 gallons of
er fighting fires and a hose ready
tta to a water pipe. Besides water
e st be at least three bushels of
d side the front door for sprin-
g oncendiary bombs. Inflammable
eri must be put in fireproof
es. Black curtains have to be hung
r e ry window, dark shades fitted
r la ps. As many members of the
seh d as possible are to stay out-
to watch for falling bombs and
nd warning on the nearest tin pan
cak tle.
ver ne with no duties at home is
epo to the nearest fire-fighting unit
n t warning sounds. Women are
ude They pull on shapeless, baggy
ts o r their clothes and fall to with
vill. Ladies who send their maids
an fficial reprimand and receive
ere riticism in the newspapers,
ch ner to them as "sitting home in
mo ent of dire peril, fanning with
ght nd."
uri maneuvers each time an alarm
nds e keepers make the rounds of
zo carrying rifles and clocking
mse s to figure how long it would
e to ll all of their charges in a real
l. C dboard dummy bombs of dif-
nt c ors are dropped from "enemy"
nes ed indicates an incendiary
nb; lue, a 20-pound incendiary;
te. a ordinary explosive bomb; yel-
. po n gas; black, poison gas time
nb. d so on. When these fall, per-
s liv g in the vicinity are expected
ling ater and sand about as if com-
ing a eal bomb.
acco ts of the "raids" are published
the pers. A great play was given
the roism of a man working with the ARP who was sent for during an imaginary raid to go to the deathbed of his child. He refused on the ground that he couldn't leave his post and was awarded a decoration. Dramatic accounts are given of how hostile aircraft have dumped time bombs on Tokyo. One of these told of direct hits on the Metropolitan Police headquarters and the Home Office. Suicide squads were promptly organized to place sandbags around the 200-pound bombs that fell in the courtyard of the police station; the bombs went off at exactly 10:30 A.M., starting fires of such magnitude that the building was declared unsafe and the headquarters were transferred to another station. Even prisoners were hastily rushed to other prisons.

Another time it was announced that the bombs dropped on Haneda Racecourse were from enemy planes who had mistaken it for Haneda Airport. Realism was carried to the ultimate degree. One day no alarms sounded. It explained that, partly owing to bad weather and partly to the fact that most of their planes had been destroyed the day before, the enemy had not flown over the city.

### Excuse It, Please

Spy scares started when reports came in that foreigners had been seen walking near a factory or some other equally inviting target during a raid. The air-raid defense and fire-prevention corps of a village near Tokyo were thrown into an uproar when, after a "bombing," hundreds of ten-thousand-yen notes were found scattered recklessly over the countryside. Putting their heads together, the officials came to the conclusion they had been scattered by an enemy plane in an effort to create economic confusion and chaos. It came as something of a letdown when it was found that the notes were make-believe money which had been dropped by a panic-stricken toy merchant.

During one of the alarms an American went to the Tokyo station and bought a ticket for Yokohama. Just as he got his ticket, a man handed him a red card and, thinking the card was necessary for getting on the train, he presented it at the barrier. The ticket-taker refused to let him through. He went back a second time, a third and a fourth with no more success. Finally, he found a passer-by who spoke English and asked him to find out why everyone else could go to Yokohama and only he had to stay in Tokyo. The Japanese explained that the red card meant that he had been wounded during the raid. He must take it to the nearest hospital and have it stamped before proceeding on his way.

However much inconvenience the maneuvers cause individuals, officials are always pleased and announce that they have been highly satisfied with the way in which the people have co-operated.

Figures are published at the end of each of the five-day periods. After the first, the following communiqué was issued by the Home Office: "Twenty-eight thousand casualties have been inflicted. These included 10,278 imaginary fatalities, 17,691 injured, 356 missing. A total of 8,391 houses were demolished and 2,593 damaged. The damage caused to railway bridges, waterworks and communications was imagined to have been frightful."

All of these goings-on don't make really good sense to an Occidental mind. But then, very little in the Japan of today does. In the end, it is probably best to proceed from the premise established by a French priest who has spent many years in Nippon: "This is a country," he says, "where two and two never make four and don't *always* make five."

"4 JOBS AT ONCE! THAT'S ME ALL OVER!"

"TALK ABOUT one-legged drop-kickers bein' busy, you ought to see me when you step on your starter!" says "Goldie." "I've got to do 4 jobs *all at the same time!*—and what's more, I *do* 'em."

1. **COOL—"I've got to carry off excess engine heat which is a job itself.**
2. **CLEAN—"And, because your engine's always pickin' up dirt and grit, I've got to keep cleaning it up.**
3. **SEAL—"I've got to seal up that little space between your pistons and cylinder walls to keep power from leakin' out!**
4. **OIL—"I've got to cover about an acre of movin' parts so nobody gets hurt when you step on the gas.**

"It's a lot of work these modern engines call for. But I don't mind—I'm built for it. Shell engineers say it's my *balance*.

"And all this for only a quarter a quart!"

SHELL

**THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS**

# The Blond Nurse

Continued from page 12

nothingness, into drowsy peace. Another voice—McCoy's!—beat faintly around her. Another arm—McCoy's—straightened her shoulders.

"Drink this now," McCoy said. Something cold touched her throat. She opened her eyes; Monahan snarled at her as if she had never closed them:

"We got all night before us, sister—"

The door behind them banged open. A new voice said, "Bannister's here—he just got in from the airport. He's waitin' for you now, Monahan."

They started out after the voice. But before they reached the door she pushed out of the chair.

"I want to see him—Mr. Bannister," she said. "I want to tell him—"

"What?" Monahan asked harshly. "The way he lost his kid?"

He beckoned down the hall, and a uniformed man appeared and looked in at her stolidly. Then Monahan slammed the door; in a moment she heard the uniformed man settle himself outside it.

FOR a long while, in the chair by the desk, she sat motionless. Then she got up and opened the door. The uniformed man was not outside now; the hall was empty. The lamps were on in the living room, but no one waited there; through the panel by the street door she saw that the police cars were gone from the curb.

Ten past eleven now; two hours since Monahan had left her. Had she slept? She opened the door and went out to the street, to cool air on her face, to the whisper of young leaves in the darkness.

Her mind was confused: Monahan's voice, Monahan's words rang faintly inside her. She walked away from them slowly, as if they were imprisoned inside the house, and there was no need for hurry to get away from them. Soon, in the soft spring darkness, they were gone.

"Hold it," a voice said. "Right there, sister. Where did you think you were going?"

It was not Monahan; she was numbly grateful for that. From a car in the driveway beyond them, she saw another man get out as she answered.

"It's the nurse, Mac," the first voice said. "Goin' for a walk, she tells me. Nice and quiet now, by herself. Ain't that somethin'?"

He chuckled. McCoy's face, a vague shadow, looked down at her from under the brim of his pushed-back hat.

"I guess she can," he said, in his quietly expressionless voice, "if I go along with her. You won't need me here, Andy."

"You're doin' it," Andy grunted, with faint reluctance. She went on again, with McCoy at her side. He said after a few steps:

"This stuff is what we have to do. Don't let it get you."

"Oh, no," she said. "I won't. You've been very kind; you allowed me to leave the house."

"Mr. Bannister asked us to leave. Until he pays off, and the boy is home, he didn't want us around. I don't blame him; if I had a kid of my own it's what I'd do myself. But—well, there's a couple of us spread around here, just in case."

"If my boy friend comes back, of course. Or if I try to slip off to meet him."

He glanced sideways at her.

"I thought there wasn't any boy friend."

"That's absurd." She smiled at him; she felt oddly light and careless now. "That's just the lie I've stuck to. Who'd believe it?"

"Me, maybe," McCoy said.

They reached the end of the street, where a tiny oval park faced the river. She smiled at him again—it was very funny—with white lips and shadowed eyes. There were stone benches spaced along the bank; when she sat on one, McCoy put a leg on it and leaned an elbow on his knee.

"Listen," McCoy said. "It's nice and quiet here; no one's around but me. Why don't you bawl? I would. I'd get it all out of me. I—"

The river blurred before her, but only for a moment.

"No," she said. "Because it's all I've got left now against Mr. Monahan. You see—he never made me do that."

He flipped a pebble off his thumb into the water. He said:

"I never thought of that; but you got to have something, don't you? Monahan sees things a certain way; the only kind of people he knows anything about is the kind he had to bulldoze all his life. He's been a cop a long time; nothing is going to change him now. He doesn't understand—"

"I had an idea about policemen once," she said wearily. "That they were very clever, very brave. That they helped people in trouble."

"Well—" He moved his shoulders slightly. "Some of them do, maybe. There are different kinds. Tough ones like Monahan; smart ones like the inspector; plain ones like me."

For a while she did not answer. A tug hooted twice, far off down the river; the North End bridge hung low across the water like a string of yellow beads. Presently she asked, very low, "Will they hurt the child, McCoy? Will they—"

"Not if they get the money. He's only three—he would never remember their faces. With somebody older they might be—careful. But the way it is they're safe with a kid like him."

"Do you think—Mr. Bannister will believe what they say? That I neglected Joel night after night, whenever he was away?"

"No," McCoy said. But he sounded uncomfortable. "Why should he?"

"The others will, when they read their papers, McCoy. It'll be in them tomorrow, won't it? The blond nurse—they'll call me that in the headlines. And they'll look at my picture and smile at each other, thinking of the boy friend. Thinking—"

"Not everybody," McCoy said. "Not me. Don't I count?"

HER voice shook slightly, despite the way she tried to control it:

"Yes. I think you do, McCoy. Now, more than anyone. I tried to help the others—I even tried to help Monahan. Because I've got to help, McCoy—it's the only thing that will save me now. If I had stayed with Joel last night, if I hadn't gone out—nothing wou happened. That's the thing I c get."

"You'd have gone out som They'd have waited."

"Yes." She closed her e leaned her head back on her ar —oh, I'm quiet inside now. that: I don't know how. I co to you here. I could— Would me do that, McCoy?"

"You're a queer kid," he said down at her gravely. "Talk if y How about a cigarette? Sometir help."

She took a cigarette, and his and her fingers worked on th folding it over, crease on creas spoke. Behind her lids she saw in the chauffeur's cap again, narrow face half turned to he car. Twenty-five, she said. N tall. Slim. Black hair. A flat he might have been disguising i was nothing else about him she bered.

"It isn't much," McCoy t rubbing a thoughtful knuckle u chin. "But we know a couple —that he had the layout of th down pat—you and the Hans Mr. Bannister. After eleven, Hansens expected you back. they wouldn't look in on the they had to do was get you o way—then they had all night off the job."

"But if they knew all that, how did they find it out?"

"Easy enough. Say one of t friendly with a maid in the they'd pick up plenty of dope t Everything they needed. Safe too. Now the girl would be to to talk."

"Yes," she said. "Monahan so too. Only I was the girl."

"MONAHAN." He snapped of his pebbles across the ra get him. That guy—" The lo eyes finished the sentence. "Wh the car? You remember anythi about that?"

At first she didn't. Black; fo nothing else. He was silent t questions came. When she lo at him he was staring out a water. She said slowly, the sil cool air, deepening about her:

"That's all. The dashboard dimly. There was something r a clock, just right of the steerin There was a little bulge in the side me—an arm rest, I think, been pushed back."

"An arm rest—not many them," he said. "And that s round—that would be the spee I know only one car that has it the steering wheel. That's the And they got an arm rest too, four-door jobs."

"That's something, McCoy know it was a Stevens—"

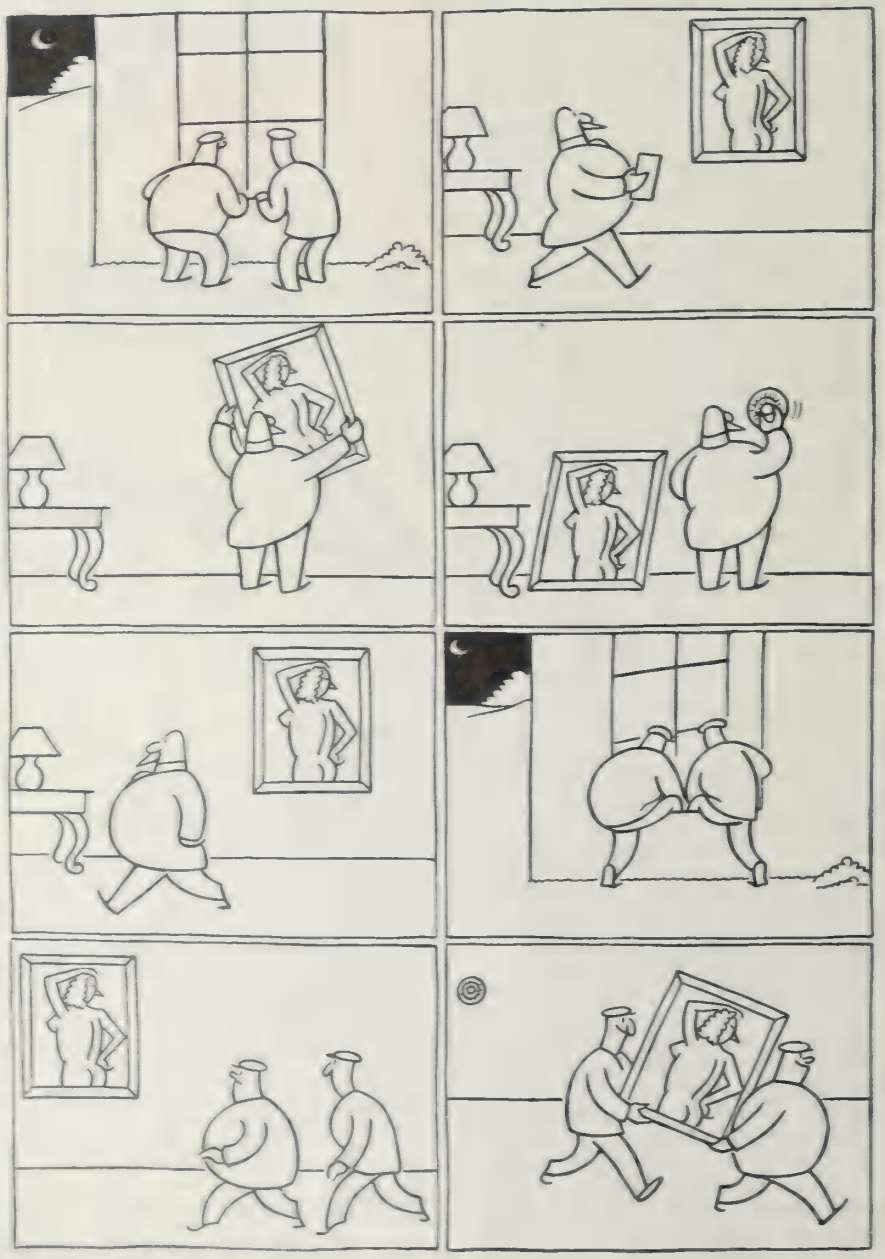
"Yeah." He grinned wryly "We narrow it down right off twelve thousand cars. At th lead."

He took out his cigarettes a reached for the matches she s The cover was ruined then; crumpled it back in thin, exa

"I'm sorry," she said. "I do the time. Whenever—"

She stopped so suddenly t Coy's gray eyes narrowed at b the match flame.

"I did it last night, McCoy car, with a bit of paper I four crack behind the seat cushion



OTTO SOBLOW

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The enjoyment you get *out* of your cigarette depends on the kind of tobacco that goes *into* it.
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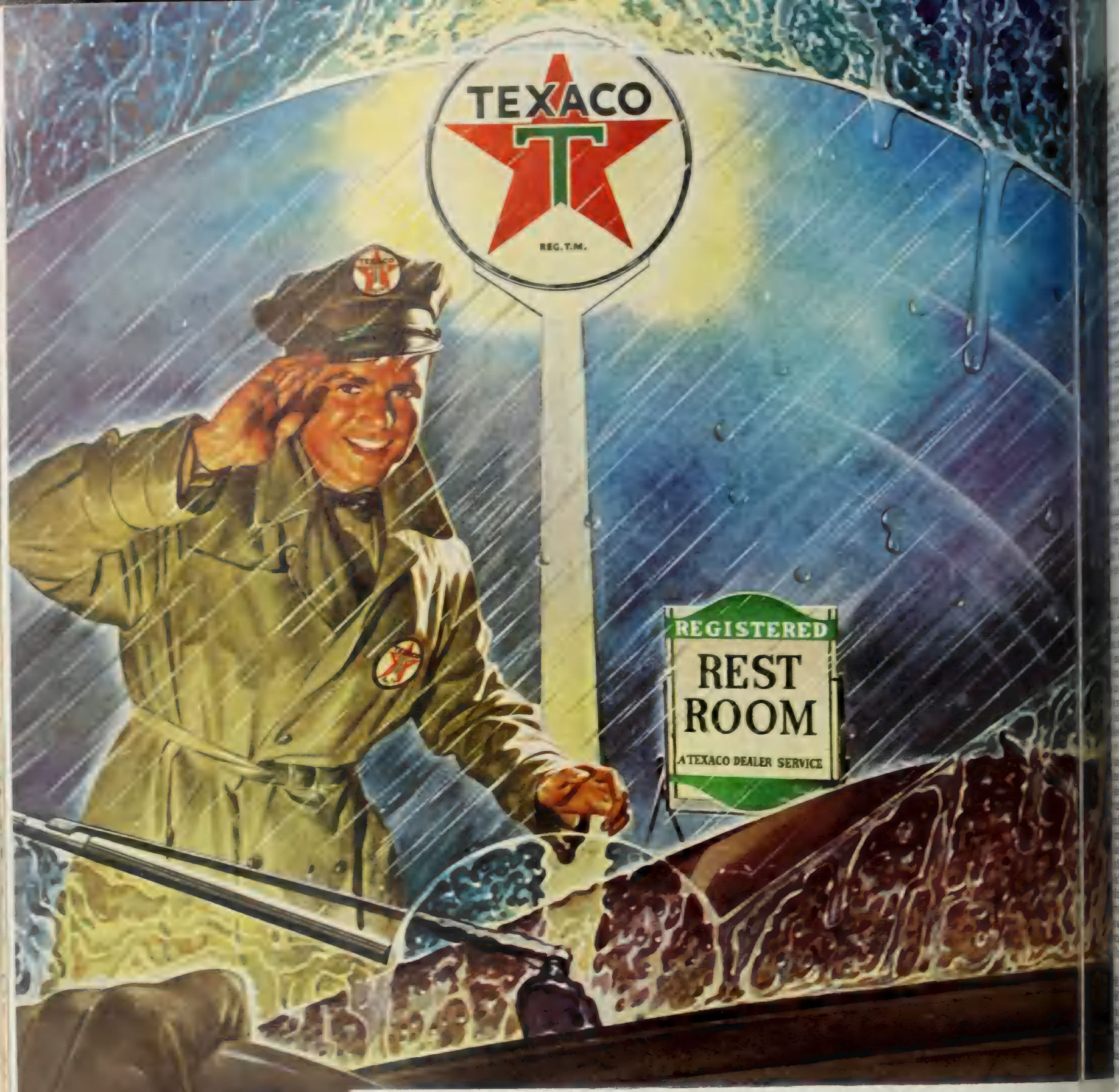
Try them for yourself, and see!
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
• *Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker inspects a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.*
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE




# ALL NIGHT LONG... *You're Welcome*

*Remember that late drive home in a blinding rain, with the gas gauge creeping toward "empty"? Remember how one service station after another was blacked-out, closed? Remember worrying about the long, wet walk home?*

* * *

But that needn't happen to you this summer. Once more Texaco Dealers have pioneered! They now offer you all-night-service on every main highway in America throughout the summer touring season.

No matter how late the hour or how bad the night... a Texaco Dealer is ready to supply you with either of those two famous Texaco Gasolines, *Fire-Chief* or *SKY CHIEF*. H will give your motor needed protection w In- *sulated* Havoline, or Texaco Motor C He will clean that rain-blurred windshielc offer you the shelter and convenience of his egis- *tered* Rest Room, send you safely on yo way. Yes! Day or night... *You're Welcom* AT

**TEXACO DEALERS**

TUNE IN: "Millions for Defense" All Star Radio Program every Wednesday Night—Columbia Broadcasting System—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

when he told me to get out. gotten it till now. I never —"

ngered, she groped in the pocket acket, the jacket she had worn it. But it was empty. Nothing compact in the other pocket; of handkerchief; a bit of stiff per, last of all, pleated in tiny the match cover.

y flared a match over it. She k letters spring out: "Sam's Re- rking Place, North and Jeffer- o hours 25c. All day—"

get excited," McCoy said. "It be his, understand; some guy ve dropped it there. But if you taking a little ride—"

d his own car a half block away coupé that rattled them across ten minutes. The parking lot he corner, with only a few cars , and one dim light shining in len shack beside the entrance. Coy drew up there and honked, lack man ambled out through way.

's a guy comes in here," Mc- , "driving a Stevens—the big job. He's a guy my age— ark-haired. I want to find him."

moment big, solemn eyes t them.

vens, boss? There's a lot of e that car. I wouldn't—"

spoke, the slim figure vivid in nd. Last night even the uni- been dapper on him; in the then, in his own clothes—

a small man," she said. "I d dress very well. He wouldn't than your shoulder."

ack man scratched his head. ," he said, "that one, ma'am— n here two, three times a week, e one I think. I take care of I dunno him. Not his name."

icense plates," McCoy broke notice them?"

he numbers. We got no call hem down."

murmured something softly. a thought, it wouldn't happen as this. Not—

him," the black man said, vith one hand down the street, liner sometimes late—drinkin' ere when I'm goin' home. I out tonight; I ain't been down Ten minutes to my quittin'

oked at her watch. Ten to McCoy grunted, "Thanks," on half a block to the diner, spotless affair bedded in glit- . There were only four cars tside it: a roadster, two cabs, d yellow coupé.

evens," McCoy said, parking em. "But I guess he'd ditch ht. He'd want to play safe. 'd come back here, to a joint y knew him by face, if not by hey'd never look at him twice that's just what he wants. It's all right; but it's a chance sense to it. He'd show up , the same time as usual. He change anything at all."

t out with him. Then she nd whimpered like a child, "I gon, McCoy. If I saw him—"

u did," McCoy said, very we'd have the boy back in an

ked beside him, the muscles in jumping and quivering; she th him, down the long counter, ooths. His hand on her arm er strength; McCoy, McCoy, choed over and over in her

were five strangers at the three others in the booths. ey were sure of that McCoy wn at her white face.

"Here it is!" JOHN GROTH

"Go out to the car," he said gently. "I'm a clown to put you through this. I'll call the precinct now; they'll have men here, and at the parking station, from now on. I guess it's what I should have done before we started."

She obeyed numbly, looking back at him from the door. The phone booth was in the corner, behind the tables; through the glass upper half of it she could see his face tilted impatiently upward as he spoke. A long face, bony, solid, real. She thought, "He believed me; he made me a human being again. McCoy—"

She went out to the street, toward his coupé, toward a man in a gray hat and a natty gray topcoat who was just coming around from behind it. He didn't have the chauffeur's cap on tonight, but she didn't need that; she seemed to know him before she saw his face. When he saw her he stopped quickly, his hands moving down, his eyes racing to the diner window.

FOR a moment she stood frozen, her throat a rigid muscle through which no sound could force itself. Collins only needed that moment. In it he swung her around before him, his left arm across her waist, his right hand clamped over her mouth.

"Don't move," he breathed savagely, against her ear. "Don't try to squawk. Who told you I came here? Who's with you?"

There was no way then to warn McCoy. She thought of him, coming out in a moment, carelessly perhaps, no alertness in him. Her head shook once under the numbing pressure of the man's fingers. No one, she wanted to say; no one is with me.

He did not try to understand her. Clumsily, her body held like a shield across his own, he drew her back from the diner entrance. There was another car, his car, behind McCoy's now, a foot or two away from the curb, its motor still running. It was a dark roadster five or six years old—not the Stevens. McCoy had been right about that too —snub-nosed and powerful-looking in the length of its hood. One of its head lamps glared with light, while the other stared out blankly, like a dead white eye.

When they had reached the door his arm eased away from her waist. "I got a gun," he told her, in that hurried, deadly whisper. "I'll use it if you yell. Get in there—get in fast. Keep quiet and you won't get hurt."

In a moment he had forced her in before him, jackknifing his own small bulk behind the steering wheel instantly after. One hand jammed up the gear lever into reverse; the other wobbled an automatic at her across his thighs. They veered back fast to clear McCoy's coupé, then stopped, jerked and rocketed ahead; in a flash of time they were past the diner; the last thing she saw there was McCoy coming briskly down the three steps from the door.

A block on, against a red light, they roared into the boulevard, the river beside them now, the black bulky mass of Edison Park spreading away on their left. Watching the rear-view mirror, he drove very fast—so fast that she had a sudden wild hope of McCoy. Had he caught a glimpse of them when they passed? Did he follow them now in the coupé?

They rounded a turn, swaying over with the rush of their speed. There, before them, a narrow road shot off from the boulevard into the leafy darkness of the park. With a whine of brakes the roadster slanted toward that, until, in the crazy wobble of their single headlight, she saw the wooden trestle that barred it twenty feet in, and the truck, the heaped-up mounds of earth, that loomed ponderous and solid at its back. Collins saw the trestle too, just in time. They swung right again with a squeal of rubber, back to the wider road, straightened out and picked up speed once more.

She knew what the trestle meant. With the river on their right, they'd have to go all the way around the park now. The thought of McCoy would not down in her mind. Could he catch them on the straightaway in his little coupé? And even if he did—

Collins gave a satisfied grunt and took his eyes away from the mirror. "You've been smart," he said, the gun still pointed toward her. "Don't spoil it now. Don't try anything."

As he spoke his foot let up on the gas pedal, easing off the harsh, incessant whine of the motor into a steady purr. She understood why he had slowed the pace. There was no one behind them now. The car that had worried him must have turned off or stopped — sweethearts, she thought, parking on that dark road clear of traffic. McCoy back there still at the diner, looking for her, thinking—

She knew what he would be thinking —McCoy, the only one who had believed her. She did not open her eyes for a long time, not all the way around the great concrete road coiled like a hoop about the park. Not until they were past the last park exit, and had reached a straggling row of suburban houses.

There were no street lights here, no lamps shining from the curtained windows; the only car she saw was far ahead, a twin red blur of taillights. Collins followed it for half a mile, not drawing up on it, and slowing just beyond a crossroad. He turned in then, onto an overgrown driveway beside a small frame house that showed no glimpse of light. The single headlight clicked off; they rolled on gently into a wall of black that would be the yard.

THEY stopped. He got out before her, still holding the gun. Silently they went up wooden steps, through a door he unlocked, into a kitchen. Then through another doorway to a room lit dimly by an oil lamp, with a table in it, and a chair, and a cot by the wall.

Joel was on the cot, a small figure turning restlessly under the heavy coat thrown across it. She had him in her arms, the coat still wrapped around him, before she saw the other man in the room—a man older than Collins, taller, with a flabby unshaven face and a felt hat pulled down to his brows. For a moment Collins spoke to him in hurried, low tones by the door; while he did, the flabby man, thumbs hooked in his belt, stared at her across the shadowy room.

"She wasn't alone," he said. "She's

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PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania


lying to you." He pushed Collins aside and came around the table, into the faint glow of the lamp. His eyes were gray and cold, a blurred color paler than the stubble of beard that covered his cheeks.

"There was somebody with you," he said. "A cop, wasn't he? Somebody that followed you here?"

"Yes," she said. Could she frighten them? "Yes, there was. He knows where you are. He—"

"Does he?" the flabby man asked. "Does he, sister? Then figure out something in your head—figure out what's going to happen to you and the kid the minute he shows his nose."

Collins moved jerkily behind him.

"Ben," he said. "Listen, Ben—nobody followed us. I watched out for that in the mirror—"

THERE was a sound outside, a faint, thin wail. When it came Collins swung around, his right arm, outthrust and rigid, knocking over the chair by his side.

"If you make another sound I'll kill you," the flabby man said. He had not moved at all. His voice was venomous: "It's the kid next door yelling for his bottle. Did you call up Bannister? Did you find out when he'd have the money?"

"He's got it now, Ben. It's all set—he told me that."

"I got clothes upstairs," Ben said. "Get them together. Your stuff too. Don't miss anything. We'll pull out of here now before you got every stinking cop in the city on our heads. Go on."

"Yes," Collins said. "Yes, Ben." He slipped out quickly, while the flabby man went over to the shade and raised it an inch from the sill. Paula could see through it too—a lighted window next door, beyond it a corner of a kitchen, a woman there in a dressing gown, yawning, heating a bottle at the stove.

Joel whimpered sleepily into her shoulder, as if the wailing across there had roused him.

The flabby man was watching her, his eyes half lidded. "After we got the money," he said, "you and the kid'll be home in an hour."

She knew he was lying; what McCoy had said came back to her. Joel was safe, because he was too young to remember them. She—

Her thoughts went no further. She did not seem to matter now; all she felt was the small body in her arms. There were quick steps on the stairs, and Collins looked in from the kitchen.

"I got it, Ben—everything."

"Okay," Ben said. "Get out to the car and start it up. We'll be with you as soon as we hear the motor."

The blurred gray eyes never moved from her face. She had a sudden quiet thought while they watched her: would McCoy ever know? Or would he think the things the others would, that she had known the men here all the time, that she had slipped off to be with them, that they had killed her to be safe? She knew now the flabby man would kill her. He would take no chances. In the way he watched her there was no more pretense.

Next door the baby had stopped crying; it had the milk now. And the mother held it as she held Joel, smiling at it, feeling it rosy and warm in her arms. So near—so far away!

The starter ground outside. At the sound the flabby man hitched up his belt, so that briefly, against the cloth tight pressed across his thigh, she saw the bulge of his gun. She whispered in a very clear voice, "Don't hurt Joel. When you kill me—"

The flabby man looked away from her; he was not all iron. "Come on," he said, turning out the lamp, fading away from before her in the ward rush of the shadows. H her to hold the child; he wou her in this room, where peo hear. Somewhere else—a g out in the hills. And McCoy thought once that McCoy co fail her?—McCoy would lool her tomorrow, his eyes per rowed a bit, his mouth very Monahan might nudge him. tell you how it was?" Monal ask him. "Don't I know Didn't I try to show you—"

"Out here," Ben said. "G ter."

She went by him into the thinner darkness there, a va that would be Collins comin the steps. Something glitter hand—a gun. Was it Collins do it, here, before they left? of him touched her as someth an obscure surprise. Wait, sh say. I've got the boy here. first. Wait—

He didn't wait! The ragged made breathing came to her room. Then, for the first ti life, she heard a gun—a flat loud at all. She felt nothing. still in her arms. But it didn first. You never—

There was a crash behind looked back and saw the flabb his knees, beating a shatt against the door. His gun w floor at her feet, shining t kicked it away as he reached the darkness McCoy's face, took shape beside her, his a her shoulders.

"Here," McCoy said, in a half so easy as he tried to "Here now—you didn't think and lost me?"

She swayed against him, b solid, more comforting in th than an army with lights. nothing much else that she re for a while.

LATER—much later—she night to him at Bannister's told her how it had been they'd only started to rip up road back there at the Y, and knocked over the trestle and couple of hundred yards of getting past the mess. It ha right after that, though—h two miles through the park out ahead of them.

"He had only one headlight "Maybe you noticed that. I r at five miles an hour till I s up in my mirror. Then I ahead of him—it was the or could do. He'd never suspec ahead of him, and if I'd trie a race of it he'd have lost my miles. I kept him in sight till in, and then I swung around back. I was wrong on the hou —that's what kept me so lon get it right till the little guy and started the motor. I slug the yard—nice and quiet I gu I started in and met you and bird. He didn't spot me rig must have thought at first tha pal."

"Didn't I?" she asked, h catching in her throat. "But spoke, McCoy—when I saw y oh, I seemed to have known all the time, that you'd be w the end. It seemed then t been with me all my life."

He didn't say the obvious could have said; from the w her, grinning faintly, he just the sober wink again. She wa get into the little coupé; s worried. She knew already a girl always knew, that he' ing back.

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

own to Argentina, Colombia without even a minor mishap. have a program of 500 bomb- th, a great many of them four- nd where are we going to get ,000-hour airmen to fly them? just aren't, so that is why the used to sulk in their quarters ays are the happiest in the Air they need is 500 hours, a year of continuous duty as an ac- pilot, and the qualification of ilot of a multiengined bom- type airplane. To insure a w of multiengined bomber new Army schools giving in- in twin-engined ships have lished.

heretofore have had no way ing the amount of ice they ing at night except to esti- what was on the windshield. s are being installed in the elles to illuminate the lead- of the wings for ice inspec- th pilot and copilot. This ntil an indicator is developed pilot not only the amount of ing, but, more important, the ch it is piling up.

travel is superdeluxe and it e companies a lot of money passenger comfort and con- the form of hostesses and nen and food, and other little ich mount up. Obviously reflected somewhere in the e ticket. Without all these and with an airplane of less quipment than our current seems to be a possibility of of service being developed ely new public market. How- till in the talk stage.

Y and Navy pilots grow d obtain higher rank, they —oh, the fuselage is thicker e-off and high speed are re- mentally, those who con- as they did when young are still the same. You see, after day with your tactical is like the colonel doing the arms with his troops—he touch.

n General Arnold and Ad- rs, Chief of Naval Aviation, ontrols of their own planes, they receive no more consideration than that 35-hour civilian pilot putt-putting along, or that young ensign or lieutenant in a single-seater. In fact, enlisted men give them permission to get in the air —first at the weather desk and second from the control tower. And when those enlisted men say they can't take off or land just that minute, their word is final.

There's a difference in rank between the young and old in the air services for organizational purposes. Beyond that, they're all birds of a feather.

EVER been in an airplane when the rain came down in torrents? Ever worry? Well, our research experts of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics have, but from an entirely different viewpoint—the possible effect of an increase in drag and weight on the modern airliner sufficient to force it down or even to interfere seriously with its normal flight. So they made studies and have concluded that it is "highly unlikely" for an airplane to be forced down from moderate altitudes by the effects of heavy rain on the aerodynamic performance of the airplane.

Next time, let it rain and forget it!

THE government has begun negotiations with a certain West Coast glider manufacturer for the design of troop-carrying gliders to be towed by Air Corps planes.

TO GO after more performance in an airplane usually costs something, assuming, of course, that the ship is so aerodynamically perfect that there are no built-in headwinds or other useless things to eliminate. There is one way of getting something pretty much for nothing—moving your best performance at your best altitude up another thousand feet or two, which is what everybody wants—all through the design and location of the carburetor air intake. You've seen these pipes sticking up out of engines, some crude, some highly streamlined. Well, by careful design and placement of this air scoop in the slip stream, the air can be rammed down into the carburetor at a much higher pressure so you can operate at higher altitude without sacrificing power. This might help to clear up that double-talk you overheard when the man said he got 2,000 feet of ram out of his new scoop.

F. R. N.

**And remember, if at first you don't succeed, never mind"**

LAWRENCE LARIAR

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There's no other dog in the world exactly like this. He is a champion ... a Collie that cannot be duplicated.

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THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

# Yankee Wings in Britain

Continued from page 13

machine tools in his factory, he himself can do the job done by every one of his employees. I told him I'd like to walk around the plant. "Sure," he said cheerily, "I'll go around with you."

Being a reporter is sometimes very hard on the feet, but the walk was well worth it and, for an American, an exciting experience. There is a certain glamor and a tenseness about a wartime factory that is lacking in the ordinary peacetime commercial plant. At present only the Flying Fortresses and the larger bombers are flown from America. The fighting planes and dive bombers are crated and shipped across. One of the marvels of the industrial age—according to the factory boss—is the way the packing is done back in Buffalo or Long Island or California.

"Airplanes have been coming here for nearly a year," the boss explained, "and we haven't had one case of damage through faulty packing. When we unpack the airplanes we find a very good use for the crates."

He led me through the barracks where men who are on duty twenty-four hours a day do their sleeping. They were neat, long barracks, looking a bit self-conscious in their camouflage war paint. They could sleep five hundred and in addition there was a recreation room.

"All made from the crates sent over from America," the boss explained. "Wood is none too plentiful. We don't believe in waste around here. Anything that comes from America is too precious not to use." As we walked out of the barracks a sudden roar broke the silence of the quiet summer day. Instinctively I looked up and prepared to duck. But these weren't Jerry bombers. Two hundred yards away were four "test beds." In them four Allison motors were being tested. The throaty roar of them filled the air.

The Allison, which is made in Indianapolis, goes into the Tomahawk, the Lockheed fighter and the Bell Airacobra. They arrive almost entirely assembled. Then they are put in the "test bed" for an hour. American engine experts listen to the sound of these giants and adjust them to top-notch performance.

### These Motors Stand Up

"It is seldom we find anything wrong with them," the boss man explained. "Come into this shed and I'll show you something interesting."

Hundreds of machine parts were lined up on a large working bench. Two men were inspecting the various parts and testing them on strange-looking machines.

"This is an Allison motor," the boss explained. "It has just flown one hundred and thirty hours. We have taken it entirely apart in an effort to discover if it had any structural weakness."

"Did you find any?"

One of the mechanics waved toward the bench. "Look for yourself. We're just cleaning it all up and then putting it back together. In a few days it'll be ready to fly an airplane."

The next shop we visited looked like a university laboratory. Motors were mounted on heavy wooden platforms. In addition to Allisons there were the Pratt & Whitney motor from East Hartford, Conn., and the Wright Cyclone with Paterson, New Jersey, on its rump. There was a blackboard at the end of the room. "This is our school for ground crews," the factory manager said; he was obviously proud of this shed. "All motors are more or less fundamentally alike but all have minor and a few have major differences. Each week we bring a hundred or so men from combat airports. They are the mechanics who take care of the airplanes. They do all minor repairs right there at their front-line airdromes. Often they have to work in the dark. It is essential that they know every bit of every motor so they can almost repair them by a touch system. After a week here they know just about all there is to be known about these motors. We have American technical experts here to help train our instructors. Those Americans know their motors. I wish we had twice as many of them here but I suppose with stepped-up production they are needed at home."

We walked into the largest shed of all, a huge, low-ceilinged wooden factory. War production factories are built as close to the ground as possible. High buildings throw shadows, which stand out sharply from the air. That's why so many cathedrals in England have been hit. From the air only a large shadow can be seen and the German bomber, thinking he has found a big factory, lets go. England can spare cathedrals more than she can factories so there has been no indignation in regard to the bombing of even the most venerable church edifices. This implies no disrespect. It is merely common sense. "Every time an American aircraft is shot down over England," the boss explained, "it is sent to us here. No matter how badly damaged it is we always manage to salvage some parts."

The wrecks of a dozen airplanes lay disconsolately on the factory floor. Ugly, gaping holes in the fuselages; broken wings and drooping rudders; broken noses and smashed undercarriages—everything was inspected, tested and, if found to be in good working order, brought to the other end of this remarkable industrial hospital. At this end a dozen slightly wounded airplanes rested. They needed a few new parts which had been shot away. One big Douglas Havoc had sixty bullet holes in its fuselage and its cowling was badly dented. Just under the "greenhouse," where the pilot lives, there were painted eight small black swastikas; evidence that this proud airplane had done valiant service for Britain.

"With parts salvaged from those wrecks we'll have this airplane in the air by tomorrow and she'll be fighting the day after," he explained.

A third large shed told its own interesting story.

Here were fifteen of the Douglas Havocs. They arrive in England equipped according to their specifications as day fighters. However, the Havoc has had such a success as a night marauder that most of them are immediately modified for night use. In all sixty-five modifications, none major, are necessary. These changes nearly all come in the hush-hush category. Typical of the changes which must be made is the one very obvious one—the airplane must be blacked out, flame dampeners are put over the exhaust pipes. The Havocs are painted black and so successfully are they blacked-out that ten seconds after one takes off you lose all sight of it even on a fairly light night. I have seen this at night-fighter airdromes.

The Havoc arrives at this factory looking rather gay in its day camouflage—it leaves looking sinister in its black paint. When modifications are made, the night-fighter Havoc is one of the best armed fighter airplanes in the world. No German plane, how heavily armored, can st a moment against the firin this flying arsenal.

Another low building hous chine shop. After 240 flyi motor is given a major over hundred men and women we here, and I mean working. T with a strange intentness. no careless workers just goi the motions of their job. performing delicate mechan and it was evident they took seriously.

"They don't look as if many mistakes," I said to th

He pointed grimly to a lar hung from a wall. It read i letters: "Faulty work or a mistake may cost a brave m

"Until eight months ago, chuckled, "these fellows w mechanics who had never see more than a hundred-horsepo We trained them and now their way around the bigges motors we have.

The girls? Some were some shopgirls, some were ask one." A serious-looking was bending over an odd-lo chine. I noticed the stamp " Iowa," on it. Her quick, deft moving even as she talked asked her what she was doi looked pityingly at me.

"Grinding valves, of co snapped, "anybody can see th

"How is that machine?"

"All American machine good," she said proudly.

### A Valve to Beat Hi

She might have been a nati City instead of Leeds. Sh she had formerly worked in a ing factory.

Did she like this job bette do you think?" she said "Every time I grind a valve to beat Hitler. That's all I I once had a family in Leeds

She bent over her machine we walked away. The airp was huge, one of the largest It had to be large. Two-way on all day and all night. came from America, stop breathing spell and then wen bat. We watched ferry pilot in Mohawks and Tomah Havocs and Bostons and these, a Flying Fortress circl gracefully and set down as lightly as a gull lighting on a wood. The crew climbed stretched themselves. The a Canadian, came over and s with the factory manager. you some newspapers," he ing him a bundle. The b the bundle and handed me was a Montreal newspaper. is yesterday's paper," I sa "That's right," the boss laugh did you think that airplane c Vichy?"

I opened the paper and s Brooklyn Dodgers were a g half out of first place.

The pilot of the big airp talked about baseball and it a bit incongruous to stand t baseball, surrounded by An planes flanked by big fact with American machinery. the pilot was a fool. He ac to convince me that Cincin beat out my Dodgers for t

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

# Three Loves Has She

Continued from page 16

le ınd Gramps. Gramps is her f her and hence her grand- ıd ıe calls him Dad and backs ni hobbies. She also backed Fr in a roller rink. To keep e ing, she bought tickets for ie s and sent them down. The on were that Fred was never ld ıe truth. But the auditors l l cille the truth.

oi was broke," says Lucille, b vildered. "The only money k in was what I was send-

ot occasion she took up ten- ( ıger Rogers, paid the in- fo en lessons, took only two ar quit. Two years later the r me around to the studio h was in great trouble. Lu- t ew sympathetic tears and ou 500, hoping the gentleman f insulted.

on personal-appearance tour o ady made out a horoscope le d refused to take payment A ar later she turned up in od ınd Lucille immediately he bought a chicken farm and h

sh vasn't picking up waifs, she ir stray dogs that wandered li On the theory that good ay ad friends, she specialized , i ariably having a couple of sa les around the house.

nu on looks," Lucille used to bu ook at that sad and beau- ."

### uc Makes the Grade

m ıtime she was getting for- h h career, doing a good stint D r, getting another type of D ce, Girl, Dance and then owi the boys with her job in G and a Gob. That took her ok 'ho's Talking, where she n fıting for her life against ne s alers as Charlie McCarthy ber McGee and Molly. Her m exciting for an ex-chorus to b with Charles Laughton in th Thin Wall. In brief, the aki the grade and the future rig

hat ettled she has been busily n ho e for Desi, the Cuban flash de h first American success in y G ls and is now being primed orta musical roles at RKO.

For her honeymoon Lucille accompanied Desi to Florida last winter where he was filling night-club engagements. They worried about that because it seemed pretty certain that she would be in Hollywood and he would spend most of his time with his band on tour—but the RKO contract for Arnaz solved that.

But with all her adoration she also has her sense of balance about Desi, as was proved on a trip to northern Michigan last winter. M. Arnaz, as an amateur photographer, was snapping everything in sight. When Lucille was going through the finished product, she pulled out one scene of a lake surrounded by a sad line of trees and said:

"That's my Desi. Tops in everything. There is the *dullest* picture ever taken by a citizen of this continent!"

They were spending the spring hunting for a house, finally deciding on a four-acre farm in San Fernando Valley and running around in amazement at the thought that anything like that could happen to them. For their housewarming present, they made everybody bring a tree. When it came to stocking the ranch with chickens, Lucille ended up by buying a hundred of the finest instead of the dozen she wanted.

She has been bolstering up her confidence lately by insisting that she is a great comedienne and the fact that she had achieved stardom after a pretty hard climb gave her a sense of importance, but her maid Harriet brought a degree of balance into the proposition by a remark made during one of Lucille's personal-appearance tours. She had arrived in town just before the show went on, had little time to rehearse and enjoyed the services of the house manager acting for the first time as a master of ceremonies. He had killed a couple of good gags because he missed the timing, forgot his cues and suffered rather grievously from stage fright. Lucille came into the wings boiling mad.

Miss Ball was bristling all over like a wet hen, taking her own nervousness and fright out on him and mumbling under her breath about conditions in general, when Harriet threw her wrap over her shoulder and whispered in her ear:

"You know, Miss Ball, you loused it up a little, too."

This is what makes it so interesting in Hollywood when you fight your way up from the depths. Reverence? No reverence.

**A co le of your tanks cut across my cornfield and ruined it, so I igur we'll be about even after I plow up your parade ground!"**

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN


# "I lost my heart to a Railroad

*You'll lose your heart, too*—when you sink into that cozy reclining chair, relax in air-conditioned comfort, sample the cooking, and enjoy the thousand and one little extras New York Central gives you—all for 2¢ a mile. Don't forget that New York Central has lots of trains connecting the West and East.

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# NEW YORK CENTRAL

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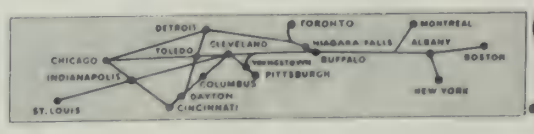


# Soldiers and Sin

## By Jim Marshall

### WHY THERE ARE NO PHOTOGRAPHS WITH THIS ARTICLE

**You'd expect this piece to be illustrated by photographs of hostesses, bars, plug-uglies and soldiers. We started out blithely enough by sending Staff Photographer Ilor Thomas to Phenix City, Alabama. Military Police were to go with him to the joints and see that he was unmolested while making the shots. But at the last minute the Military Police backed out. Said they couldn't go. "Influence" had reached them.**

**Later a medical officer in uniform volunteered to take Thomas around in his car, but armed men denied them entrance to the resorts with their paraphernalia. One group outside a place run by an ex-police chief of the town thought Thomas had actually taken a picture of their dive for they pursued the car down the road, drew ahead and forced the medical officer to stop. Two toughs with guns drawn opened the door of the Army car and demanded the camera. The officer and Thomas were armed, drew their own guns and ordered the men to clear out. The surprised thugs obeyed.**

**Mr. Thomas made detailed color sketches of some of the Phenix City resorts and from them Artist Hardie Gramatky made these drawings.**

THIS piece gets pretty f
If you shock easily, b
It is about our new Ar
is called "vice." It tries to
about what the soldier is
what the Army is doing a
civilians and their churche
zations are helping. It ans
as it may, questions askec
fathers, other relatives a
boys in the service.

A good many headlines
announced that "vice
around Army posts. This
ably meaningless phrase,
people agree what vice is,
tionary gives eight meanir
pant." If the headline m
prostitution, gambling a
going on near Army posts.
If it implies that most
drunken, immoral bums,
If it leaves the impression
in cities and towns near ca
chiefs, are indifferent to co
is untrue, too.

If you inquire around
Army circles as to where t
ditions exist, chances are
City, Alabama, will be ne
the list. So we will go do
and have a look at things a
fact, and not as gossip and
them.

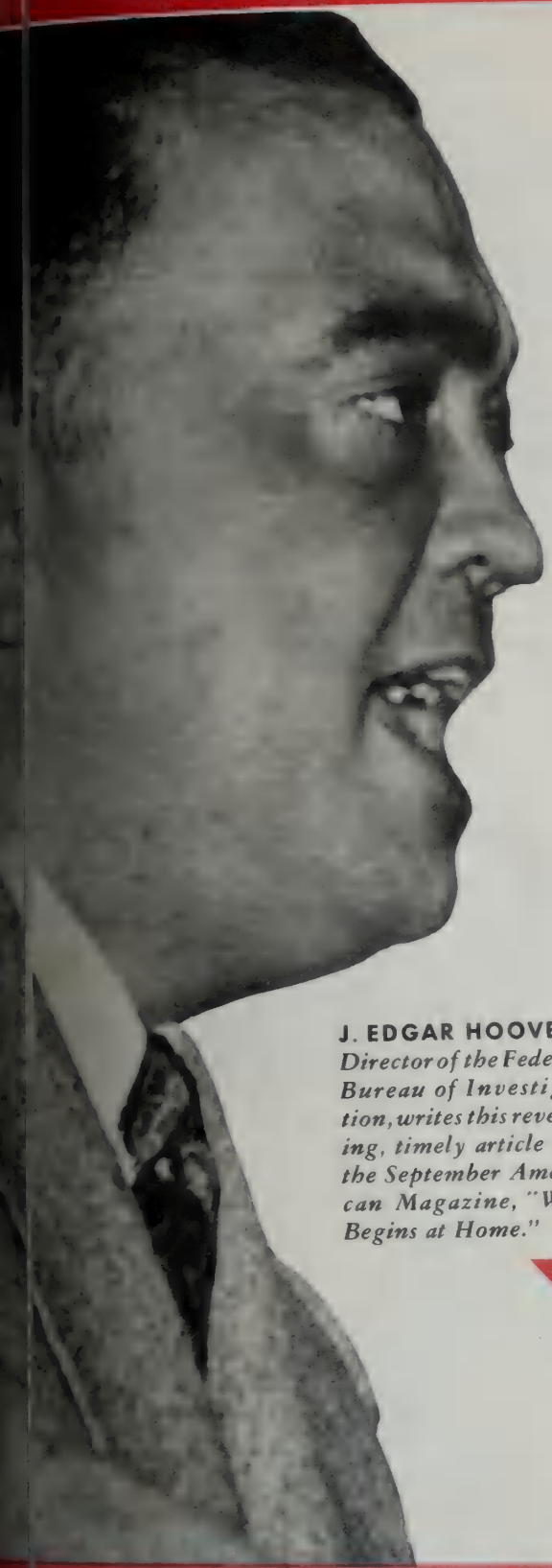
Near the western bor
Georgia is Fort Benning,
fast-expanding Army post
hills and piney woods, par
where, a few months ago,
fields and corn patches.
Fort Benning was mainly
Infantry School, to which
for training. The school s
but fifty thousand recruits
have poured in to make
section of a vast camp—
tank gunners, mechanics,
medical corps men, artiller
varied tradesmen of sudde
modern army must have.

Soldiers off duty always
nearest city to find what
the way of relaxation and
From Benning the boys t
miles to two cities: Colum
and Phenix, Alabama. C
Muscogee County; Phenix
County, across the Chattah
which is the state line. In
ties, including the cities,
a hundred thousand peo
fewer. Perhaps 75,000
whites.

A year ago the amus
and restaurant facilities
and Phenix were sufficien
of the population. Sudde
lation began to grow—fe
ously. Rents went sky-hig
who had to pay them gre
profiteering. The rank an
into town on pay night
whelmed the place. All
tions developed. For insta
Northern soldiers, who kn
started friendships with
and tried to take them int
ters and restaurants. Th
Southern convention did
though Southern boys in t
straightened out things, of
tically. For a while ther
best of feeling between Ar
ians—in fact, today, the
where soldier trade is no
wanted.

Columbus is a bright, pr
ton-mill city, with broa
good stores and a typical
mosphere. It has a norm
political graft and inefficie
there is a law against s
you can walk in and be
right over the bar, with a
by outside. But there's n
about that.

(Continued on pa 56)



J. EDGAR HOOVER, *Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, writes this revealing, timely article for the September American Magazine, "War Begins at Home."*

# "WAR BEGINS *at home*"

If you are engaged in any kind of defense work, Hitler has your number—your name, your job, your racial sympathies and background. He knows what pressure, if any, can be applied to you, and how to turn the screws.

Our factories, railroads, ships, fighting planes and bombers are all on Hitler's list—doomed if he can destroy them. Here, for the first time, the Director of G-Men exposes the clever new methods and the deadly new weapons ready in the hands of organized enemy spies and saboteurs.

It is an amazing, exciting story. It would be incredible, even in these incredible times, if it didn't come from the Chief G-Man himself. He wrote it not only to warn you of the real and imminent dangers of a blitzkrieg in America by enemies behind our doors; but also to put you on your guard against the false, misleading rumors so heedlessly (or maliciously) spread about our country today.

Don't miss "War Begins at Home" by J. Edgar Hoover, in the September American Magazine, now on sale at your nearest newsstand.

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**CAN NAZIS TAKE GIBRALTAR?** A first-hand answer from the famous young broadcaster Helen Hiett, one of the few reporters who have ever penetrated the world's mightiest fortress.

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IRON GLUE
AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH


# Kenai Guide

Continued from page 19

before them, beating its chest, Andy turned to his companion for approval. The photographer, evincing a sudden total lack of interest in the proceedings, had sunk down on the ground, his face bright green. "I got to go back to camp," he moaned. "I just swallowed my plug of tobacco."

On the other hand, Andy insists it is purely a coincidence that the sportsmen he guides invariably bring back such magnificent pelts. "All I do," he says, dragging soberly on his pipe, "is just find out where the bears are hibernating, and go up to their dens and turn 'em over two or three times during the winter, so's they won't wear out their fur sleeping on one side . . ."

Andy knows human nature, too. That's part of his job as a guide. He knows it back and forth, across and sideways and upside down. For nowhere is human nature more cussed human than after it has been bitten by a swarm of Kenai mosquitoes, or worn a blister inside its boots, or fallen into an icy glacial stream, or spent a night siwashing in the rain.

Jim Jeffries, for instance. Andy took him sheep hunting once, back in the days when he was heavyweight king; but Jim soon discovered that an Alaskan sheep trail is very different from a level training-camp track. He collapsed in the middle of the hunt, and refused to go any farther. Now, halfway up a bare mountainside, with a storm coming on, is no place to spend the night; but arguments and pleas were of no avail. Andy resorted to a desperate measure. "You big stuffed shirt," he howled suddenly at the heavyweight champion of the world, doubling his fists and dancing up and down, "you couldn't lick your upper lip." Jim rose with a roar like an angry bear. Andy shadowboxed nimbly up the trail just ahead of him, calling rich Scandinavian insults and feinting and ducking as he lured him the remaining way to camp.

"We're both fast friends today," Andy adds thoughtfully, "only I'm still a little faster."

### And Never Mind the Doctor

But the elderly New York banker he guided a couple of years ago presented a different problem. He was a frail and timid little hypochondriac, the harried victim of Park Avenue physicians and neurologists and specialists, but something about him touched Andy's heart. They sat smoking together by the campfire late one night. "All my life," the old man confessed wistfully, "I always dreamed of coming to Alaska and getting a mountain sheep, but . . ." He sighed. "I waited too long, that's all. Doctors say I can't stand any steep climbs. The old ticker, you know," resignedly. "So I'll have to be satisfied with getting a moose."

Andy sucked his pipe and nodded in silence. There was a heavy fog next morning: so heavy that they could barely see the trail in front of them as they walked. They walked for several hours, and at last they sat down to rest. While they were sitting there, the fog began to lift, the clouds parted, the old man sat forward suddenly with an exclamation. Then his eyes fogged for a moment; because some five hundred feet below him, within easy rifle range of the mountain ledge on which they had halted, were seven magnificent rams. Andy avoided his glance. "I don't believe it'll hurt your heart any," he murmured, "walking back downhill. . . ."

Your experienced guide has little ways of sizing you up, at the outset of a trip; certain things which he observes about you instantly, and which tell him what he has to know, for your safety and his own. You do not realize it, of course; but his blue eyes are boring through you, as he greets you on the dock when your boat arrives at the Seward wharf, and he is noting at a glance whether you have brought ten times too much duffel, whether your boots already show signs of rough wear, whether you're in shape to stand the gaff, or must be hardened to it gradually, and in particular what rifles and camera equipment you own. The sight of a 30.06 usually makes Andy feel more comfortable.

He watches you narrowly as you glance over the sample grub list he has prepared for your approval: are you fussy, inclined to criticize, inexperienced in making out on the trail? Usually, the first day out, he persuades you to indulge in a little target practice around camp—"just to check your rifle, and see if the sights are lined up right." It is highly important for him to know how good a shot you are, whether it will be necessary to back you up with a second rifle at crucial moments.

A guide's work starts long before you show up on the scene. Once you have contacted him—this is done best, if you are planning a hunt in Alaska, by writing direct to the Alaska Game Commission at Juneau, an impartial organization which will put you in touch with the proper guides for the particular kind of game you desire to hunt—he starts making arrangements for your trip. Weeks and months before you are due, he scouts by plane the country you are planning to hunt, locating the range of a band of sheep, perhaps, or spotting moose and brown bear. In order to save you time, he may send in a pack train with wranglers and cooks and tents, as much as six weeks ahead, so that camp will be set up and everything ready.

He divides up the Kenai carefully with his fellow guides in order to avoid having another party cross your trail and interfere with your hunt. He corresponds with you, answers your questions, advises you what to bring—proper clothing, sleeping bag, rifle. He is there when your boat arrives: a quiet, stocky figure in heavy shirt and boots and curved pipe, hand extended, grinning: "Glad to meet you. Pile your duffel in back, we'll start right away. No need wasting any time in town. I got everything ready . . ."

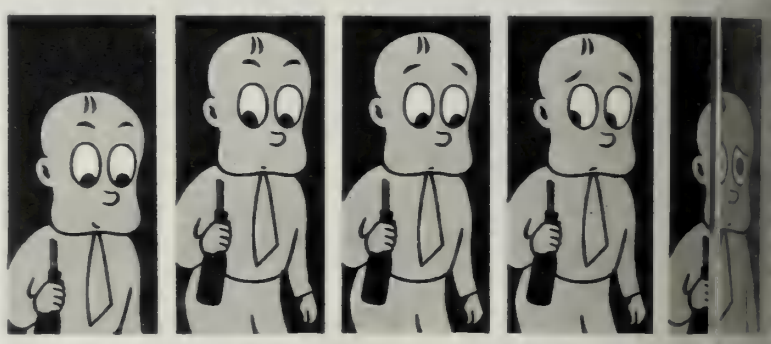
Which, to a sportsman, are probably the sweetest words in the world.

There is only one thing that rouses Andy out of his usual calm; and that is the future of the Kenai. Like most guides, Andy is at heart a sound conservationist. And he feels that the future of the Kenai is really dark, unless proper protection is provided at once. "Not just for my ow had my share of enjoying about the others, the young growing up and who wil some day for one last unspo big game? Once the Kena once we've let it go, we'll r to bring it back. And it's reaches into the fire for a c

### Roads and Game Do Mix

With the point of the st a rough outline of the Ken in the dirt. He scratches across the center.

"That's an automobile want to build it right throu They use the old stall of fense. Well . . . if it happe end of your game." He and smaller lines back and the map. "And those are know what trails do to a g Take Crescent Lake here." stick into a point on the m used to be a flock of two hu tain sheep, a couple of yea



Double Play

Forest Service built a nic the lake, and now they're other." He shrugs. "And t of the sheep.

"And now they're talki tion again. For years the and for years they've faile in Kenai village in 1891— as The Year the Bull Fe Well—the government tri lish a farm colony there They've been pouring mo Kenai, off and on, ever si ways failed. The Kenai meant for farming. But sti come here, and the first thi get a hunting license, so t free meat to eat." He sha "Now, maybe a moose is most a hundred dollars as a sportsman with a gun spending his money in each moose on the Kenai is thousand dollars to Alaska "That isn't good business."

Andy flips the stick of w fire. It lands with a show and shadows shift across h

"The game's been goin says, "going down for fift little at a time. I can see t If it keeps on, some day t be as bare as Iowa." He s "There's only one way to s the whole Kenai withdraw ernment and set aside a game area. Then we can game, under proper contr same time we can increa future. We want to kee what it is: the finest recr in North America, the onl kind. But we've got to ac it's too late."

# Dina Cashman

Continued from page 17

ave a chance?" Andy, tall and l burned of skin, his hands nto the pockets of his big coat, ing her.

ever thought of it," she said, or in her face. "I never—I ught anyone like you—as nice "

ce, while they stared at each

te," Dina said nervously then. will be waiting. We'll have to

ly three blocks, but all steep." ed up at the most formidable city's hills. "Here, we'll grab

id not speak again. But in the slipped her gloved hand into e held it tightly.

inutes later Dina went into the g room of the hotel and busied ith powder, lip-red, pocket e took off her hat and seated a mirror; pushed her damp- into smooth rings and waves, miracles about her eyes and owder puff and lipstick. Then up and covered her face with ds and whispered, "Andy, dy!" with her eyes closed, and hat never was on land or sea e.

she went out into the great yer she bought herself a cor- reamy gardenias and pinned he brown fur of her coat. She finished this operation when me in at the revolving door, walked toward each other,

y ought to look as fresh and November as you do, Dina!" ght at his hand; they went lining room and took a table h windows that command the tch of the bay.

bought myself some gardenias," said glowing.

s a ward of virtue for letting Lane you."

s a ticker-upper for having missed completely. It was only to be about minutes, Rogers," Dina pleaded in defense, "and I can go in before the photo, if you like. I telephoned his ar she said it would be all right." But at were you doing?" He was conscious of admiring glances for her beauty from the tables all about, but Dina was unaware of them.

"Well, I got Margaret's dresses. I got only four because she grows so fast. And then I sent flowers to Mrs. Pierce and telephoned Miss Hoey about Vera—remember the waitress who wanted a reference? And then I sneaked in to see my picture. I'm ashamed to say it sort of fascinates me."

"Many there?"

"Nobody at all except Andy, talking to Mr. La Motte. But he said there are crowds every afternoon." His name set bells ringing in her heart; she turned her attention to her salad.

"And how did it look?"

"Lovely. And then, before I left," Dina said, after a pause, "Caroline came in—with Vere."

"With Vere!"

"Yes," Dina said with an anxious little frown. She did not meet his eyes.

"You've not seen him before?"

"Oh, no. I knew he was here; the paper said so. But I thought he might be going south as he did last year."

"What possessed them to come into the gallery?"

"Caroline said he wanted to see the pictures."

"I see. Talk?"

"Just a minute. Andy spoke to Caroline and Vere asked me how I was, or said he heard I had been sick—or something, I don't remember."

"Isn't it just as well you met him?"

"I suppose so."

"Did he say anything about seeing you again?"

"No. But he mentioned that there was something he wanted to speak to me about."

"What'd you say?"

"I talked about one of the pictures—Morning Trio. He was down at Palm Springs when Andy was painting it."

"A-hah? How'd you feel?" Rogers asked the question after a moment during which he had proceeded vigorously with his lunch.

"Awful. As if I was going to faint. And then as if—as if it somehow didn't matter. I mean as if it had all happened to someone else long ago. I wanted to get away; I couldn't say anything and I couldn't think clearly. But not—not the way it was at first."

"This was in the gallery?"

"Yes. And it only lasted a minute. And then we went up to Chinatown."

"You and Vere?"

"Oh, no. Andy." Again the wave of dizziness enveloped her and for a second her senses swam. "Oh, and Rogers," she said, leaning toward him, her blue eyes very serious, "Aline has left him."

"Left *Andy!*"

"Sunday. He says she's been talking of it for some time."

"What's she framing up now?" Rogers said, as if to himself. He was silent a moment, folding a lump of butter into a bun, disposing of half of it at one bite. He picked up his coffee cup, drained it, set it down again.

"He's serious, I suppose?" he asked quietly.

"He said *she* was."

"H'm!"

"You saw her only a few days ago. Didn't she say anything?"

"She talked vaguely about it. Nothing definite. Where d'you suppose she is now?"

"She went to Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Pierce's daughter. Andy says they're thinking of going to Honolulu."

THE man was silent for a few moments. Then he said:

"She told me she was thinking of it as long ago as July. But she's always said she'd not do anything to hurt Andy. Well, I guess it had to come. Poor Aline! She'll be criticized for this. I don't know but what it's the honest way out. Did he seem broken up?"

"No." Another burst of skyrockets in her heart. "Perhaps he knew it was coming, too," Dina offered.

He pulled out his watch.

"Symphony," he said briefly. "Come along! Andy may come in late to the box this afternoon, by the way. I met Meg Brown—she was hurrying along Post Street with Billy Salter and Bill happened to mention that Meg had asked permission to invite him. She and her mother are running that Christmas charity affair and they want him to donate one of his canvases. They've got a gall, if you ask me!"

Andy might be in the box this afternoon! Dina heard nothing else for fully five minutes, and later when she found herself in the gracious great half-circle of boxes in the opera house, with the lights dimmed, and the rustle of frocks and murmur of voices silenced for the beginning of the music, her one thought was consciousness that at any minute he might slip into one of the empty chairs behind her. She would see him again today! She would hear his voice!

It was like discovering a sixth sense, this thought of him. It was an emotion so powerful that all other sensations and emotions were sublimated by it. She could think of nothing but Andy, and she had no desire to think of anything else. She knew now that for a long time he had played an all-important part in her life. There was nothing new in today's situation; what was new was her discovery of it, her realization of it.

Presently there was a whispered monosyllable to Rogers, in the back of the box, and a man took the chair directly behind her. Instantly there was complete silence and immobility again; but she had heard the "Sorry!" and she knew the voice. She need not turn her head. Nothing could rob her now of a few minutes' talk with him during the intermission.

But when the music had risen to a magnificent finale and the house was filled with the noise of enthusiastic

**"I'll say he's generous! He gave me a blank check and let me sign it myself"** BEN ROTH

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clapping, she turned to find the chair behind her empty. Everyone was drifting into the corridor behind the boxes now, and Andy was gone; Meg Brown and Billy Salter had gone, too; only Rogers sat, still rapt, in his chair; his hands automatically clapping and his eyes blinking tears.

"Oh, that was beautiful!"

"Wasn't it!"

But she felt blank, bewildered and bitterly disappointed. As he rose she stooped to drop her purse and program on her chair and they went out together.

The wide corridor was filled with drifting couples and groups; the air was sweet with perfumes and the scent of violets and gardenias; women in furs were standing chatting; youngsters were elbowing their way through the press in a mad search for friends; the broad stairs were a river of figures ascending and descending. Dina's eyes found Andy at once.

HE WAS leaning against the wall deep in conversation with a long-haired, stout, foreign-looking little man who, from his constant glances at the program he held and the gestures of his hand, was evidently analyzing the interpretation of the symphony they had just heard. Andy's expression was one of indulgent amusement. He saw Dina and waved, but he did not interrupt his talk, and with a sinking heart she strolled beside Rogers among the shifting groups.

"You're coming up to us for cocktails; Vanucelli is going to be there!" said Mrs. Hunter Jackson.

"Not tonight, I'm afraid. Dina mustn't use up her strength too fast," Rogers answered; "we've got to get back to the country."

"And to that baby. I hear she's adorable," Mrs. Jackson said. "I've just been asking Vere what he thinks of his new aunty," she added, laughing.

"Is Vere here?" Rogers asked.

"Yes, he's with the Livermores. What's he going to do, Rogers? From something Aline said I guessed he failed to pass his bar exams again. Isn't that awful? I should think Van would be wild. Listen, Rogers," she added, "I saw Ethel Rutherford at the club this morning, and she said—"

She drew him aside; Dina heard the warning bell, went swiftly back to the box. Andy might be there!

But he was not. She settled herself in her seat; Meg Brown and Billy Salter came hurrying in; the orchestra was already in place, awaiting the conductor's entrance. Andy did not return.

"Have you heard of any trouble between Aline and Andy, Dina?" murmured Meg Brown, her lips at Dina's ear.

Dina half turned. Their eyes met in the dark.

"I did hear she had left him."

"Everyone's buzzing about it," Meg Brown said. "If it's true, I think it's outrageous. I thought there was something queer when he came in; he looked—different, somehow. He said he couldn't stay except for that one number; he's catching a plane, I think. I don't blame *him!* I don't know what Aline thinks she is, playing fast and loose with men this way."

The baton tapped. An instant hush fell over the house. Dina stared ahead blindly, sick at heart.

THREE days later she and the baby were in the library enjoying a late afternoon scramble. Margaret was on a rug; Dina had been encouraging her to turn over, but Margaret made only half-hearted efforts and returned comfortably to a stomach position on all fours.

"You're lazy. You have no ambition," Dina told her. Hearing a step in the doorway she turned from her sitting position, to smile over her shoulder. "Rogers," she said, "she all *but* does it, and then she welshes on it—"

She stopped. The man who had come into the room was not Rogers but Vere.

Dina scrambled to her feet, catching up the baby.

"Lily," she said to the maid who had ushered Vere in, "take her up to Ida, will you?" She caught up the blanket rug, folded it, and put it over Lily's free arm. Her face was pale and her voice cold as she added: "Sit down, won't you, Vere? Rogers ought to be here any minute."

Vere had watched the baby out of sight. Now he turned, took the fireside chair she had indicated and spoke hesitatingly:

"I wanted to see you."

Dina, seated opposite him, made no answer. She had known that they must see each other sooner or later; she had dreaded unspeakably what must be said.

"Will you let me talk to you for a few minutes?" Vere began.

"Oh, yes," Dina answered simply, clearing her throat.

"I've been saying this to you in my mind for almost a year, since I went away," he said. "I couldn't write it. I tried to write it and tore everything up. I suppose what I wanted to say—and what I'm trying to say now—is that I'm *terribly* sorry! I acted like a—oh, well, a rotter! I didn't want to believe what they told me, and mother assured me it wasn't true. Father backed her up. They said you were trying to hang something on me; they said lots of fellows got into similar scrapes—you know what I mean—"

"Yes. I know what you mean," Dina said thoughtfully. Her mother's squalid kitchen in winter darkness and rain, her own young body sick and cold and weak, her nineteen-year-old heart burdened with the heaviest fears a woman ever knows—this was her share of the "scrape!"

"I'd be awfully glad if you could say you'd forgive me, seeing it's all turned out okay, and that you married Uncle Rogers," Vere was saying.

"Mother was wild when you married Uncle Rogers," he went on. laugh, trying to get over the ment. "I was always a fav him—Mimi and I are the on the family—and he always when I got married he'd see started—and he used to hav a couple of hundred now an

He floundered, explanatory attempting to carry her along stopping short.

"As far as forgiveness go said, "there needn't be any c that. When that sort of thin one person is just as much to the other. I've always felt ended, in an undertone, as if to herself.

"Lord, you're generous!" But something in his appreci lacking, something had gone isn't as if—" he went on unco "it isn't as if that sort of th happening all the time."

"So much has happened th seem any use discussing it," "It's as if it all had happe years ago. Your uncle has be good to me."

"Well, everyone says he's and Lord, he certainly seems Vere said. "And hardly anyb anything—I mean anything and me," he went on eagerly. my father and mother aren't anxious to talk about it. Mot laughed. "—Mother still about Uncle Rogers marryin said, "you can see that she whole thing was a sort of And now that you—that ever you so much, and Andy H painted your picture and eve

A SILENCE. Dina looked "You're certainly pret ever!" Vere said, with an av tempt at lightness.

To this she did not even eyes, nor change the grave of her face.

"I'm glad you came to say t she presently said; "it doesn't right, maybe, but I'm glad just the same."

"I didn't—I didn't know

**"I intended to bring a basket of peaches. That would give you something to go by"**

ere stammered. "You don't
: it means to me to be friends
you."
at," Dina countered with a
ok. "We needn't hate each
you and I—we mustn't see
—I don't want that—"
day maybe you'll take that
said, trying for his old con-

silence. Vere cleared his
peak; said nothing.
uld I have a drink?" he broke
ly, as if the solemn quiet of
y big room was affecting his

til your uncle comes." She
ss here, this twenty-year-old
brown woolen dress. There
n the table close to her hand;
t touch it.
ed more than a year older
emed ten years older!
bet I thought of you a lot
p we took," Vere presently
ere's what happened. Did
tell you what happened?
it was: Chester Worthington
w, whose sister is Kathryn
n—she's just about the most
l in that Philadelphia crowd
's Senator Hosworth. It was
ther Hosworth who left her
oney. When she's twenty-
n write a check that would
l her father ten times over!
her brother that was tuber-
thought. Well, the doctor
ed a long rest and a sea trip
d they were going to send a
with him, but Chet said,
no soap! I don't go!'
ed to be down there that
ey were playing court ten-
club—and I said to Mrs.
—she's a peach by the way,
!—that if she could talk my
t, *I'd* go and keep an eye on
at he rested and all that.
fooling, of course, but, by
e didn't have Dad on the
minutes, and say! we had
etting ready to sail in two
laughed briefly in recollec-
d himself and grew sober

have a wonderful trip?"
levelly.
," he answered with an air
it reluctantly; "Barbados,
nd Pernambuco, and then
quite a journey—on one of
reighters, you know."
tor?"
is father's brother."
he—Chester, get better?"
red!
today are as good as mine.
hat that family did for me!
ave me the swellest gun I
my life!"
went to Maine with them
er, Rogers told me."
there six weeks. They've
speedboat."
t is the sister doing now?"

Vere's face flushed as he
t her and he laughed a lit-
ly. "That's—I guess that's
me. She's the swellest girl
nd I guess they think that
hat is, I guess they sort of
we like each other!" Vere
the confused phrases, but
e he was proud and happy.
engaged?" She could say
ut she could not put life

exactly. They want us to
confided further. "But
ccustomed to having her
added, with a fond laugh,
oesn't want to wait—that's

went on leniently as Dina
, "that's all right with me.

I talked to my father and he'll kind of see us through and I told her Uncle Rogers was a regular prince about things like that. Say, he let your family have the old Forrester place, didn't he?" he asked, his thoughts going off at a tangent.

"In Stockton. Yes, they moved up there last spring. My father and Art both work in the factory now, and Myrna has a job too."

"So my mother said. Well, I thought if I told Uncle Rogers about Kathryn and me it would sort of please him to know about it first," Vere pursued artlessly.

"Will you live in the East?"

"Oh, well, we don't know. Nothing's settled. You know, Dina," Vere went on, "I told them—Kathryn's father and mother—about us."

Dina winced as if she had been struck. A hot wind seemed to scorch her body, head to heels. She sat immovable, shrunken down against the deep cushions, but she felt the muscles of her fingers tense as they grasped the chair arm.

"No names of course," continued Vere. "Lord, I should hope not! But I wanted to start square. I thought it over and thought maybe I ought to tell Kathryn's father, but then I was talking to them both one night, while she was dressing for a party upstairs; I got into it and I thought I might as well go through with it! And was I glad I did?" he added with a little shiver and a reminiscent laugh. "They were simply swell about it. They asked me about you, where you were, you know, and I said you had married. Well, that made a hit!"

HE STOPPED, lost in his own thoughts now, and quite unconscious of Dina's silence.

"Kit's mother," he resumed, "said right away, 'Thank God for that!' and then the old man said, 'Mudsie, don't let this be too much of a shock for you. It's not unusual. What is unusual,' the old boy said, 'is Vere making a clean breast of it.' We all call Kit's mother 'Mudsie,'" Vere interrupted himself to explain.

Dina did not move a muscle. Her eyes were on the slumbering coal fire behind the polished steel rods.

"Then she said something about Kathryn always having been so well protected, never going to public schools or anything," the boy went on, still lost in his own pleasant thoughts. "And she said she would never want Kit to know anything about it. And I said—oh, you know, whatever you can say: about my respecting Kit and having too much respect for her to worry her if they thought it was all right, and they said sure it was all right, and Mudsie said that she had *more* respect for me for being honest about it. But she said if you *hadn't* gotten married then she'd like to feel that you and I *would* have been, and I said that we surely would, and then Kit came down and we went off to dance. So I thought I'd like to tell you that much and that it was all right."

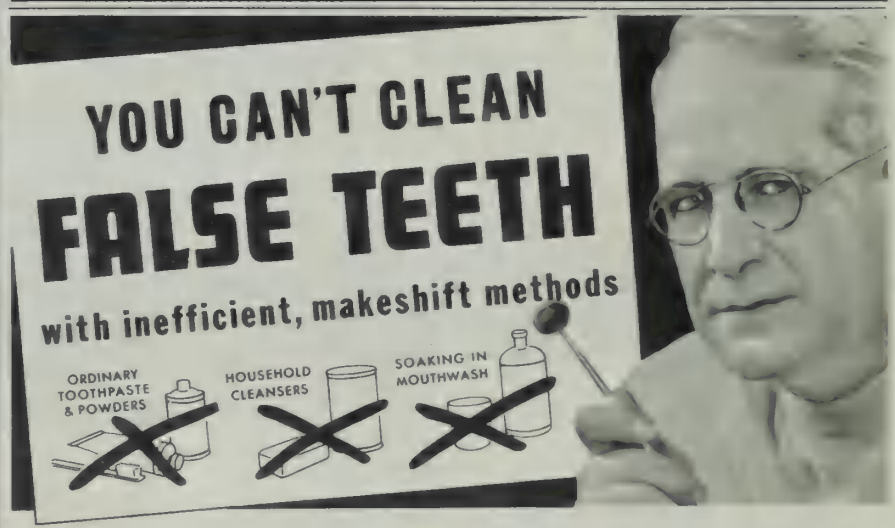
"Well!" Dina said, rising with an air of terminating the interview. She was suffocating. Her legs were trembling under her, her throat was dry.

"Say, wait!" Vere urged her. "I've got to see Uncle Rogers!"

"Mrs. Havens to see Mr. Holland," Hinz said from the doorway, as Aline came in. She nodded to the two at the fire, dropped into the chair that completed the half-circle.

"Hello, Dina. Hello, Vere. What time did you kids break up last night?"

"We had breakfast at Morgan's," Vere confessed with a grin. Oh, he was very handsome and young and sure of himself, smiling there in the firelight, his body bent comfortably forward in his

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low chair, his long brown hands loosely locked and dropped between his knees.

"Lovely party," Aline said absently.

"Andy there?" Vere asked.

She looked at him steadily but without embarrassment.

"I thought you knew that since a week ago Sunday Andy and I are not making engagements together," she observed.

"So? Mother said something about it, but I didn't know it was official."

"It's absolutely official," Aline assured him briefly and unsmilingly.

"I'm sorry. I kind of like him," Vere said.

"I like him extremely," Aline said with a superior air. "Where did you get the idea I didn't? We were getting on each other's nerves, that was all, and I decided the kind thing to do was to give him a clear field."

Vere chuckled. "You certainly bust up their lives!" he murmured.

"I certainly do nothing of the kind, you rude boy." But she liked the rudeness. She leaned back in her chair, her furs loosened, her long-coated suit of black velvet fitting her slim body as a sheath fits a sword, her hair, as smooth and shining as black enamel, only partly hidden by an absurd cockaded hat. "For eight years," she said, "I put up with a man whose own intimate friends pronounced him crazy. Nobody knows what I went through. His own mother told me that he had been subject to fits of ungovernable rage since actual babyhood. Eight years of it! The doctor told me he didn't know another woman who would have put up with it for eight weeks! The first thing they did after the divorce was pop him into an institution, and high time. Frank Pollock was shut up for three months. Now he's married to a poor little meek creature who can't call her soul her own, and that's the sort he should have married in the first place. His own brother told me—we were on the same ship cruise a few years ago—that in his heart Frank Pollock has never loved anyone but me. That's how mean I was to *him*."

SHE brooded on the situation for a silent moment. She and Vere had completely forgotten Dina. They fell into talk of their own group, discussing recent parties, an approaching wedding.

"Somebody order me a gin cocktail!" Aline then said abruptly.

Dina rose, went to the table, rang the bell. "Hinz," she said when the butler appeared, "Mrs. Havens would like a gin cocktail and Mr. Vere Holland will have one, too. Mr. Holland didn't telephone, did he?"

"He's just arrived, Madam."

"Oh! Tell him where we are."

"Dear me, we are very much the mistress of the manor, aren't we?" Aline smiled.

Dina merely looked at her. She turned to the door to meet Rogers, who came in cold and ruddy, pulling off his gloves.

"Hello, Geraldine, bridge party off for tonight—on for tomorrow," he said. "Three fellers."

"I'll have Chong save the partridges," Dina said.

"Hello, Vere." Rogers was at the hearth. "Hello, Aline!" he added, peering through his strong glasses at the other visitor. As he recognized her, his voice at once grew warm.

"I had to see you," said Aline, simply. Her eloquent eyes, as she gave him her hand, said the rest. The look of confidence, affection and sweetness upset him for a moment, and he laughed nervously and stammered for sheer pleasure when he spoke.

"Well, of course, of course! Glad you did. Tremendously glad you did! What brings you here, Vere?"

"See you," Vere said with his endearing, impudent grin.

"See me, eh? You've—you ordered something, Dina?"

"Vere and I were waiting for you. But we had just asked Hinz for cocktails when you came in."

"Dina is quite the housekeeper," said Aline's ivory and silver voice. Rogers glanced at her.

"Indeed she is!" he agreed.

"So I see. How nice!" But Aline did not see it at all and she did not find it nice. Her voice was cold and bored. She looked at the toe of her shoe.

"I wanted to tell you that Kit Worthington and I are—well, we're practically engaged!" Vere began with an embarrassed laugh. "Nothing settled, but I wanted you to know before anybody else did."

Rogers looked at him from under his brows, sampled the drink that Hinz had just given him.

"Her uncle's Senator Hosworth, you know," Vere said.

"Going to live on her money, eh?" Rogers said. Dina glanced at him, startled. It was the tone she remembered from her first visit a year ago, sneering, cynical, challenging. She had not seen Rogers in so disagreeable a mood since. "Her father lost everything he had in Tobasco Oil," he muttered, looking into the fire, "but she'll get Granddad's money when she's twenty-five. What are you going to do for five years?"

Vere was silent, abashed. There was an ugly pause.

"Nothing's settled," Vere said then, sulkily.

"I should hope not!" Rogers growled.

"I'll go tell Chong about dinner," Dina said, rising; "just the two of us, Rogers?"

"Evidently we're not to be asked, Vere," Aline said lightly.

"You're always asked if you'll stay," Rogers told her.

"I can't, Toppy. But I don't know how Dina knew it."

DINA glanced at the other woman with a completely blank expression, and without speaking left the room. But her senses were in an uproar. Automatically she talked to the cook, automatically put Margaret through her little night routine, found herself presently in her room, at her mirror, working away with brushes and creams. Anything rather than think!

Anger and shame and resentment swept over her in waves, washing her thoughts and emotions this way and that, making it hard for her to breathe, closing walls about her.

"Oh, I can't bear it!" she said half aloud.

On her feet, she went blindly to the window and stood there, hidden in the bay behind the great looped curtains, trembling, looking down into the blackness and the night. She saw Vere's roadster, the very car that had taken a boy and girl up to Paradise Valley a year ago, parked on the drive, its lights tunneling two yellow spearheads into the gloom. Near it was Aline's neat sedan—Aline, who so much needed Rogers' advice now that she had discovered she and Andy were incompatible!

WHILE Dina watched, Vere came out, climbed into his car and drove away. The red taillight dwindled among the trees and was gone. She stood very still, breathing a little hard, looking after it.

So he had told "Mudsie" about their affair, and had been praised and forgiven! Since the unfortunate girl in California, the girl who had led him astray, had married, then everything was all right! Kathryn, the protected Kathryn who mustn't be distressed by the ugliness of life, was to be kept in ignorance of course!

"Mudsie, don't let this be too much of a shock to you, it's not unusual!" No, no, boys must have their fling, and older men, decorum itself in happy family life, could make allowances! Vere, penitent and complacent, had been the hero of the moment! They thought more of the boy for his honest confession of human weaknesses! And the girl was safely married to someone else, thank goodness!

Her face blazed. Her throat felt dry and her hands cold. All those dreadful weeks of worry, of rising in the bitter winter morning to the cold, disorder and odors of the house in Railway Flats, of dragging fear about with her through the dark winter days, had cost Vere not one second's doubt or misery! Rogers' half-amused, half-insulting and admittedly spiteful proposition of marriage, the long trip to Reno, her recurring spasms of weakness and nausea—all hers to bear, and hers alone!

The end of dancing and flirting for her! Quiet, long days in the strange, big, dark house; hesitations, timidities and loneliness; the odd glances of Rogers' friends; their barely concea —all hers! And hers the l brought Margaret into th sweat-soaked exhaustion, agonies of mother love and tectiveness! The first tige ward the precious scrap that must never know shar

While she had lain, weel in the big old-fashioned b able to walk, dependent up even for a glance at her ch been off camping with th tons, taking the impeccabl dance at the hotel, idling th mornings on the shore, c her flushed and triumphan nis court, his white shir shorts only emphasizing th brownness of his young a He had been winning the ions of her people—that n California whose uncle Dad boy of whom their ewe la was unquestionably growi boy who had finally clinc spect and confidence by hi fession!

They had looked on wit complacency when the Kathryn—the girl whose could "write a check tha and sell her father ten t had descended ready to dance, in the smartest of s frocks of course, with ju white silk wrap and whit Somebody would be chap Kathryn would be safely d to her own people at som to sleep deep in dreams of moonlight, laughter and Vere Holland!

DINA hated her! Hated who could sit there so s ing the situation! He and haps been foolish last year it, everything was "okay" was going to marry a fasci heiress, and Dina was safe Uncle Rogers!

Sickness of resentment Dina felt that physically s bear it. She could not go not live with herself! Sh tear herself to pieces, to li and hammer it with her fis

The worst of the mood p could be calm again.

Half an hour later, dre constructed old brown froc organdy cuffs and collar al a feeling of being trim a with her hair freshly brus scended to the lower floo the announcement of din

The big stairway and enormous entrance hall lighted; Dina always like the house at this hour, th derly rooms and generatio living. She was not think letting herself think. Sh each moment for itself, n not going forward, just there would be a fire, a dinner, and presently a ga ers. On the score they kep after month, he was some ahead, but of late she h ning and she determined for victory tonight.

At the door of the librar hearing voices within. Sh in the shadow and see notifying them by sound her movements: Aline and in talk.

There was only one li room—one green-shaded a dim pool of illuminatio ing table. For the rest, occasional pink glow from a log settled in the gra was dusk and shadows.

But Dina could see the

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WHEN IT'S AN Exide YOU START


plainly: Aline in one of the large fireside chairs. Rogers beside her on the hassock which brought his face below the level of hers. Both her hands were in his: their faces were not far apart.

They were murmuring, murmuring. Dina stood rooted to the spot, listening.

At first much of what they said was indistinguishable; now and then laughter broke into it. Aline's quiet, silvery note of mirth and Rogers' gruff and eager echo. But after a moment of silence several phrases came out clear and audible:

"I can't bear it, Rogers. After darling Aunt Mag and poor Anna, to have her queening it here! She ringing a bell for Hinz—"

"You little idiot," Rogers broke in fondly, "you had it all right in this hand of yours. *You* didn't want it!"

"I've always loved it: I've always loved this house as I've loved no other place in the world!" Aline said. "It kills me to have that girl—that factory hand—posing here as your wife!"

"As a matter of fact, she *is* my wife," Rogers said quietly.

"Oh, I know, I know! I shouldn't have said that, and I know too, you're mad when you crinkle up your darling, ugly mug like that!" Aline said quickly. "But truly—the airs! She'll go tell Chong about the dinner!—What does she think she is?"

"What a jealous little devil you are!" Rogers reproached her mildly, her fingers against his lips. "Geraldine is a fine girl and I am extremely fond of her."

MORE of this, but Dina could not catch it. It was interrupted by Aline's impatient "I don't believe a word of it! Where'd she get them? 'All the instincts of a gentlewoman,' indeed! I've never noticed them. I didn't notice them a year ago when you asked Andy and me to dinner and she never opened her mouth! I tell you, Toppy, I can't bear having her here. For you to go off and marry her in that hole-and-corner way was—well, you'll never know what it meant to me!"

"*You'd* just done something of the kind."

"Oh, I was a fool. I'll admit: I'm the sort of woman who'll always make a fool of herself."

The man laughed at this and their voices sank again. Dina noiselessly moved away.

She went upstairs, into her room and sat there, working away c her desk with her Spanish termined once again not think. She was so work busily, turning pages, wh a knock at the door.

"Come in, Mrs. Buck Sometimes the housekee stairs to announce dinner or Rogers ignored the gor

It was Rogers who ente

"Geraldine," he said, "c but if you don't mind I'm Aline. She and I have b heart-to-heart talk and sl Lord!" he broke off to excl breath, "we've had the talk I've ever had with a life! For the first time— time I feel that she—she needs me! No fooling th don't mind my running o

"Certainly not!" But sh sinking feeling just the fear of what he was goin

"I don't know what the what they will be," Rog on: "you understand the tion perfectly, and you kn means to me. I've alway like a boy in his new deli ways thought—" he begar bling. He dropped his it bashfully, looking a wonderful!" he finished. denly remembering Dina lem he added: "By the w that engagement talk of V ously. Pierce Worthingto that kid get within ten daughter unless someone with about a hundred tho I know that outfit! He's his father and mother ar out, send them away on Let him babble along for and then we'll see how b with mine. If you were fr might be another setup e night, my dear! You don't our game?"

He was gone. Dina sto time motionless, one against the doorjamb, the knob. Her eyes were half head wrinkled. Moments erything about her was c and dark—the dimly lig great vault of the stairwa

Hinz came up to annou Dina thanked him in an and went slowly downsta

*(To be continued ne*

"I'm sure Mrs. Sillinger can tell us what's the real sit tion in Europe. Mrs. Sillinger has a son at Fort D

# Ticket to Canada

Continued from page 15

're doing is fine. It's great, Jeff."
But look here—I want to see you.
I y ı have dinner with me?"
It ould be wonderful, but I don't
w nether I can or not. I'm a stu-
t r se, and—"
Yo re a what?"
A dent nurse. I finish in June, and
probably go overseas with a
oss unit. I wouldn't dare risk
th that would spoil it, and I'm
oo d to be on duty tonight."
Co in't you get somebody to take
r p ce? Please. I'm leaving tomor-
"
'll y my best," she said, "and I
k aybe it can be arranged. But,
ou , I can't promise."
Vh e can I come for you?"
At ıe Nurses' Home, East River
pit About eight o'clock."
Eig o'clock, right."
Go by," she said abruptly, as if she
be suddenly summoned. "Goodby,
"
lar ıad finished the last of his pa-
— never read anything but the
tri l news and the gossip columns
ad w he was looking at Jeff with
se nt, his comedian's face mar-
us eloquent.
t's little unusual to hear the Great
er ing the pleading—"
Thı is serious, Alan. I knew this
s fa ily before I went out to Holly-
d. ıe was just a kid in school then,
no . . . she's a nurse, or will be in
w ı nths. Going overseas."
pl did," said Alan cynically. "I
gin how the scene will build up.
ng octor Geoffrey Lane . . ."
f y insist on being a ruddy fool,"
sa stiffly, "no one can stop you."
Sor I have it all wrong, anyhow.
you Captain Lane, off to the wars,
rdi to the latest literary master-
e o ur friend the remarkable Ryan,
h now definitely linked your
e v h Aileen Renwick's."
Vh is all this nonsense?"
My eanings from the evening pa-
"
Not ly pays any attention to that
," I remarked.
You like the angle about the war.
n v atever Third Avenue dive sup-
s hi with the Irish whisky in which
sou s marinated, Ryan has sent a
atc to the gazettes, informing one
all hat you are planning to skip
th border to Canada and enlist."
But e were expressly told that we
ldn do anything of the kind.
at—
Rea it for yourself. It's a touching
. Been bathed in tears, but you
y fin, very much the hero, until at
enc ou appear to yield to her en-
ties But it is only a blind, mark
. T intimation is clear that actu-
not ng will stop you, nothing could
yo not even the squad of private
ecti s set to guard you from your
fol by Consolidated Pictures."
Goo Lord, this makes me look like
awfı fool," Jeff complained, glanc-
dov the column. "What on earth
Ryar inking of?"

IE Nurses' Home, where Jeff's taxi
ulle up at a few minutes before
t. vs a row of converted brown-
e d llings, just around the corner
n th tall, blocky mass of a modern
pita The entrance was in the center
se c nine exactly alike, with white
cur ns at the windows, and sub-
d lıt showing from the rooms
nin.
he d ver made change slowly. "Any-
y ev tell you, buddy, you got quite
a similarity to this guy Geoffrey Lane?" he asked. He pronounced the first name with a hard "G," as though it were spelt Ghee-oh-free.

"Frequently," said Jeff. "Here's half a dollar for yourself."

That was true. Some trick of light, a camera illusion fostered by studio technicians, transformed him on the screen, so that he was not easily recognized in private life, although people often pointed out a certain resemblance. This saved him a good deal of annoyance, when he was not in places where movie stars are expected to be, but at the same time it infuriated him as another proof that there was no relation between himself and the pictures he made.

He went up to the door of the home, a box of gardenias held under one arm, and rang the bell.

Miss Constance Caswell, said the girl who opened the door, was unexpectedly busy, but asked him to wait.

THE parlor where he sat down was brighter, with painted wicker chairs, flowered cushions and the kind of sepia prints that are useful to cover cracks in the wall, a place, he guessed, where the student nurses entertained their boy friends. And where their men were weighed up and found wanting, he thought with amusement, by the other girls passing through the hall.

He was wondering whether it would be all right to risk lighting a cigarette, when Connie came in. She was breathless and sorry, and there was a moment of confusion when he stood up, and his hat and flowers slid from his knees to the floor. She was taller than he had thought, and extremely pretty, in an unstudied way. Even in her coarse, stiff uniform, with plain shoes and cotton stockings, he found her wonderfully attractive, with a kind of radiant vitality he had never seen in any other woman.

"They're lovely," she said, when she had opened the box and taken out the spray of white, fragrant gardenias. "But the news is I can't come to dinner with you, Jeff. In fact, I have to be back at the hospital in a few minutes."

Her eyes were as fine as ever, with a warm light in them that changed with every shade of her thought. "That's outrageous," he protested. "They're working you too hard. Couldn't anyone take your place?"

It wasn't that, she told him, pinning the flowers to her cloak. She had an unexpected chance to assist in an operation. It was something that would give her valuable experience, something she could not afford to miss. "And now I'll have to run," she said. "I feel like a wretch, but there you are. You do understand, don't you? A case like this doesn't come up every day even in New York."

"I suppose not. Let me walk over with you."

"That would be very nice."

They went out, into the cool darkness, and as they passed the street light at the corner, he looked at her serious profile. "You must find your work fascinating," he said.

"That's hardly the word." A sudden smile brightened her absorbed face. "At the moment, I'm simply petrified for fear I'll make some mistake in the operating room."

"But you wouldn't miss it for anything."

The evening air was chilly, and she pulled her cloak around her with a little shiver. "To be perfectly honest with you, I'd a hundred times rather go somewhere and dance. I'm afraid I'm no Florence Nightingale, but then, they do need nurses, don't they?"

"I suppose they do," he agreed.

They came to a side entrance of the hospital, and Connie paused. "I started it, and I must finish it the best I know how," she said, with another quick laugh. "It sounds like a dreadfully moral maxim, something I ought to work into a sampler, and frame, but you know what I mean. In a way, Jeff, it's like your going to Canada to enlist."

The light from inside was in back of her, so that he saw her face only in a mysterious half shadow, but clearly enough to make plain the emotion in her expression. Their eyes met, and then their lips, very briefly.

"Damn that story," Jeff said.

She took a deep breath. "Now I really have to run, Jeff. But I'm through at seven tomorrow morning. When does your train leave?"

"I'm not sure yet."

"I'd like to wave goodby. That is, if you don't mind."

"Mind? Why should I?"

"Of course, I really meant Aileen—"

"Now that," he said violently, "that really is a publicity story."

"I'm glad."

"There's nothing to it, Connie." He was silent for a moment, and then went on: "I'm buying my ticket tonight, so I won't know until later just when the train goes. But I'll phone and leave a message for you."

"All right, Jeff. Just the time and place will be enough. I'll understand."

Their lips met once again.

AS ALAN MEARS said later that night, people don't make serious decisions quite so casually. He and Jeff were standing at the bar of a place in Fifty-second Street. At a table in the main room, under the papery palms of a fictitious jungle, were Aileen, her mother and Ryan.

"Look," said Alan patiently, "you talk as if you'd taken a binding oath. You haven't done anything yet that can't be undone. You've shown me a ticket and a Pullman reservation, and I understand you've told this girl you're taking the 7:20. Well, telephone again and say you're not."

"It's not as simple as all that," Jeff said stubbornly. "Don't get the idea that Connie swept me off my feet. I didn't do it to impress her."

"Then why on earth—?"

"Well, suddenly it seemed to be the thing I've wanted to do for months. Maybe it's no more than being fed up."

"That isn't much of a reason," Alan pointed out. "Don't go temperamental on us. What about the show? You can't walk out, and leave a lot of people high and dry."

"But I'm not," Jeff said impatiently. "It isn't as if it were a legitimate production. Everybody in it has a movie contract that will go on whether I'm there or not. You have one, so has Aileen, so have the others. The whole business was designed to build up Geoffrey Lane. Now Geoffrey Lane is building himself up, and that saves the rest of you a lot of trouble."

"What I don't see," Alan remarked, taking a new tack, "is why you think it necessary to throw over your career in this way. One man more or less carrying a spear, or whatever they cart around these days, isn't going to win or lose the war. Whereas, in pictures, merely from a propaganda point of view—"

"I know all that, Alan. It's not good enough."

"Then, what about yourself? After

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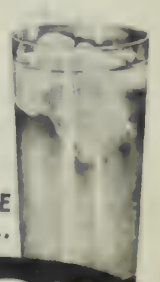

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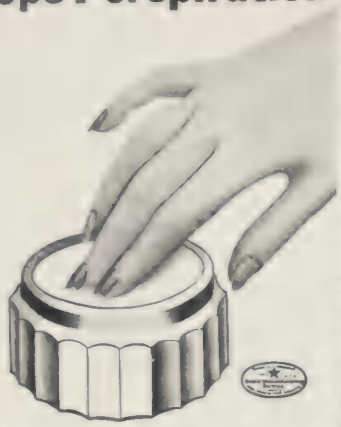

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all, Jeff, you know how it is. When you're riding a big wave of popularity, that's the time to cash in on it. If you don't, you'll paddle about in shoal water for a long time before another chance comes your way. If ever."

"Especially as I'm not much of an actor."

"I didn't say that."

"You didn't have to. I know."

"All the more reason for not taking this ridiculous chance, then. I don't get it. Look here, we'd better have one more drink before we go back to the table. What's yours?"

"Plain ginger ale."

ALAN took another Scotch, and drank half of it before he returned to the charge. "This is rather a delicate subject," he said diffidently, "and if you don't care to discuss it, simply say so. I mean, by any chance is this a sudden rush of patriotism to the head? England, my England, that sort of thing?"

"There might be a little of that," said Jeff. He spoke defensively, as though bracing himself to meet an argument whose power he feared. Alan and he, along with a whole generation, had been accustomed to speak slightingly of the empire builders, the Henty heroes, the stout fellahs. "Any objection?"

"Don't get on your high horse. But, frankly, I don't see it. You've said yourself a hundred times the dear old mother country gave you nothing but a kick in the pants to get on with. Why back into position for another? Now, take my lot."

Jeff guessed that Alan must have had four or five highballs. His round jowls and curved, fleshy nose were beginning to bloom with a rosy flush, and now he was starting on his family. It was a tale familiar from long hearing, the saga of the Mears-Caldecott tribe, who were in the peerage, the stud-book, as he liked to call it. Listed in one of the minor branches, younger sons of younger sons, was "Mears-Caldecott, Charles Alan Urquhart, killed in action, the Somme, 1916." That was Alan's father, and if you followed up that side of the genealogy, according to him, you found only well-meaning fools who got themselves into fatal trouble all over the world in the name of the British empire.

"That's why our side of the house was always so poor," Alan went on. "But that wasn't true of the other branch, the homebodies, the right honorable viscounts. The family castle and the town house were good enough for them."

"What do you suppose they look like now?"

"I don't know. But if somebody has put a firecracker under the stately seats of Old England, they'll have to deal with it themselves, as far as I'm concerned."

JEFF, who remembered in his own boyhood one particular house in a long, gray, solid, industrial row, with his father and brother on the dole, and a sister who took tickets in a cheap cinema, heard this aristocratic complaint unmoved. "Calm down, Alan," he said. "Nobody's trying to get you to take the king's shilling."

"No fear."

"And if I want to go to Canada, that's my business."

"Quite true. Later on, when Hollywood doesn't want you, and you're looking for something to do, the clean-cut, young ex-officer, public-school type, sell motorcars on commission, go anywhere, do anything, just remember Alan Mears, the old gypsy, told your fortune one night in the bar of the Safari Club."

"I'll bear that in mind."

At this point, Jeff, looking past Alan's shoulder, saw Ned Ryan coming toward them. As always, he looked as though he had been pumped into his well-cut dinner clothes, with perhaps a thought too much pressure at the valve, so that his neck rolled over his tight collar. His broad, intelligent face wore a benignant and political smile.

It was impossible to dislike Ryan, in spite of his fantasies, and the cold-blooded way in which he distorted private lives for business purposes. On this score he defended himself shrewdly, arguing that it was a mere convention that classified Hollywood gossip as news instead of romantic fiction. In constructing his releases, he acted merely, he claimed, as a detached demiurge, with no more prejudice or pity than a surgeon. At times, he could become embarrassingly emotional about Ireland, and even in public places was not above pulling out his shirt to show where a Black and Tan bullet had plowed a furrow through the flesh under his heart.

"I don't know whether I can stand the remarkable Ryan tonight," Jeff said in an undertone. "I think I'll duck back to the hotel. If he mentioned the Emerald Isle and the troubles, I might burst into tears."

"You stay here," Alan protested, holding him by the sleeve. "Don't be so exclusive. You can't monopolize all the fine sentiments. Hello, Ryan."

"Hello, fellows," Ryan said, putting a solid hand on Jeff's shoulder. "Which one of you feels in the mood for a rumba with Aileen, just to give the house photographer a break?"

"After a while, maybe," Jeff stalled.

Alan put down his glass. "I'll volunteer."

When he had gone, Ryan ordered an Irish and plain water, and came to the point immediately. "I hear you're taking the 7:20 to Canada. Track 16, Car 287, Compartment B."

Jeff looked at him in astonishment. Except for his telephone message to Connie, he had told no one except Alan. "Where did you get the information?" he asked.

"A little bird told me," Ryan said coolly. "A little bird with gravy spots on his vest, and a private detective's license."

"I see. Now what am I supposed to do?"

"I don't know. You tell me. It looks as if I've put enough ideas in your head." With the butt of his p studiously, Ryan made a rov circles on the bar in front of h I think you're making a mist

"You would," said Jeff "Now give me the sad sto treacherous Sassenach—"

"Ah, come off it," Ryan good-naturedly. "I'm not tig for that. Wait till I've had more. I'll tell you another st like. About a kid seventeen- getting into something he ha notion of than flying in the air

"I'm well past seventeen, minded him.

"Sure you are. You must l four or twenty-five. I'm n about age so much. What mind is temperament. War business—I mean, when you'r at it, which I wasn't—and if your share and a bit more, i or on a sound stage, damn see why you don't stay ther no killer."

"And I suppose you were?

"I told you I wasn't. If th army union, I couldn't dra wages. And neither could yo

"Maybe not," said Jeff soft isn't all killing, is it? They m lot of fellows to get killed. have to take a personality te too?"

RYAN looked at him quick neat, my boy. You got We'll just have a drink on tha

"No, thanks," Jeff said, pr leave. "I'm going back to the catch a little shut-eye."

"No hard feelings?"

"Not the least in the worl

"If it's bothering you," Rya by way of farewell, "you mi know that I tore up that det port. You're strictly on your now on."

"Thanks."

"And if you change your you're on the train, you can off at 125th Street. That wou all the thrill of leaving for with no more inconvenience taxi ride home."

"That's a lovely thought," and went out.

"We'll have to postpone the maneuvers. The gasoline company hasn't yet delivered the maps we sent for"

e asn't much to do at the hotel. n! still unpacked, could be kept a and the few things he in- te ake with him went easily into l lise. He left a call for five- ar turned in.

H gone to sleep relaxed and fi it, his mind made easy by a n finitely taken. But when he h elt doubtful and confused, as ng he night his resolution had e of itself. It's this weather, he t, oking out the window, as he o ave. The sky was a leaden a almost defeated the sickly n a thin drizzle of rain slanted a sty wind.

as e would, he was not able to ff gloomy foreboding that gave lu to all the reasonable argu- ng ist what he was going to do. a with Alan Mears and Ned th night before, he had been u y a lighthearted confidence, v it was gone.

g wntown in the taxi, through pt still, sleeping streets, he on one clear spot in his mind. as e prospect of seeing Connie, en e caught sight of her at last, its pared. She was standing by or tion desk, waiting, a small, be tiful figure under the great, a of the station. Her head me half away from him, until ne ly reached her side, so that d in and the line of her throat si le pure and youthful curve, y ching.

sh heard his footsteps, and a t la r, was in his arms. When he he he saw that she had been "Ire, this won't do, Connie. th matter?"

not ng."

In eep you waiting?"

o just arrived. Let's walk sh l we? You've only fifteen b re your train goes."

ot of his porter with a half- nd e number of his compart- nd ey wandered into one of the rid s, now beginning to fill with om uters. "Did anything go t t hospital?" he asked.

sho her head. "It's not that, ing didn't go particularly well, vas my fault. It's just that I ear o think of our separating so on."

OOED at her profile and saw he ips were pressed tightly to- in desperate effort at control. de lash of memory, five or six can back to him, from films in e h played the part of a young lea g for the front. Then the hac been smoothly combined, fitt to the well-managed emo- but s was different, too charged e rility of life for any words vhat as in his heart, as he would ted say it.

he face against his shoulder, t u shamedly.

you e going, too. A little later, ll."

sh I eren't. Why can't the war s al e?"

nie. sten—"

we standing in a tide of new fro a suburban train. A short ith n open newspaper held in f h eyes, walked straight into pol zed absently for the heavy n. al circled, still reading, to ar i he crowd.

d b er move from here," said ltho h you'd think we'd be con- s er igh. Are you all right?"

th ks." Connie opened her g ar dusted powder around her nd o her nose. "I'm sorry I was n aw l fool."

y weren't at all," Jeff said urgently. "You mustn't think that."

"You're sweet, Jeff."

"I felt exactly the same way," he went on. "And I'll always feel that way. You know it, don't you?"

"I know."

They were walking toward the train gates now. "I could put this off for a few days," he offered tentatively. "After all—"

She was plainly tempted, but shook her head. "It might be even worse then. I don't dare—" She stopped short, her hand raised to her cheek in panic. "Jeff, look at the time! You've got to fly!"

The hands of the clock allowed him less than a minute, and they broke into a wild, sliding run over the smooth marble of the floor. Dodging among the crosscurrents of humanity, he kept her with him, but in the end there was time only for their lips to brush briefly in farewell.

AT JUST that moment, the hot, white flash of photo bulbs blanked his eyes, and he saw two or three photographers lower their cameras, as he plunged through the barrier and down the ramp to the waiting train. A conductor, watch in cupped hand, looked at him bitterly, and motioned him into the first open door.

Making his way forward to his compartment, along the moving train, Jeff had Connie's face clear in his mind and her voice even more clear in his heart. It was too early to feel the pain of parting. Now he knew only that everything had come miraculously all right, and that his depression and doubt of an earlier hour had completely vanished.

The next vestibule led to the club car, and here he paused, unwilling to believe his eyes. Facing him at the first table was Alan Mears, and the broad back of his companion could belong to no one but Ned Ryan.

He went inside and stood over them, shaking with rage. "What's all this?" he demanded. "I suppose you think you've found some way to stop me?"

Alan glanced up from his menu. "Sit down," he said coolly. "We can argue this out sensibly. You might as well have a bit of breakfast."

Ryan turned his heavy head from the window, and nodded. "Come on, Jeff. Quit hamming."

Jeff pulled out another chair, and sat down, but he could not trust himself to speak. What if they had discovered some legal dodge? A clause in his contract, or more likely some flaw in his immigration status or his income-tax returns that they could use to delay him? You couldn't put anything past Ryan, even if you had counted on Alan as a friend.

"You can't get away with this," he said at last. "I'll—"

While he hesitated, Alan cut in sardonically. "The rest of the line is 'I'll break you if I have to crack this town wide open.'"

"Ah, quit it," Ryan said roughly. "Tell the lad the truth. Admit you've softened up. Explain to him, if you can, which I doubt, just why you're fool enough to go fight for a country you've been denouncing for the last ten years, to my knowledge."

"Just a minute," Alan said hotly, losing his composure. "We've been over all that. I've worked it out all right in my mind. I'm satisfied. But what about you? Pull up your shirt and show us where the Black and Tan drilled you, and then give some reasonable notion of why you're going to Canada with us."

While Ryan advanced the idea that as an Irishman he was exempt from logic by birth, Jeff drew a long breath, and expelled it slowly. "Boys, boys," he said. "Mustn't fight! There'll be plenty of time to settle everything. Meanwhile, we could all do with a little food."

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# Soldiers and Sin

Continued from page 44

Phenix is another story. Its only industry is catering to the Army trade. The place is in receivership, it has no mills or factories and it gets its revenues by licensing dance halls, beer parlors and the like. At one time Phenix and Girard, next door, were separate towns, each at one time or other with a reputation for general wildness and hell-raising. Now they're combined in one city—and the reputation sticks. As a matter of fact, the great majority of Phenix's seventeen thousand people are quiet, respectable folk, like those anywhere else.

Both Columbus and Phenix get the blame for "vice conditions" outside their limits, in the counties. Most of the criticized resorts are out along the highways. For some time the general locality has had the name of being one of the Army's toughest problems. A fair statement today is that the problem is being licked. It is being licked by the Army, through education of both soldiers and civilians; by the townsfolk, through co-operation; and by the politicians faced by an Army threat of boycott unless things are kept under control. One fifth of Columbus is "Off Limits" for white troops already; the Army command could just as easily make it all of Muscogee and Russell counties, and stop the spending of an Army dime in either city.

### Soldiers are Good Risks

Storekeepers and businessmen know that and use their influence to make the politicians toe the mark. They want the Army's trade—and have a good opinion of the soldier as a credit risk. One of them, a music-store man, says he gives credit to any man in a uniform; sells from sixty to a hundred instruments and portable radios every payday—and has just two delinquents on his books. Got transferred and forgot, maybe, he thinks.

Out at the Fort you have tens of thousands of boys from civil life, with its free and easy ways, learning discipline the hard way. They have the tar worked and exercised out of them, get stuffed with good food, are taught to be clean and look after themselves. A few weeks of this and they become hard-minded, tough-muscled youngsters full of more pep and vinegar than they ever had before. Keep them in camp a month, without the customary companionship of mothers, sisters, girl friends; without the chance to mop up a few beers. Then pay them off—mostly at $21 a month—and give them passes to town. What happens? Well, you know as well as anyone else. Eighty per cent of them, according to Army estimates, surge into town and proceed to work off their surplus energy with great enthusiasm. They'd be less than men if they didn't.

To see just what was happening, your correspondent chased the "vice is rampant" theory in the wake of the Army one summer night. It was just after payday and vice was going on in Phenix and the surrounding country—as probably it was in a million other towns from Aalborg to Zanzibar. There were juke joints and dance halls and beer joints and gambling places, and combinations of them. There were prostitutes. Taxis dropped loads of soldiers at resorts and went back for more. Our driver asked what we wanted and offered to see that we got it—as some taxi drivers will do in Podunk or New York.

In the resorts, which were not very glamorous, soldiers were drinking at bars, cuddling girls, playing poker. The girls weren't very glamorous, either. One place looked like a setup for prostitutes. But nothing highly exciting was going on; vice seemed pretty unrampant to a reporter who has seen western lumber and mining towns and a few water fronts. So we cruised around the county, up and down dirt roads in search of "prostitution trailers," said by the gossips to be parked by the dozen through the piney woods. Nary a trailer. Next morning, we asked Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Laux, long-time provost marshal at Fort Benning, where they were. He said he'd heard the story, too, and had asked his M.P.'s to investigate, without any luck.

A hardboiled M.P. sergeant said that, every payday, girls *did* drive down from Atlanta and that some prostitution took place in cars and the woods. He added that, in a few cases, taxi drivers took loads of girls out into the woods, returning later to take them back to town. So we went poking about, and found more juke joints and beer halls, some reputed to be tough. Nothing very horrifying took place while we were there, although some of the places had star-bearing, gun-toting bouncers in attendance. It was as plain as the nose on your face that "vice" was going on; that some politicians probably were grafting; that there was a more or less organized traffic in girls, rather less than more. These things are horrible, of course, but they are not peculiar to Muscogee County, Georgia, or Russell County, Alabama.

Things in both counties seemed to be under Army control, through civil authorities. The Army calls it co-operation—but always in the background is the Army's ". . . or else!" That the Army has not invoked its power to bar every soldier out of the counties is proof, to some extent, that conditions are not intolerable to the medical corps or the commandant at Benning.

To get a drink a soldier must go off the reservation. No hard liquor may be sold in any Army camp; whether mild beer is sold is largely up to the camp commander. Fort Benning is bone dry. By the time a soldier has paid taxi or bus fare and had a few beers the cost is pretty steep. The amount of beer, transportation and "vice" he can buy for his $21 a month is not great.

We went back to Columbus. The theaters and restaurants were full of soldiers. No "vice" there. Soldiers stood on light-flooded corner Southern night, shooting the pretty Georgia girls—and not there, either. In the Palac downed beer and frankfurte pool—and what's wrong Some of them got drunk.

When one got drunk a city carrying one cop and one M. and picked him up. When a load it went to the pol When twenty or so boys we up, an Army truck loaded th and trundled them out to ca up. These boys were alw Army supervision; the cops

As around every post, th period near Benning is th after payday. For the first Army trucks travel around When their crews find a sold ble they pick him up and t camp. It's a regular service.

Maybe it sounds uncouth ing, but the records show one half of one per cent of town get drunk. Turn te young civilians loose after hard work in dust and hea wouldn't have a record as g

### Protection, Not Punis

The cold figures, from Ar Corps records at Fort Benni "vice" story: A year ago th rate at the post was 4.6 p May, 1941, with 40,111 men servation, the rate was .41 less than one tenth what it summer of 1940. The reasc tion of the soldier, by co-operation with the Army thorities and plain everyd

In the last war the Army soldier who contracted a v Today it doesn't; it punish not reporting it so that he ca If he goes to a hospital for the time he spends there is cally tacked onto the end o ment period.

"Our object isn't to punis to protect and help them," s cal major. "Same here," s Laux, who has had a world o as a provost marshal from New York. Until recent Laux's police force at B fewer than a hundred men nearly fifty thousand soldie

This force, working with Columbus and Phenix, was

"It's such a nice day they decided to walk"

what was admittedly a It was bad for several f the soldiers were new at lightly upon them: were overwhelmed by here was no system for den influx of single men d supernormal—appe- ment, restaurant food, things.

here was friction. Many d churches wanted to told them how. Some heir homes to soldiers eldom feel at ease in nd it didn't help much. and Army heads and got together, plans be-, not only in town, but every church and club l Phenix is working at cal week this summer, nteen churches—Epis- Catholic, Methodist, socials and programs Army providing free ys. Then there is the e Service Committee, nd vaudeville through

war it comes as a com- ng surprise to many liers are soldiers. In en for five or six thou- problems of General all are precisely those n, Hannibal, Julius . George Washington, rshing. Some solved way; some another.

oes back to the fact ple's army. With us, the Army; elsewhere, e like our way better, it puts the Army on he spotlight. That is d Kipling let the sol- of it years back—hit- that a soldier either ss-souled hero, or a eaven knows, doesn't le into plaster saints. e hard-hitting, clean- full of what is called nd morals are differ- re is a vital connec- y of ours built morale ree F's—Fun, Frolic nterpreted fun pretty is following out Na- at "Morale is to ma- to one." In modern Marshall says, it's six t say that morale is stic outlook on life, a ice, scrappy disposi- is is what the Army, ivilian organizations, into its new men. to make fighters out you can't fight a war of philosophers and

### Can't Fight

Army, can you build t of men whose nat- appetites have been pression goes too far, army of—well, let's

believe these things, up against a public ers should be mod- il actually under fire oesn't care how hell- they become. One ummed up the di- ou make angels out get in the way when

y's top problems is nereal disease. The d from solving this the national belief olished, and second, gulations, following this belief, direct all commanders to eliminate it. Our Army is the only one in the world that does not recognize and control prostitution; orders are to destroy it utterly. Being trained to obey, the Army tries to do what it's told, while realizing the futility of the attempt. Publicly, Army chiefs speak in grand, vague phrases; privately, they wish to heaven for more realism on the part of the public.

"Down here in Georgia," said one energetic medical major, "we have the situation in hand; we can't clean it up permanently because regulations won't let us. In Columbus we work with the police and the county medical society. Girls are continually rounded up, taken to the station and given an examination. If they are healthy, they are set free; if they are diseased they are held and treated until they become noninfectious. So far, so good. But then what happens? Under the rules, the girls are forced to leave town. Then somebody telephones to Atlanta or Birmingham for more girls—and our patrols and the police and the doctors have the job to do all over again. To put it bluntly, we exchange clean girls for diseased ones. Technically, we may be 'eliminating' prostitution—or trying to. Practically, we're getting nowhere."

It is true today—and this is important for the morale of the soldier and the peace of mind of his folks—that no soldier will contract a venereal disease if he obeys Army orders. If he does, through carelessness, the Army will cure him, rapidly and permanently.

### The Army Does Its Share

With civilians organized and working in near-camp areas, the Army itself is providing more and more amusement and recreation at its own posts. This is being done in co-operation with a Joint Army and Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation. There are movies and traveling vaudeville, dramatic shows and baseball—all sorts of things to fill in the time between the old-fashioned Army standbys: Beefing about the Army and shooting craps. Within a few weeks the Army expects to have more than 600 chapels, costing $21,220 each, with 600 electric organs. The chapels will accommodate four hundred soldiers apiece. About 1,500 chaplains—nearly all of them good scouts, too—build a lot more morale than they get credit for.

The Army operates seven recreation camps along the Gulf Coast, and is building five more. Soldiers are taken to these camps in Army trucks on Fridays and turned loose. They're on their honor to behave and are completely free until Sunday, when trucks roll them back to their own camps. With a five-dollar bill a soldier can have a swell time for three days.

In the last war the Army rolled its own barbershop chords, but this time there's an official songbook, containing the words to sixty-seven pieces—well, some of the words. This book includes Yankee Doodle for the Northerners, Dixie for the Southerners, Anchors Aweigh for the ex-gobs—and, nicely enough, it omits Marching Through Georgia. The Army, though, still does most of its singing extempore, using words made up by its own poets and paying little heed to the hearty "goldurns" of the printed versions.

So there's the picture. If you've been reading horror tales leaving the impression that the boys wallow in vice and drunkenness every payday, forget it. There is more healthful recreation and amusement for the lad in the Army than ever he got outside. On the other hand, remember that single men in barracks still don't turn into plaster saints.

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# Subarctic Safety Be

NOW that we've taken out an accident insurance policy on the northeastern approaches to Canada and the United States by occupying Iceland, how about giving some more thought to our northwestern approaches?

We refer to our Aleutian Islands, which curve 1,100 miles west into the North Pacific from Alaska's long southwest snout. We're rushing fortifications and airfields on the Alaskan mainland; but are we doing right by the Aleutians as regards our defenses and Canada's?

Suppose these islands were studded with an appropriate number of fleet, submarine and air bases, with adequate ships, pigboats and planes always in service there. They would be useful for hemisphere defense in several ways.

In case Hitler should ever plant his flag on the Bering Sea and try to realize those rumored ambitions of his to strike into the Western Hemisphere via Alaska and Canada, a strongly fortified and equipped Aleutian chain would be invaluable to us. The islands could be used as bases and taking-off points for ships and planes to slash at the flanks of any invading forces. The same if Stalin should shake Hitler off his neck and try to realize the often rumored Russian ambitions to take back Alaska, which we bought from Russia in 1867.

Should neither of these Asiatic threats materialize, a strong Aleutian defense chain would nevertheless be the logical nortl point for the logical seagoing steel f our western exposure—a fence sw the Aleutians down to Hawaii an the Panama Canal.

And with a steel nose shoved all to our westernmost Aleutian poss be in position to resist any pressur

Now that we've at last set for our defenses as far out in the At needs of the air age may dictate, l ample attention to our Pacific d present the Aleutians look like heel in the Pacific—but one whicl pair if we will.

# Anticipating the Ag

THE Treasury's plan to issue tax-anticipation notes looks good to us. Taxes next year are sure to be terrific for the block of income-tax payers of whom Congress isn't afraid (the others' turn will come later), and these notes offer one method of getting ready for the agony.

Scheduled to go on sale in various denominations Aug. 1, these documents will draw a little interest, will enable the government to get cash this year which otherwise it couldn't collect until next year, and will help to combat inflation by shifting some purchasing power over from consumers' goods to defense goods.

Here, the government has been smart, we think; and we recommend systematic purchase of these notes by anybody expecting a heavy income-tax wallop next year. By buying now, you should save yourself considerable grief later on.

Nothing ever is 100% satisfactory, however; and at this writing Congress is thinking of another income-tax measure which seems to us unjust, shortsighted and even to some extent immoral.

We refer to the proposal to compel husbands and wives to file joint income-tax returns in all cases—a scheme which it is alleged would raise about $325,000,000 in revenues.

For the last 75 to 100 years we have been engaged in making women the individuals that they are by right—changing them over from the dumbly dependent clinging vi of previous ages had forced them joint-return plan is a plan to for women financially back to the olc when you take away a person's fi pendence you make that person slave.

As we read the proposal, a husb would have to live apart in order tc returns legally. Quite a law in a cc claims to regard marriage as an alt and proper institution.

There are other objections, but to be enough to kill this scheme. I with the tax-anticipation notes, b the joint-returns plan the heave-h

# Good Luck, Mr. La

BEST of everything to Lewis E. Lawes, who has retired at 57 to go into other pursuits after serving for 21 years as warden of Sing Sing Prison.

We have always admired Mr. Lawes, chiefly because he was able to dramatize humane prison management so that it looked worthwhile and businesslike to many people. He avoided the aura of sugary sentimentality and phony uplift, with sometimes a trace of lavender, that has hung about all too many prison-reform persons.

Lawes demonstrated that decent prison conditions actually pay, as does the parole system when sensibly administered. It cannot do society any good to run crooks through jailhouses which only turn them into harder-boiled, more antisocial mugs than ever. We're bound to draw dividends from prisons that renovate the points of view of as many of their clients as possible, and inspire them with amount to something when they g

This influence of Lawes' has wide through the nation's peniten

How far has it permeated your at all? Do you make any effort boost there from time to time? jail is like most others, it can star stilling of the Lawes spirit that y fellow citizens can give it.

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DR. A. J. CRONIN

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# THIS WEEK

AUGUST 23, 1941


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Page 62

COVER JON WHITCOMB


# ANY WEEK

WE'RE having quite a bit of trouble with a vast number of people who read Kyle Crichton's article about the philosophical Eddie Albert of Hollywood. In this article Mr. Crichton wrote that Mr. Albert's house was eighty-four miles above sea level. Mr. Dumont H. Meinhold and Mr. Robert L. Meyer of Springfield Gardens, Long Island, New York, collaborate in a letter that's particularly bitter, referring to the elevation that Mr. Crichton gives to Mr. Albert's house as a "flagrant error." They refer us to any encyclopedia which will tell us, they contend, that "the highest mountain in the world, Mt. Everest, stands only 29,141 feet above sea level, or something less than six miles." At some expense we hunted Mr. Crichton up, a reliable encyclopedia under our arm, and faced him with the facts. Cornered, Mr. Crichton admitted that he had erred. "I meant forty-eight miles," he said.

AND no sooner had the President announced our occupation of Iceland than our telephone began ringing. Unfortunately we are very accessible and eight or ten ladies and gentlemen demanded that we record our taking of Iceland as the quickest conquest in all war's history. We not only took it, they insisted, but got thanked for it by Iceland. Our victory was attended by a mutual courtesy that had Iceland lamenting that she wasn't larger and the United States assuring her that if she were a square inch bigger it would ruin her. "We have promised Iceland to hand her back to herself, as good as new, when it's all over," said Mr. John M. Maple of Englewood, New Jersey. "But I'll bet you that she refuses to accept. That's how several states and dependencies got in and I ain't mentioning any names. I will bet you five bucks we wind up owning Portugal and it will serve us right."

SOME years ago we stopped being impressed when told that the government was becoming so grasping that presently they'd be taxing the air you breathe. But that, too, is all over. We've just received word from Miss Bernice Drafftmann of Denver, Colorado, that the courts of her state have just ruled that you must pay a sales tax on the oxygen they pump into you in hospitals in order that you might go on breathing. It's an entirely different matter of course, but while we're on the subject of taxation we may as well tell you that we've been talking to a gentleman who has a plan to solve what California persists in referring to as her Japanese Problem. This gentleman is going to ask the legislature of that state to place a discouraging tax on every child born in America to Japanese parents. He became a bit annoyed with us when we questioned the constitutionality of the proposal, saying that any child born in this country, whatever its parentage, was an American citizen and that we doubted very much that you could tax an American citizen's citizenship. "Oh, yeah?" cried he. "Well you can fine a guy for creating a nuisance, can't you?"

MOREOVER, Corporal James Madison Dingler of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, reports that while strolling through the lovely Carolina hills recently he was accosted by the Rev. Bing-Bang Foote, better known as The Burnin' Bush of Atlanta, Georgia. The Rev. Mr. Foote is an evangelist. He has no fixed itinerary but, according to what he told the corporal, "aims to stop and kick hell outen the Devil whaaaarever Ole Satan stops to take a drink of coooold water." He made a business proposition to Corporal Dingler. "Rassle me up a field full of sinnin' soldiers for a goin' over," said Mr. Foote, "and I don't care who takes up the offerin'. I ain't no tent evangelist. I don't need no tin roof over my haid when I scourge Old Beelzebub. When I git goin' about seven minutes I split tents, melt tin roofs and bust glass windows. I'd lose money indoors."

WHILE we're awaiting further word from the corporal, we join with Mr. Lephet Scheupter of Baltimore, Maryland, in hoping that the rumors about Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the late Kaiser, aren't true. We don't know why we feel that way, unless it's that silly feeling we always have when we hear of a man sentenced to death. Anyway Mr. Scheupter writes: "I see that Hitler figures on putting this Louis Ferdinand on the Czar's throne if he conquers Russia. I don't know this Louis Ferdinand and my ancestors would turn over in their graves, God forbid, to hear me hope nothing bad happens to a Czar. Maybe I got like this from soft living here in America where if you got stuff, work hard and mind your own business you can't miss, but honest I hope this Louis Ferdinand's got enough sense to turn the job down if it's offered. I got relations in Russia yet. I been hearing from them and while it ain't America yet, it's better than it used to be and some of my relations in Russia were kind of wishing for the old days when there was czars and archdukes running around thick, suckers for a good bomb pitcher or a guy t
got kind of dull under
nists. But me, I woul
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WE GOT back to our
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HE'D better . . .


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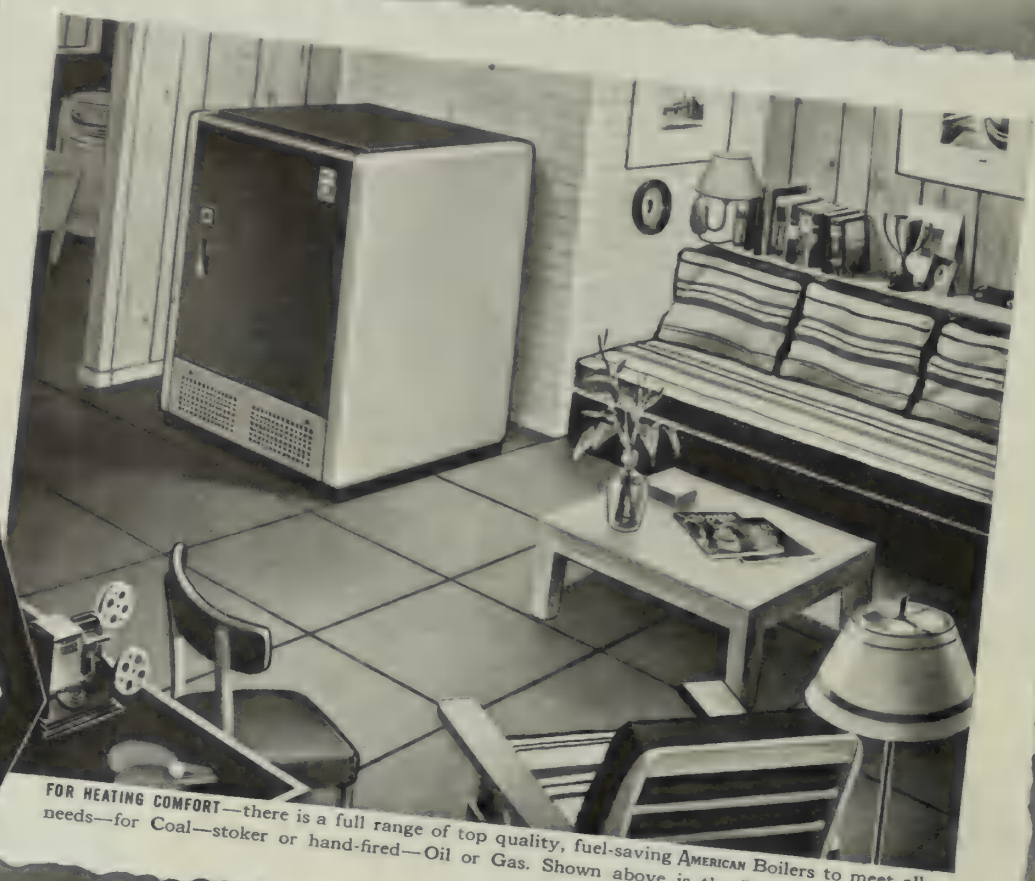

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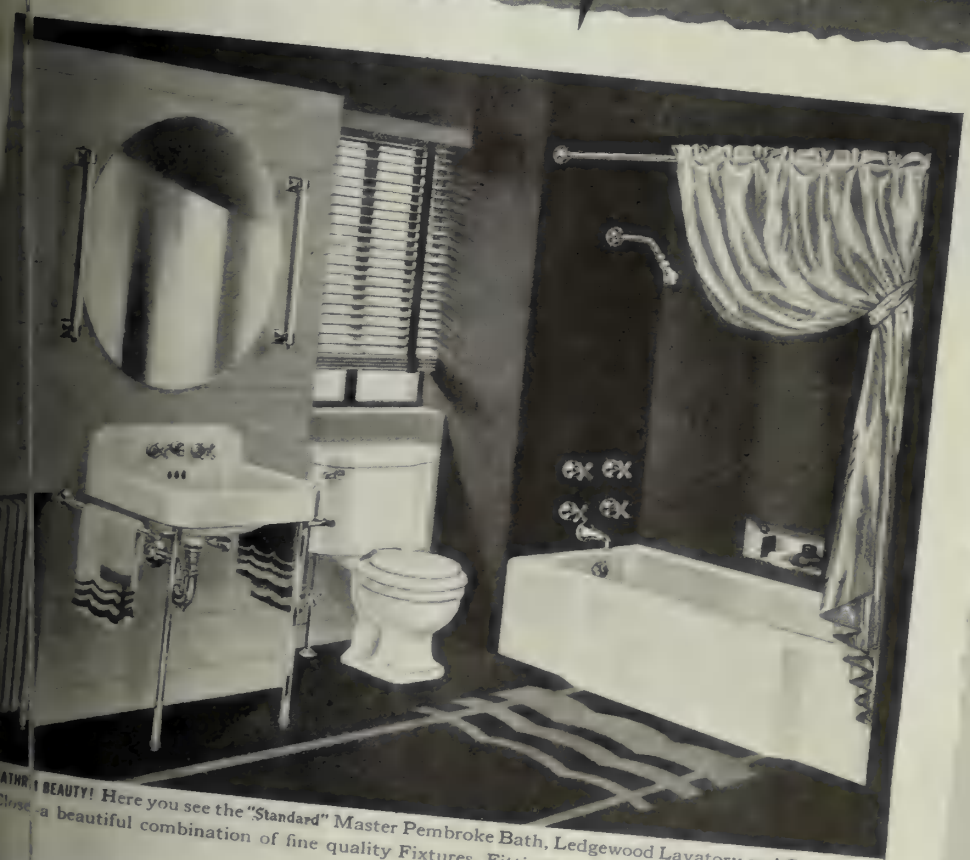

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and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Efficiency is in direct ratio to speed in glider-plane combin

ONE element in our aviation industry believes the day is not far off when all aircraft will have tricycle landing gear. A good start has been made with seven modern combat types, six of which are in volume production for the Army. They are the Douglas light bomber A-20-A, the Martin B-16 and North American B-25, medium bombers; Consolidated B-24, a four-engine heavy bomber; and the Lockheed P-38 and Bell P-39 Airacobra pursuits. The biggest of them all, the Douglas B-19 bomber, though not in mass production, has tricycle gear. However, all of the Army's new types do not have it, for the famous Boeing B-17-E, Flying Fortress; and the Curtiss P-40D, North American Apache and Republic P-47 pursuits are equipped with the conventional, as the British say, undercarriage.

The Navy has a number of Douglas transports in service with tricycle gear, an adaptation of what was to have been the commercial DC-5 when the emergency arose, and is experimenting with others for carriers. Already landings have been made on a carrier with a tricycle gear twin-engine plane. Existing contracts with the industry are so prepared that the change can be made at any time without negotiating the business all over.

Chief advantage of the tricycle gear is to permit fast landings on short fields, and to eliminate ground-looping and nosing over. The tricycle landing gear is not new, having been invented and proven by the master airmen of all time, Orville and Wilbur Wright.

INTEREST in the use of gliders for transporting troops—gliders that would need to be towed in trains—has reached such a height that a quick peep into the technical aspects of the problem should be taken. Speed is a desirable factor in such an operation and you should know that the ratio of the weight of the train of gliders to the weight of the towing airplane directly influences the speed of the entire combination. The higher the speed of the towing airplane, the more efficient the train of gliders will be. For example, it is known that a twin-engined Messerschmitt 110, with a top speed variously reported from 340 to 380 miles per hour, can tow gliders totaling four times its own weight and maintain a cruising speed of about 110 miles per hour. A slower, heavier tow-plane would not be able t great multiple of its own clares an engineer who ha the matter.

EVERYBODY surely has enthusiastic factions w craft industry for air-code cooled engines. There is o favors the high-powered cooled power plant and a that can see only the liqui line engine, for its comp and large the public woul plenty of both.

But within the aircraft-e try is another group that clares it has a power-pla combines the best featu compactness and low wei dom from plumbing for ing.

Two such production a line engines are the Fai and the Menasco. The Ran around 500 horsepower, is V-type and inverted. T with six cylinders in line, puts out close to 300 hor has long been the stand-by ing pilots. These two, of c from the 2,000-plus horse production models of Pra and of Wright, and the 1,5 to which Allison has just 12-cylinder V-type liquid But Fairchild and Menasc Aero Motors Corps., All Continental, Franklin, Ly lips, Rover, Skymotors, I

(Continued on pag 5)


Failure to lower you gear qualifies you for ship in one of the Arm Dumbbell Airman's

# 2,000-horsepower *Thunderbolts* for the Army Air Forces

-47 "Thunderbolts" will soon be roaring away from Republic viation's factory for duty with Air Force combat squadrons. his latest type of Army pursuit plane is powered by a 2,000-orsepower Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engine. This tremendous orsepower makes possible the combination of speed, range, rmor and fire power to outfly and outfight the best that Europe as to offer.

By beating the world to quantity production of engines in e 2,000-horsepower class, America has achieved the vital dvantage of superiority in engine power. With airplanes like the Thunderbolt built around these engines, the American aircraft industry is answering the nation's call for supremacy in combat performance.

**UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION**

EAST HARTFORD · CONNECTICUT

PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES

VOUGHT-SIKORSKY AIRPLANES

HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

SUMMER'S SMARTEST HAIR DO ... AND DON'T

DON'T resign yourself to the belief that dry, lusteless hair is the unavoidable result of summer's sun and winds. DO discover how easy it is to make and keep hair lovely by the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic method described below.

RECIPE FOR CHECKING *DRY SCALP*

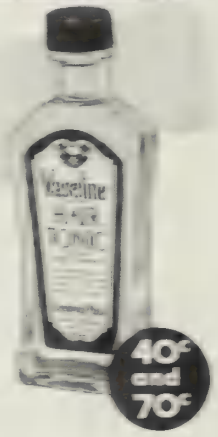
AND SUMMER HAIR DAMAGE!

IT MAY BE THAT you already have Dry Scalp . . . it's often hard to tell at the beginning. But, let summer heat get in its licks . . . dry out needed natural scalp oils . . . and dull, lusterless hair may easily be your unhappy lot.

With the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic method, you not only combat Dry Scalp, but you give your hair heart-warming loveliness, softness, luster. And — easily:

1. BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO, massage with plenty of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

2. BEFORE EACH LONG STAY OUT-OF-DOORS, touch just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to your hair, from point your wave is plain. Start this "Vaseline" Hair Tonic protective and beauty treatment today.




"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, "Vaseline" Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . so it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

When a person runs, his bloodstream fills with waste matter faster than his heart and lungs can eliminate it. At the moment that they reach sufficient speed to do their work properly, the runner gets his so-called "second wind" and is greatly relieved.

Of every 1,000 of the 400,000 men rejected by draft boards, 188 were rejected mainly for defective teeth, 113 for defective eyes, 93 for circulatory diseases, 78 for musculo-skeletal defects, 71 for nervous diseases, 56 for defective hearing, 45 for hernia, 40 for respiratory diseases, 38 for venereal diseases, 33 for defective feet and 145 for miscellaneous troubles.

Synthetic flavors when mixed with natural aromatics are much stronger than natural flavors. For example, one pound of B-ionone has the flavoring strength of 30,000 pounds of black raspberries, a drop or two of methyl anthranilate has more flavor than one gallon of Concord grape juice, and one ounce of artificial vanillin doubles the strength of one gallon of vanilla extract.—*By George Powers, St. Louis, Missouri.*

The first Wright airplane engine weighed about 15 pounds per horsepower, exclusive of its cooling system and coolant, while today's air-cooled engines weigh about one pound per horsepower. The early engine developed about three horsepower per cylinder, while today's engines develop 150 horsepower per cylinder.—*By Stephen A. McClellan, Glen Cove, New York.*

One Broadway song writer, a girl, has written and sold, to Broadway's leading music publishers, the lyrics of one hundred songs in the past eighteen months, which is an average of one every five and four-tenths days.—*By Sam Blake, New York, New York.*

"Cutting in," the custom that makes it obligatory for a man to relinquish his dancing partner to another upon request, is considered to be rude and absurd in every country but the United States.—*By Mellanie Updegraff, New York, New York.*

Rewards paid to cit[illegible] others for apprehendi[illegible] from any United State[illegible] are deducted in instal[illegible] the wages of the deserte[illegible] have served their prisc[illegible] and been replaced on [illegible]—*By A. H. Milner, A[illegible] ana.*

For many years in [illegible] army, King Haakon of [illegible] held the rank of col[illegible] Christian of Denmark [illegible] of the Belgians have be[illegible] in-chief and Emperor [illegible] Japan has been a field [illegible] rank higher than the [illegible] general.

During each session [illegible] Washington receives t[illegible] petitions, each bearing [illegible] signatures. For examp[illegible] Congress received 11,1[illegible] erage of 194 a week du[illegible] sions from January 1 t[illegible] 1935, and from Januar[illegible] 30, 1936.

Not long ago during [illegible] of freakish weather tel[illegible] grams broadcast by t[illegible] London were picked up [illegible] in New York, which is [illegible] times farther than t[illegible] ceived under normal c[illegible] *By Harry R. Roberts, [illegible] Pennsylvania.*

To check on propag[illegible] cast against the United [illegible] Federal Communications [illegible] sion maintains a staff o[illegible] tians, translators and [illegible] working in eight-hour [illegible] on, record, translate [illegible] every foreign short-wa[illegible] heard in this country.

The only two prom[illegible] tries whose governm[illegible] never awarded medals [illegible] tions for achievements [illegible] and sciences are the U[illegible] and Switzerland.—*By [illegible] Klown, Parkersburg, W[illegible]*


Fine dollars will be paid for [illegible] or unusual facts accepted for [illegible] Contributions must be accompanied [illegible] factory proof. Address Keep [illegible] World, Collier's, 250 Park Av[illegible] City. This column is copyrighted [illegible] The National Weekly. None to [illegible] be reproduced without express [illegible] the publisher.

# OR THE BEST OF CARE

# *Bring your Ford "back home!"*

Americans have learned to drive our cars better than we have learned to care for them. The cars are built so well—will withstand much abuse and neglect—that we grown a little spoiled about the real importance of good service, and how to get it most economically.

We mention this because our own Ford especially have always been built so well that it". . . and because Ford owners have had inexpensive service open to them wherever country over.

To any car owner who is interested right now in the best possible service investment in his car, and to Ford owners above all, we make these sensible and timely suggestions.

First, bring your car "back home" for any work it needs. Your Ford dealer knows your Ford best. His men are trained specialists in your car's special mechanical nature. They work with Ford parts, and with the proper tools to do the job both right and quickly, without lost motion or excessive labor costs to you. And also, in a Ford dealer's shop your car becomes something more than just a "job"—he wants your future business as a new car buyer, and he knows that good service is one of his best ways to win it.

Second, see that your car comes in for service soon enough and regularly. Proper care and adjustments at the right time—instead of repairs made too late through needless neglect—will save your money, save your car, and provide you with better and safer transportation in the bargain.

Now, more than ever, a good car deserves good care—and the best place to get it is "back home!"

## *Your Ford Dealer knows your Ford best...*

**Ask him for the low prices on Genuine Ford Replacement and Exchange Parts!**

# "My business is not as usual"

My business is not as usual — not by a long sight.

I don't usually have 600 or more new Army and Navy and defense plants to equip completely and quickly.

And I don't usually have the rush of business that comes when every one else is working on defense.

When a country starts to hurry, about the first thing it calls for is more telephones.

It takes a lot of telephone calls to make a tank or an airplane or a cargo ship.

When a country goes all out to produce, it uses plenty of telephone service. We are all out for defense too — doing our best to keep ahead of the job.

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS ROADCA
EVERY MONDAY. (N.B.C. RE ETWO
8 P.M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT S. NG TIM

BELL TELEPHONE YSTEM

ollier's
E NATIONAL WEEKLY
F AUGUST 23, 1941

eful," she murmured. "One is watching." "May blessings be with you," intoned the dervish

# ool o' the Moon

ax Rohmer

TED BY ELMORE BROWN

**a's enemies in the Middle provide Bimbâshi Barûk n adventure that might be out of the Arabian Nights**

BÂSHI BARÛK walked across to the club. was in no hurry and he loved the sights d the sounds and the smells of Cairo; for a o has first known life as it is lived in the ld of a wealthy Arab father and later, by f an English mother, life as it is lived in school, is an unusual man. Mohammed Ibrahîm Brian Barûk looked uncommonly well in uniform. His lean, narrow-hipped body and long, slim legs promised agility and strength. Brown of skin and heavy-lidded, the contrast afforded by blue eyes was almost startling. He had notable poise and wore his tarboosh with an air.

He found Colonel Roden-Pyne staring out of a window and stamping his feet, rather like a stalled charger. Colonel Roden-Pyne, tall, thin and bristly, had always reminded the bimbâshi of a white horse. But there was mutual esteem and they were old personal friends.

"Expecting you," said the colonel.

Characteristically, he plunged headlong into his subject, not even pausing to inquire about the bimbâshi's health. It was a queer, rather inconsequential story he unfolded; and Barûk, who had

A Catalina like this one spotted the Bismarck. The crew going off duty are being ferried to shore at an "operational station" of the R.A.F.

# THE NAVY LOOKS AND LEARNS

**An officer of the United States Navy was on board the American-built plane which discovered and hounded the German battleship Bismarck to her death, according to the article on the opposite page by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox.**

**This exciting drama of fighting ships at sea began on May 24th when the world was startled to hear that the Bismarck had sunk Britain's mighty battle cruiser, H. M. S. Hood with a lucky shot in her magazine. Other British forces, ships and planes, began a relentless hunt.**

**Aboard the American-built Catalina Flying Boat, (our Navy now has in commission many of these same large patrol planes) manned by the British naval air arm, was the American officer whose full reports have now been received. On the afternoon of May 26th this plane was searching the sea over the North Atlantic. The day was gray, but visibility was good underneath the low-hanging clouds.**

**As the plane zoomed through the overcast into the open she spotted the Bismarck speeding over the waves directly underneath.**

**With incredible swiftness the Bismarck opened up with what appeared to be all her antiaircraft fire. Several bursts exploded dangerously close to the plane. Bits of shrapnel ripped through the fuselage in many places. The force of the explosions caused the plane to bounce about in the air like a cork on the sea. The pilot dodged back into the protecting clouds, but he kept on the Bismarck's track, occasionally zooming out of the clouds to check on her position. These positions were radioed to the British fleet, which closed in at forced draft for the kill.**

**It is fortunate for the American people that our naval observers can be present at such battles as this, keeping the American Navy informed at firsthand on technical developments of the war; using such valuable information, steps can be taken to strengthen our forces at sea. In knowledge obtained from actual battles will come the perfect defense of the Western Hemisphere.**

filled and lighted his pipe, presently found that it had gone out. . . .

"I asked for you, B. B., because of your enviable reputation for trailing the missing."

"I am therefore condemned to remain a bloodhound?"

"At present. Let me run over the essential facts. Ask any questions that occur to you. Right? Inside the triangle, Ankara, Damascus, Bagdad, something has gone wonky. First, our most reliable underground postman in the western part of the area disappears. The man, an Armenian tallyman-huckster, sells cheap trinkets and bits of stuff and so on to the women of the smaller towns. Sound as a bell and well paid for the district messenger job. He had established contact with A-14, the best agent we have between Palestine and the Turkish frontier, and was carrying valuable material. When he was posted overdue, I inquired through the usual channels. At some point in or near Damascus, he had vanished like a mirage—"

"With the information?"

"With everything. Not a trace."

"Brigands?"

"A possibility. But the French have reported no incidents, and we can't be too curious. Damascus, of course, is an enemy hotbed. Rosener, of the German staff, is there. Also, we know that his three-star agent—opposite number of our A-14—is operating in the area."

"Who is this agent?"

Colonel Roden-Pyne neighed realistically: he had suitable teeth.

"Find that out, B. B., and I'll recommend you for the D.S.O.! I'll wager there's an iron cross waiting at the other end for the German who finds out who A-14 is, too."

"You're a nasty, secretive lot."

"Try to be. A-14 is little short of a wizard. His reports are models. He has tipped us to practically every move made by Rosener. He warned us of the Bagdad coup d'état a week before it came off. Any questions?"

"Not at the moment."

"Very well. Episode Second: Through our contact in Damascus, a barber called, I think, Abu Hassan—"

"All Arab barbers are called Abu Hassan."

"WELL, through him we found out what little we know about the Armenian. Abu Hassan, of course, merely passes the wink that stuff is waiting; he knows nothing whatever about it and could give nobody away. It looked to me as though Z (we call the German agent Z) had got hold of the parcel. Not knowing contents of same, I sweated freely. It's a rattling fine code, of Arab origin, introduced by A-14 and used by no one else. But I wouldn't swear that it can't be broken. I panicked badly. I sent for Madden. You know Pop Madden—used to be with you."

"Rather. Little wiry fellow. Permanent expression: a baked apple."

"Exactly. Been with me here for some time. Knows Syria well. First-class with dialects, customs and so forth, nearly as good as you, and as clever as a monkey at the game. Works out as a camel dealer. Knows all about camels."

"He who knows the camel knows the worst."

"Well, I brought him up to date, and off he went. That was"—he glanced at an almanac on the wall—"the ninth. Ten days ago. And last Monday I got this."

Colonel Roden-Pyne took a slightly dirty post card from a pocket case and handed it to Bimbâshi Barûk. It bore the Damascus postmark and had been mailed on the day after M parture. It was addressed the Mûski, Cairo.

"Who is Said Ali?"

"Abu Hassan's brother— They both run accomm dresses. Suits our purpose

The note, written in that loquial Arabic used by letter writers, simply said:

"If your nephew is the rose in his mouth I don't lik God be with you and with Hassan."

"Who is Yosef?"

"Myself. The card, of written by Madden. I spo that something had made This was a tip, in case he

"But what does it mean

"Not a notion. But as M has disappeared I want yo to Damascus and find out."

"I haven't been in Syria with the Transport Cor Beirut, and my Syrian Aral hot."

"Your Arabic is your o look for results."

"Happy is he who leaves the less fortunate."

"Let's stroll over the show you one of A-14's rep necessary contacts."

DAMASCUS grew sleepy i ing sun. In the covered b their cavelike shops, khans housed merchants from Ba the great Harun reigned, fountains, a drowsy hum pre mor passed from lip to l Street of the Coppersmiths heard amid the ceaseless t mers; in the Street of the one smelled it out above am musk. Laden camels, indiff convenience of pedestrians, ber-footed on their way; dopey eyes held some se might not be told.

At one of the crossroads i of merchandise there was a lazy fountain. It was old able, having been erected by Marwân in 750 A.D. Thousan travelers had paused there g the centuries between, but o seated beside the fountain no eyed dervish. He was i dirty, unshaven and ragged. garment originally black but patched so as to resemble a quilt.

A buxom Negress carryin of green vegetables on her out from one of the narrow approached the fountain. the same direction came youth, well dressed and wea blue turban. His indolence was poetic, for he was a ha an effeminate, stripling, and dark eyes surveyed the scen guorous indifference. In his held a red rose (as affecte Sufi intellectuals) rolling the between his lips as other cigar.

INTO the mysterious mur bazaars, above clatter of h ing of hammers and cries sweetly stole the Call to Pra ing its silver thread among t dery of Eastern sound. It w of noon.

Alone of those present i square, the dervish, pulling carpet from beneath his tat prostrated himself. The po against a wooden archway smiled cynically. The color rested her heavy basket on t

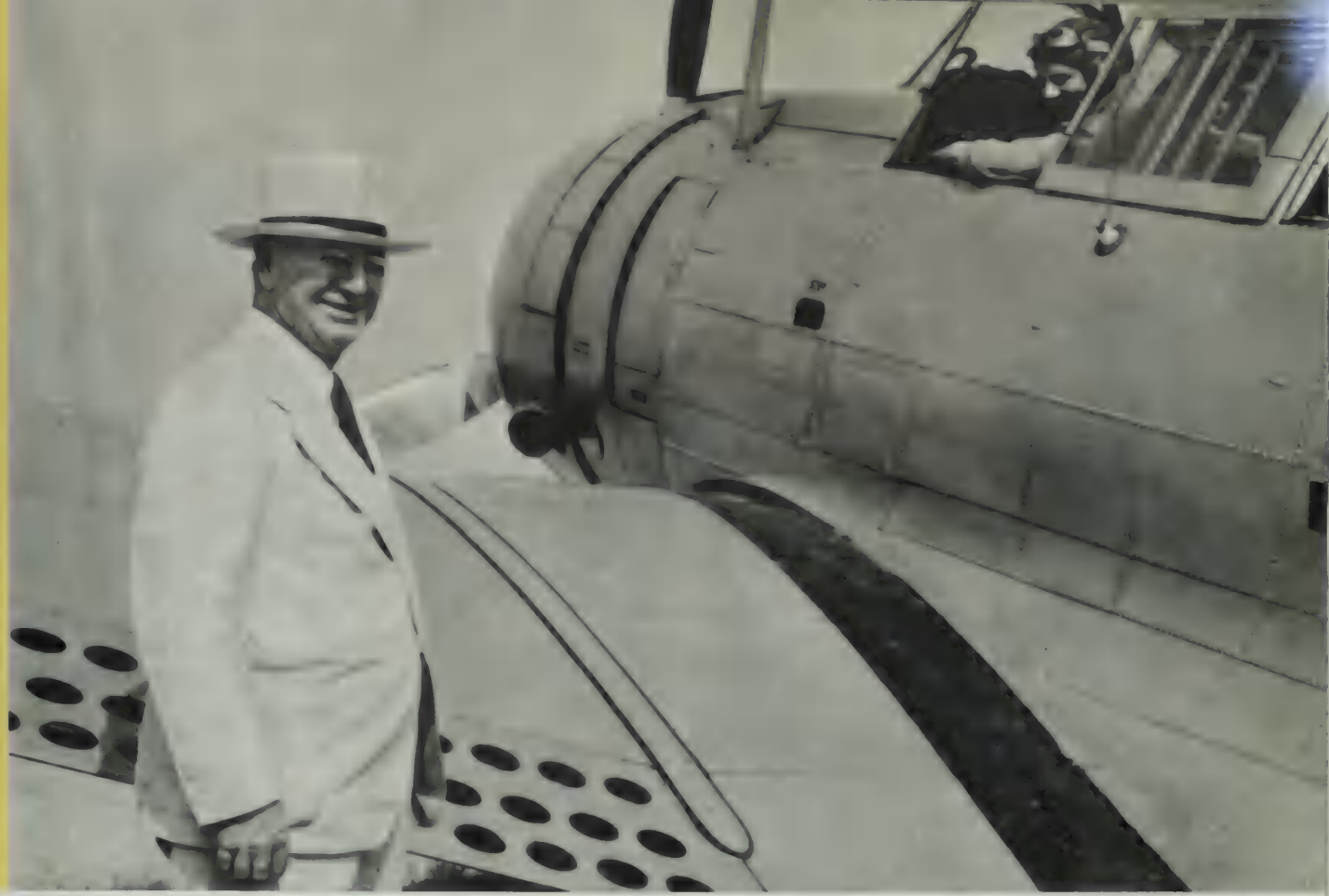
*(Continued on page*

# ıds Off
# ıvy
# ınes!

## 'ra ık Knox

ıTARY OF THE NAVY

**tl naval air arm it elongs and where do the most good—in ıvy' That's the Secre- ar wer to those who ate separate air force**



**(ne: Secretary of the Navy, wit the pilot of one of vy's Douglas dive bombers**

IFOR THOMAS

ST y-one years ago an American avy ıptain published a book which evol onized the thinking of kings sta smen throughout the world. he a nor was Captain A. T. Mahan, . N. is book—The Influence of Sea er u n History.

laha taught that, from the time of nibe onward, ultimate victory and rity ainst invasion have been won he p er or powers which could first and en hold the sea. If Mahan is righ hen ultimately and finally . . . If H er will not win.

aval uthorities so far have seen reas to revise Mahan's dictum. Worl War I the blockade of Ger- y by he grand fleet caused the col- e o the armies of the Central ers.

he p ent war, however, has added imp tant contribution to naval king Mahan thought of sea power cipa as men and ships. Lesson l fo aval men in World War II is sea ower inevitably consists of , shi *and planes.*

o str s the importance of the Navy hat must now call our first line ea-a defense, let's imagine an ex- le. ppose that, into the Office of mun ations, Navy Department, hing n, came two messages ad- sed the Chief of Naval Opera- s. O of them might read like this:

o: CO
ROM: COMMANDER IN CHIEF, PA- : FLE .
MAIN DY FLEET ROUTED IN ACTION H E MY FLEET AFTER LOSING AIR TROL. AUXILIARY FORCES CRIPPLED. ATTE PTING TO RETIRE UNDER FIRE M SEA ND AIR.

he se nd message might come from com nder in chief of the Atlantic et, co aining similar grave news of eat, d adding that the Panama al ha been bombed.

hese vo messages are admittedly tastic d improbable. They are not ossib

defe of our forces at sea by a ign ver or combination of powers ld lea our coasts open to invasion: invas front so long that we would e to aintain an army of fantastic to a ure us of protection. More ortan a defeat of our sea-air power would be an invitation to an enemy to establish invasion bases on the territory of our neighbors. Thus the Western Hemisphere, including the United States, would be threatened by joint attack on land, at sea and from the sky.

Naval and military intelligence estimates that if Hitler wins in Europe and Great Britain his shipbuilding capacity will be at least four times our own. In addition, all Europe will become Hitler's aircraft factory. It would then be in his power to build a sea-air navy bigger than our own—bigger than anything we have planned.

But we have the jump on Hitler—in ships and ship-based planes, in the "know-how" of training, and most particularly, in the high morale and intelligence of our personnel. The American people should demand that we keep the jump on Hitler—and jump on him first where there is any doubt about it. Lookout stations in Greenland and Iceland as aids to our northeastern defense, for example.

Again stressing the importance of our sea-air power, our experts say that a Navy of 500,000 men and a naval air force of 250,000 men would give us defensive power equal in land troops to an Army more than ten times that size. In other words, a sea-air Navy of 750,000 men would give us protection that would require, in land forces acting alone, an Army of more than eight million men, deployed strategically over all the thousands of miles of our territory.

### The Public's Right to Information

This fact alone should explain why our two-ocean Navy is being rushed—why, in every instance possible, it is ahead of the 1946 schedule—why at least 15,000 combatant naval planes are needed with it for our protection.

Meanwhile, the public wants information about the best methods of achieving naval defense—and every citizen in a democracy has a right to ask questions of his government and the right to expect frank answers.

Of the questions asked about the Navy, three seem most important. First, should the Navy give up its aviation arm in favor of a unified air force? Second, have the lessons of war in Europe taught that the plane is mightier than the battleship? Third, should the Navy make public more news about its tactical operations?

The first of these questions is generally followed by citing the brilliant feats of the R.A.F., and the crushing devastation wrought by the Luftwaffe in mass attacks over Britain.

Actually, Germany has not yet a navy with which to use a naval air arm comparable to our own. Further, there is evidence that Great Britain, in the midst of a struggle to the death, is finding it necessary to adopt our own method of using its sea and air arms as a single co-ordinated striking force.

At one time all the aircraft in the British fleet—even the planes based on battleships and cruisers, as well as on carriers—were under control of the R.A.F.

This caused lack of development and experimentation in planes adaptable to naval use alone. As early as 1937 it was found that this would not work. Ship-based planes were returned to control by the navy.

Similarly, the planes of the British coastal command were operated by the R.A.F.

Many of the coastal command pilots did not have naval training. There were recorded instances of inability to identify enemy ships and submarines from the air. There was a lack of intelligent communication between planes and naval forces at sea which could have resulted in the crushing of enemy units by superior power in the vicinity. There was a lack of sea-air equipment generally—a lack now being made up by American aid. There was never any lack of courage or determination.

The result was that on December 10, 1940, Mr. Churchill announced that the operational policy of the coastal command would be placed under the admiralty. As late as February, 1941, it was learned that the coastal command had found it necessary to send its pilots to sea in order to familiarize them with ships' activities and objectives—in short, to make them sea-minded.

It is well known that both our Army and Navy maintain observers abroad. What they have learned is invaluable in the preparation, strategy and tactics of our own sea-air defenses. An American observer was present at the sinking of the Bismarck. An American-made flying boat had discovered and trailed her. (It has already been hinted in news dispatches, and it is now possible to confirm the reports that an American naval observer was aboard the plane that spotted the Bismarck.)

The unanimous report of our naval observers has been that, to be effective, the naval air arm must have planes developed by the Navy for naval uses; planes flown under Navy command to attain naval objectives; planes flown by expert pilots who are Navy men with naval training. Our observers have expressed the belief that England's early failure to develop an independent, powerful sea-air arm has been primarily responsible for nearly every reverse suffered by Britain so far in the war at sea.

### Ask the Men Who Fly

All of us have heard the saying that our Army and Navy brass hats—perish the term—are opposed to a unified air force because jealously they refuse to give up any part of their power. For the record, the reports on the war abroad urging the continuation of an independent naval air force have come, in the main, from young men in our naval air service—men whose lives will be at stake if they are called upon to defend our country. These men demand and deserve the best.

Many of these young men, as aviation experts, probably would assume higher commands in a unified air force. Yet they stand on their conclusions as seagoing naval pilots who speak from experience.

In short, existing examples of unified air forces show that they do not function well as naval air arms. Germany has had no navy as yet with which to make an adequate test. In any case, the Lutfwaffe cannot be called a truly independent service, since all German forces—land, sea and air—operate under a single high command. In Italy, the lesson of the independent air force should be obvious to all, including the instances in which land-trained Italian pilots have bombed their own ships at sea. Finally—and without attempting to minimize the glorious achievements of the R.A.F. in defending the British Isles

*(Continued on page 36)*

He pitched the last ring, and it settled, like the first two, neat around the plaster cowboy's neck. Vinnie said, "That's all now, Gil. You're too good."

# Not Quite the End

## By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

**She almost got away, but the police caught up with her just in time to make it a permanent romance**

SEPTEMBER is an end of things. Vinnie could feel it in the cooling sea wind that ruffled her soft hair, see it in the scattering bathers on the beach, in the eyes of the people who wandered past the ring-toss booth where she leaned back against the counter, slim and pretty in her light summer dress. The last-time look. Last time for this year. It was in the voices calling from the other booths. Last time on the Ferris wheel . . . the merry-go-round is slowing down. . . .

It was, very solemnly, in the face of the boy who stood beyond the counter, pitching rings at a plaster cowboy on the tiered platform inside. Vinnie watched him with a funny, tight feeling in her throat. He was very brown. His blond hair looked almost white against the tan. The tight feeling in Vinnie's throat got worse.

He pitched the last ring, and it settled, like the first two, neatly around the plaster cowboy's neck. Vinnie picked up the painted little monstrosity and put it beside three others on the counter. She said, "That's positively all, Gil. You're running us out of business. You're too good."

He said, trying to keep the same lightness in his voice, "I ought to be good. I've been practicing all summer." He looked at the row of statues, then at Vinnie. There was no lightness at all in his voice now. He said, "We're closing up the cottage Sunday, Vinnie. We're moving back to town."

Vinnie watched his hands, brown and strong on the edge of the counter. She couldn't quite bring herself to meet his eyes. She said, "We'll be going, too. Pop says it's about finished here. We'll be getting back to Florida."

The merry-go-round is slowing down. . . .

Vinnie said, "It's been lots of fun, Gil."

"Just fun?"

His voice was really hurt. Vinnie thought, "He does love me. He does think so, anyway. But how can he know? How can he really know? It's so easy in the summer—but this is September. . . ."

She said, "You know I'm terribly fond of you, Gil."

So much less than she wanted to say. So much all she could manage. Gil picked up one of the plaster cowboys, checked a movement that seemed about to hurl it fiercely far out to sea. He said, "What do I have to *say*—"

Vinnie said, "I know, Gil. I do believe you. It's just that—that—"

"Just *what?*"

Vinnie said quickly, "Please, Gil. Please, not now."

Beyond his shoulder, she saw a familiar, portly figure approaching. She said, "I'll meet you down the beach. In just a few minutes."

Gil hesitated, but said, "[illegible] ise?"

"I promise."

She gathered up the othe[illegible] ues and thrust them into h[illegible] said, "For goodness' sake [illegible] don't *want* the darned thing [illegible]

Vinnie said, "You paid fo[illegible] take them away."

For a moment she had a [illegible] gled fight to keep from la[illegible] looked so funny with his [illegible] plaster cowboys. So funny [illegible] ribly nice. But Pop was b[illegible] on them. She said, "Go [illegible] come. I do promise."

HE STALKED away, his b[illegible] and stubborn. Vinnie w[illegible] He'd go down the beach to t[illegible] ter. Their favorite meeting [illegible] wait for her there. The last t[illegible]

Pop loomed at her elbow, [illegible] faced, breathless with indig[illegible] pointed accusingly at Gil's b[illegible]

"*Who* is that sharpshoote[illegible] manded. "Four statues! T[illegible] cost money."

"Eleven cents," Vinnie [illegible] still make a nice profit."

"It's a plot," Pop said, [illegible] mathematics. "Somebody's [illegible] to run us out of business."

He gestured at the [illegible]

*(Continued on page [illegible])*

**w i is happy—it's back in ne swimming with a 17-ld kid who has lowered record he's gone after, before his career is well way. Meet Bill Smith, Jr.**

RTS have ached in Honolulu many long years. The Hawai-is are a proud people. Also sports maniacs. Once they had athlete: Duke Kahanamoku, ous swimmer and breaker of ecords. They tried to live on nory but it wouldn't stretch. eded a new hero. At intervals ould go up on the island:

h that kid so-and-so! He's an-ke!"

*wasn't* another Duke. He gen-isn't another anything much at natives went back to groaning ng. They comforted themselves they could by looking at Old ho still is active in Honolulu ng, "Well, *he* was a great guy, " But they knew it wasn't

ut and pan in on a new scene: iki Natatorium, May 9, 1941: es stand by the side of the pool for the start of the 200-yard e championship, feature of the ight of the Kahanamoku indoor hey make a strange pair, the anese coach and the brawny waiian kid. Facing them and ting for the event are Otto merica's 220-yard champion; rron, 440-yard champion and ynie, second-ranking 440-yard

he ittle Japanese coach, Soichi o, is giving Bill Smith, Jr., last-nstructions. Bill is just a week m his 17th birthday; the event y important for Young Bill but ii too. They embrace and stand aiting, arms around each other, youngster steps away to take at the starting line. Challeng-all was the only record that g devotees regarded as un-e—the astounding mark of up by Jack Medica in 1935.

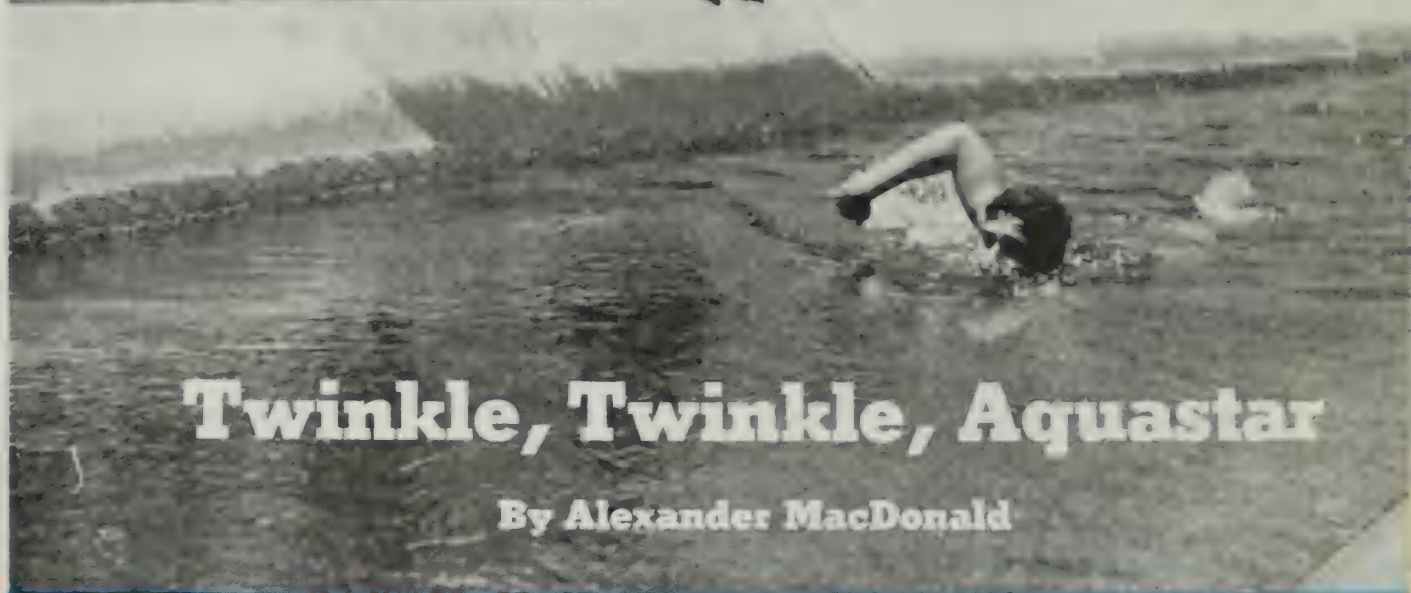
he moment the contestants hit r the din from the Hawaiian as deafening. For five days watched their boy break world They knew he was going to is one. From the first strokes in the lead—and he was still en he touched the edge of the e finish line. Young Bill broke record with a miraculous 2:7.7.

**News for Record-Holders**

then that Stan Brauninger, the Chicago Tower Club, who aging the American team, sug-hat Young Bill, at exhibition o after every record from the up to the 1,000. Warming up his idea of record-busting, he he 880, 900 and 1,000 on the ht of the AAU meet. He three seconds off the world the 880-yards, three seconds 900 and nearly four seconds 1,000. On the second night hree seconds off the 550-yard mark, three from the 700 and the 800.

"If ere are any other records said Mr. Brauninger, wiping "they had better be locked in a safe. Never have I seen mming and never again will I a swimmer. I'm dizzy."

*Continued on page 50)*



# Twinkle, Twinkle, Aquastar

**By Alexander MacDonald**

**Bill Smith gets part of his strenuous daily conditioning in an irrigation ditch on the Maui Island sugar plantation where he trains for his record-breaking splurges. Bill's father is Irish, his mother a Hawaiian**

**Most important men in the life of Bill Smith (below) a his father, who nursed him back to health after a wi ering illness, and Soichi Sakamoto, the Japanese swi ming coach who developed him. At the right is his moth**

# Bride in Transit

## By L. L. Foreman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

He swallowed several times. "Sure was a cute little cottage, wasn't it?" he said

**A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE**

AUNT MAUDE said sniffily, "I should think you'd have more pride than want to go way up there to marry him. Let him come here for you if he wants you bad enough."

Father said ominously, "You're not going. Understand that."

"Yes, Father. Yes, Aunt," said Vada, and that night she slipped out and caught the bus. She hadn't enough fare to take her farther north than Nashville, so she wired Harry to meet her there. Harry could surely take the Saturday off and run down from Cincinnati.

He wasn't waiting in the big Nashville bus depot when she got there, but a youth called her name. She answered, and a man in bus company coveralls neatly plucked a yellow envelope from the youth's hand and passed it to her on his way out. The telegram read: *Transferred to San Francisco branch important job. Must leave immediately. Return home. Will send for you later. Harry.*

Hours later a lanky man came and sat beside her. "You're worrying me," he remarked, and she recognized him as the man in the gray coveralls; only now he wore ordinary clothes and didn't look so trim. "That wire bad news?"

He was impertinent. She didn't like him. Didn't like his careless necktie and his manner. "I'm going to Cincinnati to be married," she told him, and felt that should freeze off any man.

"Three Cinci busses have left since noon," he said. "Maybe you're thinking it over. But what about that poor guy when you don't turn up? Have a heart, Dixie."

"He's gone to San Francisco," she answered before thinking.

He whistled and wagged his head. "Ditched you, eh? Tough."

"He has not! His company sent him on a very important job."

"No job's that important. You better turn around and go back home, Julep. There's a south-bound leaving at eight-forty."

"Would—would they trust me for the fare, d'you think?"

"No, Magnolia. Too many try to beat their way south."

"I don't mean south. I can't go back home."

"California? That's worse yet. They wouldn't be interested in helping you to scalp some guy in California for leaving you in the lurch."

She retorted with dignity, "My fiancé and I will be married when I get to San Francisco. He—he has *not* left me in the lurch."

"No?" he said quietly. "Then come on, Sun-kissed. We're going to California." He stowed the grip into a travel-worn old roadster at the curb. "They're building airplanes in San Diego—I just happened to remember."

SHE spent that night in a dollar tourist camp. His dollar. She didn't know where he slept, but his clothes looked worse in the morning. It was the same thing next night and the next, but the fourth night, in Texas, she curled up in the old roadster while he stretched out on the ground. She liked the dark sky above her, but the faraway howling of a coyote gave her a creepy feeling. She was glad of the presence of the lanky man lying beside the car. His name was Jim Hutton.

"Are you asleep, Jim?"

"No. Scared?"

"N-no. No. That was such a cute cottage where we bought the milk, wasn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Have you got a home, Jim?"

She heard him stir restlessly. "No." A match flared and cigarette smoke puffed up in the brief light of it. "No, I got no home, and I never miss it. Been on the ramble since schooldays. I'm lucky. Got a good trade—machinist. Got a good kit of tools and four wheels to get around on. Without tools you're just a jackleg. Without a car you're a hobo."

The rear tire blew out in New Mexico, miles from anything. Jim Hutton lounged behind the wheel and lighted his last cigarette.

"Can't you do anything but sit there and smoke?" she flashed at him.

He grinned faintly and untangled his long legs and got out. "Poor old bus. She's about conked out. D'you still want to go to San Francisco?"

"Of course! Why?"

"We-ell . . . You could've changed your mind." His eyes played over her face. "But you're bound to get there, eh?"

"Yes!"

"All right." He sounded tired, and now he didn't grin. "Take it easy, you'll get there." He walked off, and as he slowly shrank in the distance she got that much lonelier.

When night closed in she grew frightened. A cold fear grew upon her that he wouldn't come back, until she remembered his big steel toolbox. He wouldn't abandon that.

A huge truck growled to a stop, and the driver said, "In trouble?"

"Could you give me a ride?"

"How 'bout your car?" said the truck driver.

"The—the owner's coming back to get it."

The truck driver beamed a flashlight over the roadster. "Not much loss if he don't. Get out and hop in."

The driver dropped her at a garage, and a boy came out and said, "You want some coffee, ma'am?"

She thanked him and said she just wanted to wait here and catch a ride west. "To San Francisco," she said bravely, and set down her grip.

"That's a right long way, ma'am," the boy said. "I never been th boss, though, he's drivin' to que tonight. He ain't here but he'll be back." Half an he called, "That's him comin'

It was a wrecker, and it hau roadster behind it. The boss the wrecker, and Jim Hutton the roadster.

"I guess you couldn't wait,

"Jim, I—I . . ."

"Sure, sure." He turned t "How about buying that car?

The boss shook his hea enough junk around here."

Jim Hutton went to the roa tugged out the heavy steel t put it down. He unlocked out all the flat drawers. "I go two hundred dollars in tools I bought, some I made. M offer."

"Jim—you can't!"

His eyes slid over her and boss. The boss poked throug drawers. He stood and debat dollars for the car an' the to

"Give me the fifty."

"Jim!"

A truck driver came out backing his truck onto the hig Hutton called after him, for San Diego, brother?"

"Huh? No—Phoenix."

"Give you a buck to let me

"Come on!"

He ran to the truck, co money, and as he passed he some into her hand. "You bus for Frisco out of Albuqu said. "S'long. Been nice kn Then he was swinging aboar as it pulled out onto the hig she ran after it, but its ro battered her voice to nothing in the highway and watch taillights dwindle off, and counted the bills they came t dollars.

"You can ride in with m querque, miss," offered the set you right down at the This your grip?"

THE morning sun shone cle bay, and San Diego was cheerful, but he tramped u white sidewalk that ran by roofed factory and he looke careless, as if he didn't whether he caught a job h Walking slowly, he searched pocket where he kept his ciga he had any, and then he saw stopped dead with his han his pocket.

He noticed what she was He sat down beside her an carefully at his hands. "H been here?"

"Since two o'clock this m been a long wait."

"I guess," he said, "a girl out with a ten-ton lathe man carrying nothing, coa 'Specially if she's pretty."

"Truck drivers are nice," People passing eyed them Maybe it did look unusual be sitting patiently in the machinist's toolbox and a her, but it was none of the

He turned jerkily to her, g distractedly in his empty p Francisco?"

"No, Jim."

He swallowed several ti was a cute little cottage, Those push-open windows .

After a while he stood up. about that job. You wait h

"Jim—you look so hung Can't we have breakfast firs let me take the tools for thi lars, and I've still got seven

"Later, Sugar," he said. more important."

# ıerals
# ver
# rn

## eral
## ı Hagood

**rained man in the Army is the private d the worst-trained eral." General Ha- speaks with the au- forty-nine years of perience, feels that r defense effort will unless we manage better leadership**

Y-SIX years ago I wrote a on some maneuvers, which mmanding officer forwarded ar Department with the re- Captain Hagood would pay ıtion to his battery, and worry the mistakes of his superiors, s would be more satisfactory

emingly unkind remark was ing of my career, if any, in the aroused the curiosity of the . They read the report, and call me to Washington for e staff. There I remained for s, winding up as assistant to hiefs of staff, J. Franklin Bell ırd Wood. Five years after to France with Pershing and e youngest general in the : a very good one—from me I rose to the command of ent peacetime Corps Areas Field Armies, finally with- the shade of the retired list tion-wide burst of applause, a hearing before Congress, WPA funds as stage money. ll these years I continued to ıt the mistakes of the higher- urther I went up myself the about my job, until at last convinced that the best- ın in the American Army is soldier and the worst-trained general.

so much the generals as it is lship. The duties of the pri- mple and easy, while the du- general are never learned. oleon met his Waterloo.

Peyton C. March, chief of American Army, and senior during the World War, tes- e Congress that three months raining under competent in- ould be sufficient for peace- es, and submitted a plan for military training based upon ple. Major General W. G. ps commander in France and president of the Army War ıid that ten days of actual the great essentials would be privates but that many men France and went up to the but having had those essen-

he years that followed, I my- ıted an extensive series of s, with many thousands of l men at my disposal, under all sorts of climatic and weather conditions both in the United States and in the Philippine Islands, which showed very conclusively:

That within ten days the average young American recruit of infantry, cavalry, or artillery—horse-drawn, motorized or seacoast—can be taught to perform his essential duties in the use of at least one weapon peculiar to his arm; and during the same time can be taught to make a day's march with full pack, to perform the simple field duties appropriate to his grade, and to obey his officers.

That within four weeks, under the leadership of a young West Point graduate, of one year's service, and two young R.O.T.C. graduates commissioned as reserve officers, a group of these recruits, together with a ten per cent cadre of regular soldiers, can be formed into a company, troop or battery, well qualified to take the field in active operations.

That in from six to twelve weeks, capable battalions and regiments may be formed in the same manner, ready to take the field if necessary, and nothing in modern war has changed this. Mechanization, in fact, being more tangible, makes it easier to learn.

We qualified recruits as experts with the infantry rifle after five hours' instruction spread over a period of ten days. We found that private soldiers with previous civil-life experience as truck drivers, mechanics, railroad operatives, laundrymen, bakers and other such occupations essential to the military service were in many cases just as well qualified for their jobs the day after reporting for duty as they would be if they had served a hundred years.

But with the generals it is different.

### It's a Battle of Wits

The generals must command men and supplies. They must direct the operations of brigades, divisions, Army corps, armies, or perhaps groups of armies, aggregating all the way from five thousand men to more than a million. The general does not carry his weapon in his hand nor does he drag it behind him with a tractor. His battle is a battle of wits, and his skill must be in tactics, which is maneuvering troops upon a field of battle, and in strategy, which is maneuvering troops in a theater of operations.

It was said of Napoleon that he won all of his battles before he fired his first shot. He always maneuvered his enemies into positions from which they could not extricate themselves.

Lee, one of the world's greatest generals of all time, met his defeat at Gettysburg because of an error in strategy. He should never have crossed the Potomac.

American officers study their tactics and strategy at West Point, at the service schools, at the Army War College and in the general staff. Generals have at their beck and call staff officers who have been to these schools and who have a comprehensive theoretical understanding of the subject. But in a country like ours with a small scattered army there is not much opportunity to put any of this into practice outside of the schoolroom.

During a visit to the United States, Marshal Foch was taken out to Fort Leavenworth by General Pershing to make an address to the students at the

*(Continued on page 55)*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY FOD THOMAS

**This gun was new and General Hagood, beside it, was a second lieutenant when he placed it at Fort Moultrie in 1898. It's a 12-inch mortar and is used to train the South Carolina National Guard and help to defend Charleston Harbor**

# OUR NEW ARMY

## WASHINGTON

41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. Everybody talks about blitz buggies, jeeps and tanks (without which the Army wouldn't be worth much, these days) but at public reviews at this fort the applause always goes out to an outfit from the old West: The 115th (Wyoming) Cavalry. The machine age sneaked up on this National Guard unit last fall and the smell of horses and of gasoline is about equally divided, but most of the officers are admittedly pro-horse, some of them having stored up collections of clippings proving that the German army got where it is with the help of 2,000,000 horses. Visitors at Lewis look at the animals, then ask: "But—aren't they sort of, well, out of date?" The 115th officers are ready for that one. "Suppose," they suppose, "your tanks run into a blockade on a forested road. There are trees on both sides. That means the tanks are all washed up, and that's where horses come in. They can go where tanks can't, and they carry troops right up to the fighting line. This will tire the horse out but the man is fresh, see?"

Like mountain mule organizations (Collier's, August 2d), the 115th is designed for specialized territory. Big trailers (portees) filled with horses, riders and supplies are hauled to within ten miles of the front by a prime mover. Only flaw in this arrangement for the 115th is that, although the regiment has 350 of its ultimate 500 horses and seventy-seven trailers, it has only one prime mover to get them anywhere. Incidentally, most of the horsemen hail from Wyoming ranches; most of the truck troopers are from towns.

## WYOMING

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Cheyenne. The California-Florida orange feud developed a new angle when a young lady in Skull Valley, Arizona, sent a crate of the California brand to Pvt. Henry Holmes, erstwhile Palm Beach citizen who happens to be all-out for Florida in the citrus fracas. Holmes would like to show appreciation for the gift but he can't desert the cause by tasting the fruit. While he indulges in acrobatics on the horns of this dilemma, fellow members of Co. I, second quartermaster training battalion from Ohio and Kentucky, are working on the crate. "We're neutral," is their statement for the press.

## CALIFORNIA

77TH DIV.

FORT ORD. Pvt. Will LaVelle turned out quite a yarn for the camp paper a few weeks ago. It dealt with the reactions of a new soldier and to put over a point Pvt. LaVelle commented: "Still, you can't make a professional soldier out of a bartender, shoe clerk or streetcar conductor." First scream came from Pvt. G. D. Gross, former bartender, who ended his beef with, "Furthermore, how does he get the idea of placing a bartender in the same category with a shoe clerk and a streetcar conductor?" Publication of that letter brought a barrage from shoe clerks and car conductors, and the editors bravely wrote that men from all professions were making grand soldiers "and we number among our friends some of the best bartenders in the business." It didn't settle much of anything. When two chaplains dropped around to have a little talk with the editors for building up bartenders, a camp dog nipped one of the chaplains, an artilleryman cuffed the dog and one of the mutt's several thousand foster owners smacked the artilleryman in the beezer. A late bulletin from the editors reads: "Order has been restored. We hope."

40TH DIV.

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. Every day is a combination of April 1st and Halloween to Lt. Col. Charles R. Fitzgerald, division gas officer. From morning to night he drives around camp, and out in the hills where the 40th Division maneuvers, tossing tear-gas bombs out of his gray Ford. If a troop detachment's Gas NCO spots him in time the colonel drives on, while the personnel glares at him through masks. If he catches them off guard the colonel stops and offers advice, but no sympathy. Men in the 40th claim they start crying automatically now every time they see a gray Ford anywhere—even when they're on furlough.

CAMP HAAN, Riverside. A beach guard with a three-months coat of tan visited this camp and looked so pale by comparison with the leather-faced Haan boys he thought he'd landed in a Mexican army camp. It's the Mojave Desert sun that does it. Anti-aircraft units spend a lot of time firing at aerial targets over the desert and it's no place for a guy who's allergic to actinic rays. Reveille sounds off at 4:30 so the men can get a start before the temperature hits 100, and there's a siesta period at midday, when thermometers register up to 120 degrees. Low humidity and well-equipped shower rooms help to beat the heat as does the hospitality put out by the citizens of Barstow. A morale officer from a cooler spot couldn't understand why the guys seemed so cheerful. "We've found that beefing about the heat only makes us hotter," a sergeant told him. "Bes[illegible] you ever walked under a desert moon and [illegible] stars with a Barstow blonde hanging onto y[illegible] The morale officer said no, he hadn't, in wh[illegible] geant described as a wistful tone of voice.

PVT. NED WELCH, B Battery, 78th [illegible] thoroughly tested his revolutionary lat[illegible] device: a waxed-paper lining for a mess k[illegible] reports he, "still has to be washed, but no [illegible] much."

RIVERSIDE'S one hock shop gets plent[illegible] from Haan boys. A sardine would suffo[illegible] place on payday. Sounds as though loaded [illegible] have something to do with it.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

**First step in raising a barrage balloon is to dig a ditch the size and shape of the b[illegible] is unrolled from its box and fastened by the nose to a winch anchored in the ground [illegible]**

**Balloon is then partially inflated by gasoline-powered air blower and a rigger crawls i[illegible] punctures. In the dark interior of the rubberized (neoprene) fabric, holes look like [illegible]**

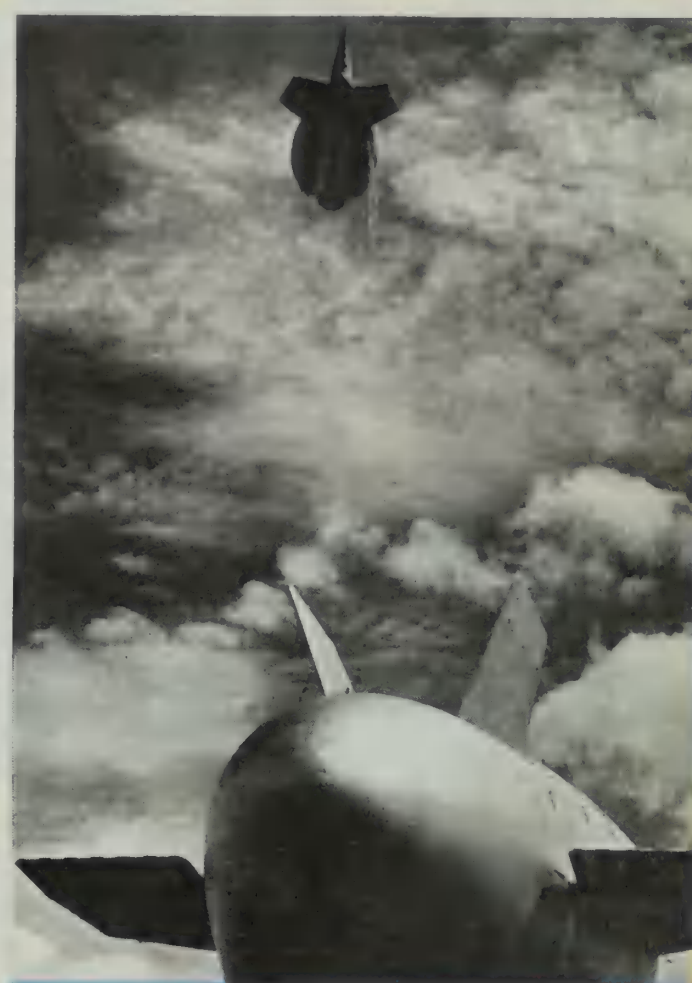
ARRY, San Francisco. Guarding the ate is the 6th C.A., a member of which Macenerny, who went AWOL recently anded, as is the custom, in the fort's jug. lease he was equipped with a loaded gun ately marched back to the cooler to act as is surprise was as nothing compared to ls who were still in stir.

BERTS. Fed up with movies on Army as screened by Hollywood, Pvt. Ben he 12th F.A., presented himself and an creation Officer Lt. B. C. Holtschue. Pvt. Martin, "make an artillery picture camp showing real soldiers in real action. educational, like the Army training films, and we could work some girls into the story without letting them swipe the picture." Lt. Holtschue said sure, but hadn't there been some soldier-and-girl pictures recently? "Sir," replied Pvt. Martin solemnly, "here's the colossal part no Army-life movie has ever dared attempt: We won't have a buck private falling in love with an officer's daughter!" Lt. Holtschue rounded up twelve Paso Robles girls, Pvt. Martin whipped a scenario together and the picture, 155MM, was filmed and given a rousing première, with four antiaircraft searchlights giving a Hollywood Blvd. touch outside the regiment's recreation hall. The picture will be run all summer and Pvt. Martin is trying to coax the boys on the other side of the camp to produce an infantry epic. "We could use it as a B picture," says he.

**BARRAGE BALLOONS. Following Britain's lead in the use of balloons for defense the U. S. Army this summer moved the experimental 3d Balloon Squadron of Ft. Lewis, Wash., to Camp Davis, N. C., and established a 2,000-man Barrage Balloon School and Training Center supervised by the Coast Artillery Corps. Commanding the School is the Air Corps' Lieut. Col. M. E. Hugo. Colonel Robert Arthur, of the C.A., heads the Center. Thirty-six balloons will be used in training**

**s checked for holes, air is let out, sandbags and handling lines are fastened in place. m 100 cylinders is piped in through hoses connecting with large tube (extreme right)**

**ble-type barrage balloon holds approximately 27,000 feet of gas, requires a crew of men and thirty minutes to one hour to inflate. A 3/16-inch winch cable holds balloon**



**Idea of barrage balloons is to keep enemy planes abov effective bombing range. Some are kept at altitudes o 6,000 to 8,000 feet, others soar to 15,000 feet. Camp Davis school is the only one of its kind in the U. S**

## TEXAS

1ST CAVALRY DIV

FORT BLISS, El Paso. The personnel on this 1,750,000-acre reservation has passed the 30,000 mark and includes the First Cavalry Division, six antiaircraft regiments and the staff of the William Beaumont General Hospital. Despite a tenfold multiplication of the post's strength in one year, the work of military and civilian police has increased very little; in an entire month the M.P.'s found it necessary to put the skids under only three members of an 1,800-man antiaircraft regiment for a too-energetic use of wet goods.

LIKE the Camp Wheeler soldier who was reported in this department last week, Pvt. Tony Prince, Jr., Troop B, 124th Cavalry, got to moping around Fort Riley (prior to his assignment to Fort Bliss) for a taste of the Italian spaghetti his mother used to make. Finally he sent out an SOS to Mrs. Prince in Columbus, Ohio, and the lady drove the thousand miles to Fort Riley, where brass hats arranged for the use of a kitchen in the officers' mess. Garbed in an Army cook's outfit, Mrs. Prince prepared a mountain of Italian spaghetti for Tony and his buddies while bug-eyed mess sergeants hung around keeping track of the recipe. However, Fort Bliss cooks don't seem interested in the idea; anyway, Trooper Tony moans periodically but in vain for his favorite dish. (*Continued on page* 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

**London's autocratic army, navy and air force censors are the despair of the 92 American correspondents**

# Lord Hush-Hush

## By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON

**Being a press correspondent in England involves more than blitzes and bombs—you must also battle the censors to get your stories out to the world. American reporters have seriously considered going on a one-day strike to show how they feel**

CRAIG THOMPSON of the New York Times is an enterprising reporter. In London some time ago he unearthed what he thought to be a good story. He found that the army and R.A.F. doctors were treating open wounds with sulfathiazole and that the overworked miracle drug had come through nicely once more. He saw several doctors and verified the fact that the treatment was amazingly successful. The doctors seemed surprised at Thompson's interest. Everyone knew about it, the doctors said. (Collier's had published an article about it on May 24.) It was, nevertheless, a nice story and Craig used it.

In London all stories go through the censors attached to the Ministry of Information. The censor looked at the story Thompson handed in, glared angrily, and flatly refused to send it in. Craig wanted to know why.

"Don't try to fool me," the censor said. "I know perfectly well that sulfathiazole is a code word."

Thompson, who had never tried to "bootleg" a story through the censor, counted ten and then spent a half-hour convincing the censor that there was actually a drug called sulfathiazole. The censor had never heard of it.

If the incident were an isolated one, it would not be worthy of comment. Unfortunately, things like that happen in London every day, and account to a great degree for the increasing gray tints in the hair of the ninety-two American correspondents who are stationed here in England's capital.

Reporters hate all censorship. In London we make one exception. When a censor cuts something out of a story with a short "Home Security Reasons," we almost invariably agree with him. The services have issued several "bans," most of which are quite reasonable. Duff Cooper, former Minister of Information, once said in a press conference, "We cannot let you say anything which will endanger the lives of British citizens or the continuance of war production. Correspondents enthusiastically endorsed Mr. Cooper's statement, and this harangue is not directed toward any reasonable rules which make for home security. It is directed toward the petty, absurd, tyrannical censorship imposed upon American and dominion correspondents by the three war services, all of which supersede the Ministry of Information as final arbiters of what may or may not be said. The three war services (army, navy and R.A.F.), are still laboring under the happy delusion that they are fighting the war and that therefore they should be allowed to run it.

They forget that this for once is truly a people's war. The battle of Britain was won by two hundred and fifty thousand civilian fire fighters, the thousands of civilian air wardens, ambulance drivers and canteen workers, and when invasion comes the home guard of nearly two million is expected to play a big part in what we in London confidently expect to be a successful defense. London has twice been saved from complete destruction by the civilians—by the people's army. Yet the three war services with typical pompous bureaucracy have consistently refused to tell the people of England and the people of America just what is going on. We only want to write the truth, but the half-truths, the evasions and the general refusal of the services to let us "see for ourselves" has prevented first-class reporting. Things became so desperate a few weeks ago that the American correspondents seriously considered going on a one-day strike to show their indignation. In turn, Duff Cooper and Lord Beaverbrook pleaded our cause, but the services still reign supreme. Appeal to the Prime Minister has been equally futile.

At this writing it seems quite likely that America may soon be actively in the war. When that demented but undoubtedly necessary state of affairs comes to pass, the specter of censorship, dead since the last war, will arise from its grave to rule over Washington once more. In wartime censorship is regrettably but absolutely necessary for home security reasons. A study of the mistakes made by the censors and the services here in England during the past year might show those to whom American censorship is to be entrusted a few pitfalls that might intelligently be avoided. Lest anyone think that this is the sour bleat of a repor excusing the ineffectiveness poor stories by making the scapegoat, let me list a few ir the kind of censorship we are in England.

Last winter Lord Haw Ha German radio told, with great it was that the Nazi bomber p it so easy to locate London. something that everyone in L Berlin knew—that the Tham the way to London. You can out the Thames any more could black-out the Hudson o sissippi. Raymond Daniel o York Times wrote an article he referred to this, and tolc "silver stream of the Thame out the way to London." H story off and went to bed. censor phoned him and told h that he could not mention th "It would give the enemy imp formation." The very capable iel, one of the most respected on either side of the Atlantic, great length, but the censor rate. Finally Daniel, with a suppose if I said the Amazon the Thames it would be all ri up. An hour later the cable ed New York Times, sitting in York office, was shocked to story from Daniel in which a line, "the silver stream of th River pointed the way to Lor

George Lait of the Internati Service wrote a nice innocuou Christmas Eve. In the "cabl by foreign correspondents to tolls, he wrote, "Despite un-C weather, London tonight, etc." days German airplanes were twenty-four hours a day, kno as much about the weather in

(Continued on page 3

# ina ashman

## Kathleen Norris

1941, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

*Story Thus Far:*

TIL Dina Cashman, who lives with impoverished family in Railway Flats San Francisco, learns that she has been loved by the father of her unborn child—Vere Holland.

Despite, Dina calls on Vere's wealthy Rogers Holland, and asks his help. Moved by Dina's distress, Rogers conceives a plan to rouse the jealousy of Aline Pierce, the woman he has always loved who has jilted him twice. He proposes that she, his wife, in name only, pointing out that Dina's baby will then have a legal father. Dina accepts the offer and marries Rogers Holland. The marriage pleases everyone—except Vere's mother and Aline (whose husband, Andrew Havens, is commissioned to paint Dina's portrait). Angry and jealous, Aline begins planning to get out of her present marriage.

Dina is injured in an automobile accident and while she is in the hospital her baby, a girl, is born. Dina is very happy with her baby and Rogers is pathetically pleased that Aline, for the first time in twenty years, is really treating him kindly. He hints to Dina that he and Aline may yet find happiness in marriage.

At the gallery where Andy Havens' portraits are on exhibition, Dina encounters Vere, the father of her child. Outwardly poised and casual, Dina converses with him for a few minutes and then leaves with Andy. Walking together through Chinatown, Andy and Dina wake to a realization that they love each other.

Vere comes to call on Dina and attempts to smooth matters over so that they can be friends. Hoping to get a substantial settlement from his uncle, Vere announces that he is "almost engaged" to Senator Hosworth's niece. Aline calls and takes Rogers out to dinner, leaving Dina alone to ponder over Rogers' parting words to her: "Don't worry about that engagement talk of Vere's. If you were free again there might be another setup entirely!"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

DINA was out on the terrace with the baby when Rogers came downstairs the next morning. It was not yet quite noon; warm sunshine was flooding the old red bricks and the painted wooden balustrades, and winter flowers, cosmos and chrysanthemum, battered by late rains, were being tied into bedraggled bunches along the paths by McPherson. In the fresh, sweet air there was the odor of wet oaks and wet earth, the sharp, sweet smell of a world drying and sunning itself.

Margaret was in her play pen which was floored today with a warm, folded plaid. Her small, rotund body was snugly enveloped in a sweater suit, but her browned little arms and legs, her thistledown head were bare. She lay making indeterminate gestures with a spoon in one hand and a silver cup in the other. Occasionally the spoon clinked against the cup, and the baby started in surprise.

Dina sat near her, determinedly reading a magazine article, "The Vital Second Year." "Mashed prune, banana or applesauce, three dessert spoonfuls," she read; "toast, four fingers, buttered. If the child grows weary of eating or shows distaste, remove the food immediately. Habits of dawdling, playing, expecting amusement at meals—"

"Oh, hello, Rogers!" Dina interrupted her reading to say with a gallant attempt at a smile. After last evening's succession of humiliations and shocks, she had spent a long, sleepless night, her mind and senses churning with problems and responsibilities, resentments and indignation with which the philosophy of her twenty years was completely unable to cope. She felt utterly washed out and exhausted this morning; she could never have faced it with its duties for Margaret, its occupation with the baby's formula, wardrobe, bath, breakfast, if she had not come to the conclusion, during hours of tossing restlessness, that she had no choice. There was no other way.

Every instant of her talk with Vere had stung her with a thousand whips. His serene acceptance of the circumstances of her marriage, the birth of her child, the long months of her invalidism as all being a part of a world that arranged everything nicely for Vere Holland and brought him out of every dilemma admired and triumphant, had been almost more than she could bear. She had writhed remembering it, had gritted her teeth and knotted her hands.

At the end of every furious thought she had emerged at the same point. Vere's complacency was absolutely justified. He had indeed escaped the net of retribution and responsibility. Perhaps Dina was the one to blame, perhaps Dina was making a mountain out of a molehill, and there had been nothing so wrong in that little Paradise Valley escapade after all.

No, there was Margaret, there was Margaret, there was always Margaret, the innocent, floss-headed radiant baby whose very life was the fruit of that adventure, whose welfare and happiness must be a ball and chain about Dina's heart forever! Dina, too, had escaped the worst dangers of her predicament—comfort and protection and

**"Are you—are you mad about something?" she asked. "Yes, mad about you," he answered briefly, still unsmiling**

security had been miraculously given her. But even these apparent compensations had not saved her from hours, from weeks of shame and strangeness, loneliness and doubt; they had not saved her from the inevitable agonies and cares of young motherhood.

They had not saved her from this night of wakeful anxiety when Rogers' parting words had occurred to her again and again and when their implications had made her face burn in the cover and darkness of night and her whole body shake with chill.

The thought had suffocated her. Vere asked by his uncle to marry her! Vere reminded that Dina's child was his child too; that honor and justice dictated this course! Rogers extricating himself from a marriage that had after all been no marriage; Rogers quite confident that this was the happiest solution for everyone. It wasn't thinkable, it wasn't bearable that after her spirit had settled into comparative serenity in the old Holland house the ground under her feet should be swept away again. For Rogers was planning now to marry Aline: that much he had made quite clear before his elated departure with her last night.

ALINE would get a divorce too; no novelty for Aline. This would be her third, not by any means a record for Aline's group. That meant that Andy would be free too. But he would wonder at her divorce from Rogers only a year after their marriage; he would hear that there was talk of her marrying Vere. And perhaps he would think—Dina tried to work it out clearly for herself, but mind and senses were too weary for coherent thought—perhaps he would think that of course she *must* marry Vere, the circumstances being what they were. Perhaps the whole world would think so.

The sting that this thought brought was the keenest Dina had ever known. Andy, the strong, devoted friend whose belief in her, whose admiration for her had been like a tonic; Andy, at the mention of whose name her whole world turned right and safe and rose-colored, would have to know everything now.

The face she raised to Rogers, as he came out upon the terrace, wore its usual smile, but it was a haggard, anxious face, and she knew that he saw it.

"Had your breakfast?" he asked.

"Had my breakfast! Hours ago."

"I was addressing Margaret."

"Oh, Margaret? Yes, she had breakfast at seven, and orange juice after her bath, and now she's anticipating baked potato and spinach and custard, aren't you, Margaret?"

"She looked up when you said potato; darned if she didn't!" Rogers exclaimed.

"Oh, she knows any mention of food."

Rogers sat down in a basket chair, stretched his body appreciatively in the sunshine, rattled the pages of the paper. Dina opened her book.

"Would you like Hinz to bring you out a cup of coffee? It's more than an hour to lunch."

"No, no; this is very nice." He glanced at headlines, dropped the paper. "Mind eating by yourself last night?" he asked, his head back against a canvas cushion, his eyes shut.

"No. I was reading."

"We had the most remarkable talk last night a man or woman ever had, I suppose," Rogers said dreamily. "We sat at one table at the Saint Francis Hotel in the city from eight o'clock until ten minutes of one. I looked—" He paused. His voice was almost reverent: "I looked into that woman's very soul."

"I suppose you respected her all the more for what you found there." Dina thought bitterly, remembering Vere's words of the night before. Aloud she said nothing.

"She has been hungry for love all her life," Rogers continued simply. "Not travel and titled friends, jewelry and passion. She's had all those. She's sick of them. She wants to slip into the background somewhere, see a few friends occasionally, garden, walk, study Spanish—yes," he said, opening his eyes to smile in answer to Dina's half-smothered exclamation, "she knows you and I have been going at Spanish, and she tells me that she began it years ago and dropped it, and that she's been anxious for years to take it up again.

"Considering her beauty," he presently resumed in a dead silence, "considering the court that has been paid to that woman all her life, it's extraordinary to find her like a little girl wanting to be loved and wanting to have everybody happy! The first thing she said last night when we had ordered our dinner and could settle down to talk, was that she wanted Andy to be happy and me to be happy. 'What's the use of so many of us being square pegs in round holes?' she said. 'If we've been fools, if we've made mistakes, then for goodness' sakes let us admit it, and get started with a clean slate!' She knows about you and Vere, Geraldine," Rogers broke off to say in a lowered tone, "and she spoke of that. She said Caroline had warned her she'd get herself into trouble if she mentioned it, and she's never breathed it—even to Andy, so she says. But of course she knows, and she thinks that very probably if she and I straighten matters out, why the natural thing will be for you and Vere to patch it up too.

"I told her that I thought from the way you looked last night you still had a good deal of feeling in the matter—well, it's too early to talk of that. But I'm going to fly to Reno in a day or two and see her lawyer."

"Does she keep a lawyer in Reno?" Dina wanted to ask, in a fresh rush of bitterness. But she did not answer at all; she sat mute, her serious eyes ready to meet Rogers' eyes whenever he glanced at her.

"So the upshot of the whole thing is this, I think," Rogers was presently saying in great satisfaction, "our little scheme worked. Aline never paid much attention to me before, but having you here worked the trick. She couldn't get used to seeing a girl your age mistress of the old Holland place.

"I never dreamed," he added after a moment, in a musing tone, "that she would take it, line, hook and sinker! But she has. 'Why,' Rogers finished with an indulgent chuckle, "she's already changing the rooms. I don't know what it was all about, curtains and French windows and a breakfast room built on! I was laughing at her last night and she got quite hot about it. 'You've got to understand that if I'm ever in charge there,' she said, 'you're going to have the prettiest home and be the most spoiled man in the world!' "

"Ha," was all that was audible of Dina's undertone.

"NOW," Rogers went on, "the natural question is, where do you come in?"

"Or go out," Dina put in simply.

"Or go out!" he echoed with a laugh. "And there," he said, sobering suddenly, "you write your own ticket. I don't think you could live in any man's house, Geraldine, and not have him grow fond of you. I am fond of you—damn' fond. I've often thought that I'd like to have a daughter with your kind of eyes, and the way you laugh, and your eternal questions and puzzles and rushing about. When you were lying upstairs in bed, I used to like to sit in your room, and hear the baby yap, and feel that all this was going on in my house and that I was head of it."

**"The jokes heard on this program will be heard over most of these stations again tomorrow night at the same time"**

This time her answering [illegible] misty with tears. She man[illegible] she could not speak.

"Damn it. I feel that way [illegible] ers said, his tone for a mo[illegible] gruff. "Of course it's early [illegible] I don't know what we'll do [illegible] can do. But it begins to [illegible] way: After Christmas you [illegible] quietly get a divorce. Eth[illegible] go to Reno with Ida and [illegible] I'll go there for six weeks. [illegible] better to have you do it. [illegible] woman is at a disadvantag[illegible] How does that strike you?"

"I can't imagine myself [illegible] with any arrangement that [illegible] to you, Rogers," Dina sai[illegible] steadily.

"Yes, but I want this to [illegible] you think it ought to be do[illegible]

"That seems to be the sim[illegible]

"That's what Aline thoug[illegible] the financial end isn't the [illegible] give you the deed to the Sto[illegible] and you can do as you like [illegible] it to your mother or collec[illegible] them, or whatever you like.

"I see myself collecting [illegible] swallowed a hard lump in [illegible] managed a tone of ironic la[illegible]

"Your income will be [illegible] sealed and delivered, and [illegible] in a shape that won't make [illegible] for your father to borrow it [illegible] we'll fix easily. Aline seem[illegible] that since you may some d[illegible] ried to Vere it ought to be [illegible] him as part of what he'll get [illegible] land estate, but I'm dead a[illegible] As a matter of fact unless th[illegible] the mark there won't be an[illegible] him."

DINA looked at him stea[illegible] eyes met.

"You mean toes the mark [illegible] ing me?" she asked.

"I mean, my dear, that y[illegible] independent, no matter wha[illegible] Rogers said in his nicest to[illegible] at her as a father might ha[illegible] "The boy is talking bug[illegible] marrying Kathryn Worthing[illegible] there's absolutely nothing in [illegible] propose to her the day be[illegible] she wouldn't answer him. [illegible] woman is going to have a [illegible] offers from handsome young [illegible] fore she gets through. I wa[illegible] ing Caroline half an hour [illegible] some taxes, and I mentio[illegible] prospects and she nearly w[illegible] her skin. 'For heaven's sake [illegible] tion that,' she said: 'if the p[illegible] Pierce Worthington would [illegible] That's all there is to that,' [illegible] the man said, as Dina stared [illegible] space, brow puckered and [illegible] "what do you feel about it? [illegible] treat you squarely, but I [illegible] liked him. How d'you feel [illegible] now?"

"I think not," she said [illegible] think Margaret and I will [illegible] We'll go to Reno first, and [illegible] boardinghouse or modest [illegible] the six weeks, and then for a [illegible] go away. I don't care whe[illegible] that people don't know me. [illegible] have to explain. And then [illegible] come back and either live [illegible] mother in Stockton or near b[illegible] a job!"

"You'll marry," he said. [illegible] young and too sweet not to [illegible] ness sooner or later. You'll [illegible] come, and you've got this [illegible] kid."

"Yes, I've got Margaret."

"Vere show any interest in [illegible]"

Her color was up like a [illegible] I didn't give him much chance [illegible] she said, hurriedly changing [illegible] ject. "I hope this is the be[illegible] real happiness for you. I do [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

# Heron
# ying West

y Fona Gardner
USTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

**mai ic climax in the career Chi o, the number one gei- o Japanese café society**

**"The war! The war!" Chiyo whispered tensely. "We geisha must not speak of it. It is forbidden"**

YOUNG geisha sat on the mat be re her long mirror. Leaning cl e, she eyed her reflection criti- y. I was not the small oval face, the le of lacquered hair she was ing, ut the left eyebrow.

o, it as not right. It wandered, and not atch. She had hurried, and nev she hurried she was sure to l an ebrow. With a little resigned she iped a pad of cherry paper ss F forehead and began on the row gain.

ehin ner the *shoji* slid open, there the stle of someone entering the m, e ering but not speaking, and *sho* closed again as softly. The Chi did not turn, though. Her der igers were busy among the and rushes on the tray before her, y str ng and smoothing and brush- Fin ly she drew back, arched her tene eck and, after another long vey, s iled her approval.

There does that look surprised ugh? she asked the mouse-colored nan nding by the doors.

Yes, uly," the drab murmured, her atly nor too emphatically. u wi earn secrets from the banker ght, rely."

he g ha put a quick finger on her rry l s. "S-s-sh!" she cautioned. eak ly for my ears!" But when dun- lored maid had come and was eling eside her, the girl's eyes nged, nd she whispered eagerly: u d think the banker will have ethi important to tell tonight! y say es!"

I ha said it!" the maid nodded ously "Tonight is *your* night. I de a ood-luck wish for you by a n fly g west before midday. And , bef e the hour was out, a dragon- reste on my knee," she explained vinci ly.

Oh," e girl sighed her relief. "It ure th !"

Sure sure!" promised the maid.

You *good, good,*" the girl trem- gra ully, "to use your sure wish me."

But y needed it," the older woman ected dly. "The payment is due on r fat r's debt of honor."

Yes, aid the geisha. "And today e yo ave gone, another letter came n my ather . . . he owes money for bhn too."

Mah! Mah!" the maid clucked won- ngly. Your father is such a gentle- n, isn he?"

Yes, uly he is so," the geisha eed, per pride and proper resig- ion i her voice. "So now," she ned r fingers wide, "there is not only the payment I must make on his debt of honor, but there is the gambling money he needs to pay back."

The older woman nodded her head in numb pity.

"Maybe, maybe," the geisha said, rocking a little in time to her words. "I shall have it for my parent . . . if Banker-San will only forget himself long enough to talk big gossip tonight! For a mild rumor, mind you, the military would surely pay me twenty yen. They have said so. And for big gossip forty, fifty yen . . . who knows?"

"WHO knows, indeed!" the maid murmured antiphonally. Then, because she was a drab old thing of thirty-five, she sucked in her breath quickly. Who was she, an unsuccessful geisha, to be polluting the air this Chiyo breathed—Chiyo, the toast of the noisy young officers; Chiyo, the highest-priced geisha in all the Shimbashi district.

The girl leaned to brush blue powder of burned almonds on her eyelids. It made her eyes wondrous big, and almost round.

"Each time before," she complained in her pretty treble, "Banker-San has been empty. I have danced, sung songs my way, seen that his wine cup was full always, and even improvised love poems with him—although he is as clumsy as a noodlemaker at it—and yet, when we got to the whispering stage . . . *mah,* his stories were no better than a delivery boy's!"

"Only think, and him a banker!" the maid voiced her disgust.

"I have other things to tell you!" Chiyo said. "The general's aide stopped by while you were out."

"Never!"

"He said—if I liked the sound of the words—the general might suggest tonight sending me to Shanghai with six other geisha from our guild to a big new teahouse."

"Shanghai?"

"Important men are there now," Chiyo said.

"Important men mean important money for geisha!"

"I have thought of that!"

"Oh, tonight you will have good luck! That is sure. I have made the wish on a heron flying west before midday."

"To think you used it for me. . . !" the geisha turned to thank the drab with her eyes as well as her voice.

"I did not need it, personally," the maid explained simply. "Me, I no longer have a father to support. And today I have seen my son."

"Your son! Oh, tell me! He is manly, yes?" the geisha asked softly. Her little hands lay still in her lap, and she waited, smiling.

THE drab flushed as though dark red wine had suddenly been poured into her veins. Her face worked with a queer vitality. "Yes, manly," she admitted in a choked voice. "Straight hair, wide shoulders, big hands."

"Tell me the words he spoke," Chiyo commanded softly.

"He . . . he brought me this," the mother said. She took a square of white linen from her sash, laying it for a reverent moment in her hand, so that it was like a white bird. Then she handed the kerchief to Chiyo. "You think it is nice, don't you?" she asked timidly.

The geisha was quick to reply: "So beautiful! And for a son to give his mother! See, it is like a shadow, a white shadow, for I can see the pink of my hand through it. *Mah,* even I have not so beautiful a kerchief as that!"

For answer the maid lay her flushed gray cheek against the cloth.

The geisha asked: "He was glad to be with you, his mother?"

"Yes, glad. . . . We walked together in Meiji Park," the maid remembered dreamily. "The lilies are thick on the ponds there—like teacups they are, yellow and pink and red teacups floating. We sat on a bench, *together,* and he told me of his school. *Mah,* the things he knows, that boy! He told them even to me!"

"How manly of him!"

"We had tea. Think of it, Chiyo, tea together. With bananas, the fat red ones from Taiwan. To see that boy eat! Truly, Chiyo-San, it was a glad sight. . . . We have arranged another meeting. Two months from today I see him again."

"*Mah!*" Chiyo marveled. "How lucky you are to be the mother of a son by such a kind man . . . that he lets you see the boy even though he is grown to fourteen years. Only think!"

"Only think!" the drab murmured, and was silent while she blinked the tears from her eyes. "I—must burn ten sens' worth of incense to thank the goddess of mercy. Yes, truly!"

There was the quick pad of sandals coming along the corridor, a discreet rattle of the *shoji,* and a voice said: "Breaking the serenity!"

"Why?" Chiyo asked.

"Niki-San, the wrestling champion, has called. Can you, he asks, sing for him tonight? His party is small," the voice wheedled.

*(Continued on page 54)*

EUROPEAN

alky, attitudinous and pro-German, Turkey's Foreign linister Shukru Saracoglu is one of the men to watch. His olicy is lip-service for Britain and favors for Germany

# TURKISH TOSS-UP

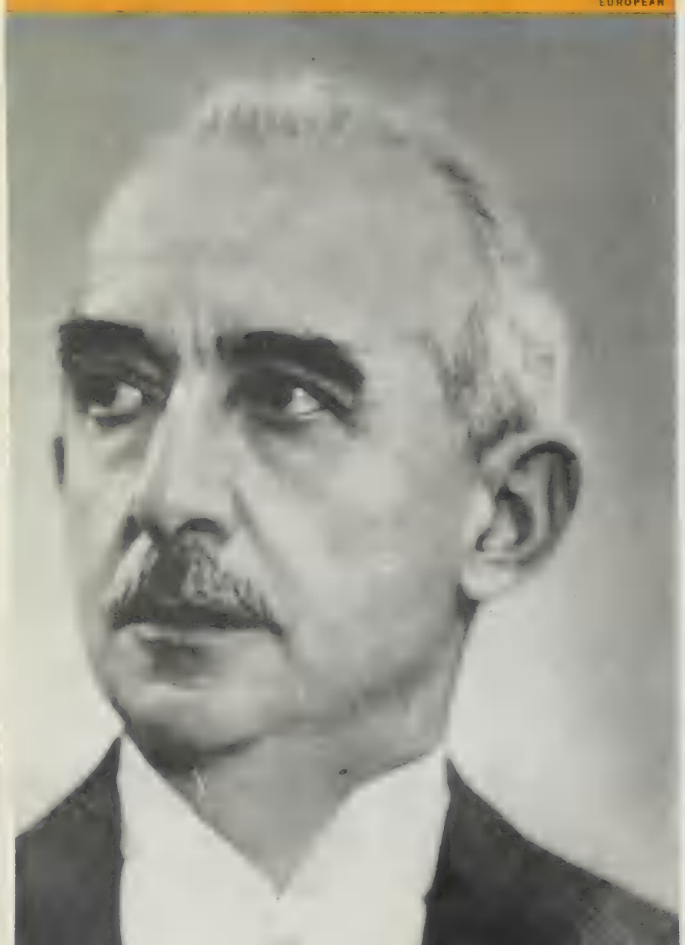
## By Frank Gervasi

ADIOED FROM CAIRO

**Vith a lapful of British gold and an earful of erman promises of empire, the Turk sits in e middle of two wars, a classic in indecision**

**nall, frail Ismet Inonu, president of Turkey and heir the great Ataturk's political theories, is steadfastly o-Turkish but, officially at least, leans toward Britain**

EUROPEAN



IT'S probably just an old wives' tale but the peasants of Turkey tell it and believe it. You hear it from Turkish army officers and from those who worked or played with the Bacchic father of all the Turks, and the tale is this:

On that November day in 1938 when Ghazi Mustafa Kemal Ataturk lay dying in his palace in Ankara he drafted a codicil to his will. It contained his prescription for Turkey's survival in the cataclysm he foresaw. He who had nursed the "sick man of Europe" to healthy nationhood feared the shock of war might cause a relapse. Kemal prescribed for Turkey peace in large doses.

"For as long as you honorably can do so," Kemal is supposed to have written in the last will and testament that handed the nation's leadership to owl-eyed little Ismet Inonu, "keep Turkey out of war. But if you must go to war don't fight on Germany's side. With Germany you lose if you win." I first heard the story last year when the Balkans, still unmolested, tended their goats and sheep and gathered their crops of wheat and olives and wondered vaguely when the war would come to them. That the war would come they knew with that wisdom that belongs to people who live close to the earth. I heard it again a few weeks ago in Damascus from a Turkish officer who had come to Syria to buy horses for the Turkish army from the Druse tribesmen in the Jebel hills. "It is in the will of Ataturk," he said. "It is written there." And his sincerity commanded respect.

And it was repeated to me in Cairo by a high-born Turkish lady who had just arrived from Ankara. She had been a member of Ataturk's court. She used to play backgammon daily with the Grand Turk—a game in which he excelled and which he, like Inonu, preferred to chess. This lady, the divorced wife of an important Turkish official, shared the conviction of the remnants of the Ottoman aristocracy that Turkey is "completely pro-British."

"Turkey will never abandon the Ataturk tradition of friendship with England," she said.

Very soon now we shall know whether the tale the Turks tell is true or whether it is about as valid as the tales the touts sell at Bowie and Pimlico. We will know because this war has aspects of a gigantic game of truth or consequences in which the Germans order the forfeits. Sooner or later every neutral is put to the test and Turkey's time draws nearer with every mile the Russians concede to the German armies and only a Soviet victory can save the Turks.

The idea that Turkey will be faithful to her alliance with Britain signed just before the World War was resumed in 1939 is plugged constantly in English and French from Radio Ankara. The station's Arabic broadcasts for western consumption and the Turkish press take an unmistakable anti-Axis course.

Radio Ankara's Arabic propaganda, at least since Germany invaded Russia, follows the Berlin party line. In other ways, too, Turkey's behavior indicates that the tireless agent of Adolf Hitler's Berlin-to-Bagdad diplomacy, Ambassador Franz von Papen, hasn't been wasting his time in Ankara. A British newspaperman, for instance, has the devil's own time telephoning from Ankara to Instanbul. A representative of the Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau gets his calls right away.

Whenever British Ambassador Sir Hughe M. Knatchbull-Hugessen becomes politely worried as to whether Turkey is as loyal as she officially pretends to be he hurries over to see either President Inonu or Foreign Minister Shukru Saracoglu. As you can measure a pasha's purse by his weight so you can measure a Turk's political importance and astuteness by his deafness. But Inonu and Saracoglu are deaf. They are particularly deaf whenever Sir Hughe suggests that Turkey has stepped out of line.

They remind Sir Hughe that Turkey refused to permit Germany to ship troops and munitions across Turkey into Irak. There the Arab Quisling, Rashid Ali, had started a revolution which threatened to deliver Bagdad and the 25,000,000-barrels-a-year production of Kirkuk's oil fields to the Germans.

They also call Sir Hughe's attention to the fact that Istanbul has been evacuated. The former capital is blacked out as though waiting for bombs to fall and obviously they wouldn't be British bombs. Turkey therefore expects to be invaded and that's why all children, women and aged people have been cleared out of Istanbul. If the Germans cross Turkey's frontiers from burgled Bulgaria or conquered Greece their first objective would be Istanbul and then the Dardanelles.

If Sir Hughe is suspicious that perhaps the eighty million pounds or nearly $350,000,000 which Britain has invested in Turkish loyalty since 1939 won't pay dividends when the pay-off comes, he gives no sign. He invites Saracoglu or Inonu to come around to the embassy for tea or dinner or suggests a ne of g and returns to his desk to write a dispatch Lond

When the Vichy government sought T key's p mission to move troops and material to nforce Vichy army in Syria, Ankara said, "No. Here further evidence of Turkish fealty to e Bri cause.

But against all that evidence of Turke pro-E lish policy there is an even more lengthy b of inde ment of her friendship to Britain. If T key co be put on trial tomorrow to determine wh her she guilty of attempting to be all things to t mea more specifically, of being more pro-G nan pro-English the prosecution would win in alk here's the evidence. On July tenth, nearly ree after Russia was invaded by Germany t follow broadcast was made in Arabic from Ra Ankar

"Soviet Russia carries the banner o evolu which threatens every creed and order in t world Germany loses the war all the corners the will be shaken from the Pacific to the Atla c ocean from the Arctic to the equator. If Ge any Russia will be dismembered and the cen of int national Communism will fall down. Th countr which used to disagree in the past are no un one bloc to fight against the nightmare in t Kremlin

"Thousands of Lenin's revolutionarie now If the danger and menace were such tha could borne until next year the Fuehrer would r have the western front and imposed such sac ces the German nation. But for the heavy bu en o Russian problem Germany would not ha take grave a decision."

Turkey is an old-time friend of the viet U.S.S.R. was the first nation to recogni Ata revolutionary regime. Next to Germ bought fifty-one per cent of Turkey's c on figs, manganese and chrome, Russia wa Imec good a customer as Britain until the wa disr shipping in the eastern Mediterranean an he Bu Sea.

### A Bribe for Ankara

The new trend of Turkish-Arab propa da dev tails with trustworthy reports that the wil on Pap has offered Turkey Armenia and conveni parts the Soviet Socialist Republic of Azerbaij in ret for neutrality or nonbelligerency. Seve -five cent of the Azerbaijan's population is T ish. menia was Turkish territory until the last

The Azerbaijan is rich in naphtha, ma etic iro stone and manganese. The oil wells a Baku among the world's richest, producing ab 200,0 000 tons yearly. It's a great cotton-gro ng rem and its streams abound in caviar. Nine mi n pou of caviar were exported from there in 19 It is o of the richest areas in all Russia but the rks. da zled by the vision of the at least partial re eation the Ottoman empire, believe the Germans ould a it away if Russia is conquered. Anyhov he Tur appear to believe the Germans sufficien to pl Goebbel's propaganda game on the radio.

The evidence mounts that England mporta has Turkey's body but Germany, with her omises restoring some of that glory that Turkey st in last war, owns Ankara's soul. Eyewitness who ha traveled in the Istanbul region and alo Turkey frontier with Europe know that the "ev lation phony. Most of the inhabitants of the on we Greeks and Armenians who would be incli to res a German invasion. Most of this foreign opulati was unemployed and restless and reb ous. removing trainloads and shiploads of the and sca tering them throughout the rest of Turkey gover ment removed a possible source of tro e show Turkey choose finally to become anoth Bulga

Last Christmas a party of British offic instru ing Turkish officers and troops in a ren part the country all contracted malaria. Doc Foye famous malaria specialist, was passing th gh at time and immediately offered his servi It to the Turkish authorities eight days to iss the pe mits necessary to enable the doctor t each patients.

Germans, however, are treated with n e consi eration. One newspaperwoman I know t a tel phone call through to Geneva by pretenc she w a German. She had failed to obtain the all, as Englishwoman. It is notorious that if a kish of cial speaks a second language—which seldo enough—he speaks German. German s jects a never bothered at hotels by the police. ther fo eigners are constantly being asked to rep to hea quarters or to show their papers of identi tion. By the time the German army had o pied R mania the familiar faces of the advanc agents Hitler's Drang nach Osten (Continued o page 3

# POWER and *MORE POWER!*

## FOR THE NATION'S ARMS AND THE NATION'S FARMS

When Uncle Sam calls for military tractor power *he gets action!* International TracTracTors, planned and engineered to the most exacting specifications, are *ready-made for the job.* The needed machines are rolling off the assembly lines, in factories long since equipped and tooled for production and operating at capacity.

For many years International TracTracTors have proved their power, economy, and solid worth in the service of Agriculture and Industry. That's why they are chosen now to add their mighty pull to the nation's growing defenses.

In the Army the familiar red exterior of these big crawlers is replaced with regulation olive-drab—*almost nothing changed but the paint!* Underneath you'll find the same great combination of relentless power and enduring stamina that makes International TracTracTors famous wherever hard work must be done . . . for the Nation's arms, and for the Nation's farms.

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER**

# Our New Army

Continued from page 19

## FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Selectees recently assigned to the 43d Division couldn't believe their eyes at mess time. The food's that good. "First day I was here," one of the boys said. "I asked the mess sergeant if they were serving this grub just to be nice to us on the first day." Another selectee, served ice cream in the middle of the week, wanted to know if it was a gag. Mess sergeants admit that subsistence has been stingy with fresh meat but have offset this with other protein foods. In any event, three out of every five men are eating more and better food than they got in civil life, and the added poundage proves it. Naturally there are some squawks. "I like to hear 'em," says a sergeant who has been with the Guard since 1916. "Until a man begins to complain about everything from the weather to the chow he's just another trainee. When the boys reach the stage where they raise hell about everything we'll be ready for anything."

THE University of Mississippi band, which enlisted en masse for a year and became the 114th F.A. band, used to contain Pvt. Ennis Bailey, who has fallen from the frying pan into the fire. Bailey got bored with horn tooting and applied for enlistment in the Air Corps, figuring to earn some wings. After resigning from the 114th and signing up for three years with the Air Corps he was sent to Barksdale Field, La., whence he was presently shipped to Maxwell Field, Ala., to fill a vacancy—in the band. That brings him right back to his starting point, with three years to go.

CAPTAIN CHARLES H. WOODWARD, of Corea, Me., is having a time adjusting himself as a private in Co. K, 103d Infantry. He used to skipper the Eve Grace between Boston and Nova Scotia. Incidentally, while the Army is making soldiers out of sailors the Navy is doing its darnedest to interest landlubbers in joining up and learning to man the ships now pouring from the yards.

## NEW JERSEY

FORT DIX. Taking a tip from the fate of the British and French armies before Dunkirk, the 44th Division is making sure that none of its component parts would be lost in battle because of the destruction of communication lines. The answer is radio. Divisional regiments have acquired twenty-nine high-powered, two-way sets for radio command cars and more are on the way. Of the initial lot one went to each infantry regiment, five to the 44th Signal Co. and from three to eleven to each of the field artillery units. Such equipment was previously employed only in highly mechanized armored and cavalry divisions, but experience in field maneuvers convinced the Army that it needs radio as much as tanks, planes and guns.

## MASSACHUSETTS

CAMP EDWARDS, Falmouth. With 27,000 men on their hands, officers are proud of the conduct and health records the camp has maintained. There is no real guardhouse—just temporary detention buildings; there has been only one serious offense (soldier started a fire in the station hospital); no complaints of disorder or misconduct have come from surrounding communities; the venereal-disease percentage is very low. Army's explanation: There is no industrial center in the vicinity and communities are all of a wholesome, well-governed New England type, where everybody knows everybody else.

PERHAPS the Service Club at Edwards would be interested in the observation made by a selectee. "Why," says he, "they charge fifteen cents for a small scoop of ice cream with a little syrup over it. You can get more ice cream anywhere outside of camp for a dime."

FROM a gent who has dropped off twenty-five pounds drilling with the 101st Medical regiment comes a new name for draftees. Asked if he had been a member of the National Guard outfit when it was called up, he shook his head. "I," he said, "am a handcuffed volunteer."

THERE have been plenty of complaints in Massachusetts about the way Army truck drivers operate. The drivers from the various camps explain to their friends that a lot of men entrusted with convoys have never before driven trucks, have done little auto driving, and that their instructions are to outrace State Troopers, if possible. Some of the drivers have an idea that they can't be arrested so long as they stay on the truck, but they'd better be with a convoy when they try that theory. A lone truck driver is strictly accountable to local constables. Anyhow, not long ago an Army truck near Boston failed to make a hairpin turn and went clean through the first floor of a small residence. Fortunately nobody was home. Fortunately there is still time to teach ordinary civilian driving practices to Army truck drivers.

## GENERAL

WHO'S the oldest enlisted man in the Army? The 155th Infantry at Camp Blanding nominates sixty-two-year-old Staff Sgt. Edward S. Jenne, of Yazoo City, Miss., who enlisted in 1902 as a cook, served on the Mexican border and in France, got out after the first World War and re-enlisted in 1932. Camp Langdon, N. H., claims the youngest first sergeant. He's Paul Rutkovsky, twenty-one, who joined up a year ago and now is top kick of Battery C, 22d C.A.

BRINGING the total reported list to thirty-six, the following newspapers are being mailed free to service men from these home towns: The Pottsville (Pa.) Evening Republican, The Fauquier (Warrenton, Va.) Democrat, The Union (Sonora, Cal.) Democrat, The Concord (Mich.) News, the Silver Spring (Md.) Standard, The Breeze (DeFuniak Springs, Fla.), The Pine Bluffs (Wyoming) Post, The West Orange (Winter Garden, Fla.) News, The East Rockaway (N. Y.) Leader, The Fair-View (Greenburgh, N. Y.) News, The Sierra (Truckee, Cal.) Sun, the Brunswicker (Brunswick, Mo.), the Angola (Ind.) Herald and the Steuben (Ind.) Republican.

"The forces of good will triumph in the end, sir. Why not take it easy?"

ROBERT DAY

ADD Army slang: Canned milk is Armored Cow, a Latrineogram is a rumor, and Whistle Happy is the state quickly attained by a new sergeant with his new whistle.

WHAT we hear from the Southern camps is that "Soldier, you're a-hurtin'" applies to anything a soldier has difficulty doing, or to any bad luck he runs into, and that it's rapidly coming into general use. A luckless lad who undergoes a dressing dow[n] specting officer for not h[...] gloss on his brogans can e[...] the whispered phrase from man on KP duty is almost some passer-by yell, "So a-hurtin'!" Nobody kno[w] started but there it is.

"I NOTE with interest," w[rite] ver podiatrist, "that t[...] (Fla.) Station Hospital there isn't any more foot t[rouble] Army than usual (Collier's [...] To complete the statement [...] have added that there's no [...] than is usual when a lad st[...] civilian shoes into a pair of [...] of the supply sergeant's ch[...] pediency. I took that step [...] ago. Our squad leader carr[ies] aid kit and a blister receiv[ed] daub of tincture of mert[...] which was plastered a piece [...] tape. The treatment was w[...] ailment. By the way, the N[...] for the care of sailors' fee[t] Army needs is a Chiropody [...]

ADD to the Collier's Cl[ub] Millionaires (those wit[h] lion serial numbers) Pvt. [...] Ketchum, Battery H, 19th [...] Rosecrans, Cal. He's No. [...] and the seventh man so far [...]

WE QUOTE from Camp [...] inson's paper, The Cove[...] "The life of Pvt. William H[...] 138th Infantry, is no longe[r] his own. After the public[ity] item in Collier's five week[s ago] 7th)—recounting how he fe[ll] Army wheeze and turned [...] veille at taps—Heady recei[ved] fan mail to fill three five-p[ound] boxes—some 400 letters in a[...] received fifteen invitations [...] next furlough in distant p[...] country. Without exceptio[n] have been from girls who w[ant] how old he is, the color of [...] eyes, and whether he is mar[ried]. [...] has been spending thirty h[ours] answering these letters tell[ing] he has gained fourteen pou[nds] induction last February. [...] girls want him to send a pic[ture of] self in exchange for their [...] Heady says that postage ale[one] up all his $21-a-month sti[pend] bad; he's quite a handsome [...]

BASED on the Keep 'em F[...] word the Keep 'em Hap[py] been started by The Covere[d] Camp Jos. T. Robinson an[d] by the official publicatio[n] posts. General scheme is [...] the gals back home to sig[n] containing the following it[em]: agree to refrain from mee[ting] dates with other men wher[e] him (the boy in camp). (2[...] be honest with my boy fr[iend in] Army. I will not, therefore, [...] believe I am being true to [...] am not. (3) If my feelings [...] boy friend change, I will no[t cause] mental anguish by simply s[...] letters to him. I will let hi[m] quickly as possible, that the[re is] one else. (4) I will remem[ber] times that the soldier is [...] country, and should be ent[itled to] utmost consideration when [...] compete with him for my [...] (The gal signs here.....

V (DOT-DOT-DOT-DAS[H]) tory.

# THEY MADE A REAL MAN OUT OF OUR BOY AT CAMP... AND HOW HE GOES FOR THIS

# NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

**MORE NOURISHING**

New Post Toasties with Vitamin $B_1$ are richer than ever in easily digested, quick-energy food values.

**MORE DELICIOUS**

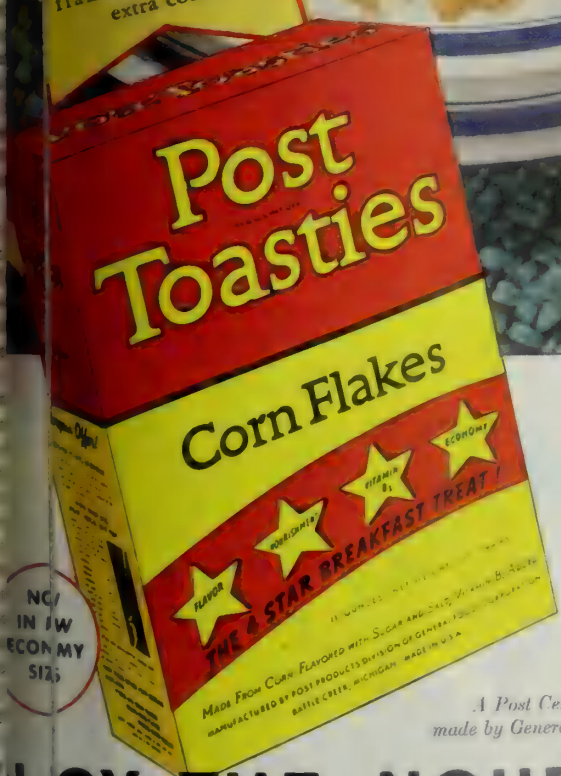
New Post Toasties are *crisper* corn flakes—rich in America's favorite breakfast flavor!

**MORE YOUR MONEY**

If all cold cereals, corn flakes cost the least—and new Post Toasties with Vitamin $B_1$ give you extra corn flakes value at no extra cost.

**RICH IN VITAMIN $B_1$**

the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.




NOW IN NEW ECONOMY SIZES

*A Post Cereal made by General Foods*

**1 WHAT A BATTLE** we had getting our boy to go to Camp. You see, Ted never liked sports much, and the idea of camp sort of scared him. But, finally, he agreed to go. And, *say* . . . you should have seen the letters he sent us. "Camp is swell," he wrote. "I'm shortstop on the baseball team . . . I've learned to swim . . . the food is great, specially those Post Toasties we have for breakfast". . . At the close of the Camp season, I drove up to get Ted . . .

**2 GOSH, HE LOOKED GOOD!** Strong, healthy, happy. I told the Camp Director about Ted's letters. Mentioned he was crazy about Post Toasties . . . "Hah," the Director exclaimed, "they're *my* favorite, too. They've got a rich corn flakes flavor. They're *crisper*, *easy* to digest, and *packed* with food values that supply quick-energy we all need . . ."

**"BUT THE BIG NEWS,"** he said, "is that Post Toasties now contain Vitamin $B_1$ . . . the element so necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite. It's the 'missing vitamin' in America's diet. 3 out of 4 people *don't get enough of it* in their daily food. And, now, Post Toasties are generously enriched with it". . . By George (I thought), I'd better eat some myself . . .

**3 I GOT THE THRILL** of my life that night! Ted received the award for being the outstanding "First Year Camper." He was presented with a big silver cup. You should have heard the cheers. Yes, sir—I was a proud parent . . .

**4 SINCE TED'S BEEN** back from Camp, we've all been eating Post Toasties, too. He sure was right about their *swell* flavor. They're *marvelous!* They add a zest to breakfast like *nothing* else. And Martha, the wife, says, for economy—Post Toasties *can't* be beat. No wonder they call them the *4-star breakfast treat!*

# ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

## A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

# Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

*The Story Thus Far:*

U. S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE has ordered Captain Garrett to uncover the subversive activities of a powerful German agent named von Weitbrecht. Posing as Erich Koehlin, Garrett establishes himself in the Berkshire estate of a wealthy American Nazi, Lynn Scovil, who is in touch with von Weitbrecht. Surrounded by suspicious enemies, Garrett collects incriminating evidence against the Nazi plotters and tries to force power-hungry Scovil to put him in touch with von Weitbrecht. Unknown to the American agent, the latter is in hiding at near-by Camp Ryegate.

Garrett meets and falls in love with Gail Armstrong, a young widow who was formerly engaged to Scovil. Unable to divulge his true mission, Garrett is forced to watch Gail's suspicion of him grow. She is sure he is a dangerous adventurer, but loves him nonetheless.

Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter from New York, has nosed out the fact that Camp Ryegate is a Nazi spy nest. Accompanied by his handsome, Scovil's attractive daughter, Connie (who, detesting her father, lives with Gail Armstrong), he confronts Garrett and accuses him of being Lieutenant Friedrich Römer, a German flier lately escaped from Canada.

Garrett nonchalantly advises the reporter to make a thorough investigation before denouncing him to the authorities. Realizing that Bill Jay must be silenced for at least twenty-four hours, Garrett orders the Nazi thug, Booker, to kidnap the newspaperman and hold him at Camp Ryegate. Furthermore, the American orders Booker and the spy, Mathilde Winkler, to be prepared to leave at a moment's notice with him for New York City. Booker, convinced finally that Garrett is a Gestapo man, agrees—but decides privately to do away with Bill Jay and report to Garrett that Bill Jay was shot while trying to escape.

On tenterhooks for fear that either Gail (torn between her love for Garrett and her horror of him as a Nazi) or Connie (because of Bill Jay's disappearance) will [illegible] police and ruin all his plans f[illegible] on von Weitbrecht. Garrett is [illegible] an ultimatum from Scovil. G[illegible] lowed to talk with von We[illegible] condition that afterward Sco[illegible] leadership in the organization [illegible] spars for time. Scovil rushes o[illegible] with a loaded revolver. Mathi[illegible] to follow Garrett's leadersh[illegible] Scovil as a maniac, insists, at [illegible] before leaving for von Weith[illegible] listening to the short-wave [illegible] Germany, which will contain [illegible] for Nazi spies in America. W[illegible] his impatience to be after Sco[illegible] broadcast in the middle of a [illegible] to him, light breaks over Mat[illegible] ites he does not know the co[illegible] real Koehlin! While Garrett is [illegible] ner, Mathilde feverishly telep[illegible] "You were right, he is an Am[illegible] once. You will know what to d[illegible]

## VIII

GARRETT waited in a sedan outside the lighted veranda, his fingers impatient on the wheel. What was delaying Mathilde? He could find the camp without her but could not afford the time to go to the camp—he must go straight to the back road he had traveled with Booker. Somewhere there, doubtless at the bottom of the ski-tow, the trail up the mountain must begin. It looked as if he and Mathilde must climb that mountain by night and in a rainstorm. Or could they intercept Scovil? Or would it be wisest, after all, to go to the camp and pick up Booker? Or had Scovil already got to Booker?

Scovil had a gun. Garrett had in his pocket the revolver he had taken from the bookshop and there was an automatic in Mathilde's bag. He had better send her back to get it . . . . Why didn't she come? He drove round the circle to head back toward the gate. The door opened and Mathilde came running down the steps and out on the lawn, apparently thinking that he had started without her. She was screaming, "Erich!"

He stopped and she came up to the window, breathing hard. "Lynn phoned. He is with von Weitbrecht. He is sending Booker to take us to them."

Scovil sending Booker to take him to von Weitbrecht? "Where did he phone from?"

"I don't know. Probably the camp. He must have gone there."

How long since Scovil had rushed downstairs while he and Mathilde rolled on the floor? The broadcast was to have lasted half an hour, but could only have been half finished when he shut it off. Fifteen minutes of broadcast, and possibly five minutes talking with Scovil's daughter. About twenty-five minutes all told. That was time enough for Scovil to get to camp, but certainly far from enough for him to reach von Weitbrecht on his mountain. Or had he previously arranged to have von Weitbrecht come down from the mountain?

He did not know where Scovil had been this afternoon—anything could have happened. It was quite possible that Scovil had talked Booker into joining his rebellion. Now Booker was supposed to be on his way here. No!

He opened the far door. "Get in, Mathilde."

"I told Lynn we would come with Booker."

"Get in!"

SHE came round to the door but stood there. "Erich! Booker is coming to take us to von Weitbrecht. This is what you have been waiting for."

Yes, the crux of the matter was that Booker was on his way. The entire margin permitted him to work in was the time before Booker could arrive. He got out and stood beside her in the rain. "Something smells very fishy, Mathilde. I think that Booker has enlisted with Scovil. Get in the car!"

She did not move. She started to say something but his impatience boiled over. "Do what I tell you!" He seized her arm.

At that touch Mathilde stiffened and stepped swiftly back. A premonition flashed along his nerves. He thrust a shoulder at her breast and his fist had started for her jaw when she fired. Pain leaped along his arm and his eyes were blinded but the fist got home. She went down on the lawn and he threw himself across her. She was knocked out. He picked her up and bundled her headlong into the car.

He drove away from Scovil's at full speed, swerved up the first road fork and stopped. She was still unconscious—maybe she had hit her head as she went down. He flexed his left arm. It seemed to be on fire and the hand was clumsy—getting Mathilde out of the car was a hard job. Handerkerchiefs. He had two; he folded them across her mouth and bound them in place with his necktie. Oh, yes, his [illegible] stripped it off and manag[illegible] elbows with the sleeves.

Booker! Also, the se[illegible] have heard that shot. A[illegible] sand things he did not kn[illegible] of the servants, if in fact [illegible] were part of the machine. [illegible] had penetrated his impers[illegible] questionably she had told [illegible] phone. But had it been So[illegible] have been Booker.

The blood that dripped [illegible] must be coming from [illegible] There was not much of it [illegible] portant. He had to hob[illegible] how? He ripped off the g[illegible] her white skirt, rolled it [illegible] tied it around her knees.

Could you kill a woman [illegible] on the jaw? Probably not. His left arm was not mu[illegible] he picked her up—the sam[illegible] hurt, getting off the train. [illegible] inside, half on and half off [illegible] accelerated down the slipp[illegible]

He was, at last, doing [illegible] been sent to do. How mu[illegible] as much as it would take [illegible] from wherever he was to S[illegible] minutes, one minute, half [illegible] had that much lead. He [illegible] how to find the road that l[illegible] up the mountain. He co[illegible] Mathilde with him. And [illegible] his left hand was getting n[illegible]

THERE was supposed to [illegible] ant of state police at th[illegible] barracks but he wasn't on [illegible] geant who was in charge fe[illegible] sibilities keenly and was [illegible] besides. Connie had rea[illegible] mate granite of despair. [illegible] over everything, she had [illegible] him, she had had hysteria [illegible] was just stubborn. She w[illegible] peating it all till they d[illegible]

(Continued on pa[illegible])

**They went down in a hea[illegible] floor and Mathilde Winkl[illegible] ing and threshing. Joh[illegible] her down. "Lock the d[illegible]**

# "Frankly, we *do* 'Baby' our Car"

**RE EMBER THE FIRST TIME** she ur lupahill—sweet-runningasabrook? he, ıgedy of the first squeak or scratch? ıic Adventures! Blue hills and golden ets ſou've *lived* with that car.

**2 SO OF COURSE YOU BABY IT.** You care for it like "one of the family." Filling the tank is *feeding* it. You keep it healthy with good grease. You rush her down to the "doctor" at the garage if she doesn't feel well. And you know it's good insurance to dump dirty oil; get everything clean inside; and then fill the crankcase with fresh, clean Mobiloil. What a difference the *improved* Mobiloil makes! She's lively as a colt. Not a pain or an ache. It's a big satisfaction to drive a car with everything *right*—to give it a Fresh Start!

**WHAT DO WE MEAN—"FRESH START"?** Let's begin ith the ENGINE—a crankcase full of clean, improved bolc—*that cleans as it lubricates*. Your RADIATOR cleaned —s guarded. Your GEAR OIL checked—replenished with bolc Gear Oil. A complete lube job for your CHASSIS—bilu ication. EXPERT SERVICE to battery, lights, plugs.

**4 DOES IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE?** Take the wheel—not a squeak. Quiet, smooth-running—it puts a thrill back in driving. And it's swell to know your car's protected with Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., *and Affiliates.*
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# GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START

## *EVERY THOUSAND MILES*

Don't gamble with your brakes. It is true that hydraulic brakes are built so well that you may drive a long time without giving them a thought. But it is wise to learn to recognize the first warning signals indicating that brakes do need attention.

There are some things about a car that the average owner can do himself, but when it comes to brakes, it is wise to turn the job over to a brake service expert who is equipped with special tools and modern equipment. When you need such service, look for the station displaying the Wagner sign. Get the benefit of a nation-wide program carried out by trained men who recognize the value of Wagner Lockheed Hydraulic Brake Parts and Fluid.

Ask the brake expert to PULL A WHEEL and make an inspection. It may disclose that the brake wheel cylinders and parts need attention, or that the brake lining is badly worn. It is equally important to have the expert check the master cylinder as well as the wheel cylinders. If parts are worn, it pays to specify the installation of complete all-new assemblies. Also ask the serviceman to check the level of the fluid in the brake system.

**Patronize the station displaying this red, white and blue sign**

**If fluid is needed--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify**

# WAGNER LOCKHEED
## No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID

The small cost of having a master cylinder filled to the correct level with No. 21 Fluid is negligible compared with the added safety gained. And one filling lasts a long time.

**21 IS AN ALL-WEATHER YEAR-ROUND FLUID**

No. 21 is recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system, and in general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

Behind this quality product are sixteen years of Wagner development and research. No. 21 is used by car manufacturers, and is recommended for the service needs of *all* cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

For safety's sake—why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you. Automotive Parts Division, WAGNER ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto).

H41-17

**Wagner**

**LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID...**
**AIR BRAKES...CoMaX BRAKE LINING...NoRoL...TACHOGRAPH**


# Not Quite the End

Continued from page 14

booths. Then he said, rather too casually, "Isn't that young Ballard? J. T. Ballard's son?"

Vinnie said, "And if it is, what of it?"

Pop ducked ponderously under the counter. He gave Vinnie's arm an amiable pat. "Nothing of it, my dear. Nothing at all. Only that J. T. Ballard's pretty important around here. Fine business in town. On the Beach Commission. Nice man to know."

Vinnie said, "Pop, look at me."

He didn't, quite, but at least he was listening. Vinnie said, "I'm not joking about this, Pop. You stay away from Mr. Ballard. Quite away from him."

Pop said, "Now, Vinnie—"

"Mr. Ballard," Vinnie said, "is one person you are *not* going to try to promote."

Pop said, aggrievedly, "Why, Vinnie, what makes you—"

"No submarine lots for Mr. Ballard," Vinnie said. "No mining shares. No anything. Do I make myself clear?"

Pop drew himself up in somber dignity. "Vinnie, when have I ever—"

"Frequently," Vinnie said. "But not this time."

SHE slipped under the counter and walked away.

She slipped between the people who drifted among the booths. Deep inside, she was cold and afraid. She'd have given anything if Pop hadn't seen and recognized Gil. It was what she'd been trying to avoid all summer. Pop just wasn't something you could explain to the kind of people Gil's parents were bound to be. Pop was all right, really. He never actually broke the law. He'd never actually been in jail. But there'd been times when he'd had to talk pretty fast to stay out. He was always ready to promote a soft dollar when he saw the chance. Only, in the end, it was generally Pop's own dollar that got promoted. But with Gil's kind of people—

She went down the ramp by the pavilion, onto the beach. Beyond the pavilion, the booths of the midway ended, and the cottages began. They stretched away along the magnificent, gleaming arc of sand, a mile in either direction. Lovely cottages, many of them. Buried in whispering palmettos, clean-painted, comfortable. The people who lived in them came down from Princetown for the summer. The men went up to their business every day. Some families—like the Ballards—had been doing it that way for years—almost for generations.

Vinnie walked slowly, her feet sinking into the soft sand. Children played on the sand and screamed in the shallow surf. On the cottage porches, people sat in cool, wind-blown comfort. Nice people, living in a nice world. Vinnie thought, What would they think? A girl from a ring-toss booth? What would they think?

She knew what they'd think, all right. And it wasn't quite fair. Not even by their standards. She looked all right. Her long, soft bob. Her neat socks and sandals, and her smartly simple dress. She might be one of their own daughters, down from college. But she wasn't, of course. She was Pop's daughter. They wouldn't see beyond that. Not back to when Mother was alive. Not back to those fought-for years in high school in the Florida winters. They couldn't see that part of her. The real part. Gil could see it. She knew he could see it. But, even with Gil, it might not be enough. It might not drown out the ring-toss booth . . . three rings for a quarter, take home a beautiful, wonderful, eleven-cent, goo ing prize.

Even for Gil, that might b

But he wasn't going to ad without a fight. The minute him, sitting in the shadow of water, Vinnie knew it wasn be easy at all. His jaw wa angry, stubborn line. Vinnie seen him look quite like that summer, they'd just been kic In love, of course. Terribly i still kids. Not any more, th with that look on Gil's face.

Vinnie dropped down on th side him. It was cool in th the breakwater. Gil didn't time. He said, "Why did y off?"

Vinnie said, "Pop was co guess I just didn't want you grips with him right then."

"About what?"

Vinnie let sand trail throu gers, watched the dry, stream. She said, "About pose."

Gil said, "Well, it's got some time. And what's so ter it? All I want to do is marry if he doesn't like the idea? Y teen. You've reached the age What can he *do* about it?"

Vinnie thought, Why, the l precious lamb! He thinks i I'm afraid Pop won't like *hi* how, she had to explain. slowly, "I haven't ever met y and mother, Gil."

Gil said, with madden "That's not my fault, Vi wanted you to."

Vinnie said, "Yes, but—"

"But nothing," Gil said. afraid to have you meet the the one that's afraid."

That's true, Vinnie though shouldn't say it. It hurts too said painfully, "Look, Gil. exactly self-supporting."

Gil said, "Beginning next argument's all shot. I'm goi as a supervisor in my father's worked there summers all the in college. I'm crazy about worth my salary."

"To your father," Vinnie s suppose for—for some reas cided he didn't want you t him?"

SHE raised her eyes to looked quickly out to s made him really angry now. very slowly, "I get it. You Dad wouldn't want me to That if I did anyway, he'd tu

Vinnie said, "It's been kno pen, in cases like this."

Gil said, "We'd make out. give a damn."

Vinnie thought, That's wha . . . but it's so easy to say i can you really *know*? . . .

Gil said, "And, anyway, y any right to say it. You've met him."

Vinnie said nothing. Gil s just not that kind of a guy."

Vinnie lowered her head. "I'd—I'd hate it if it was me you change your mind abou

Gil said, "I'm willing to chance."

Vinnie brushed the sand smooth. She said, "I—I don' Gil."

There was silence. The pered coolly between them. tember wind. Gil said thought you loved me."

said, "I do love you."
id, "Then why?"
lid he have to make it so hard?
dn't tell him why. It hurt too
nd he ought to know. He ought
without being told. She got to

e, Gil. I—I think I'd better go

alked slowly along the beach.
soberly, "There isn't much
ne."
said, "I know that, Gil. I—I
I could make you understand."
id, "I wish you could too."
meant that he didn't. Of
e didn't. It was easy for him.
dn't understand. And now he
ry. She thought, It isn't pos-
be as unhappy as this. It just
e stumbled a little in the soft
hen Gil's hand was on her el-
nging her to a halt. He said,
—"
oice was oddly uncertain. He
here's Mother and Father now.
of the Marchbank place."
looked. It was a lovely cot-
e of the nicest. Four people
chairs on the sand. Gil said,
n. We're going to meet them.

stared at him. He didn't
ean it. He was afraid too. He
But he had dropped her el-
started walking toward the
Vinnie said, "No, Gil. Please
!"
kept on. She had to go with
ook an utter, childish fool. She
h him, hating him desperately,
very step.
was bad. As bad as she'd
would be. Nice people, cool
rly at ease. The Marchbanks
me into focus at all. But Gil's
d, standing politely to meet her.
an, looking so much like Gil.
hair, and a lined, kindly face.
ther, pretty and slender. But
searching Vinnie with that
ng mother's look. Gil saying,
this is Vinnie Meacher. I've
ou to meet her."
Mrs. Ballard's voice, friendly,
distant: "Do sit down, Miss
It must be hot walking along
."
Meacher. Old Pop Meacher's
ely they knew. With a des-
ffort, Vinnie brought herself
in line. She tried to make her
ol and distant too. She said,
ou so much, Mrs. Ballard. But
must get back."
kward little pause. Was she
e? She couldn't help it. She
t away. And then it wasn't so
ite regrets, politely returned.
lly, escape. Not letting Gil
h her.
, and walking back along the
ey'd been nice. Oh, they'd
fully nice. But they were
hat way. It was like breathing.
that she was gone? Well, that
nice too. Vinnie could hear it
y in her mind. The sweet
pproach. *Such* a pretty girl,
who *is* she?

AS friendly," Pop was saying.
"Remarkably affable. In fact,
t cordial. I don't mind saying
as—"
wasn't really listening. She
tiny dining nook of the trailer,
breakfast coffee cold and forgotten
er. Pop's voice bumbled on
two-by-four bathroom, muffled
ythmic slapping of his shaving
innie looked out through the
inds. It was very early. The
earliness, the feeling of no one
t even yourself, that comes
ching, sleepless night. Among
ssions, only the Schultzes were
about. Taking down their shooting gallery, getting ready to leave.

A word from the bathroom brought her suddenly back. She said sharply, "*Who* was friendly?"

Pop came to the bathroom door. Not even an inch of lather could mask his obvious relish. "Mr. Ballard," he said. "Mr. J. T. Ballard. In person."

Vinnie stared at him. She said, "Pop, I asked you *please*—"

"Could I insult the man?" Pop wiped soap from the corners of his mouth. "*He* approached *me*. Not otherwise. I was most definitely minding my own business. Talking to Cassidy by the swings—"

"When?"

"Last night," Pop said. "He was, if I may repeat myself, extremely affable."

VINNIE leaned her head on her hand. Of course. She might have expected it. He'd want to find out. See what Gil was getting into.

Pop was looking at her curiously. He said, "What's the matter, Vinnie?"

She said, "Nothing, Pop. Go on. What did you and Mr. Ballard talk about?"

Pop waved his shaving brush casually. "Why, general topics. The Beach. Concessions. How we operate—"

He would, Vinnie thought. Getting a line. Gathering ammunition.

"He was very friendly," Pop said. "I don't mind telling you I was surprised. These cottage people—they're not always so—so—"

"Not so friendly," Vinnie said.

"That's right." Pop waved the brush again. "But Ballard was. And he's on the Beach Commission. I don't mind telling you, Vinnie, I was pleased. Good stands aren't so easy to find. It won't do any harm to have a friend at court."

He turned back into the bathroom, said casually over his shoulder, "And he mentioned you, Vinnie."

"Did he really?" Vinnie said. "What did he say?"

Pop's razor was scraping briskly. "He said you seemed a charming girl."

"That was nice of him."

"I thought so." Pop appeared in the door. His voice had lost a lot of its bounce and brag. He said slowly, "Vinnie, have you been seeing much of young Ballard?"

Vinnie got quickly to her feet. She wasn't going to talk about Gil. Thinking about him was something she couldn't stop, but she didn't have to talk. She said, "Your coffee's on the stove, Pop. I'm going to open up."

Pop said, "Vinnie, wait a—"

Vinnie turned to him sharply from the steps. She said, "Pop, I don't doubt for a minute that Mr. Ballard was the very soul of friendliness. I don't want to shake your well-known faith in human nature, but I think he had a reason. It happens that I *have* been seeing quite a lot of Gil Ballard—a fact which Mr. Ballard learned just yesterday. So I think he just wanted a good, long look at you. At me. At everything!"

She swept an inclusive arm at the sleeping, tawdry concession booths. Pop's face fell. Then he said uncomfortably, "Vinnie, I think maybe you wrong the gentleman."

"That," Vinnie said, "remains to be seen."

She walked quickly along the sandy passageways between the booths. Perversely, she was very sorry for Pop. He'd been so obviously pleased by Mr. Ballard's friendliness.

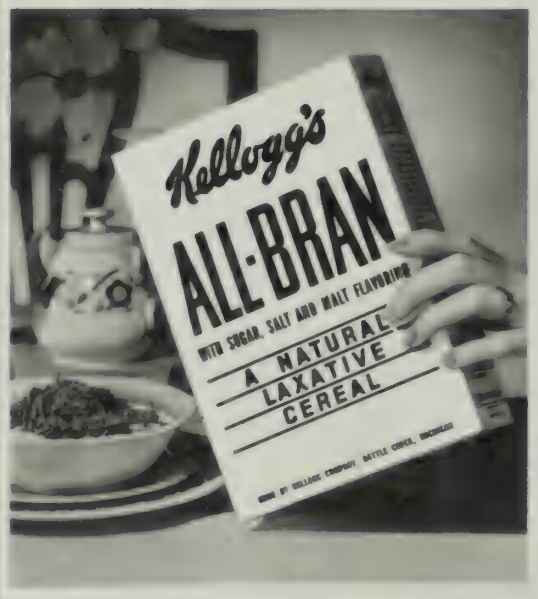
She came to their own booth, and began to roll up the heavy canvas side curtains. Far down the beach, a tiny figure was walking rapidly along the sand. Too far to see, really—but it looked like Gil. But it probably wasn't. It was so terribly early.

She ducked under the counter into


# People differ about constipation

**FIRST,** there are those who always want to get it over with *quick*. "Take a good strong dose," they tell you. Only, like the hare in the fable, these people rarely win. They make endless stops and starts; never get at the heart of the trouble.

**OTHERS SAY** that quick results aren't enough. After all, history says the *tortoise* won the race. With constipation, as with any ailment, it's better to get at the *cause* and *correct* it—then you won't *have* to resort to emergency measures.




**WE SAY** that if your trouble is the common kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, this crunchy toasted cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, *will* go right to the cause and correct it. And by one of the pleasantest means you ever knew! But you must keep at it. Make ALL-BRAN your steady breakfast cereal, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't leave constipation miles behind!

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# NEW "VELVET-SUDS" IVORY SOAP!

**'IT'S ACTUALLY MILDER!**

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Thick suds come foaming off that big white cake of New Ivory with just a rub or two! Gosh, this sudsy Ivory bath gives me a lift —makes me feel swell!"

# NEW BETTER THAN EVER FOR COMPLEXION . . BATH . . DISHES!

**"QUICKER, EASIER SUDS IN HARD WATER!**

It's grand to get *a third more suds* in our hard water! They're extra gentle suds, too—so easy on my hands. And yet they clean up greasy dishes just as fast as strong soaps!"

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### COMPARE IT FOR COMPLEXION

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—kinder to skin—proved in tests against 10 leading toilet soaps.

—it has the famous Ivory mildness which for years has led doctors everywhere to advise Ivory for baby and adult skin.

### COMPARE IT FOR BATH

**Richer, Creamier Lather!**

—it's quicker-sudsing than leading bath soaps.

—it gives more suds per cake.

—it's kinder to your skin, of course.

### COMPARE IT FOR DISHES

**Quicker, Easier Suds than ever!**

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**BY SOCONY-VACUUM**


the booth, refusing to let herself watch that figure on the beach.

She unlocked the heavy boxes that held the cheap, gaudy prizes, and began to set them out on the shelves. Then she stopped, began slowly to put them back. What was one day, more or less? She didn't want to face it out. Pop would understand. In an hour, they could fold up and leave.

But in spite of herself, she looked down the beach again. Her heart did stop, completely and utterly. It was Gil. He came up the ramp from the beach, walking in long, lithe strides.

Vinnie put her hands flat on the counter with an almost physical gesture of bracing. She was going to have to be very calm about this. Calm but firm. Gil came to an abrupt halt on the other side of the counter. Vinnie said, with a desperate attempt at lightness, "Hello. You're out early."

"I've got to be," Gil said. "I'm going up to town with Dad."

Vinnie thought, If this is really goodby . . .

Then Gil let her breathe again. He said, "We'll be back tonight."

He stopped, obviously fighting for words. Vinnie thought, This is hard for him too. Terribly hard. He said, "Look, Vinnie. I've been thinking a lot about—about yesterday and all that. I think maybe I understand a little better. But I think you're wrong."

"About what?"

"About Father and Mother. You didn't give them much chance yesterday, but they seemed to like what they saw. They want you to come to dinner tomorrow."

Vinnie said, "So they can get a really good look."

Gil said, "That's natural, Vinnie. You've got to see it a little from their point of view. It's not fair to expect them not even to—to want to know what you're like."

VINNIE looked down at her hands. Of course he was right. It wasn't fair. If only she weren't so sure their minds were made up already. But, suddenly, she knew she'd have to do it. If only to let Gil see for himself.

She said, "Tell your mother I'd love to come, Gil."

It was a terribly hard thing to do. But Gil was leaning across the counter, gripping her shoulders, kissing her hard and happily. She tried to pull away, but somehow her face stayed pressed to his. She said breathlessly, "Gil—someone will see—"

Gil said, "*Anyone* can see! *Can't* you understand I don't give a damn!"

She did understand. All the rest of that day, she understood one thing quite clearly. Gil did love her. And the rest didn't matter. She simply wouldn't let it matter. They'd like her—they'd be sure to like her. She built a careful picture in her mind. The dinner tomorrow. Gil's father and mother would be pleasant, and kind. And very fair. And they would like her. Only—suppose they didn't?

In the middle of the afternoon, she broke down and told Pop. And Pop surprised her. For once, he wasn't trying to bluff anyone. Not even himself. He said, "You're pretty scared, aren't you?"

Vinnie said, "Yes, Pop, "I'm scared to death."

He said, "Well, I guess you've got a right to be. Those things do make a difference."

Vinnie said nothing. Pop said slowly, "With me and your mother, it was—kind of the other way round. But somehow, it never really mattered."

Vinnie said, "I know that, Pop."

Pop said, "I wouldn't try to kid you. With people like that, you got two strikes against you at the start. But when they really get to know you—"

Vinnie took a long breath. "It'll be all right. It's got to be."

After that, it was a little easier. But it was a long day. She got through it by making herself think about Gil.

There wasn't much of a crowd that evening, and they closed up early. That was the hardest time of all. Vinnie sat in the trailer, trying to read, trying to make the time pass somehow. Pop wandered off among the concessions. He seemed to know instinctively that there wasn't anything he could do for her—that she'd rather be left alone. At midnight, he was still out. But a few minutes later, he came in. He sat down by the little folding table and stared at his hands. There was a funny look on his face. Then he said, "I guess—I guess I better tell you."

Vinnie came to him quickly. "Tell me what?"

Vinnie said quietly, "What is it, Pop?"

Pop said, "There was a meeting of the Beach Commission tonight. They passed a new ordinance. No more concessions. No more midway. They're running us out."

Vinnie felt hollow and cold. She said, "Was—was Mr. Ballard at the meeting?"

Pop's fingers tightened a little on her shoulders. "He was there, all right."

Vinnie turned away. Of course. It was bound to be that way. When you've brought up a boy like Gil—trained him to take over your business—staked so much on him—you just don't let him go—not without putting up a fight. She could hear the words, even: *Don't rush into this, son . . . wait till next year, anyway . . . see if you still feel the same.* And next year . . . taking good care there wouldn't *be* any next year!

SHE stood in the door, staring out into the dark. She said, "Pop, could we fold up and get away tonight?"

Pop was silent a moment. Then he said, "All right. I can get Cassidy to give me a hand. If it's really what you want."

Vinnie said, "It's what I really want."

Pop went out. Vinnie sat down at the table, and began to write. She had to say goodby. And it wouldn't be polite to run out on an invitation without even leaving regrets. And, no matter how much it hurt him, it was only fair to herself to let Gil know. Let him know just exactly why.

She finished the letter, addressed and sealed it, and went out. Pop had the booth down already. In another hour, he'd have it stowed away and the be ready to roll. To where pitch would be. Some pla merry-go-round. . . .

She got into their batter and drove up the beach the Ballard cottage. She it was, all right. She kne leave the letter where found.

DAWN, and it was begi a little. They hadn't ma time away from the beach slowly, watching the road much. Vinnie stared out gray fields. She said, "Pop thing. Straight."

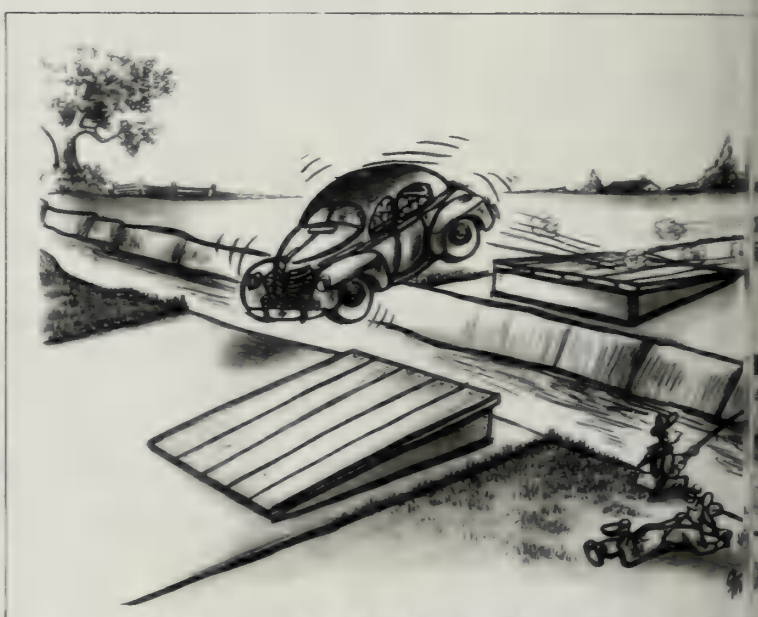
Pop said, "Such as what

Vinnie said, "You didn' mote Mr. Ballard? Y didn't?"

Pop looked at her quick at the road.

"No," he said, "I didn't.

He's telling the truth, Vi He wouldn't lie to me abo it does make a neat little p Ballard just dropping arou so friendly, to get a line on then smashing them like—



**"Nobody squawks. A bridge would mean increased tax**

easy to do that sort of thing, got money and influence.

She stared at the rain-wl thinking: It's awful this wa are ways that could be w if we'd had a time thinki have each other. And then away. Better like this. Be a clean break. . . .

They were coming to a l dingy straggle of houses, in the bleak dawn. A sc standing in a doorway, pe road. Pop said, "Highway and slowed almost to a cr man in the gray uniform out into the road, holding

Pop put on the brakes. liceman ambled over to said, "Your name Meache

Pop nodded without s didn't enjoy talking to cop

"Been running a conce beach?"

Pop said, "If it's any af —yes."

"It is, in a way." The pa polite but firm. "I'll have a while."

Pop got very red. "By thority—?"

The policeman lifted a "Never mind the authorit with plenty of it wants to s pull over to the curb and c

Vinnie was looking at Pc

m h trouble reading her thoughts. id "Vinnie, I swear I didn't—it's pe ecution—"

in said, "Never mind, Pop. It 't eally matter."

hway patrol office was bleak he less. Vinnie stood at the win- st ng out at the deserted street. pe olman, settled himself at a b an thumbing through reports. o d sleepy and bored. Vinnie d him. She said, "I don't sup- yo d tell us what the charge is?" ye ned. "Lady, I would if I knew. de t. We work with the township is ns. If they want somebody w old 'em." He yawned again. ve it won't be long."

ni thought, It's a neat little ge The township commissions. e was a township. And that t Mr. Ballard." She looked at Sl didn't really think he'd done in It was probably just some- th 'd trumped up.

re as the faint, rising rush of a riv g fast through the rain. The m got to his feet. "Could be," id, nd went to the door. Vinnie d ay from the window. Pop u nervously. He said, "Vinnie, att what they say, I didn't—"

ar or banged. There were steps do. Then Vinnie felt firm hands r oulders, turning her around. id Vinnie, you can't run out on re is! You just can't do it!"

ni tared at him. He looked an- Fu us. But it was a wonderful, r l y. Vinnie held tight to his S hadn't expected this. It was fer t—

en, ddenly, she was angry too. ai 'Gil, you had us *arrested*—" sa "I had to stop you. I was s which road—but I had to be I fingers gripped harder. "I'm d ound the letter—"

en, ddenly, he was holding her in s arms. For Pop, every- els vas gone. Pop—the bleak lit- fic everything. There was only The never would be anything but The she tried to draw away, said ly, but, Gil, your father—"

sa "He's here. He made me hi'

tu d to the door. Mr. Ballard was coming in. Calmly, as though dawn meetings in police stations were the everyday stuff of life. He said to Vinnie, "I'm glad we caught up with you. I think you owe me a chance to explain."

He nodded politely to Pop, then turned back to Vinnie. "Gil showed me your letter. I don't blame you at all. I can see how it must have looked to you. But you were wrong. I was against that ordinance, closing up the concessions. I argued against it for hours. I'm going to break it yet."

VINNIE drew a long breath. Mr. Ballard came to her and took her hands. He said, "But there's something much more important than that. Something you don't understand at all." His face was very serious. "I'm not going to try to fool either of us about this. What happens to Gil makes a lot of difference to me. I don't know you at all. But Gil's known you all summer, and he wants to marry you. Maybe it's a mistake. Maybe you're the worst medicine in the world for him. I just don't know." He smiled suddenly and patted her fingers. "But I do know Gil pretty well. So you come with a recommendation that rates pretty high with me."

Vinnie said, "You—you don't really mean that."

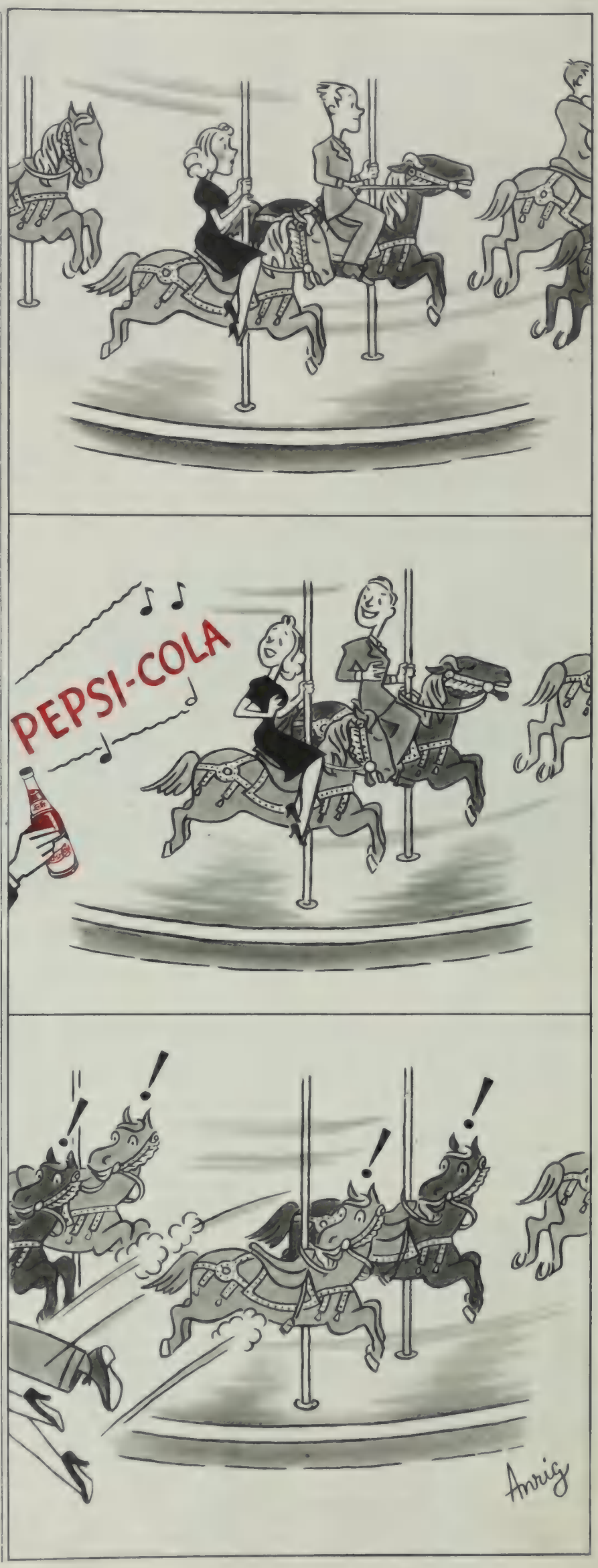
His smile deepened. "You could even be right about that. But I know it's what I *ought* to mean." Then he was serious again. "Being a parent's a tough job. And the toughest part of all is knowing when to stop. Give us a chance to prove we do know when—and how."

He dropped her hands and turned to Pop. "Mr. Meacher, I'm going to want to talk to you. We've got to whip those bluenoses at the beach. And you've been in the business a long time—"

Maybe they went out. Maybe they stood for hours talking in the rain. Vinnie didn't know. She was looking at Gil. He said, "You've got to understand one thing, Vinnie. Even if it hadn't been like this, I'd have come after you. And stayed with you. Some place. Somewhere."

His arms were around her, and his cheek was hard against hers. "Any place," he said. "Anywhere."

Vinnie said, "There isn't any place but here."




## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

Beh , which have streamline air- l en nes ranging from 40 to 500 pow , remember that when we en- the ast war our best production e w only of 400 horsepower, if all it. Sveral of these firms are con- an -line, air-cooled power plant 00 h sepower can be produced.

nes of our air-defense program aire ft metals is now so impera- hat anufacturers of airplanes for ise turning to substitutes. Air- plyw d in its various phases is re- g ention as ersatz for sheet nun to release aluminum for at s s, and already the CAA has d o requirements for the tests lif the new adhesives or new ods fabrication necessary for al a roval as to airworthiness. ful is the future of so-called c-ty aircraft, the manufacturers war you to think that they can p a tter, pour it into a mold and aircr t out like cupcakes.

F-GVERNMENT in aircraft- erat g squadrons to prevent ac- ts d to carelessness is more ive an all the regulations ever promulgated. Chief enforcement agencies of such autonomy in the Army and Navy Air Services are organizations like the Stupid Pilot's Club, the Flying Jackass Club, the Dumbbell Airman's Society and so on. Because membership in these societies (they vary in name and character with different posts) is so exclusive, whenever a pilot qualifies, the induction ceremony takes on the character of a regimental parade. Suitable trophies such as huge tin medals and hand-painted receptacles are presented to the new member for such thoughtless deeds as taxiing right into the side of a hangar or trying to fly with the gasoline turned off.

The old-timers also are eligible for membership. At the headquarters of a government flying field the commanding officer sailed in for a nice landing, all the while thinking of something else, and forgot to lower his landing gear. He spread himself all over the field. To his everlasting credit it can be said that, instead of declaring that the retractable mechanism failed to work, he stormed into the operations office and in a voice for his subordinates to hear, demanded that he be elected life president of the Flying Jackass Club.

F. R. N.

# Lord Hush-Hush

Continued from page 20

did the traffic cop at Piccadilly Circus, yet the censor withered Lait with a look and said, coldly, "You are not allowed to give weather information to the enemy."

Lait trailed along when Wendell Willkie visited Manchester on his trip to Britain. Thousands stood outside of Willkie's hotel in almost freezing weather, waiting for him to appear. Lait, impressed by their patience and their desire to see Private Citizen Number One, wrote: "The crowd stood there for hours in the wintry blasts, etc." This was cut out by the censor. Lait, fed up with the absurdity of such nonsense, rewrote his message to read, "The crowd stood in front of the hotel for hours, slapping their arms against their sides to keep warm." The censor passed this, with the remark that, "It was not weather information."

### The Censor Was Pleased

Perhaps the most ludicrous censorship story we all chuckle over in Fleet Street was one in which the aforementioned George Lait again took part. Brilliant teamwork on the part of Lait and Tommy Matson, another International News Service reporter, resulted in a ten-minute beat for INS on the story of Rudolf Hess' arrival in Scotland. They merely told the meager information that Hess had landed in Scotland with the few details available. Canny Matson was on his way to Scotland before the papers with the story were on the streets in New York. He got a magnificent story and on it put the date line "Somewhere in Scotland." His first story went through in full. Later that day correspondents were notified that they could not mention Scotland in connection with the Hess case. By now, of course, Matson's story was in six hundred newspapers in America. But one must play out the farce. Earl Reeves, head of the International News Service Bureau, solemnly sent a cable to his New York office which read: "In Matson's story please delete the word 'Scotland' as mention of this word has become dangerous to the security of the British Isles." The censor beamed with pleasure, and quickly approved the message.

The nasty series of Plymouth blitzes gave the censors additional scope for their smothering tactics. A magazine obtained a magnificent and tragically sympathetic picture of a large billboard in Plymouth which was merely headed "Deaths." Under this heading, in finely printed type, was a list of names of several hundred dead. These names on the magazine picture could not have been read (literally) with a magnifying glass. The censor refused to pass the picture. They didn't want the Germans to know who and how many were killed at Plymouth. That same day an American photographer got another beauty in Plymouth—a picture of a long line of people waiting for busses to take them out into the country to sleep. The London papers published similar pictures and were filled with stories of those who left tortured Plymouth each night. But the picture was never sent. For some obscure reason, which the photographer still doesn't understand, this picture was killed. Yet London papers, with similar pictures and stories, went by air mail to Lisbon each day and arrived in Berlin eight hours later.

I could give two hundred similar examples. Let me give two or three more and rest my case: Last fall we all spent a lot of time at Dover watching the air battles. One day we saw a beautiful dogfight over the Channel between a squadron of Spitfires and a squadron of Messerschmitts. We saw seven German airplanes shot down and we saw three British aircraft destroyed. The combat was so close that we could not be mistaken in our identification. Ben Robertson of P.M. sent his story, telling of the seven-to-three ratio in losses. It was, we all thought, a grand story and a fine tribute to the R.A.F. The censor thought otherwise. Ben could say that seven German airplanes had been shot down but he couldn't mention the three British losses. Robertson is a tenacious young man. He refused to accept the censor's edict. He went to the censor's boss, and then to that man's boss and to his boss, and finally he got to the top. The story was finally sent, but it took Robertson thirteen hours to have it sent.

### It Was Considered Bad Manners

Robertson was also the victim of the oddest bit of censorship any of us have been subject to. A line of his was cut from a story because of "bad manners." Two girls, Diana Brand (niece of Lady Astor) and Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, were doing a magnificent job of serving tea, sandwiches and chocolate to balloon-barrage stations in the east end of London during the heavy blitzes of last winter. Robertson went around with them one day. He noticed the friendly way the troops greeted the two women. One would call to Lady Mary Rose, "Hi, Blondy, 'ow about a bit of a dance tonight?" Another would yell to Diana: "Hey, Sparky, got anything on for tonight?" It was the good-natured sort of joking common to troops of every nation and the two girls accepted it as such. Robertson wrote the story, but the censor took out his big, blue pencil. He cut all of the facetious remarks out of it with the stern admonition, "Such remarks cast reflections on the manners of His Majesty's armed forces." Robertson was kept from tossing himself into the Thames only when we reminded him that Berlin censorship was probably even worse.

I have had as many futile arguments with the censorship durin as any of my colleague will mention only one though, if urged, I could oblige with a hundred. Broadcasting Corporation moribund and more stupi ship than are the censo copy. The BBC asked m on a Sunday night. script contained a few sli about Germany. The BB these must be deleted. ment turned to dull nu they gave their reason. Sunday-night listeners ers," I was told. "It is al the Germans on week da Sundays."

The next day, which Winston Churchill made mous broadcast in which, all Britain, he referred to "guttersnipe." His ent breathed hatred. When magnificent example of went screaming to Bren Parliamentary Secretary Minister, and to Duff Coo case before them. If the ter could hate Germans night why couldn't I well? Bracken and Duff up their sleeves and we The BBC recanted. I w hate the Germans as I ha nal script.

Postscript: The BBC me to broadcast since.

I rest my case with o If America does come ac of verbally into the war, I censors at Washington ar as understanding as are th in London. We do ha here in London, but we a dom of speech, and the fa line of this story has proves it.

# Hands Off Navy Planes!

Continued from page 13

—the British themselves have turned to our own system of sea-air power in this their gravest hour.

As to the question about battleship-plane superiority, our Navy takes no stand. And rightly so.

Rather, our naval commanders contend that *both* battleships and planes are superior; and that, properly used as co-ordinated forces at sea, they are invincible, each in its own realm and in its close relation with the other.

Plane advocates point to the crippling damage wreaked on the Italian navy by British torpedo planes at Taranto. As evidence of the vulnerability of surface craft they point to the sinking of Britain's biggest fighting ship, the Hood. The Hood was sunk by another surface craft, they admit—but by just one lucky shot.

As to the Hood, she was of the vintage of 1919, a type which sacrificed armor for speed. Before World War II the admiralty had ordered the Hood to drydock for rearmament, a two-year job. Then came Munich, and the necessity by Britain to use every ounce of fighting power in her struggle for existence.

But the advocates of battleships have their arguments, too. They point out that in nearly two years of war no modern battleship has been sunk by a plane, though many have been hit by the heaviest bombs. They point out that the aircraft carrier Ark Royal has been "sunk" by German dive bombers many times, yet is still afloat. They point out that the modern German battleship, Bismarck, shuddered under hundreds of 15-inch projectiles before she was finally put under by a torpedo fired from another surface craft. It is admitted by all that shellfire at sea is more accurate and deadly than are bombs from aircraft.

The lessons of Crete would tend to show that with overwhelming control of the air and very little defense on the ground, territory can be conquered by landing air-borne troops. But England is an island too, and unfortunately for Hitler is well fortified on the ground. All Hitler's air power has not subdued England, and 25 miles of water with superiority on the sea has twice reversed der Fuehrer's time clock.

Fortunately for our national security this argument of sea versus air rages completely outside our naval establishment. Our Navy developed the torpedo plane, the dive bomber, the scout, the long-range patrol seaplane, all types now being so heavily relied on by England and Germany alike.

Under a unified air force with land-trained command it is questionable if any of these types would have yet seen the light of day for service at sea. Certain it is that these naval types were not developed by the unified air forces of England, Germany or Italy. On carriers, on battleships and cruisers, our planes and equipment are the best yet built for their particular uses. This is fact, not wishful thinking.

Since the invention of the airplane, our Navy has used more aviation than any other major power, has put aviation to more uses in co-ordinated combat, including bombing and observation. It is a tribute to the officers and men who run our Navy that the lesson of sea-air power in World War II bore out a theory they had already put into practice.

Finally, Question No. 3.—Should the Navy make public more information about its tactical operations?

At the risk of repeating something that has already been said—I used to be a newspaperman myself. I would feel scant respect for any other newspaperman who did not try his hardest to get and print all the news.

Yet there are times when, in the opinion of the men who command our Navy, certain information, particularly about the movement of ships and personnel, should not be made public. To make public such information, in the opinion of the officers who command our Navy, might place in jeopardy the lives of our own people who defend us, and this no Secretary of the Navy to do.

To date, no single m working press that I know to co-operate. The Navy "censorship" but, rather, operation, without impai of American press and pub the conduct of their Nav seeks the good will of t wishes our people to kno of its workings that can told. There have been opinion as to where this fi be drawn, and I expect more in the future.

It will take their co-ope co-operation of every one us safely through these pe certain times. Our Nav tradition of gallantry an has never lost a war at sea and men are ready to ca future as they have in the that their Navy, backed by ventive genius, is a leade ing new weapons and fin for old ones.

In times of crises we, th always given united su Navy. We are at presen crisis.

I am confident that our fail its seamen.

## Advance Agent

Continued from page 28

her one, the trooper, seemed a ss incredulous than the sergeant. re the most helpful people," the t said. "Once I sent four men to outside of Lee where fiends were ing somebody, and when we got hat was it? It was a dear little screech owl hollering for its n. Or take Lyman here—once he d a lady two pounds of cat meat iles in forty-two—"

se shut up!" Connie begged him. u going to do anything?"

overed her eyes. "What have I lling you for hours?"

r," he said, in the kindest way, ing her permission to wheel her ng the sidewalk, "you told me thing—that your guy stood you shows he's got bum taste but it appen to any girl. The rest of , sister, sometimes we get a day been to the movies quite a

was beyond desperation, she was going to make him do it. "Bill there above that piece of aban- oad and saw that truck—"

know, George," the trooper said; that piece of old road. I know means. Seven miles northwest tham."

. She seen a truck there. She ar, too. Could've been anything oad inspector taking his cut up Swift among the Hijackers. Did r go back and see some more,

And we were walking up the Mountain trail, and here was a d he knocked Bill down—"

rooper said, "Well, there's this, That piece of road is about a of a mile from where the back nes down from Camp Ryegate."

ergeant gave him a glance that ave withered foliage at forty s. Yeah, Lyman, I noticed she's nd Camp Ryegate! You was ng there yourself last Thursday. Booker's a nice guy and he always plays ball with us. There's the phone. Maybe you want to call Booker up and ask him if he's seen a newspaper guy that belongs to sister. Tell him sister thinks he's a kidnaper."

"What does somebody have to do to get you started?" Connie asked.

"Lyman, he only needs a blonde. Look, babe. Tell me somebody stole your car while you was away, necking. Tell me you heard a shot, even if it was only a backfire. Tell me anything I can make sense of. I got six of the boys asleep upstairs right now, and here's Lyman who's always rarin' to pick up any Jack the Ripper any blonde says she seen. But don't come in here on a rainy night and say there's a Nazi wandering loose in Berkshire County, and the third reel of a spy film playin' in my back yard, and headquarters of the underworld on top of Taylor Mountain—"

Connie slumped in her chair. It was that way. She had done her utmost and he didn't believe her. She began to shake again, all over.

"What do you want us to do?"

That was Lyman. Connie sat up again, with no hope. "I thought you did things. If he's missing don't you send out word? Don't you put it on the radio? Don't you start looking for him? If I tell you about Camp Ryegate, and this spy, and what happened on the trail—don't you start investigating what I've said?"

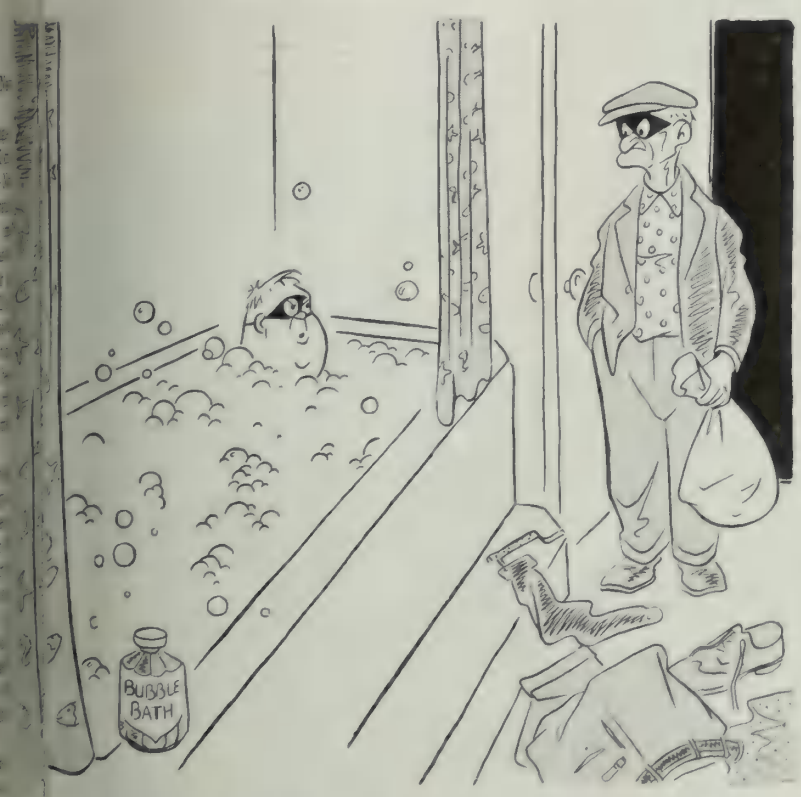
"Tell you what," the sergeant said; "if your boy friend don't come home tonight—he will, but if he don't, you tell the Windham cops."

Lyman said, "About this road—I'd be willing to look into it—"

Connie breathed deep—if he would, at least that would be a start. The sergeant snorted. "Eleven-twenty. Okay, Lyman, your trick lasts till midnight and I'm willing to give it to you. But the rest comes out of your sleep."

Lyman got a slicker from a closet. "If you haven't been sniffing snow, if

**UCH** By Larry Reynolds




"You gimme a pain, Slug. You never wanna try anything"


## Fish won't bite for Jim

**Jim needs a laxative;** but this is the first day of his vacation.

His wife says: "You don't want to give up the whole day's fishing, do you, dear?"—so he puts off getting needed relief.

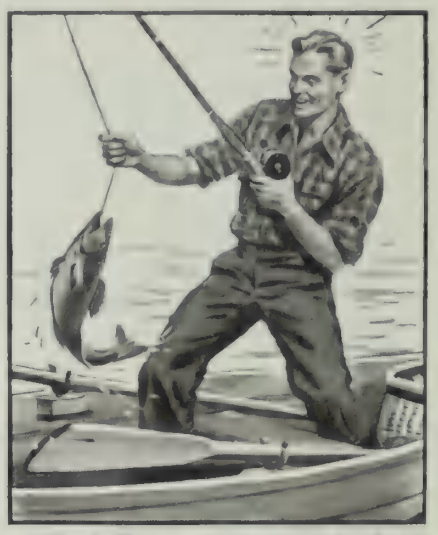
Poor Jim poses for a picture of "the discouraged fisherman." The hot sun makes his headache worse.

The fish won't bite. Jim is ready to call it a day. His vacation is off to a bad start.

## Tom lands a big one

**Tom needs a laxative;** he's going fishing, too. But his wife knows how speedy Sal Hepatica is.

She says, "Don't put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning."



Here's Tom posing as a regular Izaak Walton! Sal Hepatica worked easily and effectively.

Tom feels great. He casts his line with a sure hand and pulls in a big one!

# Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

Vacations are fun, but they sometimes have their off moments. Change of water, change of diet can upset your normal routine and bring the need for a laxative.

When that happens, don't mope through precious holiday hours. Take

speedy Sal Hepatica. Within an hour, you're usually relieved.

Sal Hepatica acts by attracting needed water bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort, irritation, or griping.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this saline.

More than a laxative, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too. Vacation-bound or staying at home, next time you need a laxative, try *speedy* Sal Hepatica.

# SAL HEPATICA

# The Sergeant puts the Colonel right about face with COOL SHAVES

*"Blastation, Sergeant!"* says the Colonel to me—"the bullets and the shrapnel of the Boche never caused me a tremor. But forty years of shaving burns and terrors still make me squirm and shiver—at the sight of my own razor!"

*"Why, Colonel!"* says I—"have you never heard of Ingram's *cooling* shaving cream? Where's your Intelligence Division? Sure the youngest recruit with cradledown on his cheeks is a wiser soldier than you with all your golden eagles."

*"Ingram's is different,* Colonel, made different—cool—to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your whiskers. It lathers up fast, does a blitzkrieg on the toughest beard in double-quick time. Feel that coolin', soothing touch?"

*"Sergeant,"* chortled the Colonel, "you're a dandy! My razor eases through this Ingram-smothered stubble like a sabre through butter! I'll shave minutes off my usual shaving time and finish *cool,* refreshed and ready for duty!"

*"That night I see* the Colonel steppin' out for *duty,* as frisky as a two year old. And no wonder! Ingram's is a real help to your skin comfort. Shaving lotions and tonics—dismissed! Ingram's leaves you looking younger—your skin cool and smooth—and it stays that way for hours. Squads right, for Ingram's! Sound off for cool and comfortable shaves—today!"

**INGRAM'S**
**SHAVING CREAM**

*CONCENTRATED FOR ECONOMY—IN TUBE OR JAR*


the boy friend is right about the truck coming regular—well, you drive me out there and we'll see."

She was already half out of the door. "What are we waiting for?" But the sergeant called her back, grinning. "Got a hatpin, sister? I never had no trouble with Lyman on a back road, but then I ain't a blonde."

Lyman settled beside her in Gail's coupé. "Comical, ain't he? Well, I don't believe a word of it, either, and I never loved waitin' in the rain, but I'm taking a chance you ain't as cockeyed as you talk."

"But just one of you!" she said hopelessly. "There must be dozens of them—there were four that night. I thought you'd turn out the whole force."

Lyman—was it his first or last name?—was affronted. "You don't think they'll show up with a tank?"

Bill said that the truck rendezvous was regular, some time after midnight. The Cottersville barracks were about ten miles from Windham, and Lyman had said that piece of road was seven miles on the other side. Seventeen miles, eleven twenty.

Bill darling! The road and the rain and the headlights blacked-out for a moment but she fought the dizziness down. This was all improbable, a midnight drive through a deluge, nothing sure or even sensible, no hope that Bill would be there, that she could do anything for him—but she would not scream, she would make this policeman understand. She brushed a wet sleeve across her eyes, clamped her mouth shut, and kept going.

IT WAS toward the middle of the afternoon when Bill Jay realized that he wasn't going to get out of this alive. Up till then there had been the fool's notion that they would let him go when they got the aviator away. But the simple, bedrock fact was that he had blundered into too important a setup, he had found out too much. He knew that when he saw von Weitbrecht come out into the cleared space, with the man who had the cauliflower ear.

Cauliflower Ear was the thug they had met on the trail. Bill was morally certain that it was Booker who had hit him on the head last night but he did not see Booker 'till later in the day . . . This place was a half basement under the log-cabin lodge at the bottom of the ski-tow. The walls were thick concrete, the beams were big logs, the door was made of puncheons bolted together—everything was as solid as a penitentiary There was nothing in it but thick rope and heavier drum cable, and it was safe to leav or anyone else here unbound wall a two-foot steel ventilat in the concrete, and these let light and permitted him, by st a cable drum, to see the clearir of the trail, the back road curv a wall of trees. That was wh to look at while he figured o dred ways in which he co avoided disaster if he had b ligent.

Cauliflower Ear had bro breakfast and lunch—cold c sandwiches neatly wrapped in gate Inn's lace-paper nap thoughtfully garnished with potato chips. Each time crouched by the door and le each time Cauliflower hac slapped him down. The day no one was in sight anywher moved and there was no sou looked like a hot afternoon o the cellar was as delightfully grave. It must have been mid when, from a side grating, he figures come out of the trees end of the clearing. One of soon recognizable as Cauliflo Then, as they approached, was, incredibly, Herr Gustave brecht. Bill Jay had seen hi Francisco and Detroit—and Jay, that great reporter, that b tridge, recognized him at sigh

So that was why the trail guarded. That was why an Nazi had come to Windham simple truth about Camp and Mr. Carl Booker was beautiful. Also, in much to words, here was why the grea was not going to see Connie ag

From an end grating he sa flower drive off down the r station wagon, and those occasi steps overhead would be thos von Weitbrecht, finance officer Nazi organizations, manager trial sabotage and contriver of rest, director of many single industrious men who were w defeat the United States. H Weitbrecht was taking his e pleasant summer resort while t States looked for him. What for the prosecution Bill Jay cou he had all afternoon to remem many chances he had had to head, and how many times he used it.

A half-hour later a car cam

"Psst! Aluminum trays!"

l d stopped a few rods from the e nd this was Mr. Lynn Scovil get- o of it. Mr. Lynn Scovil the great e ver, the prophet of defeat, the n of Christian Fronters and Ger- y -Our-Friend committees and f l or rogue who would listen to . r. Scovil was in a tearing hurry. r up the steps and there were e oming through the floor. Bill r and sweated till he was able to o cable drum on another and, d on it, bring his head to within w nches of the ceiling. But the e were deadened—he couldn't e t a word. Mr. Lynn Scovil and r n Weitbrecht seemed to be quar- g t none of it came through the r.

o eps padded on the floor, and t t pretty pair were outside again. y rds away, at Scovil's car, they e ying unintelligible but violent g each other. Scovil's face was t d and the handsome saboteur e dangerous. Then Scovil flung h hands in some climactic curse, i e car, and drove away. Com- b , von Weitbrecht passed a few f n Bill's grating.

M T have been about six o'clock h Scovil was back again. Von t ht leaped down the stairs to t n at the road, the fight taking up w re it had left off. But another c up and here was Carl Booker, n ehind the wheel and watching. v mitted an inarticulate sound, w a scream and a bellow, and got k his car. He shouted something a drove away, the big roadster d when it touched the gravel of r . Booker laughed. It was not w laugh.

o r and von Weitbrecht walked k the lodge. They stopped ten f n the grating and were talking t German. Why hadn't the great r learned German? Because he a ank cartridge, a triply damned L e heard a name several times, h —but was *Köchlin* a man or a o st what?

e thered that somebody named h was to come here tonight. n g was to happen tonight. . . . h lot of things were to happen g

o r drove away once more and W tbrecht came indoors. Habit e itself and Bill Jay got hungry n dy came to offer the condemned t traditional hearty meal. Just c the storm broke in a half- f fury, then settled down to a n rain. But no supper came . . . e d that he was walking up and n the thick, cold dark; sixteen s d his hands touched one wall, n, teen steps back, then the far l e a man in a cell.

m d no end—it simply went on n the dark . . . A beam of light n across the grating halted his h He glued himself to that A car was coming up the road. d come as far as before. It p outside the clearing, the lights n e guessed it was being backed s e bushes, then the lights went

t in the proceedings Bill had an t ity to identify the hidden car B r's. But right now all he could s eculate. No one got out of the N one came to the lodge. No e d. There was no sound. Had W tbrecht heard or seen that car? w f telling, and no way of know- w was in the car . . . He stayed e, s senses razor-sharp, his de- t in a total watchfulness. Time n flowing in the dark.

F n the trail, headlights glinted m e foliage—here, there, disap- n coming closer. A car that Bill recognized as Scovil's came out into the clearing, and the footsteps over Bill's head that would be von Weitbrecht's hurried across the floor and down the steps. The engine of the car had not been shut off, the headlights still made a long beam in the rain. The figure that came out of the lodge and into the beam was von Weitbrecht. There was a loud oath and another figure came into the light but Bill could not identify it. They were gesticulating; von Weitbrecht was almost dancing. Then there was a third figure, also unidentifiable. From the hidden car maybe? They moved, and light and shadow and rain distorted them.

There was a spurt of orange flame out across the darkness and one of the figures fell sprawling. The car's lights were switched off and the engine stopped. Bill strained his ears and eyes to make out more, but there was only the rain. After a while a dim figure came to the steps and someone was walking overhead again. Then the lights of the car that was hidden down the road went on and slid downhill among trees. It looked as if it was the driver of the second car who had got his.

Time and the rain went on. He was just a waiting dread. There were lights again and he pressed against his grating. Another car. It stopped outside. Flashlights issued from it and came across the clearing and along the wall. There was a shuffling at the door of Bill's dungeon.

This was it. How sweet Connie's lips had been, how soft her arms, how promising her breast. Well, this was it. He crouched beside the door and flung himself headlong as it opened. There were two of them. They got him down. They tied his wrists and ankles. They shoved something thick into his mouth. They carried him out into the rain and shoved him headfirst into their car. That would be Cauliflower's station wagon. It started off.

GAIL woke to cold and darkness, unable to believe she had been asleep. It was unlikely that fear and loathing could be blotted out ever so briefly. But they had been, for now they were rushing back again. She had been asleep and had had no covers over her, for she was shivering with cold as well as fear. She switched on a light. Ten minutes to twelve. Then she could have slept only a few minutes. She got out of bed and, barefoot, went into Connie's room. It was dark and Connie was not there. No lights downstairs. She turned on the hall lights and stood at the head of the stairs, afraid. She called, "Connie!" and her voice echoed through emptiness. She ran downstairs and had to get all the rooms lighted—wall brackets, bridge lamps, everything. Panic swept over her and she didn't know why, except that she was alone.

She froze to stone. Something was moving on the porch, making a soft, slithering, formless noise. She could not move nor even scream. The door swung inward and a woman being carried by a man came through it. The well-remembered voice said, "Lock the door, Gail," and this was John Page and the woman was Mathilde Winkler. They went down in a heap on the hall floor and Mathilde Winkler was writhing and threshing, and John Page got his shoulder across her and held her down.

"Lock the door. Get a rope."

This was some scene in a trance, but his voice was concentrated excitement and concentrated command. Completely dazed, she shut and locked the door. She cried out now, for there was blood on John Page's cheek, on his shirt, on his hands and wrists. Mathilde was straining on the floor, trying to roll, trying to get away—a bundle of violent, twisting effort. John Page sprawled


EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

**THE GOLD CUP.** The "automobile boat" of 1904 that won the first Gold Cup Race amazed the world with a phenomenal speed of 23.6 miles per hour! Ever since then the Cup (shown at right) has been emblematic of national championship in power boat racing for craft of forty feet and under. To win this cup, a perpetual trophy of the American Power Boat Association, an entrant must triumph over the country's leading speedboat racers. Both driver and boat must be better than good!

**ETHYL EMBLEM.** There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

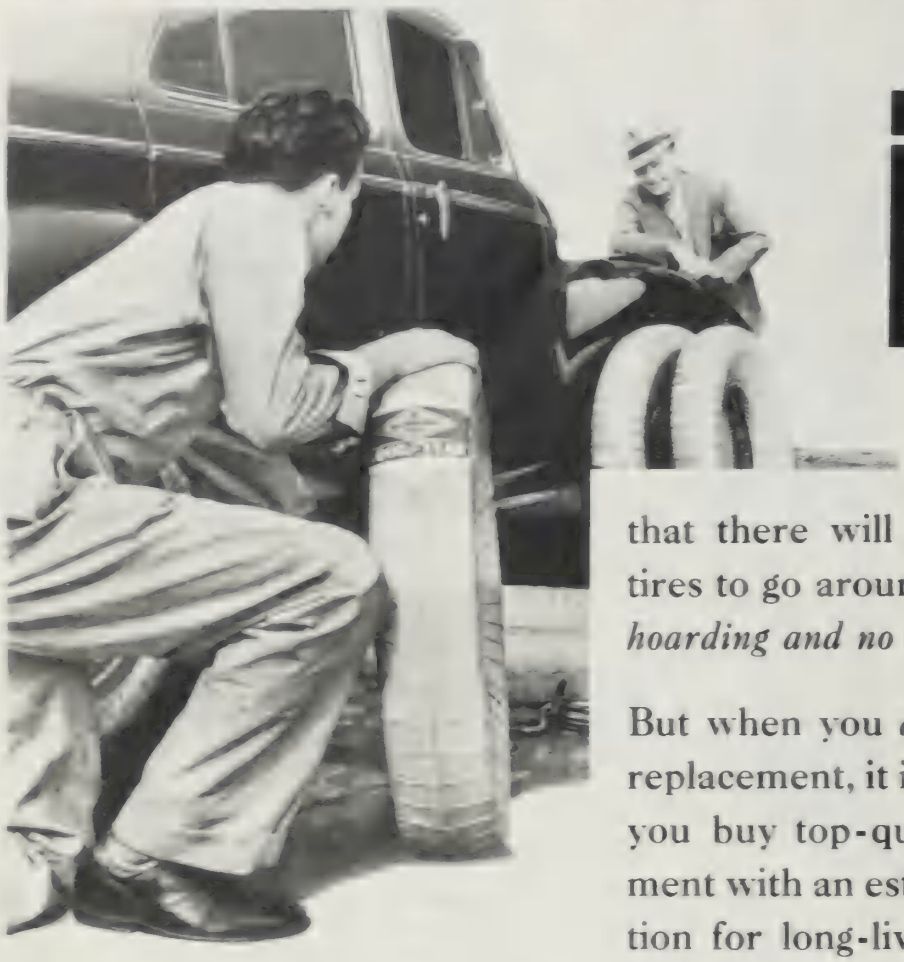
ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

*THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR*

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

# THE BEST ADVICE W

# if you hav



IT seems to us that in times like these, industry can best serve both the nation and the public by complete frankness about its problems.

One important problem among many today is rubber supply, and the car owner is therefore asking: what effect is rationing going to have on my ability to get tires?

The fact is, in order to conserve rubber the production of all tire manufacturers will probably be governed by defense priorities.

This does not necessarily mean that there will be a shortage of tires. It is our considered opinion that there will be enough new tires to go around — *if there is no hoarding and no waste.*

But when you *do* have to make replacement, it is our advice that you buy top-quality tire equipment with an established reputation for long-lived performance and safety.

Among all the many Goodyear makes, the tion that offers you the age and safety per dol first-line "G-3" All- tire and the LifeGuard serve safety tire, inside sturdy tube, that take danger out of blowouts.

On the "G-3" All-Wea get what we believe is t tire tread ever deve the time-proved All- center traction tread powerful grip on a surface.

In the current "G- Weather this sturdy compounded of tougher than ever before. In

G

MORE PEOPLI

# AN GIVE YOU
# buy tires

*Your Goodyear dealer knows tires as no one else can. His expert advice and skilled service, including retreading, will add many miles to the life of your tires.*

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uip ing your "G-3" All-
ers with LifeGuards, you
ive your tires far longer
u n rmally would, for with LifeGuards you eliminate all danger from blowouts or other tire failures at speed. Every mile you drive with LifeGuards is safe, no matter how thin you wear your tires.

Thus LifeGuards not only help you save rubber by making your tires last longer — they help you save money, too.

If your present tires are still good, you'll be smart to equip them with LifeGuards to prolong their life.

But if your tires are "shot" your wisest buy is "G-3" All-Weather casings with LifeGuards. With this world standard equipment on your wheels, you can forget about rubber for a long, long time to come.

**Write us for our NEW FREE BOOKLET "HOW TO MAKE YOUR TIRES LAST LONGER"**

➡ Address The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio.

**HOW THE LIFEGUARD FUNCTIONS WHEN PLACED IN YOUR TIRE**

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

# OODYEAR

OODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

All-Weather, LifeGuard, Supertwist — T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

NOT A CHOO-CHOO, JUNIOR. JUST A CAR THAT NEEDS SANI-FLUSH IN THE RADIATOR

A clogged radiator can do expensive damage. The engine overheats. You waste power. Don't take chances. Clean out car radiators regularly with 10c worth of Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush**

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

**MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES**

**This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

**DO YOU RATE THIS BLADE?**

Light beards may not require the *plus* shaving action of the Durham Duplex Safety Razor...But mature beards that seem to get wirier day by day...there's another story! If *your* beard is really tough, don't try appeasement. Try Durham Duplex. Its long-life, hollow-ground blade and diagonal stroke assure you grand shaves every time.

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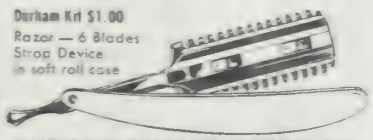


DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Mystic, Connecticut

AT DRUG • CIGAR STORES—OR DIRECT

across those threshing legs and held them to the floor. He shouted, "Get a rope!"

His voice would have got obedience from a statue. Still trance-bound, Gail ran down cellar and got a piece of clothesline. John Page took it and drew Mathilde's straining ankles together and tied them. "Knife!" Gail rushed to the kitchen for a butcher knife. He cut the rope at the knot, ripped away the raincoat that had pinioned Mathilde's arms, and tied her wrists behind her back. While she struggled, something that had been tied around her mouth slipped away and she screamed—a meaningless cry of rage, like something heard in the woods at night. Page replaced the gag—it had been tied with his necktie. He got to his feet and stooped to lift Mathilde. Slow drops of blood fell from his left wrist. He was clumsy. He knelt again, slipped his right arm under Mathilde and stood up. She was trussed but still struggled on his shoulder.

"Some closet you can lock!" he said.

THE words came thinly to Gail's paralyzed mind. She glanced upstairs and at once he was staggering up. She followed, pointing to the closet off Connie's room. Mathilde was making choked, rabid noises behind the gag. He shoved her in on the floor, closed the door, turned the key and put it in his pocket, and ran downstairs, shouting, "Come on, Gail."

In the downstairs hall, he said "My hand is useless. You must drive the car for me." He said that at the height of urgency. But then he fastened an iron discipline on himself. The incredible, shattering excitement reached a lull. His eyes stopped blazing and they saw her for the first time.

"You can't drive a car in a nightgown," he said accusingly. "Go get some clothes on. Hurry. You must help me and there is no time."

Reality was beginning to come through the nightmare, but she still found no meaning in this scene. But she contrived to say, "You're hurt!"

He took his left hand in his right and looked at it. Gail too bent over it and several slow drops of blood fell on her nightgown. She saw that, besides the rain which had soaked it, his shirt was stained with blood. "Yes," he said quietly, "we'd better tie it up." His eyes searched the house. "Move fast. But put on some clothes."

He rushed upstairs again and she heard him switching off the lights she had turned on. The nearest clothes were in the shop. She got a sweater and skirt, stripped off the nightgown, and at least was covered when he came in to turn out these lights too. He said "Hurry!" and went out. She turned on the lights long enough to see a pair of Connie's tennis sneakers under a counter, slid her feet into them, turned off the lights again, and went out to find bandages.

By the light of a single desk lamp in the bookshop John Page's white shirt sleeve was bloody. He laid down a revolver on the desk—and at last her shocked mind remembered what he was. She stopped short and the rolls of gauze fell from her hand.

He looked up. "Don't be a fool," he said. "If you had any real doubts about me, you would have been screaming long since. Move fast!" He slipped the shirt off and, wadding it, wiped his arm free of blood to show an ugly, open-lipped, curving wound that ran almost from the elbow to the shoulder. Blood slowly ebbed back to the wound. "It's nothing," he said. "Tie it above and below and strap some gauze across it."

He sat down with the revolver near his right hand, pulled the telephone to him, stretched his left arm along the desk for her to work on. He called the toll operator, asked for a number in Washington, and sat waiting. Her mind whirling with surprise, dread and stunned relief, she was aware of his total alertness.

He said, "I can't help it—I've got to risk your life. I can't swing it alone. She made that certain when she winged me."

Gail stared. "She shot you? Mathilde Winkler?"

"She's a Nazi . . . My God, Gail, not iodine! It's not a cut finger."

She shook her head clear of dizziness. She laid gauze squares across the wound and began to bind them in place with a bandage. "I can't—will you tell me what—I don't understand—" She stopped and drew a long breath. "I was asleep. Please tell me what is happening. I thought you—"

He swore into the phone. "Good God, girl, it's only Washington I want, after all." After a while someone answered and he said, "Headquarters call." Another voice, and he repeated, "Headquarters call," and the wounded arm hardened with his impatience. He muttered, "All hell could explode in this room while we wait for telephone operators." She saw that he was afraid of something and her own shapeless fears returned. But he got through at last.

"Garrett speaking—Captain James Garrett." His eyes moved to hers for a moment. "I must have Major Spence at once . . . No, let it go, there isn't time. Get this down and get Spence on the job . . . This is James Garrett . . . Yes. I'm at Windham, Massachusetts."

HE TURNED his head aside to whisper, "Well, you too, Gail." Then, to the phone, "The job has blown up in my face. Phone the Boston F.B.I. to get here—and anyone you can reach who is nearer. They can fly to Pittsfield. How long will it take them? . . . Two hours and a half is three hours too long. I'll do what I can. I'll get the state police—if there's time. Phone them to take orders from me. Cottersville Barracks. Now, write this down. A man named Lynn Scovil—" he spelled it out. "His house, called Pinnacle Manor, six miles out of Windham on the Greenfield road. That's the main thing. Get everyone. Get Scovil especially—at the moment, he's loose with a gun. Now, on the Vermont road, a place called Camp Ryegate, also Ryegate Inn. If anything has happened—if I'm not on hand—take the whole place over, get everybody. Especially the proprietor, named Carl Booker."

He spelled that name too. Gail had stopped bandaging his arm to stare at his alert face.

"Booker is after me too. He may get me. Now, send a man to the College Book Shop in Windham, just off the common, to the south. A woman named Mathilde Winkler—W-I-N-K-L-E-R—will be locked in a closet upstairs. If I don't pick up the F.B.I. at Scovil's I will at that bookshop. Maybe."

He paused with that word, on: "Spence is to telephone to pick up the Forwarding C once. It's possible that the woman has already phoned any rate, don't wait any lo everything in New York right said something incomprehens a truck line, and then Gail own name. "If she makes co them, they are to do whateve —I will have instructed he doesn't, they are to scour th side till they find her. Now mains von Weitbrecht."

He muttered to Gail, "Faste to Washington, "I almost had brecht when I was discovered far off. I'm starting for him What?" He shouted, "Can y it from a desk in Washington? ing to find him now . . . What g it do for you to take him? shut up. He must be made t stuff. To me. He thinks I'm Oh, the hell with you."

HE BANGED the phone do up, put on the sodden shir who I am, Gail." He put the r his pocket, turned out the d thus making the whole house took her hand. "Take me ou door. Fast."

Leading him, she felt her w back door. He slid it open, l then whispered, "Come on." were going down the shado porch. His car was in the driv it—hurry!" She got behind "Get away from this house. Vermont road, the road we ca

When they had gone about had her stop. "We had to get the house—Booker might h me there at any moment," he s is it. Gail. I don't know wh me or how close. But from well, you must understand chance neither of us will com It's damned dangerous. I've g to call on you for help. You right to refuse."

But by now her heart h down, she was less excited th time since she had heard the ring noise on the porch. "I fusing," she said. "Tell me w

He didn't even say, "Good! merely, "There's some back Camp Ryegate to a kind o shelter where the ski-tow Mountain begins."

"Yes, I know."

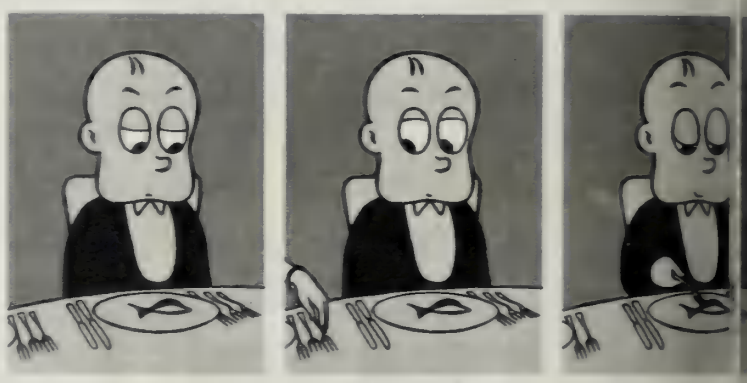
"Well, find it. I'm probabl Taylor Mountain."

"Am I going with you?"

"Only to the ski-tow. You me there. Alone. And read like hell if anything happ started."

She got started, her mind her heart uplifted. She h something of his exalted con

"We're after a Nazi named brecht. He's on Taylor Mo



Three Forks

't. If no one has reached him t hour, he thinks I am Eric nt from Germany to give him ly whole job has been to find ump him. If someone has im—well, there'll be nothing play it as the cards fall . . . It ice to know how I tipped my athilde Winkler. Let that go. m—if you have to finish it ere are some things you must tle playmates, when they find

ened: An appalling summary covil's purpose with the peace . A synopsis of Mathilde an agent of the Forwarding The truck line as the means nication. A code on short-dcasts from Berlin—"I didn't d if G2 knew it I should have d—but they can break it. . . ." disgust and horror buffeted e fought them down. Then, enly, she realized that he was all this in the expectation ew minutes—before the two hours he had calculated at were over—he might be dead. ving her instructions as his tive. Ice closed over her and dder rippled down her arms. If he could be unafraid, she n quietly.

d, "Here's where we turn off ge. It's about two miles."

o the road and stop for a mo-

e engine stopped and the the world was empty. Rain eady swishing and the dark-penetrable.

nothing for a moment. Then, on the running board. Drive ell me when we're near the and we'll turn off the lights e sat motionless. Just rain ess. But behind them terror ing like the crest of a wave. arm!" he said angrily. "Gail, your lips?"

arm came around her shoul-er own arms were strong . . . s serene whisper, "So, my et's get started."

d on the right-hand running injured arm clamped over v ledge. She knew that the as in his right hand. The swayed up the narrow, twist-nder the arched branches of would be drenched with rain. hter rose to her lips—that, in of death, she should think of fort in the rain.

around, swaying, the tires nud. Gail's breathing short-er hands grew tense and stiff el.

pered, "We're getting there." was clear and without strain: he lights." In the dark they ard. The rutted road was n the trees and the rain. said. "I see the roof."

ped and the rain went on fall-nes Garrett came to the win-le her. "I'm a fool clear the end—I have no flash-e trail begins straight across, end?"

Look, there is a car parked ahe."

shed and time came to a full was mere sentience. Then as at the window again. "I t," he said curtly. "Turn the and head it down the road. be no one here or we would —stopped—before now. You ply wait, Gail. It will be t you must wait. If anything the road—get past them and —get out somehow, anyhow. back first, all right. If some-omes down from the moun-

tain before I do, you must use your head—"

She did not scream. She said, "Someone is coming!"

So even sentience ended, in a distillation of pure horror. Whoever it was came around the car that was parked ahead of them. Garrett leaped from the window and, dimly, she saw his hand go up. "Scovil?" he said, softly.

*"Nein, Ist das Herr Köchlin?"*

*"Aber ja! Von Weitbrecht?"*

*"Ja. Heil Hitler!"*

*"Heil Hitler!"*

Gail's breath came back raggedly, at the unmistakable triumph, the overmastering triumph in Garrett's voice. At once he swung the rear door of the sedan open. *"Geschwind!"*

The two of them were in the rear seat. He leaned forward. "Get back to the main road as fast as possible. Take chances. Then, drive up and down any highway but stay away from Windham till I tell you. Keep going—don't stop for anything—wherever there is likely to be traffic."

SHE swung the car around and got it started downhill, the lights probing the rain again. In the ecstasy of deliverance, the release from that clotted horror, the knowledge that for a moment the incalculable risk had been surmounted, she found it still more difficult to think, to see clearly, even to breathe. Excitement had quadrupled, was beating a pulse in her ears, in her throat. And Garrett's voice had that pulsing triumph, like a trumpet of victory: .

"Now Herr von Weitbrecht, you must be fast. You must tell me all you have planned, where it stands, what is under way, what remains to be done . . ."

Booker said, "You're sure it was a shot?"

"Yes." The houseman nodded twice. "Right here, near the front door. But when I got here, there was no one. They are gone, Mr. Page, Miss Winkler—"

Booker turned and ran down the steps, back to his car. If it was a shot, Mathilde must have fired it. But it had failed—she had missed—the American knew he was recognized—the American was loose.

He could not know how much the American might have learned.

Back to camp? Not yet. There was one place where the American had been —where he had been twice. The bookshop . . .

Booker stopped his car a block away and crept up the back alley, crouching at the corner of the garage. The house was black. And the American might be inside, with a gun. He would have taken Mathilde Winkler's gun. Booker pulled out his own gun, got through a gap in the hedge, crept up the back steps. The doorknob turned in his hand. He took a step inside. Nothing. Step by step, pause by pause, his ears straining. No. If anyone were downstairs it would have happened by now.

On hands and knees he crept upstairs. A bedroom, empty. Another bedroom, empty. No one was in this house. He stood in the center of the room. Something was moving! On the floor. No. Behind a door. A soft, repeated, shuffling sound, as if someone were rolling on the floor.

He waited. The sound went on. "Mathilde!" he called.

Nothing. But the soft, rolling sound redoubled. He turned on a shaded lamp. It was behind the closet door. The door was locked. He strained at it.

He looked around. Screw driver. No, hammer and pliers. He ran downstairs, got a kitchen light on, found tools in a drawer. He went back upstairs and began to take the hinges off that closet door.

*(To be concluded next week)*

*Great before—and now a hero! Something new has been added to that enviable chest. Something new has been added to a favorite cigarette, too—to give new pleasure!*

Something

NEW*

has been added!

*It's Latakia—fine, delicate tobacco from the Eastern Mediterranean. Abundant supplies now aging in our American warehouses insure for years the new, delightful flavor this tobacco adds to *new* Old Golds.

**New Smoking Pleasure—** *(Below)* Mrs. Haley Fiske, New York City, says: "That added touch of Latakia tobacco gives Old Golds just the flavor I've been looking for. Now I smoke this *new* cigarette regularly."

**Adds to the Flavor**—Says Jack P. Coble, Greensboro, N. C., architect: "This is the first time I've discovered the difference in flavor Latakia tobacco makes in a popular cigarette!"

**Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds!**

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**You're most apt to get it when feet are hot and steaming!**

When your feet swelter in hot, perspiration-soaked socks, Athlete's Foot is most apt to strike! That excessive perspiration feeds the fungi which cause this painful infection . . . makes them grow twice as fast! It also causes the skin to crack between your toes exposing raw flesh to an attack of Athlete's Foot.

## Raw Open Cracks FLASH DANGER

When cracks appear between your toes, fungi get in—through the cracks—infecting surrounding tissue. Toes get fiery red. Skin peels off. Every step hurts because Athlete's Foot has struck!

## SOAK those Cracks at Once

Don't trifle with Athlete's Foot! Examine the skin between your toes. At the first sign of a crack drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., *full strength*, night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
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GUARD AGAINST REINFECTION Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

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# Dina Cashman

Continued from page 22

"I have you to thank for it."

"Oh, no, no you haven't! To you our plot—our scheme, whatever you wish to call it—was just a sort of joke," Dina said; "but for me it was a very different thing. I don't know what I could have done! I never have been able to think what I could have done."

"What you did do," he said, "was carry your head high, take it all on the chin, make the best of it, and somehow win us all to loving and respecting you."

Tears came into her eyes, although she was smiling. "Sometimes," she said, "I feel as if I had—had done too much living for anyone not yet twenty-one! Sometimes I feel as if I ought to crawl in somewhere—crawl out of sight—and just rest and think and—and think it all out."

"Well, there's no need of our settling anything yet," Rogers reminded her comfortably. "I'll look into things and we can talk again. So forget about it!"

The sun continued to shine with grateful winter warmth: the baby was carried away by Ida. Dina and Rogers sat on, basking and reading; but Dina's thoughts were not on her book. They were anywhere and everywhere else. She held the book as if it were a shield.

"Rogers?"

"Go ahead."

"If—if I ever did marry again some day, would I have to tell him—the man—all about—about the baby?"

"Not if it was Vere," he said smiling.

"But if it wasn't?"

"Then I wouldn't," Rogers told her promptly; "you are a married woman with a child; he knows it isn't his child, and that's all he needs to know."

"Thanks."

SHE reopened her book, but Rogers sat watching her, a young, slender thing in a dark blue gown and loose blue coat. His expression was half amused, half pitying.

"You haven't got an eye on anyone, Geraldine?"

She merely looked at him, and although he laughed, he was ashamed too.

"I apologize." And after a moment's silence, "What are you wearing to the Cartwright jamboree, by the way?"

"Oh, yes; that's next week. I have a dress I haven't worn. The one they sent east; it's just back. Green silk—but do we *have* to go?"

"Oh, sure we've got to go! Nelly Cartwright is going to revive the old Germans; she's got figures and favors and God knows what, all ready! She thinks I'll remember 'em, and I promised to help her."

"The old—Germans?"

"Cotillions—directed, you know—with figures."

"I never heard of them."

"Well, you ought to love it. And by the way, Geraldine, not a word of any changes here, you know. It may take us months to get this thing all straightened out; Aline wants me to get all her affairs into my hands, and we want to keep it quiet."

"I can see that, Rogers," she said submissively.

"Look here, my child," the man presently began, "this isn't taking it out of you too much, is it?"

"Oh, n-no." But her voice was not steady.

"This is the way you'd want it to be, isn't it?"

"Yes, this is what we thought it might be, from the beginning—to make her jealous; to make her envious!"

"You'll always know that I'm your friend, only too anxious to do anything for you or get you out of any trouble, and that I'm always going to remember this year, and our cribbage games, and your illness and the baby and all the rest of it as one of the happiest times of my life, eh?"

"I'm awfully glad that you can say so," she said very low.

"You bet your life I can say so! Lunch, Hinz? Good work. Come along, Geraldine; let's eat!"

"YOU are simply a vision, Mrs. Holland," said Helene Cartwright when they were in the dressing room taking off their coats. "If I could ever look like that I'd swoon."

"You are divine," said Margot Illyan.

"I never thaw a dreth like that!" little Ann Talbot lisped.

Dina acknowledged the compliments with an excited laugh. She knew they were justified. Like Ann she had never seen a gown as beautiful as the creation of blue-green that rustled about her. She was twenty and she was lovely to look at and there was no past and no future: there was only tonight.

She had not wanted to come to the dance; she had wanted only to be an onlooker if she must go at all. But upon reaching the Cartwright house all that had been forgotten in sheer joy of youth and music and dancing. Two young men, standing at the door of the ballroom had turned to look at her as she came in; they had come up to remind her that she knew Billy Stern and Joe Cartwright, and the next instant she had been dancing.

The Cartwrights' house was a roomy old mansion remodeled from the clumsiness of an earlier day. Tonight it had been made even larger by the inclusion of the tennis court and swimming pool. These had been walled and windowed; the walls draped with pale green and hung with great Christmas wreaths; the windows recessed with deep seats and curtained in red velvet. The court had been floored and waxed; the pool was still itself, a great oval of emerald and silver shining under the night lights, but cushions and rugs and framed it, and small tables, about, held cigarettes and g

Parents and elders were in busy at bridge and mah-jon this region was given over the younger generation. Th debutantes were all here, fl and fro, lingering in the fl passages that led from the bo court, sometimes stepping out ment or two into the cold bl the night to look up at the sta

And through it all the musi subtle magic, sometimes lo times faint and far away, and all Dina Holland danced a never danced in her life before dancing had been on a few dis anxious evenings at Cotta's o other roadhouses near Rail evenings when she had been with doubts and fears. This e a few hours, they were all goo could not dance enough, su herself to one partner after an raising to each man in turn t of her blue eyes and her frie

SUDDENLY in one of the the cotillion, it was Vere w —a grim, unsmiling Vere, w her away with the old swift m remembered; not looking a speaking, seemingly absorb steps of which he was so easi

"I didn't know you were h said, in a pause in the music

"I've not been dancing."

"Are you—are you mad ab thing?" For she knew he ugly mood.

"Yes, mad about you," he briefly, still unsmiling.

"Oh," Dina said, supplying She was equal to any situatio She floated along beside hi again now and then as her some friendly face.

"Come out here a minute," suddenly, catching her by the pulling her toward one of th which had been ingeniously and concealed around the po

"The only outlet for his electric razor is in the ceiling"

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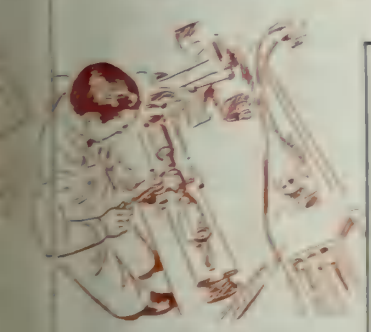

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**Jewelite Brushes** *BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC*


was a chair there made of silver pipes and striped cushions, and Dina sat down on it, still breathing a little hard from dancing, not sorry to rest for a moment. Vere pulled up a low stool, sat opposite her and took instant possession of her hands.

"Look here," he said. "I'm sick of this! I'm sick of it! I've been—oh, crazy, since I saw you at Rogers' two weeks ago. I've been there twice. I had to see you."

"I knew you were there the day Rogers and I came in from a walk, that rainy day," Dina answered. Her breast was moving quickly, but her tone betrayed no agitation.

"Yes. But you went right upstairs." She had been rosy and spattered and laughing as she had come in, Rogers, grotesque in wet-weather attire, stamping and splashing beside her. Vere remembered the instant change in her face as she had seen him, the sudden pallor, the quiet nod with which she had disappeared into the afternoon gloom of the hall.

A MOST unsatisfactory interview with his uncle had followed. All his interviews with Rogers had been unsatisfactory of late. Rogers had shown no sympathy in his matrimonial prospects, and what had been even more shattering to Vere's self-esteem had been the fact that his Kathryn, in fewer and briefer letters, had also stressed them less and less, and had dwelt with some enthusiasm upon the charms of a certain Comte Remi d'Allcourt, a diplomatic visitor from overseas.

Vere had known Dina as the shabby, ambitious, spirited clerk in a grocery, as the bewildered, excited girl who had a first taste of the gay winter life of society on a trip to Paradise Valley. Recently he had come home from rather dazzling social triumphs of his own to find her in his uncle's house, a woman now, with her chief interest in life a small child—a woman who smiled at his uncle with an affectionate easiness that was partly that of a daughter, partly wife, partly mother—a quiet, composed, lovely woman who reserved her pleasantness for others and gave him to feel that she had small time for or interest in himself.

Tonight he saw still a third Dina—a Dina at her loveliest! a Dina young again, carefree again, accepted by the very cream of his own old group, admired and radiant. He knew—it was betrayed by her manner—that only the thrill, the rapture of this ball could have induced her to give him these few minutes, that she was, indeed, in no mood to analyze their significance or to regard them as she might have regarded them a few hours earlier.

"You're not dancing?" she said, her eyes on the changing and circling groups that were coming and going around the pool. "I've danced every dance."

"I was watching you," he said gloomily; then angrily, "Dina, why won't you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" She widened her eyes; her tone was friendly and unruffled.

"Yes. I've said all I could say. I'm in hell! Why can't we be friends again?"

"Why, I suppose we can," Dina conceded thoughtfully, "whenever we happen to see each other."

"I want more than that," Vere said; "you know I want more than that; you know you are the only girl who has ever meant anything to me; you know that if Rogers and you break up that I'm going to marry you!"

"What about Kathryn?"

"Oh, to hell with Kathryn!" Vere said impatiently; "she's forgotten me and I've forgotten her!"

"Vere, that wasn't what you said two weeks ago."

"Well, it's true." He to[illegible] sullkily, moodily. "The day [illegible] in the gallery I knew, I kne[illegible] come back, that it was you [illegible] tried to shelve you out of [illegible] I couldn't. Mother'd just [illegible] Alice and Andy were [illegible] rating, and I'd thought that [illegible] Rogers were going to get a [illegible] that was nothing to me—[illegible] ing to me—

"But it's everything to [illegible] thing," he finished on a low [illegible] was still.

"Well, that's too bad," [illegible] nervously. She stood up.

"That's all you're going [illegible] She looked up at him, [illegible]

"Isn't that about all there [illegible] Dina moved as if she wou[illegible] and he jerked her about [illegible] hands on her bare arms.

"Look here," he said, "y[illegible] once, you know that! And [illegible] my child! Now listen to [illegible]

"You're hurting me." Dina [illegible] trying to wrench free.

"I don't care whether I'm [illegible] or not! Listen to me. Y[illegible] me, every inch of you, ev[illegible] your head! I'm not good [illegible] you I know that! But I'll sp[illegible] all the rest of my life, try[illegible] you how much I love you. [illegible] all that—all that happened [illegible] gin over. That's what's gon[illegible] and that's what you're going [illegible]

"I think you're crazy!" [illegible] escaping. He did not follo[illegible] went through the milling gr[illegible] green shadow, found Rogers [illegible] smiling from the card table.

"Rogers, it's half past th[illegible] if you don't mind I'll find [illegible] home."

"Half past three, is it? [illegible] Wait a minute until Jerry [illegible] me and I'll go with you." [illegible] great spirits as they went [illegible] gether. He had had a talk [illegible] oil, yes, they had had supp[illegible] Now she was playing brid[illegible] furiously in a remote corne[illegible] women as fierce over the g[illegible] was herself. Dina and Rog[illegible] interrupt her as they went o[illegible]

DINA settled back in the b[illegible] riously, when they passed [illegible] Rogers could see the gl[illegible] thoughtful eyes.

"Tired out?"

"No, not really. Just—[illegible]

"Geraldine," said Rogers, [illegible] break up I'm going to miss y[illegible]

"I'll miss you," she said [illegible]

"What d'you think you'll [illegible]

"Go back to Mamma fo[illegible] After all, there are six childre[illegible] Dina mused, her nose-gre[illegible] wrapped in a long coat no[illegible] resting back against the c[illegible] behind her. "There must be [illegible] I could do for every one of [illegible] added. "Myrna's just the ag[illegible] ought to have a big sister no[illegible] the picture. Elinor never g[illegible] her examples without a fr[illegible] and Donny's a pretty sma[illegible] Mamma. After all, he's onl[illegible]

"That's only four of yo[illegible] said, checking.

"Well, there's Art, who [illegible] really of the whole lot, and [illegible] Dina said. "Lou'll go mad [illegible] garet. Anything little and f[illegible] her right out of her senses."

"I wish to goodness you [illegible] to go away," Rogers grumb[illegible]

"It's been a queer year," [illegible] half to herself.

"It's been a good year," [illegible] amended it.

"Oh, for me, yes." She wa[illegible] she stumbled into the rug, w[illegible] but Rogers said that he felt [illegible] was going to have a drink by [illegible]

# In a hurrying, scurrying world there's serenity in beer and ale

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fire. "But, Rogers—it's after four!" she protested.

"I know. I won't be long." Hinz, smothering yawns, took charge of his black coat and white scarf, his silk hat. Dina accompanied him into the library but she would not sit down.

"I'd never get up again," she said. "I'm dead!"

"Okay; scram!" Rogers had sunk into a low leather chair, spreading his hands on the arms. Dina, halfway to the door, turned back, came swiftly and silently behind him, stooped to kiss the top of his head. She had never kissed him before; she had never thought of it, and amazed at herself, catching up her wrap, with her green draperies flying, she made her escape.

She went upstairs, entered her own room, stood in the center of the floor, looking at herself in the mirror. She was tired now, her hair a little disordered, her face pale. She looked at herself a long time.

Vere came to see her the next day; came every day. His time was always the before-dinner hour; he would sometimes play a game of Russian Bank with his uncle. Dina detested this game and played it badly; she grew angry when Rogers called "Stop!" and laughed at her. Life, she protested, was altogether too short to waste studying a pattern of cards on the table and murmuring, "The five goes on the six; I get the space; I give you the queen."

If when Vere came she had the baby downstairs Dina always carried her away immediately, not even waiting for Ida. If Rogers had not yet come in from some trip to his city club, she might sit with Vere, but they talked as if they were strangers, newly met. He was very much in earnest now, very humble; he sometimes brought her a book, once brought Margaret a pair of small white fur slippers with pink rabbit ears.

"Oh, thank you," Dina said on this occasion, box and tissue paper and slippers in her hands, "she needs them, now that she's down on the floor so much."

"I'd like ever so much to see her sometimes," he once said wistfully. Dina made no answer.

ONE night Vere and Rogers were engaged in an especially tense game. Dina had been playing with Margaret on the rug, but when the old black marble clock on the mantel struck the half-hour after five she gathered up Margaret and her blankets and toys, and carried her upstairs. Margaret was tired, her little head bobbed against her mother's shoulder. Dina sometimes thought that of all the hours of the baby's day these last minutes were the sweetest, the minutes of bathing and feeding, of changing into the angelic fresh apparel of the long-tailed nightgown, and of tucking up in bed. She tried never to miss them.

Tonight, descending again half an hour later, she was just in time to see Hinz admitting a late caller. A tall, lean man whose voice sounded a little nervous and hoarse. She stood watching a moment and then went forward.

"Andy," she said.

He had flung aside an overcoat and gloves, set down a suitcase. He took both her hands.

"No, this is too much luck!" he whispered.

Hinz went away. They sat down on a dark, carved bench and looked at each other, still holding hands.

"I thought you were in Hollywood, painting pictures."

"It was Beverly Hills, one picture. But it was of three children and it took me all this time. How—how are you, anyway?"

The banal question was so throbbing with excitement and his look as it feasted on her face was so eloquent that Dina felt life and jo thrilling through her veins.

"Oh, fine," she answered inaudibly.

"I'm leaving for New Yor Andy told her, "but I had and just get a glimpse of yo me—what? Twenty minut the airport? I'm going to te a taxi."

"Fifteen minutes. But H you." She spoke like a girl

"Things are going all right

"Yes, I guess so." She wasn "Why are you going to New

"Have to. Time up and ning out. I've got a commiss ford, and another promise got my little Connecticut pl up; I've not seen it. A p Emilio Bernasconi, and his a painter too—bought it we've never really gone ove Forty acres and creek and barn, that was enough for n

"Oh, I would love it!" Din

"Under five feet of snow But I've got to get hold of that sort of thing. You like land?"

"I don't know it. I was Middle West and then we

"I'VE an idea you'd like said something to you t I saw you," Andy said hur I've not known since whe sorry or not. I'm glad, I th you what I think of you. married to Aline, then, but me, and you are still Roge wife, but some day you m had to let you know how that's all I want to say to yo that if ever you want me, in fourteen hours."

"I will want you!" she clinging to his hands.

"My darling, you don't Andy asked doubtfully.

"Oh, I do, I do! I've war this time. I want to be—first body," Dina said breathle seem to me the finest pe knew," she stammered on exciting and the kindest! Th you smile and the—the wa is so brown and thin—and t wear your old brown coat!"

"Listen," he interrupted smiling and holding her cold in his big warm ones, "I ough ing all that to you! But I making love to another Only, some day when the soms are all out on the farm, and the creek's run and the snows are gone, out to tell me lunch is rea be painting Margaret and s and then, if you like, I'll—"

"Oh, I will, I will like, An terrupted, her eyes smili spilling tears. "I'll like it s be hidden up there in the body knowing where I am, ing me what to do—"

"I'll be telling you!" Th talk fast enough to satisfy th rush of words. Quite sudde strained against him, and his hard and hot on hers.

"How—how about making other man's wife?" Dina pre breathlessly. Then they we and the happy murmuring w again.

"You won't forget, Dina?

"I can't forget a thing th mind every instant, Andy."

"He'll give you the bab you'll never leave Margare

"He? Oh, Rogers. Oh, he'll—of course he will."

"He seems to adore her."

"He does. But—but she's ers would never—he's so

es," na stumbled on, "Aline says say she said that she hoped d be ther children here some day tole im that."

ine d?" Andy asked levelly.

ger old me so. It touched him to eart e said."

en really intends to divorce nd r rry her? You know I feel a sorr or that guy; he's so simple," obs ed thoughtfully. "She hopes ll be her little children here some does he? He'd better be damn' e's g *one* child!"

eel rribly sorry for him."

ev iently believes everything —wo I was a fool about her a go I can't say much," the man "An now you know what I came , D a," he added, getting to his and've got to telephone for a

, I'l ave Hinz get Hall. You've of me; that was quarter past ust ruck."

sten, he said, when Hall had had struc ons and departed. His arms tigh bout her, and his big lean s we tipping up her chin. "The pers I want to talk to is you!" u'll rite me?"

wr you on the plane tonight wa it in writing!"

want *everything* in writing," she reed . And then, with a sudden e of olor, "Andy, did Aline ever ou a thing about me—about me Roge —and Margaret?"

stoo looking down at her stead- lis o expression sobered a little. thin I know what you mean. wh she was angry once, said hing I told her I wasn't inter- As matter of fact I think I told shu up."

was at Rogers married me be- I *ha* to be married to someone?"

, do repeat such damn' gossip! nd roline Holland say things the closest friends that—forget nev would have thought of it if y hadn't mentioned it. She d he lf to death by mentioning ndy dded with a smile. "She me ree times not to quote her, se Rgers—I think she said Rog- had d he'd sue her for libel if lked oo much. Which gives you d id of how much foundation had it!"

A gr ed the lapel of his coat. In e so diffused light of the great he lo ed small and frightened. ppos —suppose I said that it was Andy'

wou n't have to believe you, ll?" asked gently, his eyes seri-

ve kn wn all along that I had to ou out it. I have to tell you Tha what I want you to write om e plane tonight," Dina said ly: "at it doesn't matter. That day we'll have the Connecticut and u'll paint Margaret and the blos ms."

ou nan that it *is* true, Dina?" sai after a moment of silence. as h ding her by the shoulders, n aw so that he could see her His oice was grave.

es. it true."

nd w at are you crying about?" ked, r her face was washed with

ecau —because you believed in nd n you don't. Nobody could," finis d in a miserable little un- ne.

belie you to be a complete little Anc said.

e loo d up, her face shining, and both rms were on his shoulders his we locked about her and she laugh g with wet, incredulous eyes. ou'll ways be to me what you've been from the beginning," he said, "the sweetest, truest and best woman God ever made. So suppose you shut up on the topic once and for all?"

"Oh, but—" she began, her voice trembling between tears and laughter. He put his hand over her mouth.

"That explains—of course, why he'll let you go," he said.

"I've—I've never been his wife, you see."

"And Margaret—Margaret's ours?"

"Ours!" Dina echoed, her face all the more radiant for the tears that stained it.

ANDY took out a big handkerchief and dried her eyes as if she had been a small child; then he cupped his hands about her loose waves of hair and pushed them gently up, and Dina laughed shakily and caught at one of the hands and kissed it.

"That's that," he said. "It explains everything that's puzzled me. There's no use talking, he's a good old guy!"

"He's wonderfully kind!" Dina said fervently.

"Now, look here, darling," Andy began, "I've got to go. You've told me all I want to know about this, and the only thing for you to do is forget it. I've already forgotten it!"

"There's one more thing," Dina said courageously, "when I first came here to talk to Rogers he didn't know me, he'd never heard of me. That night when you and Aline came to dinner was only the second time I'd seen him. I didn't know you then or Aline either but I knew that he wanted to make her think he was interested in me, that he wasn't sitting at home pining for her. If I'd known you—"

"You don't think I'm resenting anything that winds up this way?" Andy demanded. Dina laughed.

"No. But some day I'd like to tell you—I want you to understand—"

"You'll never tell me. Six months of happiness and you'll forget it ever happened."

"What is it?"

This last was from Dina and addressed to Hinz who had approached.

"Sorry, Mrs. Holland, but Mr. Holland had asked for the car to take Mr. Vere Holland home."

"Oh, that's all right."

Dina led the way to the library. Rogers and Vere had just finished their game.

"Here's Andy, Rogers," she said. "catching the seven-o'clock plane. Could Hall take him to it first and then take Vere home?"

"Hello, Andy, glad to see you," Vere spoke up; "say, listen, I'm not going home; I'm heading for San Francisco, and the airport is right on the way."

"Can't stay for dinner—no, you're flying," Rogers put in. "Well, let's see. It's half past. Better be on your way. Come on, Dina, I'll take you on for as devastating a game of Russian Bank as ever was played in this or any man's club."

"Not Russian Bank!" Dina smiled a farewell to the men who were leaving, groped in the table drawer for the dominoes.

Andy went first. Dina did not know why, but she had an odd pang of premonitory fear, of uneasiness, as she saw Vere follow him from the room. Vere and Andy! But she'd told Andy everything! Vere couldn't hurt her now! Vere wouldn't want to!

But as she sat down and scrambled the dominoes with both hands she was conscious of a little chill. Deliberately she shook it from her and brought her attention to the game.

"Five, one, eh? I can beat five, one. Mix 'em for me, Rogers. I feel full of arrogant confidence tonight!"

*(To be continued next week)*

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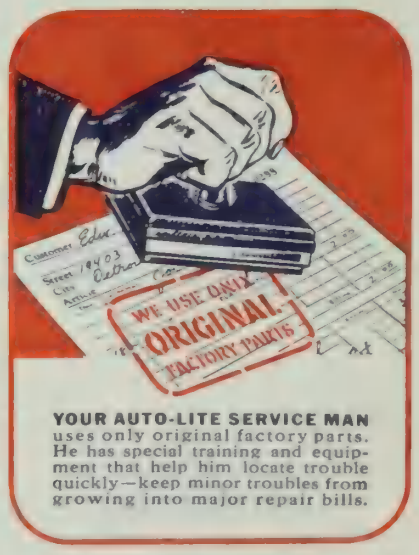


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# Twinkle, Twinkle, Aquastar

Continued from page 15

Bill is the son of a Detroit Irishman who came to the islands many years ago and married a native Hawaiian. Bill, Sr., was—and is—a husky Honolulu policeman who once had a great athletic reputation of his own. Like all proud fathers, he wanted his boy to be a *better* athlete.

That all seemed far away when Young Bill came down with typhoid at the age of ten and hovered between life and death for three months. The fever left Bill a wasted thing without a strand of hair and with hardly more flesh than the skin that covered his bones. So Old Bill would bring his boy every day to Waikiki beach and lay him on a *lauhala* mat in the sun. With coconut oil he massaged his limbs, which for some time the boy could not move. He carried him out to shallow pools inside the coral reef and let him bathe for hours in the warm waters. A few weeks of that and Young Bill began to swim on his own. Soon he turned to paddling on a surfboard to the waves outside the reef and his wasted arms began to fill out, his shoulders to broaden.

"If it hadn't been for his old man," they say proudly in Honolulu, "he might never have walked again."

### The Answer to Excess Fat

Young Bill eventually went back to school and now his rapid growth became almost embarrassing to Old Bill. The boy was getting too chunky, too tubbylike. So father told young Bill he'd better hop down to Hui Makini, Honolulu's *kamaaina* (old time) swimming club. That was 1938 and Bill, Jr., was fourteen.

"Teach him to swim," old Bill told Harvey Chilton, the coach, "and get some of that fat off him."

The next year Bill swam his first race, entering the half-mile in the annual distance swims at the Waikiki Natatorium. Did Young Bill knock 'em dead? He did not; he dropped out after the eleventh lap.

"Gotta cramp," said young Bill.

But early in 1940 Bill, who by now was lengthening into the broad-shouldered, slim-hipped sort of figure made fashionable by Kahanamoku, Weismuller and Crabbe, began to help himself to a little local swimming fame. By summer he had placed in enough events to make him eligible for the team that went to Santa Barbara. But although he won only a fourth at Santa Barbara, somewhere along the route of that trip he heard the word. Swimming became a sort of religion. The breaking of records became a new purpose. The word had, of course, been spoken by quiet Soichi Sakamoto.

"Dad," said Bill to his father, when he got back from California, "I want to be a real swimmer. I want to go to Maui with Mr. Sakamoto and live with him, so he can be my coach."

Old Bill had a long talk with Coach Sakamoto and was convinced that here was a rare and good guardian for his boy. At Puunene, Maui, Bill entered junior year at Baldwin High School, not far from the schoolhouse where Sakamoto taught sixth grade. He went to live with the Sakamoto family, there being three Sakamoto children.

And Bill took up the strict Sakamoto training regimen. He was to give up all other sports, even his favorite baseball and surfing. He was to avoid all hard work, anything that might tighten his long swimmer's muscles. Instead of sweets or sodas, he was to eat prunes after each meal. He was to sleep ten hours every night and swim three hours every day.

Sakamoto gave Bill his daily practice schedule: shower and five minutes calisthenics; four laps to loosen up, with coach checking strokes; 72 laps free style; 50 laps back stroke; 36 laps kicking, on back; 20 laps with inner tube, using only arm power; 10 laps on back, with inner tube; a 25-yard sprint; two 50-yard sprints; one 100-yard sprint; 600 yards paced; a 20-yard sprint; and shower.

They spent the evenings at Maui talking swimming, criticizing the work of the day and looking at movies of world champions that Sakamoto used to teach style. After six months Bill entered the Hawaii interscholastic championships and broke the world's interscholastic records in the 200-yard free-style and 440-yard. When Coach Sakamoto and Bill arrived in Honolulu in May for the island championships, young Bill's fame had preceded him and the island was watching with bated breath.

"Yeah, great records," said the skeptics, "but we've had these phenoms before. I wish old Duke was still in shape."

Coach Brauninger had brought his Chicago Tower champions, who had mopped up on American competition. The natives looked the kid over, pathetically hopeful, when he came out to practice with the Maui team. They saw a rangy, loose-limbed boy standing just six feet and weighing about 185 pounds. Heavy brows and tight curly hair suggested a Hawaiian Jack Dempsey. In the water he seemed to swim effortlessly, his kick rarely breaking the surface behind him.

"He looks good," they told one another, "but is he good enough for *those* fellows?"

Bill's debut was to be meter event. Sakamoto watch Herron and Haynie fore their usual starting-tir he whispered what times quarter, halfway and marks.

"He never varied more t from the times I advised later told Bill senior.

Coach Sakamoto must pered record times that nig Bill's ear. Leaving Herror yards behind, his dutiful the 200-meter mark at 2: ished the event in 4:44. four tenths of a second be world record set by Jack M Olympics in Berlin in 193

"Wowie!" howled the fr ians, who knew that hap returned to the old island

### And When He Grov Up

What Bill did to the worl those six days was a cautio two seconds off Bob Pirie world mark. The same eve tered Ralph Flanagan's A ord of 10:7 for 800 meters four seconds. When he tur records, he erased two wo in a single event—the 440. 4:38.5 snipped more than off Jack Medica's seven-ye and also bettered by two second Medica's world re 400 meters.

That stirred Mr. Sakam words: "By the time he's well, I really hate to say doing to every record he ta ple always say of each ne that he can set records tha many years, if ever, be touc in Bill's case, I believe it."

"I trust your cup is in its usual place"

# Turkish Toss-Up

Continued from page 24

be en in the lobbies of the hotels anb and Ankara. They were the of e same gentlemen who plied rru ibles in Rumania with cash npr sed the impressionables with any power. A trainload of Ger- all uipped with Rumanian pass- cro d Turkey last May en route ia. et Turkey boasts to the Brit- at s hasn't allowed a single Ger- sol r through to Syria out of t fo Britain's security in the Mid- ast.

fif column has been in Turkey ars The soldiers dress well and ain e Turkish middle-class mer- s l ishly. And it is in this ess ment that anti-British con- ion propaganda circulates and his ement more than any other is ainst Turkish participation w against Germany. Foreign ter aracoglu is a middle-class r to cco merchant.

all e sinister characters who fill tel bies and the pensions, how- non s more so than an English- the t and fifty-ish Albert Tester, f S Oswald Mosley's followers. an-b n and German-educated, r is nt man for German firms in g w Turkish concerns that show anc n selling goods to the Nazis. ides s an Englishman—he has an sh p sport—buys the goods the ans ant and passes them on to plo rs.

ver t of bed before lunch time, r is eldom seen by newspaper- Bu f you try hard enough you cat him at his hotel bedroom, ace eking of stale perfume, with agr glasses decorating dressing , bu aus and chairs. He affects sil dressing gowns and smokes ciga He bought a bank with an ney with which to buy oil ust al products for Berlin.

### A Outer for Phony News

ny English people have been re- Tur h visas since the war began t on German application for per- n to visit or stay in Turkey has turn d down. German officers d T key in civilian clothes with unif ns in their suitcases to as- tashi Ali with the revolt in Irak "ins uct" the Vichy French army ria. hey have used Rumanian, rian d German passports. The y th carried them on their mis- asse ess than five miles from the of t British ambassador on the ove ooking Ankara.

Tur have used Ankara itself as ans isolating foreign diplomats ewsp ermen from the life of the ry. vies with Lisbon and pre- mste am as the center of phony The correspondents who can't y cl er than 200 miles from the -Tu sh frontier are covering the Ru a. From Ankara radiate a ed re rts every day about what is on the Balkans, in the Middle in R sia and everywhere in this pher except in Turkey itself. 's nothing in the Ankara reports the ockside riots in Izmir and ul w ch the army was obliged to with fles and bayonets. For the hree ars none but a few officials been ermitted by the suspicious sh a horities to travel freely in untr

t fre ters flying the swastika cons ntly through the Bosporous. sh sh may be held up two or days ut cargo-checking formalities are completed for the Germans in a few minutes. The Turkish government laid down a rule that no Turkish ships may sail outside their own territorial waters. But the Germans were able to charter twelve Turkish vessels for use in the eastern Mediterranean.

From the southern coast of Asia Minor to the Dardanelles the Turkish coast is "guarded" by islands that were once Greek but now are German. Prime Minister Saydam at a cabinet meeting after the fall of Greece—ancient enemy of Turkey—made a speech congratulating himself and the government that he and they had had the wisdom of being on both sides of the war. The Greeks have been driven from the islands. Turkey hopes to have them in payment for being smart in dealing with Germany.

Last February the British navy landed a company of marines on the minuscule island of Castelrosso in the Italian Dodecanese Archipelago. The island is within swimming distance of the Turkish coast. The Italians used it as a submarine base. When the marines mopped the place up they hoisted the Greek flag and there was a blast of triumph in the British and Greek press.

But within twenty-four hours the British marines withdrew—"without loss of life, having achieved the objects for which they landed." Public opinion in America and in England was mystified. The reason for the British withdrawal was that Turkey made a fuss that the island should be given to their traditional enemy Greece. Now the Germans control the island.

British occupation of Syria, however, will probably stiffen Turkey's backbone. The British will be able to move men and equipment to Turkey from the Nile and Palestine in the event Turkey is attacked. Britain still hopes Turkey will remain faithful and that President Inonu and the pro-German Saracoglu will realize before it is too late that the last words of Ataturk, spurious or real, were certainly true in that to win with Germany will mean to lose Turkey, anyhow, because Germany wants Turkey as an advanced base for the final crashing attack against the British empire that lies east of Bagdad. And Turkey isn't a mere waste of mountains and desert. It is a storehouse of chrome and manganese and the iron and steel mills at Karabuk will be at least as important in revictualing the German war engine as the copper mines of Yugoslavia and the oil fields of Rumania. Hitler wants to take Turkey alive as he took Rumania and Bulgaria, and Turkey knows this.

Turkey's apparent defection from the British camp began with the decline and death of Italy as a dominant military and naval power in the Mediterranean. So long as Italy challenged Britain's control of the Middle Sea Turkey marched with England for the protection the British fleet afforded against that old enemy that stripped Turkey of Tripolitania and the Dodecanese islands. But when General Wavell crushed the Italian armies and Admiral Cunningham sank the Italian fleet at Matapan and Italy was eliminated as a Mediterranean power to be replaced by Germany, Turkey's interest in Britain's cause began to wane. Pressure from the Germans increased. It reached such a point recently that von Papen, when asked by Turkish merchants to find German markets for the cotton, nuts and minerals which Turkey formerly sold in Black Sea ports, named a price so ridiculously low that the Turks refused to sell. Von Papen blandly told them, "You'll be glad enough to accept any price we name within a month." That was just the other day.

Only the army and the peasants of Turkey prop up the hopes that Turkey will fight if attacked by Germany. The Turkish army mission was impressed with Britain's military strength when it visited General Wavell's command in the Nile. British planes and armaments are standard Turkish army equipment. And the peasants who ultimately form the Turkish army will fight for their land. Neither the Turkish army nor the Turkish peasant is in a mood to bargain with the Germans, for they believe that what Ataturk said on his dying bed is true. It is among the comfortable middle and upper classes of Turkey that the Germans find their friends. In Turkey, as everywhere else, the bourgeoisie is concerned with keeping what it has and fondly believes that it is possible to appease Hitler and continue its placid and profitable way of life.

### Who'll Make the Choice

If Germany needs Turkey as the powerhouse and base of operations against the Middle East and the terrain beyond Bagdad, Britain needs Turkey's assistance for the defense of Syria, Palestine, the Nile and the empire that sprawls over the lands of Araby and India. Of all the Balkans Turkey has the best army. Of all the Balkan armies the Turkish has the best chance of giving the Germans a fight. Turkey's soldiers in their khaki gray uniforms have a strong ally in the nature of their terrain and in Turkey's lack of communications. The main road from Istanbul to Ankara is little more than a track. What exactly is the numerical strength of the Turkish army nobody seems to know but it is estimated that the country could put into the field nearly one million men.

If Germany chooses to attack rather than Bulgarize Turkey then the Turks will badly need the British. The Turks will need tanks and airplanes. Turkey has few antitank guns although their light artillery is supposed to be adequate and modern. They have only one motorized brigade but plenty of cavalry and the Turkish air force numbers about 500 planes of which only 250 are first-line aircraft. Britain, based in contiguous Syria, could give Turkey everything she needs to halt the Germans.

If the decision lies with the peasants and the army there is small doubt as to what Turkey will do. But decisions rest with politicians and it was Turkey's politicians who negotiated that worrisome Turko-German nonaggression pact with Germany while the Germans swallowed the Balkans up to the neck which joins Europe to Asia at the Dardanelles. The Turks kept the British "fully informed at every state of the negotiations." The British are supposed to know exactly what is in that pact but they don't know whether there were any "secret clauses" in the agreement that might provide an escape for Turkey from her alliance with Britain. Turkey never fulfilled the British alliance any more than she kept her word in the contract with Rumania, Yugoslavia and Greece to go to their help if they were attacked. That pact was known as the Balkan entente.

Turkey should be in the war now and at Britain's side. And there is still a chance that Turkey's peasants and Turkey's peasant army will place nationhood above dishonor and, like the Greeks, will have a war for it.

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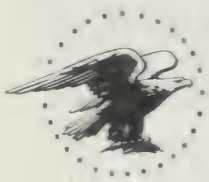

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Demands for coal, piled up by the strike, have pyramided the job to be done in this important field of transport.

The demand for ships has brought an imperative shi of tra from water to rails.

*Today the railroads are handling an increasing portion o be in coast traffic formerly moved through the Panama Canal.*

*The railroads are ready to take over shipments from the rient loading them on the Pacific Coast and speeding them ros continent at a saving of precious weeks.*

*The railroads are being called upon to take over the m ment much of the oil formerly handled by oil company ocean t ers.*

*And under way now is one of the largest wheat harvests bi — with the railroads standing by with a supply of car mp move more wheat than can be stored.*

Certainly, no other form of transportation could egin handle this combination of assignments. No other tran ortation could move the tonnage that's rolling over the rails t ay.

One reason railroads can do it is that today's locom ives much more powerful—box cars are bigger and carry hea er load than ever before. Freight trains run faster, carry more d ret out more than twice as much transportation in an hour in 191

To meet their increasing responsibility, the railroad re a steadily adding new equipment.

re building old cars, adding new ones. Between the fall 9 an of 1941, they will have put in service 1,000 locomo- 195 00 new and rebuilt cars. The schedule calls for 0 m e in 1942—150,000 more in 1943.

are nportant figures. But content is, e continue to ask ourselves, *what an t do right now?* And in answer to e h e increased the activities of our rvic Division, our Freight Container an our whole cooperative service per

at sch cooperation can do to increase rryig capacity of America's No. 1 orta on system is shown by such ex- as ese:

*d ad the equivalent of 100,000 cars* to tion s supply if the average "turn- l" ti e of each car could be reduced y b faster unloading — 3 times the r of ars needed to handle any trans- traff from the Panama Canal.

*It would add the equivalent of an additional 30,000 cars* if the average loading of carload traffic could be increased by one ton —by such simple improvements as better planning of packaging and loading.

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## EXPERT OPINION

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**"It pledges its members and the members of its affiliated regional boards to the accomplishment of the nation's great purpose."** — *(Extract from resolution of the National Association of Shippers Advisory Boards adopted at Chicago, Illinois, on June 19, 1941.)*

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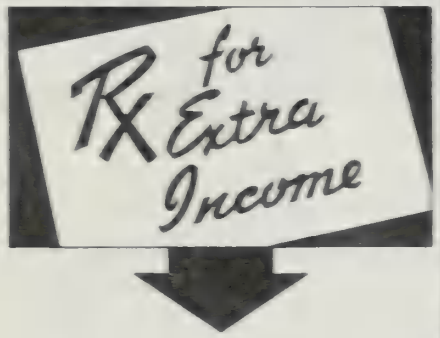


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# Heron Flying West

Continued from page 23

"I have three calls tonight!" Chiyo replied, not softly, not gently, but indignantly. "How then can I sing for Niki-San?"

"Even though it is but one song, he begs that you will spare the time to sing it for his party!"

"Tell him three weeks from now," Chiyo called in mocking tones. "I will sing a short song for him, and very fast! Meanwhile . . . I am sorry for him!" Chiyo turned back to the maid. "Such impudence!" she scoffed as she added: "Besides, I knew he would not pay double!"

"Still Niki-San is a new favorite. He has influence."

"I want none of it!"

"Take care! You can be too reckless! Remember you are twenty-two and have chosen neither a lover nor a protector yet!" The maid bustled to the cupboards, reprovingly. A moment later she was apologizing: "Do not mind my words, Chiyo. It is only my heart saying, 'Do not make my mistakes. Do not be a geisha's maid at thirty-five.' . . . You have had so many offers—the munitions maker, the boat builder, officers aplenty, a general now, and the banker, even Saburo the scholar—and you have turned them all away."

"I have not turned Saburo away!"

"You joke, Chiyo, and so did I when I mentioned that bookworm—Saburo the third son of a poor baron! Saburo the scholar, indeed!"

"I have not turned Saburo away," Chiyo repeated, not laughing, not playing.

THE maid stared. But when she saw Chiyo would not speak more, she turned to the cupboard. From it she took two boxes crusted with gold lacquer, and set them beside the girl. Near by she put three silk-wrapped mounds. "Have we luck with calls this evening?" she asked tonelessly.

Chiyo's eyes were staring beyond the ceiling. She said distantly: "The water-blue kimono would suit me tonight."

"The banker likes you in blue," the maid offered.

"Water blue because it is clean and good," Chiyo said. She threw off her gauze jacket, and stood ready for the first under kimono. "My melon-flower perfume, please!"

The maid gave it to her, asking: "Banker-San sent you a wooing present today?"

"Yes, a wrist watch."

"How convenient! From the court jeweler, of course?"

"Yes, the usual duplicate design. Already it is credited. Tomorrow, the jeweler sends me the money in the watch box."

"Just in time. You can pay it toward your father's debt of honor."

"Yes. . . . Let the second under kimono be my vine-green one."

"Is this the last wooing present due from Banker-San before you give him an answer?"

"One more, and then I shall say no."

"Chiyo, he is wealthy! Think long!"

"Wealthy but changeable, and that—in a protector—is as bad as being poor."

"With your wit, surely you could hold him."

"You thought that, perhaps, once?" Chiyo reminded her softly.

The maid's hands fumbled a little with the folds of the water-blue kimono.

"Is my neck white enough?" Chiyo asked.

"As white as magnolia blossoms," the maid replied tonelessly.

"Banker-San"—Chiyo was brushing her neck again with wet rice powder as she spoke—"is quick enough with promises. He has bought three geisha that I know about, from the guild. Two of them are working again, second-rate geisha now. The third, who knows where she is?"

"Who indeed?" the maid murmured, and then asked, "Have we luck with your second call tonight?"

"From Murata."

"That canal brat!"

"Oh, but he has made big money on contracts with the Germans! Tonight he is signing another at the Blue Monkey teahouse, a very important one—fish oil for automobiles, I think."

"THIS sash, Chiyo?" the maid asked, holding out a brocade of crushed stars.

"No!" Chiyo said stormily. "Not my best *obi* this evening. That geisha, Hana—big-boned daughter of a rice planter that she is—will be at the banker's party. Never would I have her think I must wear my best to compete with her!"

Impassively the maid stooped to fold the wondrous silk, which gasped even at its own loveliness. Quietly she spoke from the floor: "You are moody tonight—nervous! Be careful your voice does not crack!"

"I was eight," Chiyo pushed the words out in fierce little whispers, "when my father took my dolls away and sold me into the geisha guild to settle his debt of honor. Ten years I studied—reading poetry, learning hand movements, dancing, conversation, singing, the art of entertainment . . . and for four years more I have worked to protect my father's honor. Now there is only one more payment. Then . . . I want a son for a doll!"

"A son!" the maid was startled.

"Yes. I want to touch a child that is mine. My shoulder is good for a cradle. My arms are soft for swinging. My breasts—for nurture," Chiyo's black eyes were as soft as night now, and she spoke to tell herself more than the maid. "Think—wrapping him in a kimono, singing to him, talking to his baby ears. . . . He would walk, tumbling, staggering, bending and tumbling softly. . . ."

The maid was frightened. She pleaded: "Chiyo, you have not eaten, perhaps? Your head, it is giddy, maybe?"

"I have eaten on hopes."

"Unsubstantial food!"

"Tie my sash tighter. Tighter still!"

"Mistress, remember, you are dancing at three parties tonight. The officers will clap and clap, calling you back. . . ."

"Bah, my mind is sick of officers!"

"Hush!"

Chiyo moaned sickly: "Last night, the night before, oh nights and nights before, I have sung and talked and sung and talked still more to clumsy-tongued and clumsy-footed officers."

"Yes, yes," the maid soothed. "It is a geisha's profession."

"Ten years I went without dolls to study conversation, to practice improvising poetry just to talk to inartistic officers! Do they know the veiled reply? The poetic allusion?"

"The older ones did," the maid cried. "Often I improvised with officers in my day. But now with the war killing them off, there are only the callow younger . . ."

"The war! The war!" Chiyo whispered tensely. "We geisha must not speak of it. It is forbidden by the military. But shall I tell you what I have seen as I talk and dance? Fear! Every kind of fear in their eyes! Fear is driving them, driving them, making them inartistic beasts!"

The maid shuddered fe

"Listen to me. . . . Our o knights these days. They

"Aie! Aie!" the maid pr

"And I say now, I will slayer as father to my son

"Chiyo, you frighten me

"The man who fathers be gentle and contemplati man whose ear hears poet heart loves home, a simple pretenses. . . ."

The maid moaned: "Yo ing Saburo the scholar!"

Chiyo's smile was little and very sad. "To that m "I would be content to be u never going to parties, only home and giving him the p dren he wanted."

There was a long, shudd

"Have you told Saburo asked.

Chiyo smiled again forlo let the general's thoughts him. He has gone now to to buy me—with the moo one day inherit—from the way my father's final deb paid, and I am free to be cial wife to Saburo."

The maid shook her head will never do it," she was buy an unofficial wife for when the son hasn't yet an No, never! Besides, the be

"I am thinking of that n

"The general will be enemy, Saburo's enemy!"

"No. I would tell him th lung disease that consu most of us geisha, doesn't would be glad to be rid of m want to take an ailing geis hai to show himself off?"

THEY both heard the step time, slapping, slapping o ridor, to stop there by the said discreetly: "Saburo-S himself on the telephone."

Chiyo was out the door a hall, a flicker of bright silk the glitter and glow had fa back.

"Ah, Saburo is my darlin my dear! Saburo is m tossed at the maid. "He something. Something goo it from his voice!"

"He didn't tell you?"

"No, not over that black he said his father, the baron an hour of my time this e conference—an hour snatch banker and Murata. I wil yes. But it is good news! it to me. You promised it Chiyo was laughing and

"Don't cry!" the maid sh will spoil your face."

"How could I cry, when it piness I feel?" Chiyo asked ran about the room. "Qu ordered. "We must hurry colored flower in my hair dangle—yes, the jade. My is it? And the bag . . . you silver powder box in it? Q gauze veil. . . . Murata s that I looked like a pe wrapped in morning mist h'm-m-m. If such an o could say that, then only th Saburo will say! Quick, yo me up. I mustn't keep the men waiting!"

Down the corridor she fl erlike, palpitating. And bel ing humbly, was a drab bro a dull kimono.

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# Generals Never Learn

Continued from page 17

General Staff School. Turning suddenly, he said, "This is all right for the staff, General, but where is your school of command?" General Pershing arose and said to the marshal: "This is the school of command." Then, turning to the commandant and the students, he said: "Hereafter this will be known as The Command and General Staff School and the courses of instruction will be changed accordingly."

I had occasion to deliver a number of talks before the school after this and never failed to mention this incident, but I have not seen any material changes in the course. It still continues to be a school for staff officers and never a school for generals.

Up to the beginning of the present emergency there was not a single full-strength division in our Army; and the five or six commanders of our reduced divisions had other duties, such as the CCC, which, through no fault of their own, diverted their time and attention from the performance of their own proper jobs to routine administration, and the supervision of their already oversupervised subordinates.

The smart appearance of men in ranks, a snappy salute, a well-ordered kitchen or latrine has received ten times as much attention in our peacetime Army as any grave questions of strategy.

But over and above all that, how can a general be skillful in strategy, how can he outmaneuver the enemy, if he does not know who the enemy is, or where he can be found?

If we were being prepared to defend the United States against invasion, that would be easy. The Army generals and the Army General Staff could have been working on that, and learning their jobs, for the past forty years. But during all this time our only consistent military policy has been to frighten Congress into spending more money; and the Army has just been trained—more or less like a race horse—without being told where it is going to fight, or whom it is going to fight. Each little unit in the Army has been trained to become a high-pressure combat team, although it has been known for a certainty that immediately upon the outbreak of war the Army would be expanded out of all recognition, and the so-called combat teams would never be used as teams.

### Bosses without Experience

We have no top general to tell the other little generals what to do. Under our Constitution the President is the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, but he is a civilian and not a soldier. He is elected to his great office for political reasons and not because of any military or naval qualifications. Washington or Grant, perhaps, could have led our nation against some great Caesar; but the others? No.

The President is assisted in the performance of his military and naval duties by civilian secretaries, one for the Army and one for the Navy, who with rare exceptions have likewise had no worth-while military or naval experience, but who are the actual commanders of the Army and Navy.

During my forty-nine years in the Army I served under ten different Presidents and seventeen different Secretaries of War. Some of them had had a little soldiering of one kind or another, but none of them could be said to have had the qualifications to command any large body of troops or to lead a nation to war.

One of the Secretaries of War visited me at Omaha and asked why there should be two different Army Posts in Kansas. When I told him that they were two of the most important posts in the Army, one being the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, and the other being the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, he asked why they could not be combined. Upon my invitation we flew over to Fort Leavenworth and he was so highly pleased with what he saw there that he approved a project I had for converting some old barracks into officers' quarters, and the War Department gave me a million dollars with which to do it.

### They Nearly Missed Marshall

The same secretary afterward came down to visit me in San Antonio, Texas. He said, "General, I am just back from Panama and I know a great deal more about the Army now than I did when I saw you last year in Omaha." He asked me if I had any colonels that I would recommend to be promoted to brigadier generals. "Yes, Mr. Secretary," I replied, "I have a great many, but the best colonel in the Army, the one that I would recommend above all others, is not under my command. His name is Marshall and he is over in the Sixth Corps Area."

To this the secretary replied that he had heard very good reports of Marshall but that he could not promote him because he was too young. Marshall is now the head of the Army—Chief of Staff—one of the best they ever had, but he came pretty near missing out on this job because he was very vaguely known to the Secretaries of War and was always said to be too young, though he was, in fact, always old in his grade.

But even at that the President, as Commander in Chief, must go to war with one hand tied behind his back. Like any other commander of the land and naval forces—a general, an admiral or a corporal—he can operate only within the law. No man is required to obey an unlawful order, whatever be the source. And since the Constitution merely gives him a title, assigns him no duties, and provides specifically that all of "the rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces," shall be made by Congress, the President cannot make a move without the authority of the legislative body.

Lacking a head, we have no plans for war. Every time there is a new war, as in the War of 1812, the World War and the present emergency, all kinds of half-baked, fly-by-night agencies spring up—innumerable boards, committees, commissions, composed of civilians who have never given the subject any previous study, but who lay out the policies of national defense. Governors of states, mayors of cities, chambers of commerce, newspaper and magazine writers, comic-strip artists, lecturers, college professors and others give advice.

The horrors of war are tempered by appropriations for "defense projects"—roads, airports, water power, health programs, slum clearance, and Heaven knows what, all secured by patriotic manifestations on the part of local politicians.

This and more is the weakness of a republic at war. God forbid that it should ever be otherwise. We do not have to destroy our republic in order to save it. We do not have to establish a totalitarian government to fight a totalitarian government, nor do we have to peep through a keyhole to find out

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what Hitler is doing. We can defend America in our own way and under our own Constitution.

But the first and most important thing is to realize that the profession of arms requires just as much investigation and study as law or medicine. The officers of our Army and Navy are none the less citizens of our country, and generally speaking they are more patriotic and more interested in the welfare of the nation as a whole than any other class of our people. We pay for their education and should use their professional knowledge.

The next most important thing is a proper co-ordination and command of our land, of our naval, and of our air forces, all the way along the line from top to bottom. So far as can be learned, all the military forces of Germany, those of the land, of the sea, and of the air, are combined into a single agency and headed up by a field marshal.

We have no such thing as that in the United States. We have no man—no general, no admiral—and never have had one qualified for such a job. And there is no superstaff trained to handle the three arms combined.

### Why Billy Mitchell Won the War

About fifteen years ago, I was a brigadier general in command of a coast artillery district that included Long Island Sound and the Atlantic coast as far down as Delaware Bay. In New York Harbor I had five seacoast forts and a regiment of antiaircraft artillery; within the limits of the defense, but not under my command, were naval and air forces, infantry, engineers, signal troops, repair shops and depots. But there was no one man in charge of all this. If there had been an attack on the harbor or the city, there was no one who was qualified by education or experience to take over the defense, nor is there any law or regulation now that would permit it.

During this time the War Department was engaged in the Billy Mitchell controversy, and in order to prove that he was wrong ordered some elaborate antiaircraft exercises with me in charge, using my own coast artillery troops and the airplanes from Mitchell Field. We were to get a forty-per-cent increase in strength, but when I applied for recruits, I was told to go out and get them myself as the corps recruiting officer was busy doing something else. In order to communicate with some of my people on the other side of the bay, I had to go through the open New York City switchboard, because the signal corps would not rent me a trunk line at a cost of a few hundred dollars. Part of the exercises took place at Camp Dix, but the commanding officer there refused to put the improvised landing field in order, because he said it was not the work of the infantry. So I had to send over coast artillery soldiers from Long Island, where they were being trained for target practice against Mitchell's planes. Due to these and other difficulties, the whole thing was more or less a flop. Billy Mitchell won the war. God bless him!

These little fingers of discord point to serious rivalries and dissensions in time of war. They show what we can expect in the military service when we depend upon "co-operation" instead of strongly welded unity of command.

Our military and naval forces are brought together only through the President. Their organizations are just as separate as the Agricultural Department from Commerce or Labor. There is a Joint Board for the Army and Navy, but it has no legal status and does not go beyond the laying out of general rules and spheres of action subject to the approval of the War and Navy departments.

This should be changed.

The Constitution not only vests in Congress the full and exclusive power to make and prepare for war, but charges it with "the common defense." It should not shirk that duty or pass the buck to the White House. It should create a Supreme War Council composed entirely of Generals and Admirals — no civilians — which should originate or pass upon all major questions of national defense. This Council should advise the President, but as is now the case with the army chief of engineers in the matter of river and harbor work, it should be solely responsible to Congress, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, unbiased by the transient policies of any political party that happens to be in the saddle. Congress would be under no requirement to follow the suggestions of such a council. That would, in fact, be contrary to the Constitution. But it would at least have the benefit of the best professional advice that the country could produce and our people would not be in the dark.

Formerly the Army and Navy were both under the same civil bureau of the government which was properly known as the Department of War. That status should be restored, and the Secretary of War, with as many Army, Navy, and other assistants as may be necessary, should be charged with the civil, industrial and political aspects of war, not the military or naval.

For that purpose Congress should restore the offices of "The General of the Army" and "The Admiral of the Navy" and place upon them the responsibility for our military and naval operations.

The Continental Congress, at the outbreak of the Revolution, appointed George Washington to be "General and Commander in Chief of the Army of the United Colonies" and vested him with full authority to act as he thought best for the welfare of the Colonies, subject to such orders and directions as he might subsequently receive from time to time from Congress, which were few.

### From Washington to Pershing

Later when Washington became President, he gave his attention to that job and appointed Major General Henry Knox to be Commander in Chief of the Army. Several others followed Knox as commanders of the Army under various titles, and then Washington himself, under a special Act of Congress, was appointed by President John Adams to be "Lieutenant General and Commander in Chief" of the Army. The next year, March 3, 1799, by another special Act of Congress, he was promoted to be the "General of the Armies of the United States," in which office he died.

From that time on up to 1903 there was always someone in command of the Army, although at irregular intervals between 1799 and 1821 no military officer was formally assigned to that duty and, according to Heitman's Historical Register, "the direct control of the Army was exercised by the Secretary of War."

When the Civil War came, it found General Winfield Scott with the title "General in Chief of the Army." Grant, Sherman and others followed. But little by little the War Department—which was a civil bureau of the government, operating through a military Adjutant General as the mouthpiece of a civilian Secretary of War—broke down the authority of the General of the Army. And in order to relieve this situation, Secretary of War Root did away with the office entirely, created the General Staff (which he afterward repudiated in its present form) and set up a new military mouthpiece under the title Chief of Staff.

Far from relieving the situation, this


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(from a letter by A. B. Marsh[illegible])

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SINCE I STOPPED USING [illegible] TISSUES AND SWITCHED [illegible] STRONG KLEENEX FOR [illegible] AND HAY FEVER.

(from a letter by L. C. H., Spring[illegible])

Quick! The Butter B[illegible]ters!

WHEN YOU SERVE CORN O[illegible] COB SERVE KLEENEX TO [illegible] THE BUTTER DRIPPINGS! [illegible] NAPKINS, CUTS LAUNDRY [illegible]

(from a letter by M. J. W., Gary[illegible])

Highways Are Happ[illegible]

...WITH KLEENEX IN TH[illegible] TO CLEAN WINDSHIELD A[illegible] GLASSES, TO WIPE S[illegible] FINGERS AFTER A "S[illegible]

(from a letter by R. E. K., Los Angeles, Calif.)

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

thi s worse. The President took the ect command of the Army, he xercised through his secre- and has been so ever since. of of General of the Armies rest d for Pershing after the W. but he was given no author- Dew also was made the Admiral Na as an honor after the battle nila Bay but given no job.

of l this confusion comes the hat merica is now well on its but es not know where it is go- Our w drafted army is going to as a million dollars an hour to on t basis of a forty-four hour An what is it being trained for? ns a l billions are being spent for vag purposes. Arm certainly isn't being trained el asion. The war games at rvic schools in the past, and the s Ar y maneuvers and field ex- s be g now conducted or under ratic are all based upon the hat n imaginary force of Reds strc d our Navy, overcome our ast rtifications, and in some riou vay is now engaged in com- ou forces—the Blues—in the tain of North Carolina, the ps o ouisiana or the open plains nsas nd Nebraska. At no time th past fifty years has there any ge joint exercise or even a drill which the combined forces lan of the sea and of the air been ngaged in a sham battle for urpo of preventing an invader land g upon the shores of the d St s.

ne st thing to this had been n "J nt Army and Navy Exer- in ich the two services fought t ea other (more particularly e h dlines of the newspapers) n w h both sides claimed the y wi so much acrimony that the uver vere called off many years nd b e not been since renewed. fro er is well defined. On the it ends from Newfoundland ng Ic and out of consideration) to uda. e Bahamas, the West In- and nidad, enclosing the Carib- Sea d the Gulf of Mexico, and Panan Canal. On the West to lulu d Alaska. We can defend front within the limits of our tboo. And the United States e saf s long as we have an Army, vy a an air force, superior to that n be brought against us thc bounds.

our an of defense, if any, seems to k p the fighting in the other cou ry, by sending out far-flung military expeditions into the four corners of the earth and then at the same time to take refuge in municipally constructed bombproofs at home.

The best known authorities have agreed that the average American is in much more danger of an automobile or a gangster than he is of a German bomb even if we should be drafted into the war. Those of us who were in Paris or elsewhere during the air raids of the last World War can testify that Americans would run out into the street to see what was going on rather than hide in a cellar. There could not be enough bombproofs in the United States for everybody; and who would there be to lead us in? Certainly not a politician. If so, he would be a dead politician when he came out.

### It's Time for Team Thinking

Our people are being told that if we do not go over to Europe and defeat Hitler there, he will come over here and defeat us in our own country. No reputable soldier or sailor believes that.

The first year of our intensive military program is about finished. Nine months were largely devoted to the School of the Soldier and to minor tactics, which according to General March and others could have all been taught in the first three months, if we had had the proper facilities, a co-ordinated system of training, and competent instructors, none of which we had. The training of the higher units is now under way—that is, the field work of the generals and staff. Up to this time they have concerned themselves principally with paper work and administration.

It all boils down to this:

We cannot maintain a system of defense that goes beyond the limits of our pocketbook. If we are going to get the most out of our huge expenditures, we must decide whether we are going to defend this country by keeping invaders out of it or by fighting in some unspecified foreign land. We must base our defense, wherever it may be, upon sound military and naval strategy, and must depend upon our military and naval experts to tell us what it is. We must stop thinking of our Army, our Navy, air forces, infantry, artillery, etc., as separate units and must start thinking of them as a single team, each of them organized and trained to play its particular part, great or small, in conjunction with the others.

"DUTY! HONOR! COUNTRY!" the motto of West Point, can be taken as the battle cry of them all.

Let everything else stand aside.

"I suppose after the war they'll be junking these to make aluminum pots and pans" THURSTON GENTRY


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Actions speak louder than words:

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*This is the second of a series of reports on the progress of the defense work being done by General Electric*

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# Pool O' the Moon

Continued from page 12

the fountain. Prostrations completed, the dervish, vanishing his scrap of carpet, fixed light, fierce eyes upon her.

"O mother of blackness, sell me a lettuce for a prayer."

She stooped to her basket in which there were a number of fine lettuces, but her glance darted here and there the while as though she sought someone.

"Who can live on prayer?" she muttered.

"Prayer is better than meat," returned the dervish. "Therefore, sell me a lettuce which has no less than fourteen leaves."

BENDING over the basket, the Negress replaced that lettuce which she had first selected and seemed to hesitate.

"Who shaves the heads of the faithful?" she whispered.

"Who but Abu Hassan in the Street called Straight. Give me the lettuce."

She produced a large one from deep down in the basket and, as it changed hands, murmured, "Be careful. One is watching."

"May blessing and peace be with you," intoned the dervish; "for he who gives in faith gives to God's only prophet, happy in his own paradise."

The Negress resumed her burden and walked away. Dipping the lettuce in the fountain, the dervish tore off a tender leaf and began to eat it. The poet watched him in high disdain; and now the holy man condescended to notice this supercilious onlooker.

"O, poet," he called, "what do you ask of life?"

"Love."

"What have you to offer in return?"

"Beauty and song."

"But to God?"

"Nothing."

The dervish, thrusting the lettuce into his waistband, sprang up, seizing his staff.

"O conceited spawn!" he cried, "O gnat's egg! For that black heresy I will, without remission or let or hindrance, beat thee insensible!"

Pouncing, he grasped the youth with fingers seemingly made of iron and began to thrash him savagely.

Merchants came running out of near-by shops; a ring formed around the one-sided contest. A native policeman appeared last of all. One man, stout, florid, intervened.

"Back, dervish! Stop, I say! Are you mad? This is one of the household of Raschid Azem!"

The dervish paused.

"And I am a hadji of the Bektashîyeh. No infidel dog shall deny God and escape my anger."

Now, the order in question, founded in Khorassan, derives from the dreadful Old Man of the Mountain, father of the assassins. Few lightly flout a fakir of this brotherhood. But the portly tradesman stuck to his guns.

"Such is the word. I speak to a wise man. Be advised then, O hadji, and go in peace."

The native policeman had disappeared. Reluctantly, the dervish lowered his staff, releasing the poet. The youth backed away, turned and ran.

THE dervish made his next recorded appearance in the shop of Abu Hassan in the Street called Straight. A customer was being shaved. Seating himself on a chair in the doorway, the dervish produced a string of beads, and began to pray.

"God be with you, hadji," said the barber.

"And with you," mutte vish, continuing his prayer

Abu Hassan's client was fied. He departed at spee a formal salutation (which edged) to the dervish in barber prepared to attenc ond, and profitless, custo delay, for certainly no one in whilst this fakir rema shop.

"What can I do for th God?"

"Give me the letter whi in the cupboard." (Abu fell; his dark eyes opened shave me fourteen times fc glory of the Prophet (wh from paradise)."

A sudden flash of teeth up the dirty, unshaven fa Abu Hassan that this ind messenger he had been w pect. He smiled in returr

"O effendim! The path set with pitfalls, but wl equipped to avoid them?" a small cupboard. "Here i

The dervish concealed tattered robe.

"Tell me," he said, "al about a boy who carries a mouth and who belongs t hold of one called Raschi

"He is a musician and great favorite of his mas worthless and dissolute."

"But Raschid Azem?"

"O effendim, Raschid wealthy beyond the dream he burns with the fires of l bition. He has great pos much business. He is favo in power and beyond of w to marry Yasmîna, daug Sheik Ismail ed-Dîn, rose anon, called Pool-o'-the-M

"Is there some obstacle t riage?"

Abu Hassan bent to the c

"It is whispered, effend

And he spoke on, softly,

POOL O' THE MOON ga an open lattice in the window of her apartment. terraced garden ablaze with tering in the sun. Doves in the walnut tree. This w garden and sacred to Yas Pool o' the Moon.

But Yasmîna found th life hard to endure. Once it inevitable, until her father Dîn, much against his pers tions, had sent her to the F in Beirut for two years. mother, who was dead. wished it to be so. Those tw revealed new horizons; and son Yasmîna accepted bu welcome the fate which C dained should be hers. Alth seventeen (which is full ma East) she had evaded marri knew that it was not to be ever. Raschid Azem, to wh promised, had found me often and ardently upon t treasure, and he desired he sired no other woman. She turn his passion.

She had secret dreams Beirut, whilst seated in the old motor omnibus belon school, she had seen a you smart uniform who stood lo her. He wore his tarboosh imitable air. She had felt all over her body as their He had blue eyes: they wer

S ling gravely at the pretty, arra ed girl, he had raised his in lute and turned away. Yas- ha supposed him to be French, beca se she could not forget him ma discreet inquiries, and had ed t t he was a British officer at- d to military mission. That mem- had oven itself into the fabric of ife only she had been born a pea

t a heart she remained Oriental. ove to deck herself in rich robes, s c ningly contrived and inter- ed, d with jewels on her slim an fingers to posture before a r. metimes it came to her that oser or a dream lover and not for nan estined to take her. Then, sad she would cease her play, n w king overalls, and go down e k k in the garden where she ed nderful plaques. smi staring from her window, hinl g of Raschid Azem. Always had isliked him; certain recent s h changed dislike to hatred. hing she turned from the window ope d a large cedarwood cup- l re sed in a wall. It was filled dre s. But all she wanted was uit o overalls. So attired, she went a w den balcony, and down steps e ga n, and into her workshop.

IBÂ II BARÛK trudged along a th ich divided a field of maize a pi chio orchard. He was think- vith miration about the ways of Briti agent, A-14. Concealed in ettu given to him by the colored an w m he had been instructed to by e Marwân fountain at noon hac een a tiny note in English als. read: "The barber has a age the cupboard," and it was d w what looked like a row of ches it was actually the Arab let- hif ( written fourteen times. This he h l eaten with the lettuce. e se nd message held by Abu an. s similarly penned. It said: l of even Palms on the road to asr ee hours after sunset." This, he ad destroyed. Visualizing den's perations, he had accosted r m chants, portage contractors, et g deners and others, always the rds: "Has Abdul the camel r pa d this way?"

hen ked what he wanted of Ab- he r lied. "I want to slay him." t he iled to pick up any clue un- last e detected a spark of inter- the es of a lean and furtive fruit

he, he fruit seller asked, licking ps, he a small but very vicious n, th Abdul, whose face resem- a rip pomegranate?"

bak apple," the bimbâshi cor- d; " t a ripe pomegranate will

lard d heavy of hand and filthy ngue

is p ented a reasonably sound ipti of Captain the Honorable phat Madden, and the bimbâshi ed, arling savagely.

ead to him!" He grasped the by t shoulder. "Dare to refuse I wil lay thee also!" He relaxed grip. Abdul, the son of a mule, my mel," he added in more gen- ones, he only camel I ever had." e fr seller grinned sadistically. Hark, O hadji. He stole my ey— only donkey I ever had— he ro to El-Kasr."

The d to El-Kasr! How long ?"

t was e night of the full moon, beyd the house of Raschid m. . ."

bout hour later, outside Damas- the rvish secured a lift in the of homeward-bound vegetable gardener. His offer was a simple one: A prayer or a crack on the head.

At a suitable spot he alighted, and now, the path by the pistachio orchard reaching a high road, he saw the residence of Raschid Azem on a cypress-guarded slope beyond. Ten minutes later the dervish took a seat on an old stone *mastabah* beside the jasmine-bowered gate of the courtyard and prepared to make himself a nuisance.

He had learned that Raschid Azem was a *kâdi*, that is, something between a chief constable and a justice of the peace: evidently a considerable citizen. He therefore anticipated some state and met it now in the shape of an obese and pasty-faced porter wearing a red uniform, who emerged from the courtyard. Having surveyed this splendid exhibit from his high tarboosh down to his twinkling brown shoes, the dervish took out his string of beads and began to mutter prayers. The porter's pale features quivered emotionally.

"Begone from here, beggar!" he cried in a reedy, angry voice. "Guests are expected. Begone."

"This seat was set beside the gate that the faithful might rest."

The porter took a step forward.

"It is not for such as you. Begone, or join the other miscreants who await sentence."

The dervish concealed his beads, grasped his staff and stood up. Swinging the staff above his head, he leaped—and the porter, dignity deserting him, turned and darted across a courtyard with an agility surprising in one so fat. The dervish strode a few paces after him along a sanded path pleasantly shaded by cherry trees in full blossom. Here he paused—for he had heard a car approaching. When it drew up at the gate, he was standing inside, concealed by a vine-covered gatepost.

Two men alighted. One, wearing a well-cut white linen suit and a tarboosh, was a man of about thirty-five. He had a brief and very black mustache, a good figure and a manner of authority. The other, whose bulky body was a product of human appetite but whose short legs were an act of God, the bimbâshi recognized as Dr. Rosener of the Nazi Intelligence Staff. They were speaking in German:

"I shall be interested, nevertheless, Raschid Azem, my friend, to see this camel dealer. In your absence your servants have perhaps been overzealous of your honor. What they believe to be a love intrigue—"

THE dervish strode into view, saluted Raschid Azem, and:

"I claim justice, O *Kâdi!*" he said harshly. "Your porter has misused me, yet I came here only to slay Abdul the thief, Abdul who robbed me of my camel! Justice, O *Kâdi!*"

"Stand aside," said Raschid Azem quietly. "I have been absent, but my court opens on Monday. Attend there, and justice shall be done."

Dr. Rosener grasped his arm.

"Not so hasty, my good friend," he whispered. "If this fellow can indeed identify your prisoner, one doubt at least will be set at rest."

Raschid Azem, a man of swift decisions, hesitated for only a moment, then nodded shortly. Running footsteps announced the return of the porter, his flabby features moist with perspiration.

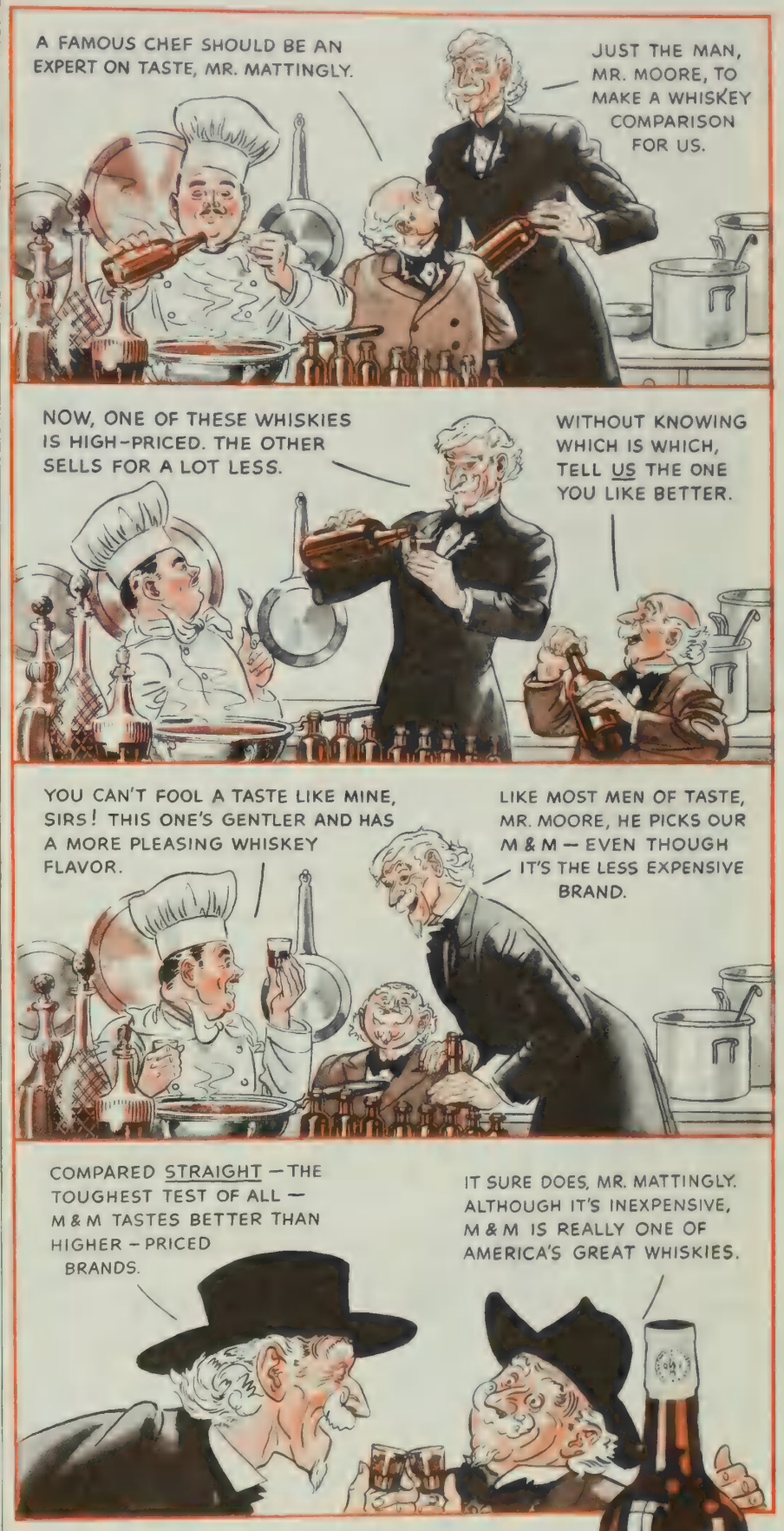
"O, my master! this villainous dervish—"

"Silence. Get the keys of the old stables and join me there." He beckoned to the bimbâshi. "You—follow."

"There is no god but God," intoned the dervish. "May all blessing and peace be thine, O King of Kings."

He followed the pair with an air of docility (but muttering smothered curses upon Abdul) through a delight-


# Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore

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ful garden, until they came to a stone building on the eastern outskirts. From flotsam of conversation picked up, he gathered that the official jail had become unduly crowded during the *kâdî*'s absence, overflow being accommodated here. The fat porter, his wet features a mask of malignancy, now hurrying up with keys, a heavy lock was unfastened and the bimbâshi saw a row of stalls which had been converted to cells by means of fitting iron bars to the half doors. From one, a bearded face peered out.

"I demand to be released!" the prisoner spoke in French. "I am a Turkish subject and I warn you—"

Divining the fact that this was the unfortunate Armenian, Bimbâshi Barûk in passing murmured, "It is written that there are fourteen consolations."

At a cell beyond, Raschid Azem stopped and turned.

"Come here, hadji, and tell me if this is the man you seek."

Bimbâshi Barûk looked in through the bars. He saw a stone floor, a pallet bed, and a small dirty man who lay glaring up at him. The light was poor, but even so he knew that chubby face, its redness discernible through the stain, those wicked little hazel eyes. By means of an acrobatic twist, the camel dealer curled up like a startled hedgehog, concealing his features; but Bimbâshi Barûk had read a message in his eyes; it said, "Come inside."

"Open the door, my lord!" he demanded. "See! the rat hides from me! Open the door!"

"Unlock the door," Raschid Azem directed.

Fat fingers twitching, the porter obeyed. And no sooner was it done than the dervish hurled himself in, grasped the camel dealer and turned him bodily over.

"O Abdul — filthy insect" — rage seemed to be choking him—"prepare to die!"

Abdul at that moment whipped wiry arms around the dervish's neck, and hauled him down onto the pallet. The dervish grasped Abdul's throat. Both men screamed the foulest of imprecations. The bimbâshi's head was being dragged lower and lower in the struggle. The fat porter was shouting for assistance. When Barûk's ear almost touched the unshaven face of the captive:

"Avoid Seven Palms!" Madden whispered. "It's a trap! Now yell like hell!"

Whereupon, he nearly made his teeth meet in the bimbâshi's ear!

Uttering a howl of pain only partially simulated, Bimbâshi Barûk sprang back. Blood already was dripping onto his shoulder. As he said, later, "Pop Madden is an inspired actor, but my ears are real, they are not stage properties. . . ."

He submitted to forcible ejection from a side entrance into part of the extensive maize crop. What he feared most was the appearance of the youth with a rose in his mouth.

WHEN dusk swept its violet brush across the Lebanon, Bimbâshi Barûk was many miles north of the house of Raschid Azem. He had followed unfrequented ways, avoiding, as formerly he had courted, observation; and he was beginning to enjoy himself. The incidents of his mission seemed to hang together, although the thread was frail. An amazing theory demanded admission —that Colonel Roden-Pyne's underground system had gone wrong because his messengers were suspected to be, not British agents, but accomplices in a love intrigue!

Bimbâshi Barûk sat upon the crumbling wall of a bridge spanning an irrigation ditch and laughed silently. The youth with a rose in his mouth was Raschid Azem's jackal. In some way the Negress had aroused his suspicion. He had followed those to whom she had talked at the Marwân fountain. The Armenian had been seized with a message in his possession. Later, Madden had suffered a similar fate. And, visualizing one of these messages, the bimbâshi experienced a new thrill of admiration for the genius of A-14. They were designed to convey just such an impression: that they were love letters.

WRITTEN in Arabic (which is read from right to left) they invariably opened with the phrase, "O my beloved." Poetic, rapturous, at times they became slightly incomprehensible, for the good reason that, read from *left* to *right*, discarding alternate words and selecting only certain letters of those which remained, they embodied reports of inestimable value to His Majesty's Government! On what charges the Armenian and Madden had been detained did not matter. Evidently Raschid Azem did as he liked in his own neighborhood. What did matter was that they were not suspected of espionage and so at the worst would suffer but light sentences.

Bimbâshi Barûk fondled his ear speculatively. "Good old Pop," he muttered.

The Well of Seven Palms was half a mile from the nearest road. It stood in the midst of acres of poppies and enshrined the tomb of a Moslem saint. In a grove beside it there was a spring. Some distance away, on a mound, one saw an extensive walled property, in part of great age, overlooking the small town to El-Kasr. The town, and rich lands for miles around it, belonged to the Sheik Ismail ed-Dîn.

Now, Bimbâshi Barûk, who could stalk like a stoat and whose sense of hearing was keen as that of a desert fox, had been lying concealed at the well since shortly after dusk. His coat of many colors and dark green turban merged perfectly with the floral carpet. A punishing wind from the Lebanon Mountains had sprung up, and it pleased him to listen to the complaints of a party which had arrived more recently. Its members were hidden in the shadows of the palm grove.

"I am frozen to the liver." (The reedy voice was that of the porter.) "I shall be very ill. I do not believe that the murderous fakir has any connection with this affair."

"But I tell you, O bag of lard, that I saw him with the Negress." The ... spoke.) "He eluded me whi... were being dressed, but I ... will come tonight. Our L... Azem must be convinced ... woman is a wanton."

"Otherwise" (the third sp... bâshi Barûk decided, was a ... "you will be compelled t... your living, Ahmed. No w... cacy and refinement would ... about the house."

An angry snarl was the ... reply. Following an interv... minutes:

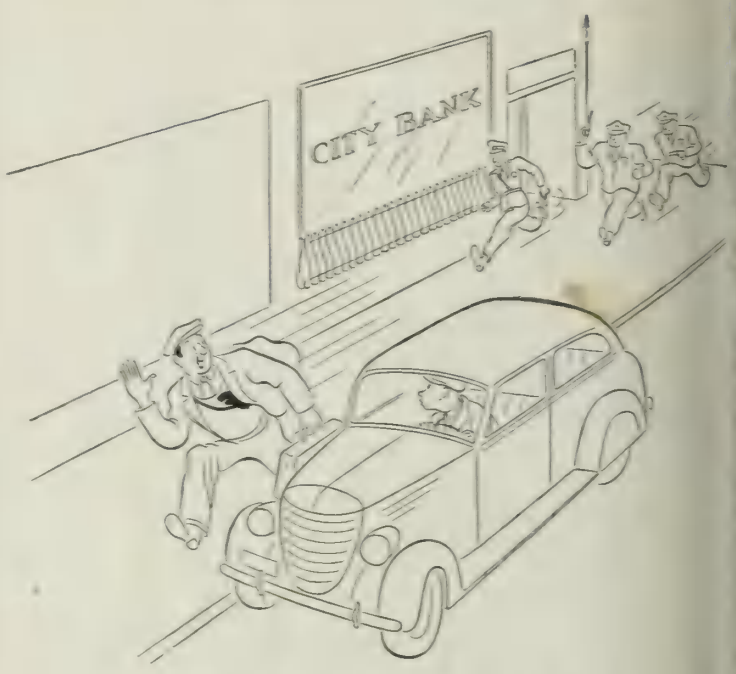
"I cannot understand," s... porter, whose teeth were ... "why we have not seized th... who brings the love messa... her we might learn who s... since the men refuse to spe...

"Since she comes from th... of Ismail ed-Dîn's house," ... tary replied, "we might also ... the jail at El-Kasr is fil... woman must not be moleste...

"She might be followed."

"Who, unseen, could follo... a poppy field in bright moo...

("*I* could," the bimbâshi s... self. "In fact I am going to ...




**"It's such a nice day, I think I'll run"**

"And stop thy teeth ... snarled Ahmed.

So A-14 employed a wom... vitally important matter, th... reflected. He considered the ... and deeply. He was still cor... noting that the wind had dro... a low hiss from the p... prompted him to raise his he... No sound disturbed the sil... that of the porter's teeth. A... proached through the poppie... ure of a woman enveloped ... to foot in a black voluminou... Bimbâshi Barûk, who had b... ing the moon, knew that t... had elapsed since sunset.

THE woman drew nearer slo... ing, and sometimes turni... behind her. Clearly, she fear... ger at the well but only fro... Skirting the group of trees, s... to the ancient shrine and s... self on a stone bench beside ... overgrown by wild flower... Stillness reigned unbroken.

For half an hour, the sha... ure remained, a bundle of ... amongst the shadows; then, ... stood up and walked away in ... tion from which she had com...

re, but now glancing back om time to time, as if in ssed the red carpet spread sr, mounted a winding sed before a door set in She had just turned the dimly visible figure con-

fourteen reasons," said spoke in English, "why in."

IGHT the studio in the mysteriously charming. sted a delicate watercolor a flower subject. Frag- ate inlay, fret saws, tiny ttle brass trays holding lapis and other semipre- were strewn on a wide vas a bookcase filled with in Arabic MS. and some ery rare. The owner of bimbâshi decided, loved ipt.

door, the messenger dis- t black garment, disclos- ce and slender figure of in white overalls. Her studied the ragged visi- ly.

me who you are." She English. "You frightened "

arûk was staring, one

he replied, "I cannot ex- ognize me, nor indeed to " But Yasmîna's heart to beat like a captive e never forgotten *you* saw you in an old omni-

licked his heels together hand to his turban in sa-

ime elapsed before Pool ew sufficiently composed range story of the cedar- ; for it was this cupboard, nt overlooking the kiosk, ght A-14 into existence. g a dress one day, more fore, she had been sur- e voice of Raschid Azem in the adjoining room— e:

Ismail ed-Dîn, that you British are defeated. -Pyne, their Cairo Di- ligence, has been out- move by Dr. Rosener. ed. The French we con- nths, in a month, I shall rnor of Lebanon! You asmîna to consent to an riage. Otherwise, I shall er. I have means of in- there are rumors—"

word from Ismail ed- Azem had abated his mîna had heard no more. was away from home the licate operation with the handled so skillfully soon are piece of cedarwood in paneling—all that re- n the wardrobe and her

m, Ismail ed-Dîn had to daughter for a framed inted on silk which she o the wall immediately She omitted reference t she had removed the t. But Yasmîna had to ang a heavy garment at cupboard and to keep the

r, Aida, her confidential tained permission to in Cairo, and Colonel eceived a letter which It contained particu- enious Arabic code, to- offer to supply accurate information from time to time relating to Nazi plans for the future of Turkey, Iraq, Syria and Palestine. "Get in touch with Fatimah, a Negro woman who sells vegetables in the Damascus market and make arrangements for letters to be exchanged." The writer's signature consisted of an Arabic A written fourteen times.

Fatimah, formerly Yasmîna's nurse, had married a worthy man of her own complexion owning a small market garden in the fertile area of the Ghûtah. The colonel's arrangements involved Abu Hassan (already in British employ); and from the day that A-14 was incorporated in the underground system, Colonel Roden-Pyne had had good reason to congratulate himself upon taking the chance. In his anxiety to impress Ismail ed-Dîn, Raschid Azem frequently confided to the sheik details of brilliant intrigues which he assisted Dr. Rosener to carry out. . . .

"But the cipher, Yasmîna—did you invent it?"

"No, I am not clever enough."

"That I dispute."

Yasmîna took a faded volume from her bookshelf. It dealt with alchemy, a subject of which she knew nothing; but in studying the text, which was in classical Kufic exquisitely penned, she had discovered the hidden cipher: a method by means of which some of the old alchemists had buried in their writings, for the benefit of brother adepts, the secret of transmuting metals.

"Pool o' the Moon," said Bimbâshi Barûk, "you are strangely and beautifully wonderful."

COLONEL RODEN-PYNE was called up on the private line from Haifa.

"Is that Major Barûk?"

"Barûk here, sir. There's a man named Raschid Azem—do you know him?"

"Of course I know him, B. B. But what's happened?"

"What do you know *about* him?"

"About him? Big businessman. Has interests all over the place. Nazi tendencies, but nothing against him. Why?"

"He's visiting Alexandria next week."

"What about it?"

"Well—make his stay as pleasant, and as long as you can."

"Why?"

"He's the lad you call Z."

"What?"

"Positive fact. Rig up any charge you like, but hold him. I have this direct from A-14."

Now, the annoying evasions to which Colonel Roden-Pyne had resorted with the bimbâshi touching the identity of that invaluable agent had merely masked ignorance; for this was something which Colonel Roden-Pyne had never succeeded in finding out!

"Did you see A-14?"

"Yes."

"In person?"

"In person."

The colonel was hard hit, but he concealed the fact.

"Did he give you the missing report?"

"Yes. That was it: Hold Raschid Azem."

"What's become of Madden and the Armenian?"

"In jail."

"What? Where?"

"At Raschid Azem's house. They are not suspected. There is no serious charge against them."

"But—I mean, good heavens! How is—er, A-14? Is he well?"

"*He* flourishes like the bay tree. *He* grows wiser and more beautiful day by day. *He* is one of the most wonderful creatures God ever created."

Colonel Roden-Pyne cleared his throat horsily.

"I agree," he said. "Report back to headquarters at once."

# Hint for Drivers

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THE U. S. Army's new Lockheed P-38 is probably the fastest twin-engine fighter in existence. But its 1150 h.p. engines are threatened by the same foe as your own car's high-compression motor.

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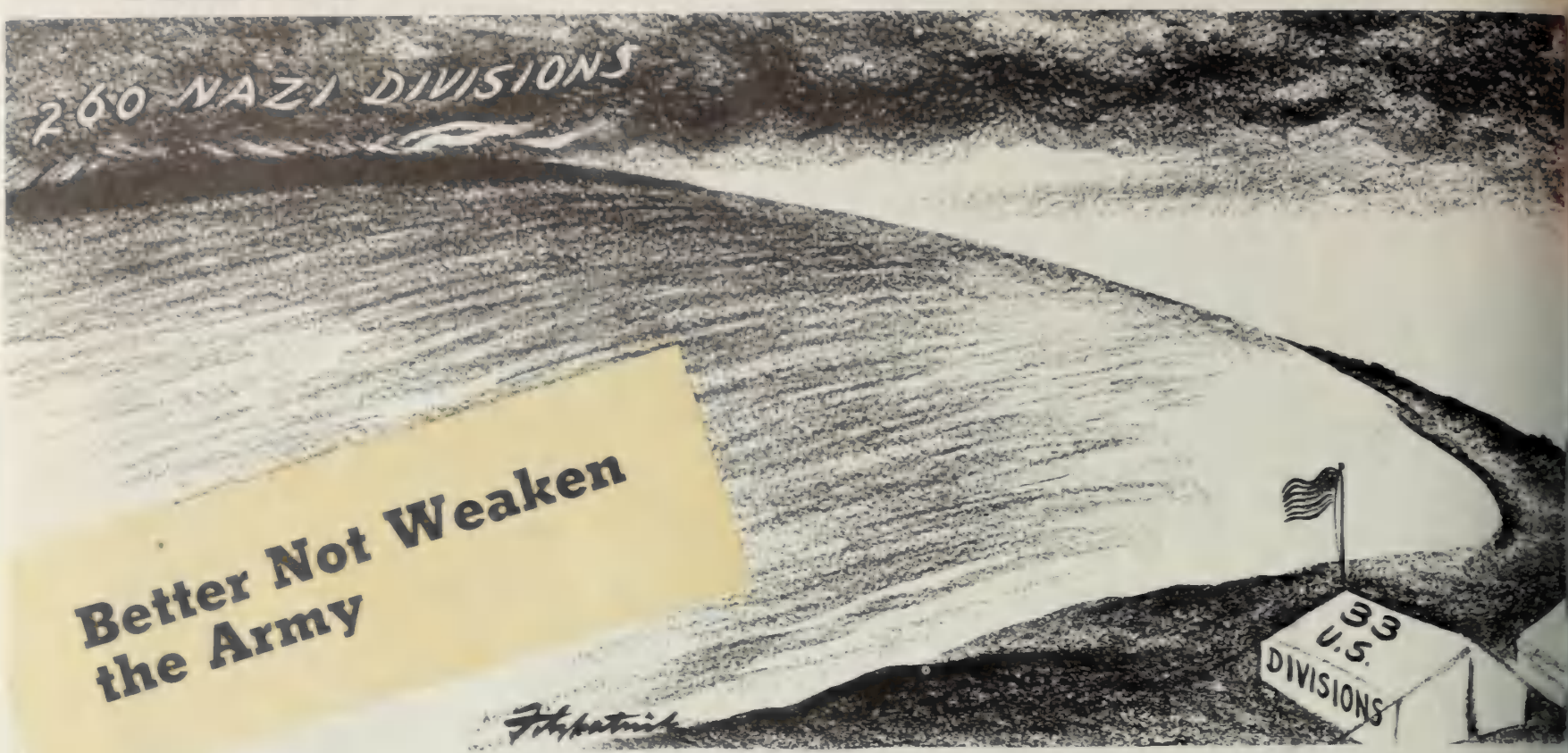


# Better Not Weaken the Army

WE UNDERSTAND the resentment of numerous soldiers and their families over Chief of Staff George C. Marshall's request that draftees, National Guardsmen and reserve officers be retained in service.

Under the draft law as drawn last September, this may be done. Nevertheless, when jittery politicians were bringing the draft law to birth last September they fostered the impression that the men of the new Army would almost infallibly be released after a year's training, come what might.

Those same politicians are now plagued by this fact: that we are in a situation which, whatever the reasons may be and whoever is to blame, goes on being serious.

We have occupied Iceland, for better or for worse. We are on the way toward acquiring bases in northern Ireland, Scotland and possibly the Irish Free State. Defense requirements in this era of long-range bombers and submarines may make it imperative for us to grab the Azores, Cape Verdes, Martinique and or Dakar at any time and with strong forces. Or our leaders may feel that any or all of these grabs are imperative, which will amount to the same thing. We have big contingents in Hawaii and Alaska, many of them draftees or National Guardsmen.

Under such circumstances, it seems to us, it would be folly to make any appreciable part of the Army an in-and-out affair, with men continually falling out to go home and the gaps having to be plugged with new or half-trained men. George Washington had that trouble with his volunteer soldiers throughout the American Revolution; and this was one reason why he had to have French sea power to win at all.

What then can Congress and the President do but tell the boys that most of them will have to stick around for the duration of the emergency?

And, defense exigencies being what they are, isn't it equally necessary to give ment the power to send American f wherever there is a chance to fo link in the chain of our continent sphere defenses?

We think these measures had for the national safety.

But we also think the above-men ticians had better drop their prac soaping and kidding the Ameri about the seriousness of the emerg we been told last fall that the boys would have to serve more than a y we would have taken the warning there would be much less resen when it is proposed to extend th periods.

You don't have to baby Ameri can lose their confidence by faili faith with them. Churchill's practi his people the worst, as well as the The same policy would work here,

# Co-operation, American Plan

GASOLINE is scarce in the eastern United States because German submarines sank too many tankers in the Atlantic.

The United States had to lend American tankers to transport oil and gas to Britain. Otherwise the British might not be able to resist the Germans.

We are selfishly concerned, apart from other more generous considerations that also should move us in sending the British oil for their fighting ships. For while Britain stands the Germans cannot attack the United States. Thus simplified, the agreement sounds base but it is true.

So along the eastern coast there are not enough tankers left to provide our usual supply of gas and fuel oil. Besides, our own defense industries are natural oil hogs and we would not have it otherwise. They must grow fast.

We must cut down where it hurts least. We can't live healthily without fuel in the North. Consequently fuel oil must be hauled before gasoline. Schools and hospitals must be kept warm if we have to abandon, temporarily, motoring as a recreation.

The government will ask us to co-operate in saving oil and gasoline. In many ways we can contribute to the public good and at the same time benefit ourselves. For example we can:

Save fuel by keeping our houses at lower and more healthful temperatures.

Save gasoline by better driving and by avoiding unnecessary driving. You can save a profitable percentage of the gas you use in fast driving by keeping within legally allowed speed limits.

Most of us can walk more to great personal advantage.

Happily free, we are asked for voluntary co-operation. Nowhere in Europe is anyone asked for voluntary co-operation. He is told what he can have and do. Our freedom is worth preserving even at the sacrifice of a l gasoline we are used to burning.

Let's co-operate and co-operate the government and the oil indus appeal from time to time for furthe on our part. And let's not be mis nonsense about this oil shortage bei cal question.

Adolf Hitler's Nazis created thi which actually is a scarcity of ship shortage of oil. There is abundant in those sections of the United Sta not depend upon tankers.

Don't be upset by the fact that th have been allowed to buy some petroleum. The Japanese provide tankers. They took nothing we ne got what we wanted in return.

This oil shortage provides us a show how sane and competent a people can be.

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# *Whadda-ya-mean* YOUR *girl?* *. . . you couldn't hold on to her!*

THAT'S what Red shot at Tommy as the two glared hotly at each other before the girls got them away . . . and it was a poser for Tommy. He blamed his break with Polly on everything but the simple truth itself . . . the very thing* that Polly would not tolerate and which he himself never suspected.

### *It's Unforgivable*

Few things can equal a case of halitosis* (bad breath) as a monkey-wrench in the wheels of romance. It's the offense unforgivable in either a man or a woman. Unfortunately, anyone may suffer from it at some time or other. The worst of it is, you yourself may be guilty without even realizing it—and your best friends won't tell you.

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# THIS WEEK

AUGUST 30, 1941


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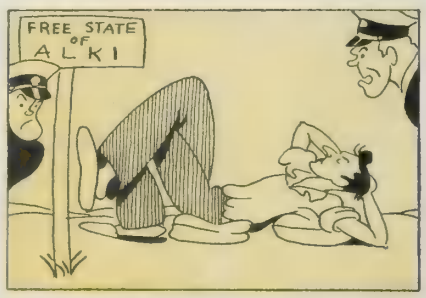
COVER STEPHEN RONAY


# ANY WEEK

THIS department is the only unit we know of which is not taking a poll of some kind. And yet we suspect a public cooling toward refugee stories. We made this observation in Boston, Massachusetts, some days ago to Miss Branda Smith of that storied city and she seemed inclined to agree with us. She told us about a wealthy lady who, just after Munich, threw herself, her home, her heart and her money generously into the cause of refugees. Scarcely a night passed that her fellow workers didn't fetch new refugees into her library to tell of the horrors they had personally seen. But presently the sameness began to pall on the lady. "Now," Miss Smith told us, "when she meets a new refugee, she shakes hands and says: 'I'm so sorry, my dear. But I'll listen to your story for twenty-five cents.'"

WE ARE getting letters demanding that we find out what's become of Mussolini. We mentioned this the other night in one of New York's lowlier night clubs. "That's right," replied the guy next to us, "what has?" Whereat we called the waiter—an Italian—and asked for a telephone book. "Ain't got one," said the waiter. "Used to have but all the customers used it for was to call the cops." But we persisted, this time asking the waiter what had become of Mussolini. "I dunno," he admitted, "unless they drafted him."




OUR Jim Marshall has left in a generally westerly direction on a mysterious assignment which will doubtless culminate in more of his excellent articles. But he has an incidental mission. He told us that he proposes to establish the Free State of Alki near Seattle, Washington. He adds that it is intended to be a "refuge for warworn Americans." Alki is an Indian word which, roughly translated, means Bye-and-Bye. "My free state," said Mr. Marshall with his customary exuberance, "will have as its motto 'Quiet, Please' and its emblem will be a clam. Its constitution will be a simple sentence: 'For God's sake shut up.' Our immigration laws will exclude politicians, round-table discussions, missionaries, radio commentators, America firsters, America lasters and columnists. Strong, silent men will be admitted if their strength can be turned to anything useful. We'll tolerate no taxes, army, navy, political parties and philosophies, propaganda or good-neighbor policy. There will be two tough cops whose only duty will be to throw out anybody who refuses to mind his own business—the only crime recognized in the Free State of Alki."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Marshall does not mention it, we assume that nobody in Alki will waste time and nervous energy by being on the alert. This prohibition would rule out a number of our readers who, apparently, devote themselves exclusively to eagle-eyeing every inch of the daily scene. For example, no sooner did Governor Lehman of New York propose that automobile license plates carry the Commandment, Thou shalt not kill, than we were raked by telephone messages warning us that this might be interpreted as pacifist propaganda. We shan't weary you with the letters and calls we got after General Lear gave his lads the hotfoot for yoo-hooing those short-pants gals. But we will grant that the general won a name for himself that he'll never be able to live down. Similarly, we know of a colonel who won the name of Bloodhound Bertie because he detailed a private to exclusive attendance upon his two thoroughbred dogs (which happened to be mastiffs) while in training camp. The dogs died mysteriously, but the name lived. Then there was Laughing Dan, a brigadier general who wrote a postscript to orders for an advance: "I suggest that the men be told to go over tomorrow morning with smiles on their faces." He died in bed. Of course there were plenty of Black Jacks, Pink Whiskers, Fighting Tommies and Daredevil Daves but they don't count. We knew a major who won fame because invariably he started every written order with "I fear that—" He became known as Full of Fear Frankie. We could go on like this for a columnful but mention only Business Bill, a colonel who apparently never got tired of admonishing his men that "This war's got to be run on a business basis—from start to finish." Sometimes it ruins officers—but not good ones. It ruined a major general who was forever shouting: "Can you take it?" to his officers after giving them gory assignments. The last we heard of him was: "Old Take It's out of the war." We asked whether he'd been killed. "Naw," was the reply. "Dandruff. He couldn't take it." Nor are the victims always important officers. While the Twenty-seventh Division was training in Spartanburg, South Carolina, in 1917, a brand-new lieutenant, about to report for duty on a nasty rainy day, was seen leaving the railroad station in uniform, of course, but with a raised umbrella. Unfortunately one of those who saw him was old Colonel Bates of the Seventy-first Infantry. The colonel's eyes popped at the sight but pulled self together. As he p ed lieutenant the colonel Yep, had to get a new

WE'RE a bit leery a it wa in this column because dont from day to day whe we'll b day after—Dublin, Be Warsa Pinsk. And our imagi on ice at the task of guessin ow ta be if, in the meantim we act went to war. Probably up into selves in Tokyo. But can tell that Private William Freedo Camp Devens, Massac etts, is working on a brief bi aphy o fifth President of the nited S for his camp publicatio "I m it Whirling Jim Monro or hop writes Mr. Freedorp. After w happened to the D ine turning in the grave is way scribe his current con on.

WE'VE made what we e temp believe to be an impo it dis The reason that the vernme having so much troubl ensorsh press is that scarcely a body ing the government, k s just a military secret is. or ex we've just had quite a me ide ing the "secret" statu f the bicycle. The Army l acc pressed, that a large n ber o cles have been purcha for th of troops in Bermuda here a know, the bicycle is hly ra But the secret is the n ber o cles the Army has se over we're told, would be g g Mr. much desired informa n. We a hunch that Mr. Hit is much busy elsewhere to c but been wrong before. W tear too the quartermaster d rtment been on the still hu for a that will attract a ra or so spotlight to that ha orking hitherto unsung, bran of our tary. We looked over few pa contributions. The on ve liked was written by a juni officer QMC. It was simple: he QMC nice place to be." B his effect him into a lot of tro e. To One of his superiors king task, said: "'The QM s not place to be. It's one the most portant branches of t servic

ANOTHER military s et.... W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# WHAT'S THE MOST DANGEROUS DISEASE OF School Years?

IEUMATIC FEVER causes more s disability among children of school an any *other single disease!*

eed, it is responsible for most of the disease among people under the age -mum of this, in turn, resulting from atic fever attacks which started dur- hool ears.

um ic fever usually appears follow- hill exposure to inclement weather. ften accompanied or associated with throat, tonsillitis, or a cold. Symptoms attack, often so vague or slight as to que ly overlooked, may be: rapid fev which may be slight, pallor, ap tite, weight, vigor, fleeting mus- ach. However, symptoms may be mo pronounced, such as: repeated leec, extreme nervousness, stiffness, g joints and muscle, pain often ing om joint to joint.

vit ly important for parents to real- t a ild with any of these symptoms ave rheumatic fever and needs im- te medical attention.

our octor determines that rheumatic s th trouble, he will probably point yo the following important facts:

Rhematic fever is a serious and po- tia chronic disease. Repeated at- cks re common, and the heart is nos invariably involved. The seri- sne of the heart damage depends gel on the severity and frequency at cks. Consequently, continuous edic supervision during the illness d c valescence and periodic exam- atio afterwards are necessary.

Rhematic fever may last many onth; the patient must often stay in d lo g after all fever and pain have sapp ared—until the doctor gives per- ssio to get up. Since rheumatic fever is apt to run in families, the doctor should be given an opportunity to examine other children in the family at regular intervals.

▶ While the cause of the disease is unknown, and its cure as yet unfound, early detection of its onset and of recurrences, and prompt medical care, can often do much to lessen its severity and help children to live useful, happy lives. Many thousands of people who suffered attacks in childhood are today active and healthy.

To help parents further guard against the dangerous effects of rheumatic fever and its recurrences, Metropolitan offers two free booklets, "Protecting Your Heart," and "Rheumatism."

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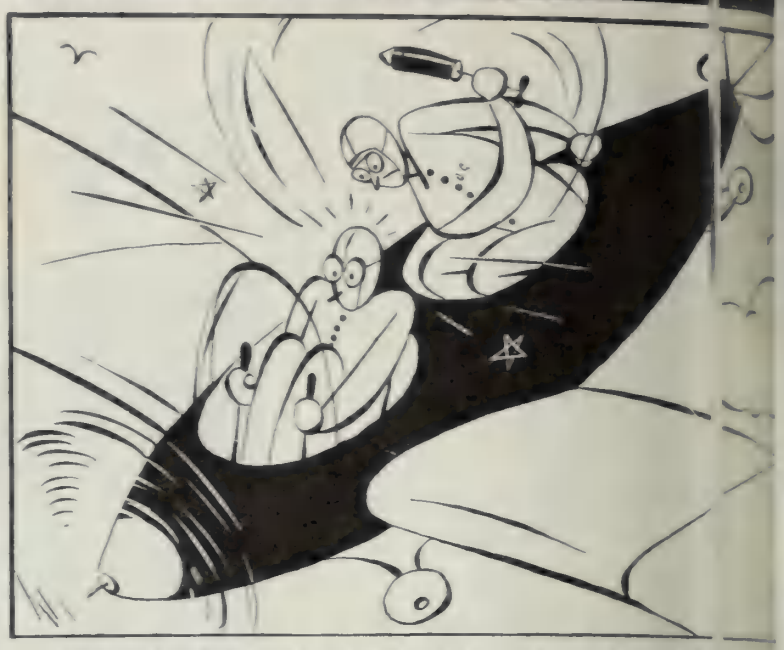
# WING TALK



**Science has improved on the time-honored cure for control sezem**

ONE very effective way to overcome a bad case of freezing onto the controls is to sock the student pilot over the head with the plane's portable fire extinguisher or other blunt instrument lying around handy. This is a feature of flying that students never cared much for, but it has saved their necks as well as the instructor's. Now medical science has devised a method of overcoming freezing, which is easy if you can do it—just breathe normally.

Freezing of controls has been traced directly to hyperventilation, which is often caused by rapid-fire breathing which, in turn, is induced by fear or panic. You can test-hop this hyperventilation business in the safety of your favorite easy chair by breathing deeply and rapidly for a few moments. Doubtless you'll feel giddy. Stop this excessive breathing altogether or return to normal breathing and the dizziness disappears. A continuation of the fast breathing under difficult conditions, such as in a spin, actually produces muscular cramps in the hands and other extremities. That's why the student freezes onto the controls.

AS LONG as pilots neglect to use oxygen at high altitudes or if their oxygen system cuts out, the queerest stories will be brought back to earth. A recent one is the case of the pilot who was flying without his oxygen at 18,000 feet when he concluded he'd report to the tower that he was coming down. Then began the search for his microphone. Eventually he picked up the lead line, and, thought he, that's one way to find the mike because surely it will be at the other end of the line. And correct he was, because his tracing led him to it, in his own right hand.

FAITH in the ability of our aviation industry to deliver years hence and on time may currently and best be illustrated by the situation confronting the board of Army officers which, in 1936, approved the wind-tunnel tests of the giant Douglas B-19 bomber you saw on the cover of Collier's defense issue. At that time there was no such thing in the United States as a 2,000-horsepower aircraft engine. Yet the contract was let and it specified *four* such engines. When the airplane was ready to fly the engines were there.

YOU should have an er satisfaction over the se which our Air Corps offi jobs. When the contract B-19 was awarded by the ment five years ago, Maj Col. James G. Taylor o Intelligence Division of in Washington, was head Branch of the Matérie Wright Field, Dayton, means he had the respor than any other individua the decision to build this craft. Later he was trans posts, and Jimmie Tayl confused with Test Pilot J might well have forgotter ship since it was now out But among those on boa flight of the largest bombe the earth was Lieut. C Taylor.

FREQUENT use of th mie brings to mind tw first is Col. James H. Do second, U. S. Army Flying H. Doolittle, Jr. Jimmie has been known as the pil year he left a lucrative p vate life to return to t and his record so far for done equals his ability as pilot. At Randolph Field James H. Doolittle, Jr., is and he knows that if he ca as good an airman as his o not a helmet in the Air Co fit his head.

AN IMPORTANT conf line pilots, C.A.A. insp port officials was being he the other day to determ locate a radio-marker b powered transmitter wh signals through fog and l guide airmen in making i proaches to the field. In t was a city official who ha conversational knowledge to show his displeasure w ity of the experts to make as to where the marker s Picking up a map of his ci the meeting to attention as how he'd settle the simply "painting it on this here."

# There's only ONE to look at NOW!

INCE WAY BACK IN 1927, when the used-to- low-priced cars began going "high-hat there has been no *people's* car. That sen ble, truly democratic type of auto-mo le that provided dependable trans-on a lowest cost was abandoned fourteen go.

, th pendulum has swung the other way. e pe ple once more have a car to fit their and eir pocketbooks.

ay, t 1942 Willys Americar, powered e a zing, fuel-saving GO-Devil Engine, one *actical* car for the millions of every-ople That's why we claim—

RE'S NLY ONE TO LOOK AT NOW—if you dri a reliable, normal-size, quality motor mo hly cost you can *really afford,* even if e-tin taxes, cost of gas and oil, and your f livi g keep going higher and higher.

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THERE'S ONLY ONE TO LOOK AT NOW—if you want the amazing performance of the GO-Devil Engine—the same type engine used in the GO-Devil Jeep being made by Willys-Overland for the new United States Army.

THERE'S ONLY ONE TO LOOK AT NOW—if you want the most amazing motor car in America today—the trim, good-looking, business-like Willys Americar—the only *people's* car today—and one of the outstanding miracles of defense-time engineering.

It's the *only* full-family-size car in the lowest-priced market.

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By *all* means, motor *within* your means. Don't buy an oversize, overweight, overpowered car that's over your head.

Enjoy the one car you can *really* afford. Buy a new 1942 Willys Americar today. See your nearest Willys dealer. He will trade with you on most liberal terms. There's only ONE to look at NOW.

J. W. Frazer

*President*
WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, INC.

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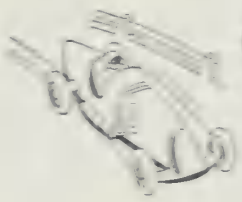

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# KEEP UP WITH THE W

## By Freling Foster

The extent of cattle rustling in the West about seventy-five years ago is typically illustrated by the losses sustained by one company alone, the King and Kenedy Ranch in southern Texas. Between 1866 and 1869 this outfit had 106,000 head stolen from its ranges, or an average of 3,000 a month during these three years.—*By Richard Yenne, Lexington, Maine.*

There are 1,300 American cities and towns without local bus or streetcar services, whose 12,000,000 residents, consequently, are dependent on private motorcars for transportation. Among the larger ones, having more than 15,000 population, are Beverly Hills, California; Royal Oak, Michigan; West Orange, New Jersey; Warwick, Rhode Island; and Melrose, Massachusetts.—*By Marie E. Grube, Bronx, New York.*

At a great distance at night, a green light appears as a white light and, therefore, may be seen from three to four times farther than a red light. On the other hand, a red light appears red as far as it can be seen, which is from three to four times farther than a green light appears green.—*By Barbara Rowland, Trenton, New Jersey.*

Of the 163 known breeds of pure-bred dogs, forty-seven originated in the British Isles, twenty-three in France, seventeen in Germany, eight in Italy and eight in the United States, this country tying for fourth place with the American Foxhound, American Water Spaniel, Amertoy, Boston Terrier, Chesapeake Bay Retriever, Coonhound, Spitz and Staffordshire Terrier.—*By Roxanne Kelley, South Miami, Florida.*

The new Photofinish Movie Camera for race tracks is used by each of the several patrol judges, atop pylons along the inner and outer rails, to make a motion-picture record of the race in his section. As the sections overlap, the films, when joined, give a front and back view of every movement of every horse and jockey and disclose any dishonest riding that may have taken place.

Victoria Falls in so[illegible] desia, Africa, is believ[illegible] more lunar rainbows t[illegible] spot. During the actu[illegible] Zambezi River goes ov[illegible] in a volume twent[illegible] larger than at any oth[illegible] year, the spray is so gr[illegible] than a hundred of the [illegible] been seen on the mo[illegible] a single season.

United States pape[illegible] soon to be made with [illegible] of pure silk threads, th[illegible] the engraving weighs [illegible] much as the paper a[illegible] and mutilation of this [illegible] great that as much as [illegible] worth is sometimes de[illegible] in a month.—*By W[illegible] New York, New York.*

The states vary co[illegible] their laws covering the [illegible] measures of foods. F[illegible] the legal weight of a b[illegible] tatoes is forty-six po[illegible] state and sixty pounds [illegible] while the others have [illegible] "bushels" fifty, fifty-f[illegible] or fifty-six pounds.—[illegible] Gagliarducci, Springf[illegible] chusetts.

As the Official Ga[illegible] United States Patent [illegible] lished every Tuesday [illegible] becomes the "date of [illegible] the patents listed in it. [illegible] them have become affe[illegible] holidays as Christmas [illegible] and the Fourth o[illegible] Thomas B. Hueso[illegible] Indiana.

A physician is able to [illegible] interior of the human [illegible] an ophthalmoscope, an[illegible] by the condition of th[illegible] the blood vessels, whe[illegible] tent has any one of [illegible] diseases, such as diab[illegible] gitis, Bright's disease, [illegible] heart lesion or harde[illegible] arteries.

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# Si, see, Senior!

## SEE WHAT THE PAMPAS HAVE BROUGHT TO THE CAMPUS . .

We ain't woofin' when we say Pan-American Shetland will put you definitely in the but good class on campus this fall. In fact, if you have a tendency to be a sad apple, this smoothie will go a long way toward making you over into a looloo. And that's no Ferdinand. For . . .

## Pan American SHETLAND

. . . made of superfine wools imported from the South American pampas . . . has been blessed by campus Who's Whos from coast to coast and it's definitely not for the Joe Boys. It's perfect for . . . the classroom . . . bull session . . . stadium . . . or shin-cracking with your dilly. In fact (fair warning) your pals may yell "timber" when you show up in this all-right suit.

And here's something that will please dad: Pan-American is a *tough* gaucho . . . built of a special blend of Argentine and Chilean wools. Translated, that means long wear which, for a Shetland, is something. Another thing dad will like is the price. Before you Go-Back-To-School arrange to give the once-over to Pan-American Shetland and see how smooth you'll look in this rough stuff. The Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer in your town has it. He's no Joe Corn.

## Hart Schaffner & Marx

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## adds another exclusive phonograph invention to

## "Music on a Beam of Light"

**PHILCO 1012 PHOTO ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH.** Plays any record on a Beam of Light. Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control. Tilt-Front Walnut Cabinet. American and Foreign reception; Exclusive Philco FM System. Yours on easiest terms.

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**PHILCO AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER WITH STROBOSCOPE PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL**

ENJOY your favorite records now as you never could before! Hear in your home the glorious beauty of tone, the true-to-life pitch which the artists recorded in the studio. Feel the thrill of the new delights which Philco inventive genius has brought to radio and recorded music.

The Philco Photo Electric Radio-Phonograph is far different from the ordinary phonograph you have known. *Modern* scientific principles have made it a new kind of musical instrument. The photo-electric cell gave you *Music on a Beam of Light* which eliminated the steel needle with its scratchy tone and ruinous record wear . . . did away with the annoyance of changing needles. Rich overtones of beauty, long hidden in your records, were released for the first time!

Now, Philco engineers have appli tional Stroboscopic principle to the For the first time, through the *Pitch and Tempo Control*, you ma absolute fidelity of pitch . . . another bring true, pure, life-like tone to y

The Philco Automatic Record C you simpler, gentler, more reliable records. The Philco Tilt-Front C you new convenience . . . no lid to clumsy compartments. Philco Hom more life-like than ever, is optiona And the famous Philco "Double I with the exclusive Philco FM Syste powerful radio performance and g tone. All these exclusive advantag to enjoy *only in a Philco.*

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LLIER'S
ATIONAL WEEKLY
UGUST 30, 1941

Ma pulled out a roll of bank notes. "I'd thank you so kindly!" id, n' I'd give y'all nice sailor boys every las' penny of this!"

# ots, Boots, Boots!

Frderick Hazlitt Brennan
STRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

defnse effort of Seaman Linn and Fireman Dun-
n (orce & Brains, Inc.) leads to their turning down
h—ot a miracle, just an instance of purity of heart

SINCE God loves U. S. sailors (*if* their hearts are pure) and since the spirit of the U. S. Navy is bound to prevail over all enemies ("Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just") Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan were happy sailors.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Didja really mean it when we promussed the skipper not to pull no more fast ones on the boots till the war is over?"

"Right!"

"We don't use ferce an' brains no more, Benny?"

"Only against Hitler, Tim!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked. Always a bit slow on the up-take, the sudden patriotic reformation of Dunnevan & Linn, Force *and* Brains, Inc., had found him emotionally prepared but intellectually bewildered.

"Yerse—but, Benny—did we mean it when you said we would treat *all* the new boots in Dago like they were our litterl brothers?"

This question brought Seaman Linn to a halt in the strange defense-drive bedlam that was San Diego's Broadway. Soldiers, sailors, marines, aircraft workers, their womenfolk and children jampacked both sides of the wide street. It was a chamber of commerce secretary's wildest dream come true; and local wags already were blaming traffic congestion on the alleged fact that so many San Diego real-estate men spent their spare moments turning handsprings in the streets.

But Seaman Linn, chewing a toothpick, surveyed the scene with magnificent detachment. Although there were boots, boots, boots everywhere—more numerous than sea gulls and more innocent than doves—Seaman Linn's prominent Adam's apple did not even quiver. His bright blue eyes glowed with a noble

fervor and his thoughts were far from sordid connivings.

"These boots is differnt, Tim," said he. "They volunteered to join the U. S. Navy in a time of national crisis, so on an' so forth. No guy that's got the best interests of the U. S. Navy at heart would try to take advantage of 'em. Right?"

Fireman Dunnevan gulped guiltily. "They's orful green though, Benny," he said. "If I an' you was to have a 48 liberty, we could—"

"Tim! Ju-das Priest, you talk like a pro-German at heart!"

"Me? Pro-German? Why, Benny—" Fireman Dunnevan exclaimed.

"Then pipe down on 'at line of thinkin'!"

"But I only said—"

"Okay, okay. Go out an' destroy our morale. Undermine us so Hitler can come over here an' bomb Brooklyn."

These words left Fireman Dunnevan speechless and breathing with noisy snorts.

"Snap outa it, Tim," Seaman Linn continued briskly. "That So-and-so ain't gonna get nowheres near Brooklyn or any place elst over here. C'mon—we shove off!"

"Where to, Benny?"

"Balboa Park."

"But I seen them lyruns—"

Seaman Linn made an obscene sound.

"It so happens, dumbhead, that Chief Mulcahy didn't send us ashore to waste taxpayers' dough lookin' at lions. We got a mission."

"Yerse?"

"Yeah. We gotta round up half a dozen boots for the chief to look at. Davis an' Skeverscki is transferred to a pigboat, so we take on two boots. Get it?"

Fireman Dunnevan shook his head. "Why don't we jest go over to the trainin' station an' pick out six boots from the pool, Benny?"

"No brains, no brains! The chief hand-picks his boots, an' he wants nothin' but country boys, see? He wants 'em all to look like they jest fell out the hind end of a farm wagon. Get it?"

"Yerse, but why Balboa Park, *why*, Benny?"

Seaman Linn spat to leeward and got under way. "The hickiest boots in Dago will be at the zoo in front of the monkey cages, Stupid!" he said.

This remark brought an admiring chuckle from Fireman Dunnevan. "You sure got geenus, Benny. Yerse!"

Nevertheless, it was Fireman Dunnevan who spotted the first likely-looking prospects for the U. S. Destroyer Trimble's crew in Balboa Park.

"Lookit, Benny!" he said. "Over by the polar bairse! Right off'n a farm!"

IT NEEDED only a glance for Seaman Linn to verify Tim's discovery. The two boots by the bear pits were a cinch to gladden the heart of Chief Bosun's Mate Mulcahy. They had even assumed the classic poses—the tall, thin one leaning against a concrete light post and the short, tubby one in a chicken-crate squat on the curbstone. They looked mopey, homesick and forlorn.

"Pipe down an' let *me* do the talkin'," Seaman Linn said out of the corner of his mouth.

He sauntered casually across the road, Fireman Dunnevan lumbering one pace behind.

"Hi-yah, sailors!"

"Yerse . . . hi-yah?"

The boots looked at Tim and Benny, then they looked at each other.

"Howdy," the post-leaner said. "Is what we're doin' against the regs?"

Seaman Linn, grinning genially, assured these country boys in big-brother fashion that the U. S. Navy had no objection to boots looking at bears in Balboa Park.

"I'm Linn, seaman first, an' this is Dunnevan, fireman secont," he went on. "We're from the Trimble. You guys assigned to a ship yet?"

"No sech luck!"

"Been settin' araound the station two weeks come Sattiday."

"I tells Gerald they ain't figurin' to put us on no ship nohow."

"Oh, I dunno as we should give up hope yit, Robert. 'Scuse me, Mistah Linn. My name's Gerald McCudden an' his'n's Robert Treadway. Howdy! Mighty pleased to meet you an' Mistah Dunnevan, ain't we, Robert?"

"Yessir, we sho are. Howdy!"

Mr. Treadway was the tubby lad. He had a round, red face and bland, innocent eyes. Mr. McCudden showed a corn-tassel topknot under his sailor hat and a thin, gaunt smile spiked with a gold tooth in front.

"I bet you guys is from somewhere in the farm district," said Fireman Dunnevan.

The boots chuckled.

"Arkansas's our state, Mistah," said Gerald, "an' we come f'm so far back in the hills a hoss cain't make it an' a mule don't want to!"

"Yayyy tell!" agreed Robert. "A hawg-trot is a wide road where we come f'm!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan exchanged glances.

"The chief'll love 'em, Benny—ow—"

"Pipe *down*, Tim! Uh . . . Tim was referrin' to Chief Mulcahy, boys. You oughta meet the chief sometime. What a character! Been with the Trimble two an' a half hitches. A big, upstanding Irisher with a heart of gold. Right, Tim?"

"Yerse! An' he loves country—"

Mr. Treadway jumped up from the curbstone. "Would he take us, Mistah?" he asked, eagerly, and Mr. McCudden stopped leaning against t

"Hold on, Robert," M said. "Don't go rushin' M van thataway. Maybe the cancies. Shucks, I bet tha

Fireman Dunnevan wa man Linn to speak. But appeared to be lost in dee

"I an' Benny might be up. We got a good dra Mulcahy. If we was to re

Boots Treadway reacte ishing promptness, jerking wallet from beneath his gesture stunned Fireman I turned to the brains of For Inc., appealing for decisiv

"What'd be worth to y'a me an' Gerald jobs on yo Treadway asked.

"*Benny*—they'll pay u that?"

"We sho will, Mistah L

SEAMAN LINN shook h 'at dough away, kid," h Tim don't sell jobs in the

"But, Benny—"

"Pipe down, Tim! Now as putting you guys up w mend to the chief—okay. the right kinda material. they ain't any reason you wantin' assignment to shi essept to do your duty?"

"No, *suh*, Mistah Linn!

"Layin' araound that drillin' like fo' the Ahmy tin' us daown, Mistah Lin

Seaman Linn appeared t "Okay," he said. "You gu the landing at one o'clock

"Won't y'all let us give present—"

"Yerse!"

"No! Pipe down, Tim shove off!"

Boots Treadway and Mc jubilant protestations o shoved off. Fireman Dunn his anguish.

(Continued on pag 2)

**Callie Mae turned on him, her eyes blazing. "Now we are through, you rat!" she yelled. "I tear up the contract!"**

**Fifty-two military attachés in 40 countries keep Uncle Sam informed on new developments from Africa to Russia**

# G-2 MEN

## By Kenneth Downs

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

**ilit y attaché, the 's f eign correspond- mus do a spy's work ut eing a spy. He da and night, gulps ns pink tea and ails, risks bombs and ts— l this to save e do ghboys' lives and ons f your dollars**

not lieve the Axis powers are g to this war. I base that on latest nd best information."— ent *Roosevelt's Fireside Chat,* ber 2, *1940.*

of the most important sources of atest d best information" was he military intelligence division War Department general staff. -2 gets its war information from ff correspondents—the military s; the pink-tea boys, their irrev- Army colleagues called them in lad days of peace. Sassiety sol- Coffee coolers. But these characterizations were not true then any more than they are today when the "coffee coolers" are dodging bombs in Europe and Asia.

The United States Army officers who serve as our military attachés abroad are an extraordinary lot—good-looking, highly educated, multilingual, clever, tireless.

They are the eyes and ears of the Army outside the United States, keeping the general staff minutely informed of the progress of wars abroad, of developments in arms and armaments in foreign countries. The information they furnish plays an important part in shaping our foreign policy. It is of vital importance in our rearmament program.

For the work they have done in observing trends in armaments and weapons, the military attachés are proving they are worth their weight in ten-thousand-dollar bills. Our defense spending is shooting up into astronomical figures, and were it not for the diligent work of our military attachés during the last few years, a large part of these dollars might be wasted on obsolete or obsolescent weapons.

At the Ebro and Teruel in Spain, at reviews and maneuvers in Germany, on the plains of Poland, in the snows of Finland and the mountains of Norway, at the forts of Belgium, the rivers of Holland, at Eben Emael, the Meuse, Sedan, Flanders and Dunkirk, in the air over Britain and the Channel, in Albania and Greece and in the deserts of Libya and in Russia, our observers have learned about blitzkrieg.

### We Learn Through Others' Errors

By cable, wireless and mail they have reported the progress of combat and new tactics, new weapons, new use of weapons. They have detailed the terrible lessons the French learned about the futility of rigid defenses. They reported the combined tactics of all arms including co-ordination of aviation with ground forces. They have advised expertly of the development of heavier armor on tanks; that antitank guns smaller than 37 mm. are out; that no new bombers should be put in production without power turrets; that fighter planes should carry at least eight wing machine guns and aim at the 400-mile-an-hour mark.

Thanks to their reports we are starting from scratch, building our enormous new Army along lines proved most effective and arming it with weapons that the test of battle has shown to be the best. We are profiting by trial and error on the battlefields of three continents, saving lives of future doughboys, saving literally billions of dollars.

Brigadier General Sherman Miles appoints and directs military attachés and it is to him they report. He is chief of G-2. His first name is for a great-uncle, William Tecumseh Sherman, who was something of a general himself during the Civil War and who is credited with the nifty, "War is hell."

Sherman Miles, a tall man of fifty-eight, has friendly blue eyes and thin lips. He looks like a man who knows a lot and is keeping it to himself. His Washington office is big and bare of furniture except for a desk and some chairs—neat, but about as elegant as a warehouse.

It is across General Miles' battered desk that the "latest and best" information flows in from his fifty-two attachés and their assistants and the special missions who collaborate with them. General Miles is like an editor receiving dispatches from fifty-two crack correspondents, but he keeps his information hush-hush instead of publishing it. Any editor would give a year's pay to sit in at General Miles' desk for a short while.

Miles appreciates the work and the problems of his men because he has had

*(Continued on page 47)*

# You're a Good Kid

**By Dorothee Carousso**
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

**All Liz wanted was a good husband, a pretty home and four kids. Until she met Clay. Then she took what she could get**

IT'S a sensible girl who doesn't mind being called Liz. It's an Elizabeth who has her mind on something besides fancy Hollywood names. This one had her mind on getting a good husband, and a pretty home, and four children, and then spending the rest of her life loving them all.

You could tell it almost the minute you saw her, because of the black hair and the serious gray eyes with the black lashes. Liz, you thought right away, was an awfully nice girl. She had such a pleasant smile and such warm, quick hands. And she had a hovering way about her that was sweet—as if she were practicing to be a mother hen.

Clay Cosgrove hadn't ever had much to do with girls, only kidding around with the wiseacres who would drift down to the pits during the intermission and after the races were over. Every midget-auto race track had a delegation of these wiseacres. They traveled in twos and threes, all wearing the same sweaters and skirts, all wearing their hair the same length over their shoulders and the little swirl over their foreheads tied with a ribbon. Young kids, mostly, and the fellows warned one another that they were jail bait.

When Clay came up from Pennsylvania, he found them at the Freeport track, too. Young kids, sweet kids really, under the make-up and the wise talk. But dynamite! So that first night at Freeport, after the races were over and the fellows started talking coffee, and Donovan told Clay that he'd introduce him to a good diner and a pretty girl named Liz, Clay just grinned and trotted along. Nobody's afraid of a girl named Liz.

IT'S funny when you first meet a girl how you can like her or dislike her for just one little thing. That one little thing, with Clay, was the fact that Liz didn't lean on the counter when she talked to the customers. He liked that. Then, he got to like the fact that Liz didn't kid around. When a fellow is banging around the circuits, sleeping in hotels, eating at odd diners, meeting a constant stream of people that he's never seen before and will never see again, he's got to keep up a fast clip of light talk. It gets tiring. Sometimes Clay thought about how nice it would be to sit himself down in that old farm kitchen back home and lay his elbows along that big table and say, "Let's talk some sense, Mom." Well, talking to Liz was like that—like spreading your elbows on the kitchen table.

It was quite a while before Liz knew that Clay felt that way about her. It was probably because she never gave any standing room in her busy mind to the "track truck," as she called them. She shut them out with preoccupied finality. When she had her good husband, and the pretty home, and the four children, and was busy loving them all, the diner and the track and the racers would be just something unimportant in the past.

To Liz, Clay Cosgrove was just another of the "track truck," just a nice fellow with brown hair and blue eyes and a big-kid grin. The most she wanted to know of that type was that they came into the diner for "coffee-and" when their night's work was done, and that when one of them didn't show up, the morning papers would furnish his alibi.

Being a sensible girl, she got this over to Clay the very first time she found him waiting to walk her home.

"What's this?" She acted surprised when he materialized out of the green-leaf shadows.

"Bodyguard," he grinned. "You're too little to walk alone at night. You might slip through a crack in the sidewalk."

She laughed at the idea, a quick, appreciative laugh, and in that instant it was too late to tell Clay that he couldn't walk with her. He was already doing it. But though they talked pleasantly enough about Long Island in the summer, and how much they both enjoyed thunderstorms, beneath the talking and the laughter, her heart set against him with a stubborness that only a girl named Liz can get away with.

WHEN they reached her boarding-house, she said good night pleasantly but firmly. Clay reached out an awkward paw and touched her shoulder.

"Just a second. I—er—I've got a pass to Friday night's races, if

"Oh, no! No *thank* yo elaborately. "I've somethi ter to do with my night watch a bunch of darned f kill themselves!"

"You've never been to t

"Nor will I ever," she sa

He looked at her closel over her upturned face, h kled at the corners with hi

"We like it, you know." a little. "You want to re if you ever decide to go."

"I won't!" she assured h

They stood looking at ea steady defiance, his eyes that's the way it is?" and swering, "That's the way was nothing more for the cept good night, and they stiffly.

That might have been a Clay had been a different was the kind that can de distraction. He'd come out leaf shadows and fall into as though she wanted him t walk along, maybe talk a li say good night in front of house. He never tried to make wise talk. He neve anything that would give to hand him walking pape

Liz got so she'd look for when she had said good n the boss, and stepped out summer wind. When she him waiting, she felt as tho day had wilted.

But Liz wasn't the kind self about things like this while she passed it off as i

(Continued on pag 5)

**She could see the u spinning in the air a she that Clay Cosgrove under that over**

# ck
# nes
# Night

uentin Reynolds
ABLE FROM LONDON

**n a ringside seat Collier's espondent in England sees lani bomber downed by a cky cannon shot from a Brit- h fighter in a midnight battle**

BRITISH COMBINE

**With only a single floodlight to help him take off, a Hurricane pilot starts up to intercept the approaching bombers**

S a ry small dog of uncertain vari ancestry. The dog kept ng t ard the door of the hut as he w e waiting for someone or for omething to happen. A ilots d gunners lounged about, for t ir turn to go up. Now and e of em would try to engage in a able conversation but the ook f all such attempts im- y. e had something on his You uld tell by his eyes that he ting r something. Then a bare- figu swathed in heavy flying walk l in the door and the dog orw l and leaped into his arms. ilot ughed and he grabbed the the g made friendly growling He k his teeth into the pilot's ut h couldn't get very far with avy oves, so he raised his head ed pilot's chin instead.

bee vaiting for you," I told the It's sy to see he's your dog." ther lots, who had been sitting talk and kidding and playing topp when I said that.

wasn waiting for me," the pilot rtly. "He isn't my dog. He was for . Al went up two nights l did come back."

you log now," one of the other aid.

me oned Al the rest of the I wa ed out on the airdrome. as an irdrome devoted entirely t fig rs. It was bright moon- There as a real bomber's moon felt hat although the Germans been er on a big scale in three they wouldn't pass up this r. T ground crews were sit- the gund close to the airplanes. anes f the night fighters are blac At this station there were o-mo red Defiants and Beau- as w as Spitfires. The single- d Sp are used only on the st of ghts. They land at a hun- iles hour and they haven't egs li the heavier twin-engined es. takes a lot of piloting to Spit hen you can't see where landi.

aird me was nearly a mile Th airplanes seemed to be ng t re in the semidarkness to ta off. The C. O. was just "Ho we can show you some wh someone said, calmly, -plus oming this way."

com nding officer smiled and ff to ge orders. Now these men hom been talking and laugh- d dri ing beer would have to start earning their twenty dollars a week; earning it the hard way. "Forty-plus" might mean anything. Actually, it meant "over forty German planes."

The motors were roaring out on the field now. I went out there. The pilots and their gunners sauntered out of the hut where they had been waiting. They walked to their planes.

"I'd just ordered a beer," a pilot named Cecil said to me. "When Frank brings it, grab it."

"I'll buy you one when you get back," I told him.

"I'll be back," he said. They all think that; they all believe in their own luck. If you don't believe in the absolute infallibility of your own luck you won't be much good as a night fighter. Somehow, people over here who don't believe in their luck get killed.

One plane after another roared off. They all show lights when they take off. They circle the field once to get the sleep out of their motors and then they switch their lights off and go to work. They show lights o eturning. The Germans do the same thing and often the R.A.F. night fighters try to guess what color lights the Germans will show on a particular night. They will circle high over German airports, mingling with German bombers, showing the German landing lights, and then let them have it. It is a difficult operation but the night fighters have become very proficient at it.

### The Spitfire is a Lady

I stood with two pilots who hadn't been sent up yet and we watched the planes circling. Twenty-four of them were up there. They would fly at different levels, forming a protecting wall 35,000 feet high between our airport and London. It was bright enough for the Spitfires to go up, and now they took off. Even the night couldn't conceal the slim beauty of this greatest of fighting airplanes. The blunt Beau-fighters and Defiants are decidedly masculine-looking. The Spitfire looks like a debutante, eager-eyed, youthful, dressed for her first big party. In the distance the guns were roaring and occasionally the sky was studded with quick, golden flashes from the exploding shells.

"Why don't you fellows ever get hit by our own ack-ack?" I asked one of the pilots.

"That's what they call co-operation between the air force and the ground force," he said. "They know where we are most of the time."

The guns nearest stopped and now we could hear the German planes. The two pilots could tell the difference between their motors and the motors of the night fighters. Now and then we'd hear the unmistakable loud singing of a Spitfire. It has a sound all its own. The sky above and on all sides was almost filled with planes but, bright as the moon was, we couldn't see any of them. Then we

*(Continued on page 49)*

**In their airdrome rest hut, R.A.F. night-fighter pilots wait for the signal that German raiders are headed for England**

WIDE WORLD

# HER DAY

**Madame Chiang Kai-shek gets up at six-thirty in the morning, puts in a harder day than Mrs. Roosevelt and seldom turns in before midnight. And her husband finds her of more help to him than 20 divisions**

**By Martha Gellhorn**

MAY-LING SOONG CHIANG, youngest of the three famous sisters and wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, came into the room quickly and lightly before the servant could announce her. The salon of her Chungking home is simple and gray, and the furniture stands about in neat rigidity. There are lace doilies on the chair backs, and the polished wood of the tables gleams.

It is a solemn Victorian room. You find yourself wondering at once what her own room is like. Is it gay and soft and pretty, or is it full of filing cabinets? She is the second most powerful person in China, and an executive of great talent; she is also a beautiful woman.

As soon as she talks, as soon as she smiles, you know that everything you have heard is true. She can charm the birds off the trees, and she knows exactly what appeals to each kind of bird. She is about five feet and five inches tall in high heels. She is as beautifully constructed as the newest and brightest movie star and she has lovely legs. Her face is oval, with cream-colored skin, a round chin and a smooth throat. She uses rouge, lipstick and a faint dark eyeshadow, and her ink-black hair waves loosely back from her forehead and is caught in a knot at the nape of her neck.

Every pose of her hands, her head or her body is pretty to see. She is so delightful to look at, and her low voice, speaking English with a charming, somewhat slurred accent, is so entrancing, that you forget you are talking to the second ruler of China.

She speaks quickly, leaning forward in her chair, smoking mentholated cigarettes, one after the other, from a thin ebony holder. She wears Chinese clothes. The remarkable Chinese have solved the fashion problem by having only one model of a dress. You can have it made in any kind of cloth, but the model is always the same. As a terrific innovation, very short sleeves came into vogue some eight years ago. Now all the women have adopted them.

Madame Chiang, these warm sunny days, wore the type-dress in flowered silk. For ornament, she wears earrings: of jet today, of diamonds yesterday when we had tea with her and the Generalissimo. She uses a faint scent, and looks as if she had nothing to do except be beautiful.

Actually, her working c six-thirty in the morning midnight: "Then I go to b "and wake up more tire before."

We were all feeling ple laxed because the weath Chungking, the capital scraper hills above the Y poisonous climate. It is in winter, and steaming h but now for a few days the thing almost like spring house you did not see th burned buildings, the litt shops and homes that ha from the bombed ruins.

You did not hear the n mering that is always ove which must rebuild itself is smashed. Even the dyn sions, blasting new bomb of the rock foundation of t here faintly.

The air-raid season, whic the fixed good weather of not started. She was tellin felt her English growing st she had not been back to A she left Wellesley.

"The overseas Chinese come to America to mal tour. They said it would divisions to China, if I can band told me to say that twenty divisions to be wit so I did not go."

### School for Wiv

The day before, at tea, s for the Generalissimo. Y how he relied on her, and how useful she is as an for him with foreigners. H English. But he does unc word. That word is "darli

"You see," she said, "he talk to me. And no matt anything is, we always chee up." She laughed, and we have been married fourtee get on very well, two peop tempers. When we marrie said it would not last." T familiar and homey, like woman who feels comforta after a long, happy marrie

"And he takes care of m on. "Sometimes I get so o cannot think. I am like a flypaper. Then my husban you go over to the south country, and stay there a fe just picks me up and sends

On Sunday, if they can, th simo and Madame go acro together, to their country h of the foreign embassies south bank, where they a free of the bombing. Th hills stretch out behind th and the legations and the S and American Petroleum compounds, and there is a you can rest from the war

We told Madame that we sister, Madame H. H. Ku Kong.

"She is an angel," Madam has the most heart of us al she has too much heart f good. She always acts on i people say terrible things Now you could see the t could see it in the bright e suddenly hard chin. You co this woman would fight wh loved, or what she believ

(Continued on page

**Madame Chiang Kai-shek, 2 ruler, with Ernest Hemi Martha Gellhorn in front Chiang's bomb shelter in**

# Captives' Return

**By Peter B. Kyne**

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

**One defender of Britain surrenders—but not to the enemy**

T IEUTENANT ANDREW CLAVER-
wa for the fifth time since the German in-
n o Holland, coming down to earth. So he
ple f minutes to consider his future, to won-
ner was dropping on the tail of the retreat-
h a ny or the head of the pursuing German
her was a blue sunset haze over the land be-
mo ments there had an indistinct quality.
nly e knew he was bound for a German
mp A battery of guns beyond a village just
m as throwing dozens of little high-ex-
hel at him! He thought: Better keep as
fro the village as possible. He manipulated
ds his chute, and the light breeze wafted
wa . . he dropped into a river and sank, al-
hou ripple, in a deep, slowly swirling pool.
e he ould unsnap the harness he felt himself
ved shore; when his body grounded in the
he up while the chute was pulled off him
d a man say, in a lovely voice with an un-
En sh accent, "Are you wounded?"
d n reply. There was something queer
s. H must have time to figure it out. Surely
fou t himself out of France to fall on Eng-
-do ghts did not last that long. The voice
him ain: "Give me your hands."
d af she drew him erect. He stared at her
wen something decidedly not of this world,
as h less and it had been a long time since
had hair-do. She wore a torn, soiled dress
was refooted. Perhaps he had been killed
was e of the Valkyrie sent to bring him to

id, "ell, I'll be darned!"
olon ," the girl exclaimed. She unsnapped
chut harness and shoved it back into the
It's idence when they come looking for
e ex ined. "There's a small German force
n th village. They finished a fight there
hour go."
did u know I was British?"
l, yo plane beat you down and crashed in
ge a I saw the marking on the wings. Then
sta d shooting and I could see dirty little
ffs around you. Made me think of a
ngel herub on clouds."
l, thi s my finish."
so al he fight is out of you, eh?"
you pect me to fight the whole German
A se ble man knows when to quit."
ve h rd of Britons so stupid they didn't
ey we whipped and so they fought on—and
Vait h e—in the water. Do not step out on
."

an u the river bar to a growth of willows
the nk and returned carrying a little boy
x yes old, a blanket roll, and a French
muse bag. The child was asleep, wrapped
y cot quilt. "Take him, please," she said,
lk up er in the shallows so you'll not leave

o are u and what are you doing here?"
a ref ee."
ogge p the stream about two hundred yards
e dar Beside it was a flour mill and a mill-
ne gin d him up stone steps to the mill. She
to th arrel of a heavy machine gun thrust
indow n the second floor and said, "Sham-
She le him across the lower floor through a
o the ck yard where perhaps a hundred bags
t wer piled in half a parallelogram. "Pop
angle nd hide," she ordered him.
ment ter she heard him exclaim, "There's a
itish dier here. Not a nice sight for this
en he wakens."
er m d the soldier. He's fresh. We were
n tha triangle when he came up the river
that chine gun I showed you upstairs. He
d gre ades but a German across the river
d him d he crawled in here and died."
o mo ed up the machine gun?"
d. H begged me to—when he discovered I
glish. howed me how to pull the pins and
h an derhand movement . . . it was a dirty
ally. ey were all gathered in the rear of the
nging way, and I crept upstairs, hid below
e top airs and let them have four."
at mak s you a *franc-tireur*. Get caught at
t of th g and you'll face the firing squad."
mer own," she warned. She pulled down a
wheat at on it and *(Continued on page 55)*

**place his arms around her. "My battery**
**l be b eted in this village tonight," he said**

# Dina Cashman

## By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

When he was in his seat they put their arms around each other for a long kiss

### *The Story Thus Far:*

BEAUTIFUL Dina Casnman, who liv family in Railway Flats near San wisely but too well. She appeals in va father of her unborn child), who has r snobbish mother persuades the spoile Dina's letters.

Desperately, she turns to Vere's we land, who is himself in an embittered the woman he loves, Aline Pierpont, ha ond time and has recently married An Rogers is moved by Dina's distress, a poses a solution: that Dina become Wanting her baby to have a legal fa strange offer and marries Holland. T eryone except Vere's mother and Alin Rogers commissions Aline's husband while Aline, angry and jealous, begins of her hasty marriage and back into R

After the birth of her baby girl, D vironment, and Rogers admits he hasn' ionship and contentment in years. Ho pleased when Aline, for the first time treating him kindly. He glows under is considering divorce . . . feels that h happily married.

For the first time since she was ab months before. Dina encounters the ha at an exhibition of Andy Havens' port and poised, Dina handles the meeting the gallery with Andy. They wander gether and wake to the realization th Aline has left him. Andy tells Dina, a come his wife—when and if Aline and

Vere comes to call on Dina and fl to explain his past conduct. Chill and him. When Vere announces that he Senator Hosworth's niece, Rogers cynic plan to live on. Before going out to tells Dina indulgently not to take Ve near engagement too seriously and hint look forward to marriage with Vere her

The very thought of marrying the her hour of need horrifies Dina, and s before submitting. Vere begins to p admitting he has been a fool but that evening Andy comes to her in great ha to see her before his plane leaves. Di about her past, but he stops her, sayi that she is never to refer to it again. t for them to be married. Since Vere ha same time, he and Andy leave the hou about Andy's great understanding, Din with misgiving as the two leave.

### XI

THREE days later Dina's lette been written on the plane afte air mail.

Dina had expected it on the m departure. She had thought tha from some way station and that th ing plane would bring it to her. had gone by, and night had given morning to night, a faint echo of t year earlier had come back to her. ing, waiting, the strong hold she not to go mad with the need to ha Her eyes ached for the sight o Rogers' table, at her place at breal as Lily came upstairs.

It was there at last, and for could not open it; she carried it a quiet, to drink in the first ecsta peace.

But the instant her eyes met she knew it was not to be peace. few lines, stunned, crushed the lett her hand. She pressed her free h if it were in physical pain. Present a dry throat she said aloud, "Oh,

After a time in which she wal her room, and out onto the high-b and back again among the curt chairs, she uncrumpled the letter a

"Dear Dina," it began. "I d what you were trying to tell me, b it was. You asked if it would 'mal dear. Of course it does. I'm so can't help it: it *does!* It means tha may not see each other again, and t in Connecticut gets a key turned Forgive me for hoping it might h I know now that it could not be. I happy about it, I would be, too. next month with Barry de Rivas; help him with his cameras and his you the prettiest shawl I can find Andy."

The last word was set by its there was no other message.

Dina felt as if her room were a suffocating box picked out of the w of stairs and walls like a prison cag at the window, breathing hard, s water that gathered in her mouth looked like a prison, too—stuffy t with tulips and primulas being move places in the rich wet loam. *(Cont*

# JR NEW RMY

NIN TEEN of the Army's thir three divisions are now or soon will be engaged in the mig est mock battle ever waged in th U. S. Small-scale tactical ers ive been under way in ten inc May, building toward the ash beginning next week in na, etween the Second and Fiel Armies comprising about illi troops.

l c bat involves movement, phy cal contact (shock action). gam movement is real but fire ated and hand-to-hand fighting Un these circumstances um- e ca d upon to figure out who Um es have no command or iona unctions; they merely re- roop ovements enough to pre- hysi contact and determine pro ss on the basis of strength, an ire power of the opposing d B forces. Part of the job, the ilding up of realism in the ed s p; they call it painting the In the recent Third Army ma uvers in Texas (phases of wh are pictured at right) un umpires dramatized the sit ion for unit commanders, t the hole problem in their laps. sar le situation quoted from a rapl l order by Chief Umpire DeW Ballard, of the 25th In-

pret hot around here, about ifle illets are kicking up dust of y r men's faces. Every once ile y hear a thump, as though dy s thumped a pumpkin. he y a bullet sounds when it an. Your men are hugging the the ire discipline is very poor. hum are becoming more fre- You n hear the wounded men g. T Reds are starting to use on y One shell lit right in the of t t squad over there. Just it. e squad leader's clothes own ff completely. The man him as disemboweled by shell its. u can hear him screaming . ere's some firing over on k. Y don't suppose they have up re troops, do you? At the rate of enemy fire, your unit g n here and your morale is own. Your bivouac is exposed. aid t artillery has discovered utena, your position is criti-

ble es of action to alleviate atio re at the umpire's finger t he not permitted to suggest What e officer elects to do, how- eterm es the umpire's decision nethe he lieutenant held or lost tion.

the pire system, and the use to de te whole units, a force of 00 n can lick the tar out of ppos g troops.

## IDAHO

BO E AIR BASE. Pressed for elb room in its bombing pra ce, the Army has made arr gements with Idaho stock- use a illion-acre range between ka ar the Craters of the Moon l mo ment during two periods ty 1st March 15th and June 15th ber 1 a) each year. The rest of e will d 400,000 sheep and 7,000 novi to and from the feeding , und urbed by bombs. There are miles and miles of the well-known wide open spaces in the West where jack rabbits and prairie dogs seem to be the only living critters; but the instant a bomber lays an egg over one of these desolate spots, out from behind the sagebrush will spring farmers, wool growers, ranchers and miners waving handfuls of writs and injunctions.

## UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. The Reception Center is picking up some loose change, these days, taking in businessmen boarders for dinner (lunch to you). Members of various civic clubs wanted to get a taste of Army chow, and the center's permanent personnel is making just enough above expenses to finance excursions here and there, now and then. Rotary Club members got more than they bargained for when one of their group hired a couple of professional actors and dolled them up as M.P.'s to heckle the clubmen while they ate. The realistic military cops strolled around criticizing table manners and bulging waistlines until some of the Rotarians were fit to be tied.

## LOUISIANA

32D DIV

CAMP LIVINGSTON, Alexandria. The Intelligence Section of the 127th Infantry was functioning very well indeed. Col. J. Tracy Gale was surprised by the vast quantity of messages pouring in from one of the observation posts—to the detriment of the opposing 34th Division—but accepted them as the McCoy because he knew the men on duty there. Not so the commander of the 64th Brigade, Brig. Gen. Paul B. Clemens. Halfway through the problem the general stormed into the Command Post clutching a sheaf of intelligence reports and demanded to know who was pulling his leg. Nobody was. It was quickly explained to him that the man who had signed the messages John J. Pershing was none other than Message Clerk John J. Pershing.

## MISSISSIPPI

37TH DIV.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. Built originally in 1917 to train 38th Division troops from Kentucky and Indiana, this camp now houses 47,567 soldiers of units from sixteen states, and, as the largest tent city in the U. S., has room for 20,000 more men. Abandoned after the last war, the cantonment was rebuilt during the past year to the tune of $21,000,000 and is now undergoing a $3,000,000 supplementary construction program. The five-and-a-half-mile-long, one-mile-wide area includes 1,400 buildings and 14,000 tents housing the 37th and 38th divisions and 12,000 men in the Third Army, Fifth Army Corps and Fourth Corps Area units.

SEVERAL days after Mess Sgt. Ted Livingston, 147th Infantry, posted an order to the effect that "There will positively be no griping about the food in this mess hall" he ordered the admonition unpinned from the bulletin board.

38TH DIV.

What got him down was the way the men complied with the nongriping edict. "Please, dear cook," they'd say, "let us have some more of those delicious beans. Yum, yum!" and "Please, sir, dish up

*(Continued on page 39)*

**WAR GAMES. At Camp Bowie, Texas, Major Gen. Geo. V. Strong, commander of the 8th Army Corps, directs his campaign. An umpire (standing at right) looks on**

**Flag above denotes nonexistent antitank gun. Neckerchief on soldier shows he is in front-line position, makes him visible to umpires flying over maneuvers**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

**A cavalry detachment makes "contact" with a theoretical enemy and elects to retreat. Duties of the umpire are described in text above**

# Back to School

## By Henry L. Jackson

YALE, Harvard and Princeton set standards for college clothes. There may be sectional modifications, but what the boys at those schools like appeals to other fellows. White shoes, trench coats, odd jackets, gray slacks and striped sports jackets were first seen on their campuses. Now you'd be at home on any campus in them.

New in campus wear this year are Army cotton drill and denim trousers. They're inexpensive and tough. Also new but with an authentic college background is the sports jacket with long center vent carrying a button and buttonhole to prevent spreading. It's simpler to have no vent, but Yale started it and we thought you'd like to know.

In shoes, Golden Gorse, an orangey-tan leather, will be seen in heavy brogues. Norwegian peasant slippers have turned up in patent leather for wear with a dinner jacket and they're very comfortable.

Campus boys are going strong for Army colors. Most important are O.D. (olive drab) and khaki—in suits, topcoats, garters, suspenders, ties and even robes. The boys are also bursting out in wild Scotch plaids. They add a splash of color to somber military shades.

Sheepskin is an important college note for linings in short cotton gabardine coats; in trench coats for campus and stadium wear; in parkas; even in the Norwegian peasant slippers.

Tweed jackets and odd slacks are practically a campus uniform. Shetland tweeds are popular for jackets in plaid and striped patterns; slacks worn with them are mainly of O.D. covert cloth or gray flannel. In the East the boys like sports jackets with narrow shoulders and very little waist suppression. Trousers are short and narrow, showing plenty of wild hose. In the West broad-shouldered jackets have full chest and snug hips; trousers are wider.

At many Southern schools, in addition to jackets and slacks, you'll find leather windbreakers and sweaters. The cotton parka, originally used for skiing, will be found on many college backs. It's lightweight, water-repellent and windproof. You can get it with an attached or adjustable hood.

The three-button single-breasted suit with notched lapels remains the favorite college model. This year coats and vents are longer, trousers narrower. Best colors are O.D., a greenish-brown Army color; Blue-Bark, a blue-brown combination, and Bracken, a soft tan. For week-end dates or any special occasion a regular business suit, double-breasted, in blue-gray or Ensign Blue with chalk stripes or neat patterned effect is a good bet. Gray flannel is good and if it is single-breasted you might wear a yellow chamois waistcoat.

In topcoats covert is still favorite, in an O.D. shade, with brown herringbone tweed as runner up.

If anyone cares about who has the button, it's the college boy. The button-down, collar-attached shirt is practically regulation. It's usually in oxford cloth in white, solid color or simple stripes. Newest color is stone, a gray-tan which looks well with O.D. suits. Tan shirts with blue stripes are fine with Blue-Bark suits.

In ties, foulard pattern wools, Scotch tartans, twill stripes and crochet knits are for the campus, bold charvet pattern ties for dress-up. Tan and blue combinations are good.

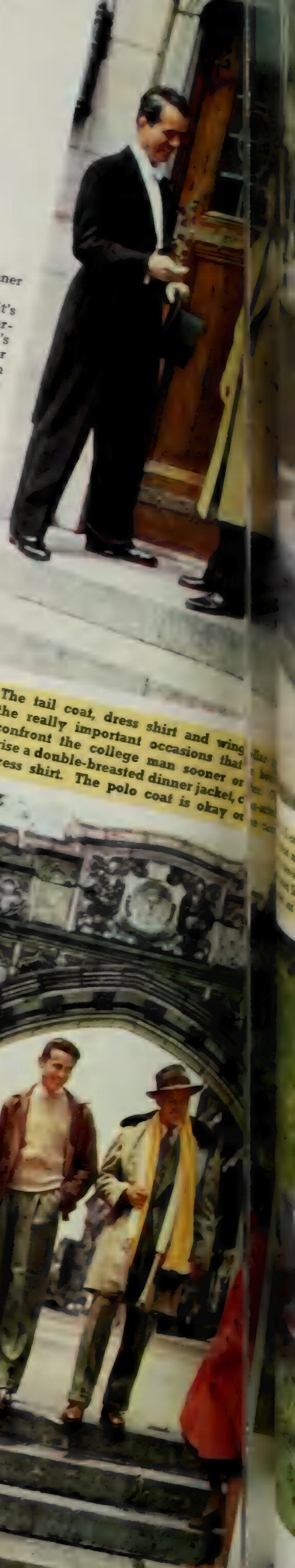
College shoes are Norwegian style with crepe soles, heavy brogues with thick leather or red rubber soles and the perennial white-saddle shoes. Norwegian peasant slippers come with buckle front and crepe soles.

Best raincoat for school is the raglan shoulder, military collar type, knee length, with button or slide-fastener front.

On cold days many boys wear mufflers. A yellow knit with gloves to match is okay. The extra-long Shetland muffler, solid color, is for cold days at the stadium. And if you're buying a belt get a tooled leather cowboy one with silver buckle.

A dinner jacket will see you through most college affairs, but the tail coat is handy in case of an important prom.

This is the kind of clothing you'll find at school. You won't need all of it but you won't go wrong with any of it. If you can't find what you want locally write us. We'll be glad to help.



**The tail coat, dress shirt and wing the really important occasions that confront the college man sooner or wise a double-breasted dinner jacket, c dress shirt. The polo coat is okay o**

**Newest campus idea: Scotch plaid cotton pajamas. Note the O.D.-color flannel robe with military insignia at cuff, which forms links so cuffs can be turned back for shaving or washing. The girl's gray flannel blazer is trimmed with the plaid of her skirt**

**At far right: For general campus wear. O.D.-color cord suit, Army officer's type raincoat, tweed cap, heavy brogue shoes. Next, leather jacket with slide-fastener front, covert slacks, crew-neck Shetland pull-over. Next, short coat of cotton gabardine with sheepskin lining, bracken-brown Shetland type suit, long Shetland muffler, tan hat. Red raincoat on girl**

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ht above: O.D.-color covert coat worn with Ensign Blue-striped worsted colo Shetland suit; brown tweed topcoat and O.D.-color covert suit; wee suit, knee-length zipper-front balmacaan raincoat, semi-Tyrolean nd blue-striped Shetland sports jacket worn with gray flannel slacks; ports jacket and Army cotton twill slacks. Typical college hats

Blue denim trousers (below) can take the kicking around they get on the campus and so can a parka. The suit on the girl is of green velveteen. The student with a book wears a Glen plaid sports jacket with covert slacks; the chap seated next to him wears a number that is popular at most of the universities—the single-breasted gray flannel suit in combination with a pale yellow chamois waistcoat

# Sound of Silence

**By William A. Krauss**

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

JOHN BROOKE put his magazine on the low table and touched the wall switch that extinguished the lights. For a moment he stayed motionless in his chair; then he arose and went through the high doorway to the veranda. He stretched his arms above his head and, briefly, listened to the night sounds.

Cicadas shrilled somewhere in the bushes beyond the lawn; the frogs barked low and monotonously in the pond at the bottom of the drive. When the air stirred, however slightly, the fronds of palms beside the house insinuated a metallic scraping.

Brooke listened: and heard the murmur of the sea, a remote and sustained whispering, barely distinguishable above the chorus of frogs.

Frogs. . . .

Then Brooke grinned. "The damned frogs—" he said half aloud. Only that morning, in the office shed, Anderson had cursed the frogs. They'd ruined his sleep, he'd said, with their insane, endless yammering. His face had been strained, grayish. Plainly the frogs, among other things, had touched his nerves—

Brooke went into his bedroom. He did not need a light. He undressed quickly, flinging his clothes across a chair. His hand found the opening of the mosquito net over his bed. He lay on his back, with his arms straight at his sides, and his mind slipped easily into a semiconsciousness that was not yet sleep.

Sleep would come soon.

He was not aware that his room was heavily perfumed with the scent of frangipani; he had grown used to that. Nor did he know that part of his mind was listening. He was very tired.

HE HAD been in Haiti—in the south of Haiti, on a rubber estate between the river and the sea west of Jacmel—for six years. He had never had an urge to leave there. He liked the unvarying bright, hot days, the unvarying work that never pressed too urgently upon him. He was entirely satisfied to be remote from the rest of the world. And the estate, in his hands, showed a small but continuous profit. Good thing, that.

His mind turned, as he lay awaiting sleep, to his first years in the tropics. It had not always been easy then; loneliness has brushed him and made him, sometimes, morbidly restless. He could remember a defiant period—he grinned in the darkness—he could remember a reckless period when he had even thought of marrying. A quick trip to the States, the businesslike selection of a bride. By George, that would have been a ghastly mistake!

He moved slightly in his bed, adjusting the hard pillow. He heard the frog sounds, the distant and soothing mutter of thunder.

He thought of Anderson. It was, he told himself with a little surge of irritation, too damnably bad that the New York office had taken it upon themselves to send Anderson out to him. An assistant, they had said, and let it go at that. Yet from the first it had seemed fairly clear to him that the New York office was grooming Anderson for his job. The reason was obscure; no doubt Anderson had connections. . . .

He turned drowsily, remembering the day that Anderson had arrived. Young, well-muscled, but with a mouth too thin, eyes somehow not the sort you'd warm up to. Brooke had frankly not liked him, but he'd tried hard to be fair. He'd admitted to a certain bias, naturally; under the circumstance he was bound to be prejudiced against Anderson. But his reaction had been to go out of his way in politeness, to lean over backward in aiding Anderson to settle in a routine of work.

It hadn't been easy. Anderson had early built a strangely defensive wall about himself. His temper was brittle.

There had been the morning he had flared up over some inconsequential detail of production. He swung round on Brooke and shouted, in a voice taut as a wire, "Can't you keep your nose out of what I'm doing? Who the hell are you to be giving orders—"

And so on. Brooke had stood through it calmly. There had been no move toward physical violence; doubtless the width of Brooke's shoulders and the obvious power of his long brown arms had made their impression on Anderson. Brooke had simply stood and listened. And when the ranting was over, Brooke had turned away without a word. After that he'd let Anderson strictly alone.

THAT had been five months ago. Yes, Brooke told himself, moving his hands, touching the thin sheet that covered him; five months; it had seemed longer. It had not been at all pleasant. But he had, in a manner of speaking, won. Anderson was not built to stand the unpleasantness of his own creation. He had, as if with infinite attention, made their association as difficult as possible, and yesterday he had cabled his resignation to New York. Tomorrow, in the morning, he would leave for Jacmel and take a ship away from Haiti.

And Brooke would be alone again. He'd have his privacy, uninterrupted, personal; the tightness would go out of him; he could expand again.

He relaxed. He opened his eyes for a moment in the darkness. Then he sat up in bed, suddenly rigid.

His eyes were wide; he was listening acutely, straining to hear. His instant's indecision drained away. With sure fingers he jerked aside the mosquito net and stepped silently to the floor. He moved quickly to the door. There, behind the shutter, beside the highboy, his hand closed upon the thick coffeewood cane which he never misplaced. The room behind him was black as a ship's hold; even the air seemed motionless. Brooke waited.

UNTIL the figure was a blur of whiteness in the doorway, Brooke neither saw nor heard it. And at the moment that he did see it, the silence was torn by the revolver sounds. Four shots merged almost into one. Brooke saw the flame. He raised the heavy cane and brought it down—a blow with not quite all his dangerous force behind it—upon the head of the man in the doorway. The figure slumped without any cry.

Brooke crossed the room and turned on the lamp. Then he pulled the bell cord. He took the revolver from Anderson's hand and dropped it in a drawer of the desk. From his bedside carafe he

**He raised the heav cane a brought it down— low w not quite all his angere force behind it—up the he of the man in th doorw**

poured water on Ande n's fa Maudi, the Negro houseboy locked the door. "Come in," I ke sa Maudi's eyes, vacant with p, rest for a moment on Anders then Brooke. "Get brandy," I ke sa The Negro returned with decan "Get out," Brooke said.

He lifted Anderson's head d pour brandy in his mouth. Aft a mm Anderson stirred. He open his ey he came to his knees. "Be s "Broo said. "Rest a minute. You all rig I think I hit you harder than meant t

Anderson kneeled, his h is bef him on the floor, supporti him made no effort to speak.

Brooke kept his voice l "Sor Anderson," he said, "but yo orced hand, you know. You can' o arou shooting up a man's bed in night-

He paused. Anderson sta motio less. Brooke stood over hi "You been here too long, Anders -and not long enough. You hav learn to understand the night sou

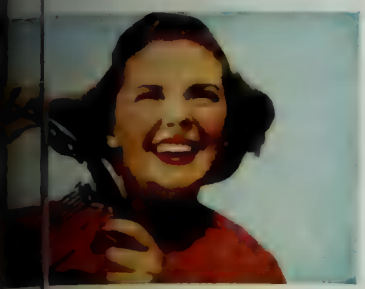
He put the coffeewood ne in place behind the shutter.

"Listen," he said. "Liste anders Can you hear the frogs? T're ba ing again—did it escape you otice t they went silent as you pass the po coming up the lawn?"

The chorus of the frogs s a b harsh sound in the night.

"Watchdogs, Anderson," ke sa quietly. His head was turne listen His face was expressionless. Then th fade out—look alert. Valu lesson He leaned and touched And on's ar "I'll help you to your bu low," said. "And I suggest you tr eeping the car'll be here at eight to te you your ship. Sleep may repai at he ache."

The barking of the frogs is louc now, part of the night's in ate pa tern of sound.



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# lvance
# gent

## oh August

TED RONALD McLEOD

*ory Thus Far:*

N MES GARRETT, of U. S. Inte ence, has been engaged in un- the vities of a powerful German sed Weitbrecht. Posing as Erich Ge an spy, whose arrival was ex- Na agents in the United States, as c cted evidence against all the eep e ringleader, von Weitbrecht. ous erican Nazi, Lynn Scovil, has to p Garrett, or Köchlin, in touch No. German agent if Köchlin will Sc l, the leader.

ours f his duties, Garrett meets and ove th Gail Armstrong, a young ho w formerly engaged to Scovil. o se cy, Garrett is forced to keep le G l's suspicion of his activities he is eply in love with him, but is sace y his Nazi connections.

y, a wspaper reporter from New nos out the fact that Camp Rye- hot d of foreign espionage. Ac- d b his fiancée, Scovil's pretty Con (who, hating her father, lives l Ar trong), he confronts Garrett es hi of being a German flier, lately rom nada. Realizing that Bill Jay nenc for at least twenty-four hours, nder e Nazi thug, Booker, to kid- news erman and lock him up for at C p Ryegate. Booker agrees but rivat to kill Bill Jay.

t pe ades the Nazi spy, Mathilde to al don Scovil and to lead him, to vo Weitbrecht. The American in- tly ti his hand to the woman (by on t short-wave radio in the mid- coded essage addressed to himself). telep nes Booker at Camp Ryegate. m to me at once and deal with Gar- en G ett warily insists on leaving at mid hoots but only grazes his arm. overp ers the woman and drives to use. C binds up his wound, helps him athle tightly and lock her in a closet. him verishly put a call through to telig e in Washington. In a wave the ves him to von Weitbrecht's ere t y pick up the German who is r the pression that Garrett is Köch- Mean ile, Connie persuades a skep- cema to help her look for Bill Jay d Jay ealizing that he will not be al- tive) hurried into a car at the camp. ooker rives to pick up Mathilde and he m only a houseman who babbles ving ard a shot. That leaves only y plac or the American to have gone. eason -Gail's house. He goes there, mu d cries in an upstairs closet, a tak off the hinges.

### Conclusion

RE s a clump of hazel at the of t old road, opposite the cut re C nie and Bill had watched ting f truck and car less than go. Lyman—she had learned t wa his first name, that he was Ly n Sharp—had parked the l s c pé, just back of that hazel. ere sting on the sodden ground haz probably kept off some of bu rivulets of drainage from d flo d around them. Huddled licke Connie clasped her knees ok. She seemed to have been for ours. Would she ever be gain

scar l or just cold?" Lyman in-

. Sit up."

e th k she was cast iron? How and peful the world had been e ha lain here beside Bill! That t m ting had scared her, but or w nothing compared to this of espair. That night, the l qu tion had been whether Bill ng t iss her! What might they ne t him by now? She bent her ehea down to her wet sleeve and shu out the terrible images of hey ight have done, but she

**"He is an American!" she screamed. She knocked his arm upward and the gun went off in the air**

couldn't shut them out. And twenty-four hours ago he had kissed her good night, and had said, "See you in the morning."

"You better make good, sister," Lyman said gloomily, "or it will be me, not the state, that pays to have this uniform cleaned."

Her tortured nerves tried to explode in a laugh that would have meant hysterics but she managed to hold it back. But maybe that was the best thing to think of—a policeman's muddy uniform. Or how foul with mud she was. She was dry down to the waist but from there on she was water-soaked . . .

She dug her fingers into his arm. Headlights had turned into the road from the end that was nearer the camp. "They turned them off, before," she whispered.

"Takin' a chance on the rain. Okay, sister, just don't move."

Move? What with? Brilliant light passed across the clump of hazel and the falling rain showed clear. The beam slid on down the abandoned road, tires passed not ten feet from her eyes, and the darkness was redoubled. The car went on, then stopped, hardly a hundred feet away. The lights went out. She couldn't see anything. She could just hear the rain swishing at the road.

Lyman was fumbling at his belt. He said cheerfully: "Just sit here. But if I yell for you, come a-hellin."

He slid through the hazel to the road and Connie diminished to pure fear. Something was turning and twisting and, dazedly she realized that that was her stomach—and a light showed down the road and a shout came through the rain, "Come on, babe!" She was out on the road, stumbling, running.

It was a station wagon. The trooper was pointing a flashlight at two men who were standing by the radiator with their hands in the air. Her breath was coming in racking gasps, and Lyman said, "Hold this on them while I look for fleas." He gave her the flashlight, said, "Keep it steady," and began to whistle a tuneless note between his teeth. One of them, under a slicker, was wearing a

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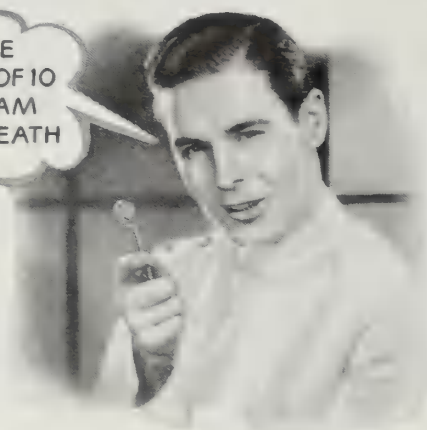

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Camp Ryegate uniform—and Connie's stomach twisted again when she recognized the other one as the thug with a cauliflower ear they had seen on the trail. Lyman came up behind them. "I threw a seven," he remarked, and took a revolver from the man she didn't recognize. "This is an Eagle Scout"—and he took an automatic from Cauliflower Ear. "That will do to ask questions about. Hold it steady, babe." He took his own gun in the other hand and got a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and clicked them around the wrists of the uniformed man. Connie managed half a scream but Lyman had seen Cauliflower Ear move too. He batted him over the head with the barrel of his revolver. The man's knees buckled and he went down in the mud.

CONNIE dropped the flashlight, fell on it, picked it up. Lyman got down on one knee beside the huddled figure and in the circle of light she saw that his face was angry. But he was still talking amiably: "We could use some rope. See if there's some in the car, sister."

She jerked forward on leaden legs, turned the flashlight into the station wagon, and screamed, "Bill!" The bound figure arched and rolled. "He's here," she cried weakly; "he's alive," and climbed into the station wagon. "Darling! It's all right! I've got a cop." She dropped the flashlight again, and there was something tied over Bill's face, and she couldn't see and her hands wouldn't work. She clawed at that gag, and Trooper Lyman Sharp roared, "Get heavy on that rope!"

The thing came off. Bill grunted, "Do what you're told, Connie." But there wasn't any rope. Yes—there was one around his ankles and through tears she fumbled at that. Got it! She climbed over Bill, slid out of the car and gave the rope to Lyman, and the flashlight jiggled in her hand. "Hold it, babe," Lyman said with the sweetest reasonableness, and Cauliflower Ear had a bloody head, but she held the flashlight somehow and Lyman got his wrists tied.

"Get your guy," he suggested and stood up. Connie leaped to the endgate of the station wagon, and poor Bill was trying to get out without any hands. She managed to prop the flashlight in the corner but she had begun to cry and her fingers kept slipping at the knots. Bill said, "Heads up, Connie," and the rope came free. Instantly Bill was over the endgate. She followed, sprawling in the road, but got up and hung on to him. He put an arm around her. She heard the queerest sound. It turned out to be Connie Scovil, crying.

"A truck will be here any minute," Bill was saying desperately.

Lyman said, "Yeah," thoughtfully, "we better get back in the bushes—" The man with the handcuffs leaped for the side of the road. Lyman kicked his feet from under him, pulled him up by the collar, and hit him in the face. "Try that again and you'll come down sick," he said. "Sit down by your buddy and count sheep . . . You two check so far," he informed Connie. "We're on schedule, so we'll pile back in the bushes and hold hands—"

Bill shouted, "There's a handful of spies loose—"

Lyman said, "I can hear you." He stooped for the flashlight, which had slipped from Connie's hand. "State property, babe, I'd have to pay for it . . . You two got your story pat, haven't you? Well—"

"Trooper," Bill broke in, "up on Taylor Mountain there's a man that the United States Secret Service is looking for. There's half a dozen others on the prod in Windham this minute. We've got to notify—"

"I come for a car and a truck. I only got the car," Lyman sighed. "Well, you take sister and her c Stop at the first phone racks and tell them to to hold my tools."

"Can you take that t

"Sometimes I need Lyman said modestl Then go right on in to tell the sergeant what And look, brother, you get back. All I know a sister tells me."

Bill was just short of patience. "That truck any second. Look, I'v gun—"

"Gun? What for?"

"These babies were weren't they? You thi lodge night for the othe

Lyman said nothing. ened around Connie harder. She became a again and how black Lyman said, "Oh, well blondes. Here." He ha thing in the dark, and it a gun. Bill said, "Wh Lyman said, "Wait a r somewhere and buy sis She's got one coming t

Bill roared, "Where's Connie contrived to say Even on his arm, she Her mind went on and she felt as if she were o ground—she seemed to it into the air, like a chi said, "This is Gail's car," left her to get into it he aged to. He got beh backed the coupé out in they were off with a skid

They came out on the miles. Bill said, "It's n we've got to talk to. listen to me now. I kno

Connie crumpled. T headlights began to rev wasn't any light at all. speaking from a long turned out to be Bill. "Darling!" and she man edge, not to faint afte stopped, the headlights long fingers through the had his arm around her. arms around his neck Nothing else was import were and the world had despair. She pressed ag couldn't get close enough him tight enough. She laughing and in the dark part of his face. "I'm sc "I'm no good, darling. I down. I keep going to darned good." Bill said. frail wench—that's how life." A sob shook her "I think there's time to murmured. He kissed he

SO SHE wasn't crying even shivering. Her h shoulder and their cheeks —let the rain fall. noth happen now, she had co the hopeless place.

"All right," she said. "le the professor said."

He got started. Also speak: "We'll telephon all right. But there are th no time for talk. We'll tel body we think of, but it's member von Weitbrecht:

"I remember everythi said."

"He was up on the mou why I got knocked down It turns out to be a lot w wildest guess—"

"My father—"

"He was in it, all right. I figure out that the w Römer and von Weitbrec

Sc ething big is going on. Big o ke a lot of stopping. The g i locate Römer. If I'm right in here somewhere still; he ot away, that's why I was —"

as t Pinnacle Manor tonight. m. I went there before I went ol . Mathilde Winkler was —

as right. I'd have spotted her ell we'll try to get Pinnacle oo d into. Maybe we'd bet-

t ow where my father is. I re oking for him. He wasn't le t, they said he wasn't."

as there." Bill's voice soft-h mething grave and com-te. he tone made her wonder. sto ed the car long enough to er his arms again and kiss it sn't worth while to wonder yth g. The impossible turned p ible after all.

ad tally lost time at the book-no hey went on losing time. k w that it must be Booker oic reached her through the he eard him working at the nd. last the door came off. d h out on the bedroom floor. gag ff, got the ropes off her. ed. e is gone. Both of them." the Booker lifted her to her she ppled over on the bed.

ha happened?" he kept de-. hy did you not shoot him? id go?"

an ed to say. "I shot him." ed er on her back. Her jaw ear ly. There was an aching n h breast. "But he hit me ght e here. They have gone. eac von Weitbrecht. Where is

r se ned stunned. "How long ? I w long ago?"

min es. Hours. I can't tell. vill ve to go to the mountain-t vo Weitbrecht. You can still —"

All fternoon von Weitbrecht a at e lodge. If the American a go even fifteen minutes, he eady e there—" He stopped. d. "amp!" and ran out of the 'I wi telephone."

Mathilde's mind careened and almost slipped into the dark. She fought down the faintness. She must think—think now, think fast, and think right. Something could still be saved. She got off the bed and tottered, dizziness billowing in her. Stop it! She saw that her dress was torn—in fact, was almost torn away. A glance in the mirror dissipated her faintness and brought back intelligence. Her face was swollen out of shape and her hair was wild. There was blood—not her blood!—on her face and throat, and on the torn bodice of her white dress, and on her slip. She had only one shoe, and her stockings were in shreds.

Booker must do what he could about the American. She must tell headquarters. And . . . she must get away. She took off the ruined dress and slip. She washed rapidly, sat at a dressing table to comb her hair and powder her cheeks, took a dress from the closet she had been locked in and put it on, found stockings in the bureau and brogues in the closet.

Downstairs she found Booker prowling in the bookshop, a pistol in his hand. "Neither Fritz nor Josef is at camp. That means they have gone to meet the truck. I could not talk to anyone I trust. But at least the police have not been—"

"The police will come here," she said, able at last to think coldly. "Two women live in this house. Neither is here. One of them went with him—"

"You hit him." Booker pointed to squares of gauze and a bloodstained shirt.

"In the arm, it seems," she said curtly. "This has finished us, Carl. He has had time to notify anyone he cared to. Watch all the doors." She sat down at the telephone and put in a call to New York.

She wasn't afraid. All that counted was to warn the company. She could see Booker pacing in the hall, leaning forward on the balls of his feet, he moved like an animal and there was a brutish quality in his face. "No one must come in while I am telephoning," she called to him.

It took a long time to complete that call . . . How swift the overturn had been! For a few minutes she had held success in her hands. All she had needed was to kill him. She had failed. It

**"I hate to take your money, young man, but I hope this will teach you not to gamble in the future!"**


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

**Professor:** Look here, you two, why didn't you attend my lecture? A fascinating subject: "The function of vitamin $B_1$ in the optimum dietary."

**Dolly:** But professor! We *know* our vitamins and all about "pep appeal"! Come join us for lunch and see!

**Professor:** What do you mean, *pep appeal?* It sounds like utter nonsense to me.

**Sue:** Why professor, you've said yourself we couldn't have pep without vitamins. You know, *pep, oomph, zip-zip, whiz!*

**Dolly:** There, professor, you have vitamins de luxe. In crisp, toasted curly flakes of wheat—that scrumptious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP. Rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins $B_1$ and D.

**Professor:** But what a taste! What a flavor! And to think that all the textbooks in the library hadn't told me about KELLOGG'S PEP.

**Professor:** (sometime later) Well, I'll see tonight how your *pep appeal* idea works.

**Dolly:** You know what the philosopher said, professor: "Where there's pep there's hope!"

# Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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meant a mortal wound to the system. Last week's losses would be trifling compared to what would happen now.

"What is keeping you?" Booker shouted.

She could not share his desperation, for what mattered now? Two minutes, two hours, two days—with the end certain, the exact time mattered little. But the fragments of what could still be saved depended on this telephone in the house of the enemy . . . It was taking an abnormally long time. There was always someone to take calls at the company, and at this late hour the circuits should be clear. New York operators murmured from time to time, silence succeeded them, finally a brisk voice said, "Interoceanic Forwarding Company."

Mathilde put back the phone. "He got there first," she said, for that was not the way phone calls were to be answered. They had held up the call long enough to put someone on the trail here.

"Come on, Carl," she said.

He ran out. She followed, not knowing what to do. What now?

But Booker must make the attempt. She must set him to find—well, what was the American's name? John Page, Friedrich Römer, Erich Köchlin—all false names. But they had done the job.

BOOKER took the road toward Camp Ryegate. "There is enough at camp to hang us all," he said. He was hunched over the wheel, his gun on the seat between them. Poor simple soul! It didn't need whatever might be at camp. They were lost.

But Lynn! Lynn had got away! he was free. He might even have got von Weitbrecht away before Köchlin got there. He had started out to do just that. The American might, even now, be kept from his goal.

"If von Weitbrecht is at the lodge, go there. Turn around, Carl, at once. We've still got a chance to save the most important thing."

"No," he growled, "the camp!"

"Lynn went to get von Weitbrecht more than half an hour before—before I found out about the American. Lynn may have—must have—got him away."

"I had just come from the lodge when you phoned me."

His voice went guttural with a harsh violence. Alarm woke in her. "Lynn had not been there? He didn't get to von Weitbrecht?"

"There is no point in going there," Booker said. "Scovil is dead."

"Dead?" she repeated stupidly, ice closing round her.

"What did you expect? Only today you told me he was not safe." Booker was bellowing: "Scovil threatened us both this afternoon—von Weitbrecht and me. Tonight he came back, flourishing a gun. He ordered von Weitbrecht to go with him. Well, we had made up our minds. I was waiting for him. I shot him."

Mathilde lay back, spent and without sensation. Of course that was what he had wanted to do, the American, to turn them against each other. He had succeeded. Lynn was dead. The last hope was dead too. But Lynn was dead.

Booker stopped the car. This was where the road led off the highway to Camp Ryegate and a neon sign burned red in the rain. He stared at it. Mathilde lay back in the seat, indifferent to anything. She shuddered at the thought of rain falling on Lynn's body. Suddenly the car shot off down the highway at full speed. "I don't dare go in," Booker said. "They may be already there. We must save ourselves."

She could afford no time for grief. Her mind came awake. "Where are you going?" He said, "Where is there to go? There is nothing we can do." She said quickly, "We can go to Lynn's and burn things. We can cover up."

"Yes. That will be safe for a while."

Oh, very far from safe! It was the irony of this total defeat that only she was able to estimate the resourcefulness and quickness of the American. She did not know his name but he was up to his job . . . Booker turned the car around and began the long drive to Lynn's. She sat nerveless, estimating expedients, calculating chances. The job now was to survive as long as possible.

Fifty yards short of the stone gateway, she made him stop. "I represent the company, Carl," she said. "I will wait here. I will stop anyone who comes. Go through Lynn's desk and safe. Burn anything you recognize—no, burn everything. My bags are packed. Bring them here."

She saw him, in the headlights, turn through the gates. She waited for a moment, then got behind the wheel, swung the car around, and drove away. Perhaps the American would be waiting for Booker. So much the better. If only one of them were to be killed, on the whole she would rather have it Booker, who had killed Lynn. But maybe luck would be gracious, just once, to the woman who had failed in everything and would fail in the flight she was now beginning. Maybe luck would arrange to have them kill each other.

GAIL made out little of the talk in the seat behind her. Most of it was in German, all of it in whispers. It went on and on. It seemed as if she had been driving down rainy roads forever—but all excitement, pressure, and apprehension was gone. A steady exhilaration had taken their place, that John Page, whose name was James Garrett, had done what he had been sent to do. Von Weitbrecht's gun was on the seat beside her. Garrett had explained to him that she must be on guard while they talked and had passed it to her. She had murmured, "I don't know how to use it," and he had touched her shoulder and said, "The point is, he does." It was in harmony with this incredible night—this night of nightmare or fantasy—and, like other parts of the night, showed the prompt ingenuity of James Garrett. And the most incredible part was that, in complete belief, an enemy of the United States was pouring out the secrets of his trade to an officer of the United States Army. Now, in this car.

At last he leaned over to say, "All right—go back to the bookshop." He was finished then, he had what he wanted. His voice was calm but had the same tone of triumph she had heard when he met von Weitbrecht.

She swung the car in a wide arc, and whispered, "How is your arm?"

"It hurts like hell."

HIS lips touched her ear and passed across her hair. She was more alive than she had ever been before—the rain was the rhythm of a love song, and while he sat beside an unsuspecting, outmaneuvered and defeated enemy, he had time left over to think of her.

Fifteen minutes later they reached Windham. She turned in to the square and Garrett said, urgently, "Stop!" She stopped, and excited alarm had been brought back by his tone. He said, "We left no lights."

Yes, there were lights upstairs and down . . . He was out of the car and she was alone with the spy. Von Weitbrecht flopped down on the floor of the car. She heard him breathing hard. She clutched the pistol and her alarm ranged ahead of James Garrett, who had not hesitated to investigate the unknown hazard of that house. Mathilde, she thought, or Booker! But it might be, it had to be, Connie. Her fingers gripped the cold steel of the gun and she strained to see what might be happening a hundred yards away. In this quiet town! No policeman walked his beat, no householder's window opened on the dark.

He was back. "Drive to Scovil's."

"Was it Connie?"

"I had forgotten Connie! No." He leaned close, whispering. "The door is down and Mathilde is gone. Booker got here. I can't let von Weitbrecht out of sight."

He spoke over the back of the seat, to the man who was lying on the floor, admonishing him not to be seen. He seemed to be staring through all windows at once and she saw the gun in his good hand . . . How lor driving through the rain

"Steady," he murmur the final sprint."

He was so obviously could not be afraid, b were tense and senses sharp edge. Time w again; there was only ing into the headlights. gateposts at the entr drive were silhouetted bery, and Garrett said,

He leaned over and Weitbrecht on the floor, to show himself, no ma pened. "You'll have to two-cent Hitler," he wh Then he got out and st ning board, clamping t wounded arm over th "Drive slowly . . . All bones."

She let in the clutch through the gate and to uphill drive. She coul murmur of the engine picked out trees, clump stretches of lawn. The the house—lights on the floors, at the stables. H and she stopped. Not and presently he said "C crept forward again. Th where the circle in front began, and he said "St was staring at the house neither sound nor moven from the veranda reac circle and diminished to "Go on around," he said, car in motion. It came a and she stopped it at t terrace, the headlights the drive.

"Well," he said, "some check up."

HE STEPPED off the His shoulders hunche facing a high wind, he st light. Nothing happene fast at an angle across t disappeared down the r once the fear she had n overwhelmed her. He ha was alone with—with the ler. She grabbed for th side, got the door open, a stood there while mome to moment intolerably whatever happened.

The front door opene came out on the veranda in her veins could mo crossed the steps and star "All clear," he called, "n ant . . ." At that moment terrace and at that spurted from the arbor corner and the night was the thunder of a shot.

His mind registered slow motion. Garrett d the granite balustrade an "Lie down, Gail!" She come round a curved st he fired in the direction voice came out of the ar Weitbrecht! He is an Am that flame bloomed in t

Gail turned toward the Powerful arms pinioned aged to drop the pistol be brecht could wrench it f hung on to him, clawing He tried to throw her off not let go, and as she spu rett stand up in the yellow the dark, and step forwa level space, from which came as he started. He and an elbow locked u There was a new glare fr and she beat an unavaili the strength that was over She heard a shout and t

**"It was very brave of you to keep the show going, Mr. Simco, but you can stop now"** GREGORY D'ALESSIO

# Community Continents

The telephone is helping the Americas to know each other better.

Business men talk over mutual problems. Relatives chat back and forth. Old friendships are renewed. New friendships are made. People thousands of miles apart are linked together by telephone.

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*** IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ***

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Allison
LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

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her throat slackened. She saw von Weitbrecht slump and—incredibly—Bill Jay was here. He had smashed a gun down on von Weitbrecht's head. She was free and Bill leaped past her raising his gun.

She had strength enough to turn to him. "He is an American!" she screamed. She knocked his arm upward and the gun went off in the air. "He is an Army officer!" She hung on to Bill, crying, "Help him!" Then she slumped away—and Garrett fired again into the arborvitae and the edge of it was shaken, and he turned back, shouting to Jay:

"Don't shoot, you fool! Gail, are you all right?"

Something was crawling on the grass, almost at her feet. It was von Weitbrecht, inching forward. Then Garrett came running back and flung himself on the German. Bill Jay hesitated, then followed him. Into this crazed scene came a flying figure from a car at the edge of the circle. It was Connie. Connie stopped short and faced around. There was a shrill sound—a siren. A motorcycle slithered across the grass, then another one. Behind them was the car of the state police, half a dozen figures in uniform, and someone shouting, "Garrett! Is Garrett here?" Figures were running to the veranda, to the cars, to this little group clotted in the light.

Garrett stood up. "I'm Garrett. There's no one in the house—but make sure. I've shot someone in the shrubbery."

Another siren screeched and more figures were coming on the run. Connie had reached Bill. It was probably Connie whose voice came crazily above the confusion: "This must be the marines."

Then they were all in the house, and her mind rocked with motion and uproar. State troopers were sweeping through all the rooms, voices clashed, someone was at a telephone. People swirled around Garrett, who was giving orders. Chaos stopped short for a moment when a sergeant came back and said, "No one anywhere in the house or on the grounds. The guy in the hedge isn't dead." Garrett ran out and then came back again.

"That is Booker—from Camp Ryegate. It leaves Winkler. And Scovil . . . Lieutenant, you must get on to the camp. Get the roads out of town blocked. We want Scovil most of all."

Bill Jay came out of the corner, where he had been trying hard to get Connie quieted. "Wait!" he said, "has anybody been to the lodge? There's a car there." He took Garrett off to one side . . . Gail leaned over in her chair and quietly fainted.

IT WAS two-fifteen when Garrett first thought to look at his watch—when Jay told him about the shooting at the lodge. Half an hour later a detachment of F.B.I. men arrived. It was just three-thirty when Garrett came out of the library, all arrangements made. The F.B.I. had taken von Weitbrecht away. The state police had sent Booker to a hospital. Scovil was unquestionably dead. Mathilde had got away—but not for long. A series of telegrams had been sent and he had talked to Major Spence in Washington, on the phone.

And the thing was done.

He went downstairs to the drawing room. Logs were burning in the fireplace—that would be Jay's work—and the two women were sitting close to them. Jay had got food and whisky.

He sat down more abruptly than he had meant to and his head swam. "Give him a drink," Gail said quickly. Jay filled a tumbler with whisky and held it out to him. He gulped half of it. Steadiness came back. "We're into the king row," he said. "This is the end of it. You won't be tossed into any more riots."

Jay said, "Can I t
now? Can we go . .
little trouble with th
"There's something—

Connie stood up.
behind her; she looke
quered. "Why don't y
thing likely to scar
tonight? I don't have
prettied up for me.
ther. It's not only th
for him. You mea
happened to him."

Jay hesitated but
aren't sure yet. We

"He's—dead?"

"That's what we th

HER cheeks were
She looked square
aren't dead. Remem
were." A single tea
cheek. "Would I wan
She walked over to
ever leave me alone a
night, not even for th

Jay stood with an
waist. "Let me take

Garrett stood up.
her." He touched the
shook her hand. H
"You get thanked, to
fast—I had to have
were too bright. It
than I deserve. Than
a good deal of a man."

Jay shook his hand.
I just had a phobia
around."

"It's a useful phobi

"You're pretty us
wryly. "Come on, C
sleep."

They went out. C
denly in the firelight
was last month, wasn
that Lynn has been—

"We'll know pretty
Jay locked in the ce
Before they took h
must have been a fe
we got there—somebo
the lodge. That was
there. Either Booker
could have done it. I

So that while Gail a
the body of Lynn Scov
where near, dragged in
or hidden at the lodg
had been engaged to,
been fleeing from whe
pick up a fugitive fro
Vermont road. He lo
a hard scrutiny. She

"He won't be telling
that the Americans are
she said. She could
spoken more coldly. E
with a momentary hor
"Tell me what's happer
The faintest premoni
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tle trouble with your
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"It will settle down
they're busy in New Y
the headquarters these
rected from. They
Camp Ryegate and are
to see what they can fi

"You're going strai
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"I'm ordered to repo
I'm going back to my j
the truth yesterday.
should know his trad
lurgist. I'm in the Or
the duration. I'm bett
managed to be at Intell
to make too much of t
way."

"For an amateur,"
seem to improvise fair
was more warmth in
noon! That doesn't
time. Surely, you'd
hospital somewhere."

if our medicine cabinet runs to b dage. But I'll take you home u" drive me there again. Put r s es."

cu nt of silent accord between va unning free. She slid her et nto the sneakers. "They're 's . I'm all she has for parents he need kindness."

l s need anything more than y?

y ned widely, with sudden ht ss. "We'll all need sleep. go n there was sleep in the Y have the most astonishing for sturbing my nights."

e l he told an F.B.I. man that ld back in an hour, and took sta s. The door of Mathilde's vas pen. Her bags were in an r on the floor. "If you want the he said, "this is Mathilde's e."

sh k her head. "Thanks, I'll Bu ou need a shirt, my dear."

g several and they aren't s." They went on to his room. ght em with Forwarding Com- nor ."

ou get into one of them though n vs stiff and fiery, but found co d not knot the tie. Her lips Ga said, "Let me." She tied his too d helped him into his coat. es re expectant . . . But not in use

Y w t downstairs and out to the an. e rain had stopped but the ery dripped heavily. Troopers om in. He waved to them and dro away. The dark closed d th , except for the glow of the ight her grave face.

ile so down the highway she off e road and stopped. A faint ad gun to show in the east and utlin of the window had sharp- H urned to her but she said, -wa took his hand, and lay mu g. "So much of this has n an utomobile! And so much of at ght . . . Wait, my dear, I'm g ve expectant, and I was the nigh too, from Manchester on. was tremely forward of me—or ing. But this time it's morning. dri n all night, we've spent the toge er. What a wedding night, Wh I went to bed I thought I wouldn't see you again. Then when I woke up, there you were . . . bleeding." She choked on that word, snatched her hand away, and covered her face. "Your blood fell on me! . . . I've waited long enough."

She fled into his arms, her breast arching up, her face raised . . . After a while she had stopped sobbing and was alive in his arms.

The grayness grew, the window showed more plainly, and in a few minutes he would be able to see her plainly. She turned her cheek away to whisper, "Before noon! Then the latest you can leave Springfield is the nine-oclock plane—"

"We were talking plane schedules that night," he said. "Have you any idea how lovely you looked? Almost as beautiful as now—"

"There was a highway patrolman, at the window. That was the moment when it all began. But"—she yawned again, "I had had more sleep the night before."

He said, "This is the continuation," and kissed her . . . Ever since he had reached Windham he seemed to have been calculating schedules. "Can you make that plane by nine o'clock?"

She sat up out of his embrace. "It would be disgraceful if I couldn't—after the speed we've held to. But there's a lot to do. You said fiancée—I'd rather spell it, *bride*. We'll certainly have to stand up with Connie before you leave. We might as well save time—"

"Connie too? Today?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Neither of you will have so much as a trousseau."

"All Connie has ever needed was a skirt. I have a skirt." She glanced at its wrinkled disorder. "All I need is a bath."

He went on calculating minutes: "G-2 is staffed with stern men. If we get Connie launched, there may not be time for us. You may have to remain a widow till we get to Washington—"

Gail was laughing. A state trooper had shot past them on a motorcycle, had stopped down the road, and was turning around. He started back.

"Back to the beginning," she said. "He thinks we're necking. What a suspicious mind!" She started the engine, leaned over to kiss him, and murmured, "For that matter, I could skip the bath."

(THE END)

"Annabelle is faithful to you, Wilbur—she refuses to go out with anyone but an Army man"

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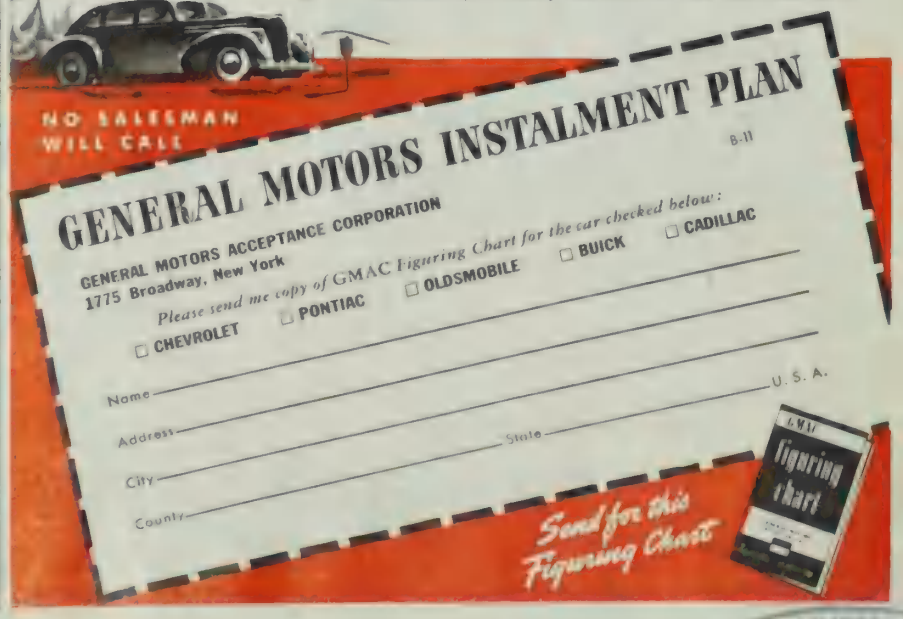

# Dina Cashman

Continued from page 18

"That was it," she said aloud: "you see, I didn't tell him. I thought I told him; I thought he understood. But he didn't! I said did Aline tell him that 'I had to marry someone'? And that might have meant anything; it might have meant that I was poor and Rogers was rich, and I just 'had to marry' someone!"

She had on her old brown coat now; she was walking fast through the bare orchards where the plows had left shining surfaces on the deep-cut clods. Sun was shining everywhere on the frosted roads, and steam was rising here and there from the farms and the barns. The air was fresh and wet. Underfoot the ground was heavy and Dina's shoes were immediately thick with mud.

"No, but I told him about Margaret!" she said. A jay, perched on a fence, gave a hoarse cry and mounted in a flash of blue to a young redwood. "But even that," Dina's swift thoughts ran, "even that needn't have meant what it did. It might have meant that Rogers knew I hadn't loved him, that Rogers didn't feel she really belonged to him. I thought I was telling him! It was so hard for me to tell him! And all the while he thought I was just saying that I hadn't known Rogers very well, and had married him just because I was poor and wanted to get a rich husband!

"Oh, Andy, it wouldn't have made any difference to you if you really loved me! Nothing you'd ever done would have changed me—not if you'd forged checks or been in jail. You needn't have written me that. You needn't have said, 'Of course it makes a difference!' Oh, if I could only walk so fast that I could walk away from it!" Dina said loudly in the woods now, climbing over fallen logs and scrambling through wet ferns. "If I could get lost, if I could die up here!"

SHE sat down on a stump to catch her breath, took the letter from her pocket and read it again.

"I hate you," she said. "I won't keep you."

She tore it into tiny pieces, pushed them under a great rock. Then she began to cry. She kept her head down on her arms a long time.

"Bad as all that?" a woman's voice asked her lifelessly.

Dina looked up and saw the speaker—a woman perhaps twice her age, in an old blue dress and heavy sweater. They looked somberly at each other for a full minute. The woman had a rake and was leaning on it, studying Dina.

"Lord, Lord, I wish I could cry like that," she said.

"I don't especially enjoy it," Dina gulped. She got to her feet. "You—aren't you a long way from home?" she asked.

"Twenty feet," the other said laconically. "I've a week-end place here below the Skyline Boulevard. I was clearing my path."

Dina walked along beside her toward a shingled brown cabin, a small garage, a length of rustic fence with "Getaway" burned upon the gateposts.

"'Getaway,'" Dina said. "That's what I've been trying to do!"

"And that's what I've been trying to do. My name's Martha Morse," the woman told her.

"Mine's Dina Holland."

"Come in," said the woman, opening the door.

Dina followed her into a cabin exactly like a thousand, ten thousand others strewn along California beaches and hidden among California hills, and yet so individually precious and unique to its owner that the cost of every plank and brick, kitchen hook and striped cotton curtaining had been an investment in content.

This particular cabin consisted of a fair-sized room with a blackened fireplace into which dust and rubbish and redwood sprays had been recently swept and where they were smoldering in midmorning leisure, and two adjoining strips of rooms, a kitchen and a bathroom. The main room held four bunks with screening burlap curtains, a brown bare table; mismated, comfortable chairs; a cheap, worn rug whose colors melted into the general scheme; and a high tide of books and papers, magazines, pamphlets, manuscripts.

"What I'm trying to forget," said Martha, "is a boy. Fourteen days after tomorrow: New Year's Eve was his birthday. I was to pick him up after football practice, but I telephoned him to come home with another boy. It happened on the way home. Only one of thirty thousand last year in this one country," she added in a firm, hard voice as Dina did not speak, "but it happened to be my own. We built this house together; we gathered the stones for this fireplace; he burned the name on the gate. This was our Shangri-la."

"YOU are his mother." Dina stated it rather than asked it.

"I am his mother. And I have to come here and face it just so often," Martha Morse said and Dina knew that she was talking to herself, that she was thinking aloud: "I have to sit here without any clods of mud on the floor or any guns left lying around in the bunks or any books face up on the kitchen table, and face it."

"I can't face it," Dina said simply.

"I've had two months."

"You were alone here, Christmas?"

"I couldn't be anywhere else. Yours—your trouble—what you were crying about—wasn't a child?"

"Oh, no. My little girl's fine. But I've made a horrible silly mess of my life," Dina said, "and I just can't bear it."

"It is hard to have to bear what you can't bear," Martha observed dispassionately. "I can't bear life without Tad and sometimes I have to."

"You're all alone?"

"No. I'm not all alone." Tad's mother spoke with sudden definiteness. "I gave up my job in November and moved out to a district I knew on the fringes of the city. You see I was at the city hall for seven years," she said, "since Tad's father and I were divorced, and I knew where our local crop of gangsters is coming from. So I moved out there, took three rooms, furnished them, and began to make friends with the neighborhood's little boys. This year I'm going to get them a playfield. Some day we'll have a branch of the Scouts out there."

"THAT'S brave," Dina said simply, her eyes shining.

"It's not a cure but I have times of being happy, and I'm always tired, always busy, glad to get to bed at night," Martha said, without enthusiasm. "I had a sick baby to care for right up to Christmas day: then they took her to the hospital and I came down here."

"I loved a boy; we were on a week-end party," Dina began, as unexpectedly to herself as to the other woman, "and afterward I found I was going to have a baby. Another man, much older, but very kind and generous, wanted to marry me and for the baby's sake I said yes. My own people were poor, migrant labor and on relief, and I couldn't see any other way out. Now he wants to divorce me and marry another woman, and the baby's father—the man I loved so much a year ago, wants to marry me."

"Hm! And you're in love with the man you married?"

"No, I love him, but not that way. No, I love someone else," Dina explained. They were both seated now on a shabbily upholstered window seat. The boy had sprawled here, Dina thought, chewing apples and reading pulp magazines.

"But they think you ought to marry the first man? Your mother thinks that would be wisest?"

"No, my mother doesn't know, nor my father. No. But you see," the girl went on with a little difficulty, "the man I care for—didn't know either. So I told him. And—and it makes a difference to him. He says it does. He says I would think of it and he would think of it."

"Hm!" Martha Morse said again. "Well, that's hard on you." And there was a silence.

"I wish they'd wash these pots before they reconvert 'em!"

HOPE WILLIAMS

"And do you think you these boys from becoming Dina's tragic young eyes earnest when she spoke ag

"No. But I may keep on a family that I could have thing for, I'd have done th said, always in the same tone. "But I didn't. I didn one. If I can give some bo the right direction that'll b ment to Tad. I won't have ing it; I don't expect to something."

Dina stood up.

"Thank you very much simply.

"For not much," the other brief shred of laughter. "I for stopping in. It's done talk a little. You said you Howard?"

"Holland."

"Well, Mrs. Holland, just that we women have got to sometimes that there's no b

"I know." Dina came ou redwood again and took th down the hill. A heavy bla had blotted out the sunshin morning had turned dark an dripped.

But though she felt no ligh it was with a braver spirit unselfish courage that she way home through the bar and over the rutted roads, an luncheon noted nothing amis

SHE and Rogers had take and Margaret's nurse to S Christmas Day, in a car laden ents, but the visit had not b cess, and Dina never tho without a conscious redden cheeks and a sensation of sh heart.

They had found Donny just recovering from chicke Dina's special little favo wretched with a fever and c garet, therefore, had been se once with Hall and Ida, and her Christmas Day in a smi of friendly black faces. Di had been discovered unshave gard; he had at once disappea turn after an hour clean and d with a bottle of Bourbon fro continually offered Rogers a d

Upon Rogers good-nature that he would have his with p Art had exclaimed that that would get. The joking remark how missed fire; it had sou and cheap in Art, and altho had known that her brother trying to help them carry off situation she could not apo him. Art's laugh had said, "H rich people think we have c waters in the house as a course!" and took the attitude titudes that Dina hated to fin

Then her presents had been handsome. She had not tho they would have presents fo and that the small girls' new c bags and hats to match, and in the way of a paper bill lining must stand in contrast with th feeble little offerings of han and five-and-ten perfume. E Lou had not felt any self-cons with the divine aristocracy of they had presented their gifts. na's mother had cut her to the with love and loyalty and s apologizing, and Myrna ha away and returned with red sp cheeks and defiant eyes to say

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had not finished her presents for Dina and Rogers but would send them before New Year's.

"Why, Myrn, you have, too!" El'ner had said, round-eyed. "You tied them in silver paper!" To which Myrna's only answer had been an angry, "Mamma, make her shut up!"

Dooley, now thirteen years old, a bold, handsome gypsy of a child who was incapable of the finer sensitivities, had saved the situation for the moment by saying boldly, "Well, I made you and all the girls candy, Dina, but it didn't harden. It always hardens but this time it didn't. So I'm not going to put it in the boxes because it'll smear them all up, and I can use 'em some other time!"

There had been a general laugh in which Dooley had joined with no sign of embarrassment. On the whole the day had not had much happiness in it nor much mirth. There had been no effect of a happy, spirited big family living a comfortable harum-scarum life; Dina had written her mother that she and Rogers would come up for dinner, and was accordingly disappointed that at half past twelve o'clock no table had been set, no meal was ready, and the beds had not even been made.

Her mother had explained that she had thought, of course, "dinner" to Rogers and Dina meant seven at night; Myrna had been sure they would expect an evening meal.

Dina had been cheerful and resourceful about it. Art had taken her in the car to find the nearest open delicatessen store and they had returned with enough cheese and rye bread and doughnuts and candy for three meals. Rogers had eaten with great gusto; indeed both he and Dina had been ravenous after the long cold ride but the feast had been spoiled by her mother's apologies, by the constant running back and forth of Dooley and Art, and by Myrna's proud, hurt excuses that she had an engagement, and immediate disappearance.

WHEN the long day was over, Dina sank back into the stately, old-fashioned comfort of the Holland house gratefully. But even here there was no sense of permanency. All this was not to be hers for long. Aline would supplant her here, and she must make other plans.

Aline did not let her forget this, and as in Rogers' infatuated eyes Aline could do no wrong, Dina could make no protest, and could only try to keep Hinz and Mrs. Bucket, who bitterly resented the usurper, from open mutiny.

No day passed without a reminder from Aline that she expected soon to be mistress of the old house. She brought Caroline to lunch and they completely ignored Dina as they walked about appraising the old Chinese cabinets and discussing the history of the rugs. Aline asked Mrs. Bucket how many of the old crystal goblets were left, who was Mr. Holland's butcher? One day Dina found her and Caroline at the linen closet, Mrs. Bucket standing in sulphurous silence near them while they admired the heavy old sheets and old-fashioned banquet cloths.

"I think we will see how we get along without our dear old housekeeper—" Aline murmured airily to Caroline when Mrs. Bucket had gone. But with Rogers she was always gentle and hesitant. "Let's not change anything, Toppy. I love the darling old place just as it is! We used to have some of our happiest times here, and I want everything to be just the way it was," Aline would say.

On a certain day when Rogers was away, however, Aline came to the house with a keen, handsome young architect she introduced as Sanford Smith, who she explained was going to do some old-fashioned rooms for a museum and would love to see the Holland place.

"Rogers is not here, reminded her.

"I forgot! But I spo it and he said Mr. Smi where he liked," Aline

"Oh, that's all righ Aline took the newcor downstairs rooms Dina plain to Mrs. Bucket.

"So that's the way it it?" the housekeeper s leave one thing the wa she's got it all torn up, t she can't stand it anyv take a place in town. this was coming a year a I'm lucky that it's been There doesn't seem to b way that men can mess women!" she went on, g with the litter of souveni that covered her old-fa "I'll miss you and I'll We'll never see you aga that!"

SHE moved picture trays, glass and silve knew it was to conceal tears she could not hold

"I'll miss you—and t Mr. Holland," Dina said I knew from the begin might happen, and that wanted to have happen."

"Men are crazy!" Mrs tered, going to her big w ing one of the heavy d among dresses and coats head well concealed vigo her nose. "I looked at t you and her, the other ni she said, "and I said to be God made men so purpose!'"

There was a knock at t and her architect stood

"There are some doo here," Aline complained hastily to join them and the upper hall.

"Ida sometimes locks door when Margaret is as plained, "but all these do

"Could be turned into murmured to Sanford Sm

He walked to the firepl room, hammered lightly fully groomed long clean wall, stepped out to the

"Could be," he admitt dear Mrs. Havens," he p "I doubt if it's worth it. hopeless, really. These houses were built like fort cupolas and porches an made even an impressio lower ceilings and narrow

"I know, I know," Aline Smith has a very similar h remodel and he wanted ideas from this one," she

Dina felt the subterfu obvious, but there was noth say. She opened the door Aline walked about it rap in despair over the bathro

"How many people doe the house?" she demanded

"People?"

"Servants."

"Oh? Oh, yes, servants. Chong and his boy and L and the outside ones, Hall Pherson and Porty Joe."

"And Bucket."

"But she," Dina protes shocked, "isn't a servant."

"Oh, isn't she?" Aline a her eyebrows. "What I'm t out is where I'll put my added, turning an indiffer to Dina and speaking now tect. "I had to let the won but she's not got another she wants to come back."

"You must have a d

up here." They went about, murmuring, and Dina per-not nly that Aline was planning reconstruction of the cum-mansion, but that she was a brisk flirtation with the anford Smith.

in her heart. But why be e was nothing she could do. uncharitable enough to de-vhole scene to Rogers he augh.

cat!" he would say with told me she wanted this our home forever and for-evidently meant it! Didn't ny trouble, put you out.

Dina would have to reply ble, "No."

her escort finally went Dina remained in her own any longer to act the part guide. She went to the stood there, looking down s and the drive, the ache of ly strong in her heart. Evi-n like Aline could do pretty y pleased; for some in-son the laws of morality never closed down upon w weeks Dina would have this dignity and comfort and Aline would be mis-

watched, Aline and San-ame out to the man's one-car, parked down by the went around it to open his companion, who got in tle flourish of settling and ortable. When he was in put their arms about each ong kiss, and his arm was g her as they drove away. l immovable for a long to tell Rogers this either; ely sound catty and femi-deepened the cloud that rkly over her in these

D upon this mood of doubt ness that Andy's letter had attering force. Her friend, d of all her thoughts in ks, was gone now, and she t would have to face the

it harder was that Rogers she shared his new mood and confidence. He was onstantly; he would come luncheon engagement as a boy in his own felicity, Dina occasional glimpses al fond quotations from most entirely oblivious to ing problem. She knew, at he had dropped almost that he felt sure she and esently straighten out the a quiet marriage.

boy tremendously improved," han once. When one morn-ina and his lawyer had a and Dina signed various as handed a formidable brown envelope that contained all the documents necessary to the transference of the Stockton property from Rogers to herself, he quite innocently betrayed his attitude by saying to Dina after Callaghan was gone: "Of course, that doesn't mean that I won't keep an eye on you and Vere."

Vere was constantly at the house. Usually his calls were short, and he was always much quieter than he had been. Sometimes if Margaret was out on the lawn in the sunshine, he and Dina and the nurse were together for an hour, but on these occasions Dina never sent Ida away, and she received any comment Vere made about the little girl without response.

Vere had a job. He was working as a clerk in the office of a San Francisco attorney who was a friend of his father, and at the same time was being coached for the bar examinations which he would attempt again to pass later that spring. But on Saturdays and Sundays he was free, and on other days he might drop in late for a drink and a game with his uncle before dinner, or stay for dinner and make a fourth at bridge afterward.

Only once or twice in the first weeks of the new year did he remind Dina in words that he was longing for complete forgiveness but in many little ways the evidences of it were inescapable and she knew that Rogers thought it would be the natural and most advantageous solution of her problem.

IT WAS late in January. She was with Rogers in the library just before dinner when he suddenly said to her:

"Look here, I want to talk to you, and I don't know that I'll ever find a better time! Sit down over there," he added, taking his own fireside chair; "a lot's been going on, and I don't know how much you know about it. You know, I suppose, that Aline has gone to Reno? She gets her divorce about the first of March, and she wants me to go up to Reno about the first of May."

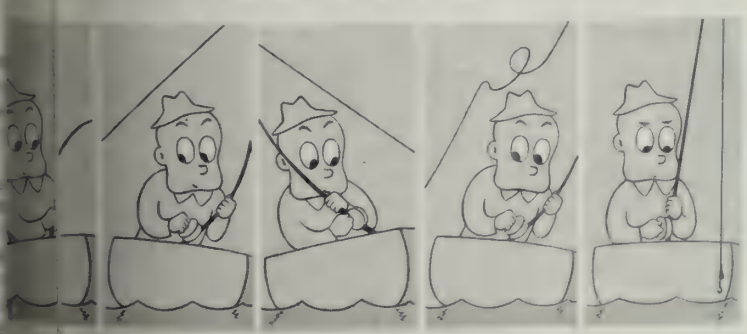
May! A respite! But wasn't it the plan that Dina was to be the one to go?

"She didn't want me to be there when she was there," Rogers explained, with the indulgent air he always used when mentioning Aline's vagaries. "Now she doesn't want me to go too soon, so that everyone will draw the inevitable conclusion."

"But everyone *will!*" Dina exclaimed scornfully.

"Personally, I don't care what anyone thinks," Rogers observed mildly. "But there's more to it than that. Aline wants to go east in March, get some clothes, see some people, sort of break her friends in to the idea of marrying again so soon. I'll be back in mid-June, and then I suppose—" He tried for an indifferent, a casual tone, but ripples of pleasure broke through the expression of his face and pride sang in his voice. "I suppose the big hawk will light," he finished.

"Now, what about the rest of it?" he presently resumed, as Dina made no comment, merely watching him with



Twenty
TEN-POUNDER

wide-open, serious eyes. "This is what I want to say and then you can speak up if you like. If you prefer to go to Reno in—say March or April, that's all right with me. It's only a matter of six weeks and it's a fascinating little city. But if you don't, *I* go. The reason I've taken it for granted that I'll be the one to go is that I know the town and I know the ropes. Then again, I thought it would be tougher on you, you'd have to get settled, find a place for yourself, the baby and Ida; I thought you'd be more comfortable here with Bucket. However, suit yourself.

"The thing I'm going to ask you straight out is this: what are the chances of your patching things up with Vere? I know he is more in love with you than ever. I've seen that ever since he's been dropping in here so often the last few weeks. In every way it seems a sensible arrangement. And I can tell him that he's getting one of the sweetest companions any man ever had!"

He added the last phrase with his big, brotherly smile. Dina did not move her eyes nor speak.

"You know he's very anxious for it, Geraldine? The boy seems to have steadied, and seems to be really in earnest. There's no question he loves you very deeply."

She cleared her throat. "Yes, I know," she said faintly.

"He told you so?"

"Well, yes. Yes, he said so."

"WOULDN'T it be the natural arrangement? For the baby's sake, and everyone's sake? Oh, I know," Rogers added, smiling into the fire as he stuffed his pipe. "I know Vere's young. All boys his age are fools: it's a callow time. But he's a nice kid, as boys go, and he's had his lesson. He got poisoned by Caroline's ideas for a while, and acted like more or less of a fool, imagining that there wasn't anything to marrying the Worthington girl except wanting to, but he's sobered down now. He told me the other night that he'd never really cared a snap of his finger for Kit Worthington. Now he's talked his mother over to this idea of marrying you. At first Caroline raised particular hell, but I had a talk with her, too, and she saw how the boy felt— We've all spoiled him, Geraldine, but he's a decent enough fellow at bottom!

"Aline was all against it, too," he went on, thinking aloud now, his half-smiling eyes on the fire. "She's not—never has been—a particular admirer of yours. She resented my marrying you—well, you can't blame Aline! Now, I suppose she doesn't like the idea of your becoming 'Mrs. Vere,' as you'd still be in the family. However, I've convinced her it's all for the best.

"How about it?" he added, surprised at Dina's silence and glancing at her curiously. "Anything to prevent?"

"If—if he had stood by me last year there wouldn't have been anything to prevent it," Dina said in a not quite steady voice.

"Well, too late for that," Rogers murmured, frowning in faint disapproval.

"Yes, too late to make that right," she agreed, looking thoughtfully down at the red embers in the grate.

Rogers continued to eye her, puzzled and not quite pleased. "Wouldn't it be something to make it right?"

"I don't know," she said drearily.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Geraldine?" he said, in the affectionate tone of one reproving a child. "After all, Margaret is as close to him as to you—"

"Oh, not as close!" she interrupted him warmly, as he hesitated, trying to meet her mood. "Not as close! Not close at all. The Vere I knew a year ago," Dina pursued, not looking at her companion, "doesn't seem to have anything to do with this Vere."

"But you like him?" Rogers argued. "Come now, you like him. Why punish him longer than you have to? It would mean so much to me, Geraldine, to have you still a member of the family, and to have little Flyaway upstairs coming to visit me sometimes. Isn't it exactly what you were thinking about a year ago?"

"Thinking!" she echoed, still not moving her eyes to his. "Praying, lying awake nights, crying for! Wishing every time there was a telephone call that it might be him, waking up every morning wondering if there might be a letter!"

"YES, I know, I know," Rogers murmured soothingly, for there was a rising storm in her voice. "But that's past, Geraldine. Here you are, the same boy and girl, with no reason in the world why you can't be happy together."

"There *are* reasons, Rogers." She was trying to hold her emotions in check, she had laid one hand on her breast as if to keep down the feeling that shook in her voice and smoldered in her eyes. "I am not the same girl," she began quietly. "Never the same girl again! I killed that girl who danced and worked in Meyer's and cooked dinners and thought that if ever she married it would be someone who thought she was the most wonderful person in the world! I killed her," Dina repeated feverishly, getting up to stand with her back to the fire now and looking down at him with blazing eyes; "she died in those nights when I lay awake, tossing and wondering, looking at my little sisters and thinking how ashamed they would be of me! She died when I waited and waited, and everything that had been young—young in my love for Vere—"

She was crying now and stammering, and Rogers, his face all concern and sympathy, put out a hand toward her.

"My dear, my dear, don't feel so bad! There isn't any need to remember all that!"

"I don't have to remember it!" Dina went on, uninterrupted. Her face was wet with tears, but sheer anger kept her voice steady. "I don't have to remember it because it was *me*," she said. "It is me, burned into me, burning what used to be me away. Nausea and cold mornings and thinking, 'Oh, why doesn't he send me some word? Why doesn't he say he loves me?' Weeks of it, and no money, and having to come here to you begging, whining, one more girl who couldn't say 'No!'

"And I'm not that sort of girl," she began again vehemently, silencing her companion with a quick movement of her hand. "I never have been that sort of girl, to have Caroline and Aline discuss, for you to talk to Vere about! 'It would square her, Vere, and after all, it's your child, and she's a dear little friendly thing—' "

"Oh, shut up!" Rogers interposed, almost as aroused as she was, "nobody ever said anything like that!"

"No, I'm not that sort of girl," Dina repeated feverishly, her nostrils dilating and her breast moving quickly. "I never was. I was poor and I lived in a dirty house and I never had much training, but I always knew better than that! I always looked at the girls who ran with boys and stayed away nights as being different from me! Even Fran, who'd been married, and who didn't care much what she did—I never felt she was like Nellie O'Connor and me—"

"I *ask* you not to talk that way!" Rogers put in grimly.

"I will talk this way because I don't think it's fair," Dina went on breathlessly. "Aline and Caroline can discuss me, can say, 'Oh, why not let him marry the poor girl; it'll steady him!' Vere's father can write from New York, 'Go ahead, you're the best judge!' You can sit there and decide what I shall do. Who thinks about me? Who realizes what it is for a woman to be frightened and lonely and sick—for weeks and weeks—with no one to turn to! Or how she feels when she has to marry a man she's seen only twice, just to protect the child"—her voice broke—"the child she loves more than anything in life! The child she doesn't want anything ugly or shameful ever to touch! A lot of men, a lot of divorced women deciding what she shall do, men taking care of her when her whole body is torn in two having a baby, men coming to tell her that she can't walk for months, everyone pitying her and trying to help the poor little fool who's gotten herself into this mess!"

"GERALDINE," Rogers said quietly. He had given up his attempts to silence or calm her; he was lying back in his chair, fingers locked on his stomach, bulging gray eyes regarding her from behind the strong glasses.

"No," she said at white heat. "I'll not stop! I want to say that I'm not the same girl all this happened to. I've studied; I've read books; I've thought! And I'm not going to marry anyone, not for *years*. I'm going back to my mother, and if anyone follows me there I'll get away! I've got to I've got to be by myself I'm *done*!"

"I see now how you fe mildly, after the long m that followed. "I'll not my dear."

She broke suddenly. knees beside him, one a about his neck; he felt against his own.

"I'm—I'm a woman, Rogers?" she sobbed. " know—about myself an what's right for us, w else telling me anythi helped me so once, w me now?"

LITTLE Lou Cashmar weak, opened her eye find a dream come true. back again, with an apro ton dress and a tray in h room was dim with swe light; there were violets on the table, and here wa her hat or furs or any o clothes that made Lou stranger but just her old

"Hello, mosquito, how Dina said, sitting down

"Oh, Deen, Deen, did y faltered, wide awake.

"I did, and I brought Mamma's giving Marga in the kitchen, and you yours!" Dina answered.

"And are you going to Deen?"

"I am. And for lots o sweetheart," Dina said, urgent and lowered tone, go right out and wait u Mamma tells me you've school since Christmas."

"I'd be well one day an bly and coughing the ne fessed, one small thin ha in her sister's. "I won't cr stay," she pleaded.

"She's going to stay," from the doorway. "Her ing on a trip, and she's weeks, aren't you, Dina?"

"I certainly am," Dina was spooning chicken sou Lou's obediently opened "Dooley's being a darling ing to sleep on the couch i lor with Margaret's crib n Ida goes home to her o night, and I sleep right he keep an eye on you!"

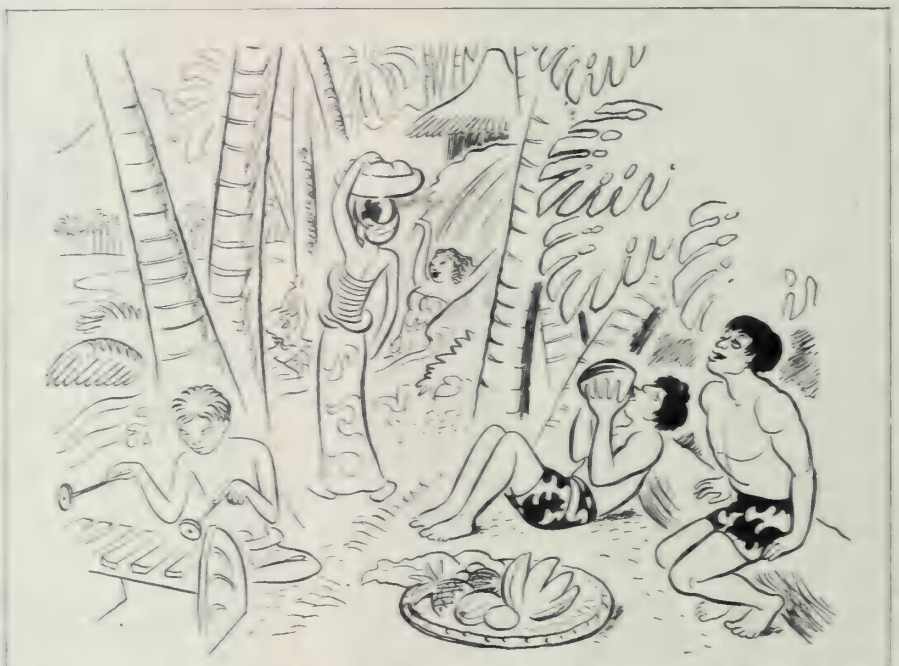
"Oh, Dina, I can't help but I'll eat, truly I will—m thing," Lou faltered galla stop coughing if you rub giggly stuff; I'll stop toni

"You needn't be asham Dooley, who had come in Dina, reminded her little ously, "becuz we all cried here, didn't we, Dina? M to cry and Donny grabbed skirts and began to cry a Mar'grit cried and I did Dina's going to stay with have fun—and games at t we used to have, won't we

"We'll have everything "But now all of you clea and let Lou finish this. Ch for you, Lou, because M ten me you loved the soup last time. But tomorrow get three big chickens a some better than that!"

The door closed on the was alone with Lou. She feeding the invalid and L her with eyes that could their fill of the adored fac in Dina's heart there was a tude, a something like con

*(To be continued nex*



**"A teeming metropolis, perhaps, with a tiny dwelling place high in a tower of granite—some place where I could get away from all this"**

D. ALAIN

RIBBERS"
by Noel Sickles
HANKS FOR THE CHUBBY! MORE OF AND YOU'LL DOUBLE MY ENJOYMENT SETTING UP TEN HIGH!
PLAY HIS BACKHAND, STUPID, AND YOUR GAME'LL SMOOTH OUT LIKE THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!!
EVERY TIME I'M OFF MY GAME, YOU WOLVES CLOSE IN AND MAKE SURE OF A ROUND OF TEN HIGH!
GO EASY ON HIM, ED! I WANT A CRACK AT SOME OF THAT SMOOTH STRAIGHT WHISKEY HE PAYS OFF WITH!
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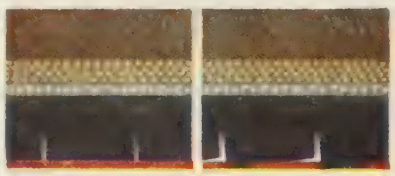
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH

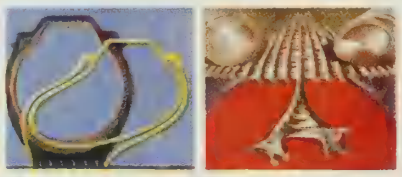
QUALITY IN TIRES THE KEY TO SAFETY

# Why Royal Master owners relax, have fun, never worry...



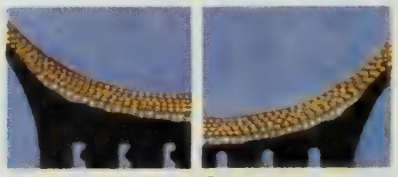
A B

**THEY FEAR NO SKIDS.** The instant brakes are applied Royal Master's seven ribs break into individual, tilted tread blocks (A to B) wherever they touch the road. Note (B) how blocks cut through the film of water, dust, oil to grip the road. This active tread—a moving, working safety device—controls skids, stops you quicker.



C D

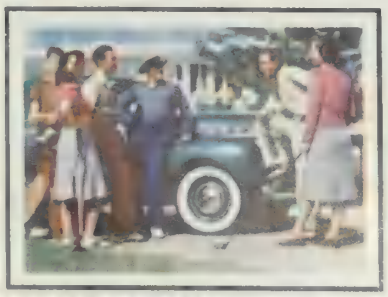
**THEY FEAR NO BLOWOUTS.** On a curve at high speed (C) outside tires may carry double their normal load, throwing terrific strain on the cord body. With Safety Bonding (D) each cord is treated in pure latex before the plies are cushioned in heat-resisting rubber. This doubly protects against blowouts due to heat, impact or speed.



E F

**THEY GET MORE MILEAGE.** The thick, long-wearing tread of Tempered Rubber (E) now has been improved with a special compound to give it greater resistance to destructive heat and even more mileage. When the tread is half worn, any U. S. Dealer will regroove it (F) restoring the rib-depth...nearly doubling the non-skid wear.

*"ONCE YOU RIDE ON U. S. ROYAL MASTERS YOU'LL NEVER BUY ANY OTHER TIRES"*



**LONGER DRIVES!** "If my Royal Masters ever *do* wear out, you may be sure I'm buying another set. I find their cost is more than justified by their longer mileage," says a salesman.

**PLAY SAFE!** "Royal Masters once saved my life. During a rain storm the car ahead skidded . . . Frantically I applied the brakes and my tires brought me to a 3-point stop," writes a motorist.

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# UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

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# Our New Army

Continued from page 19

of those divine, delectable ne greens." The sergeant, just couldn't take it.

and dusty and Pvt. Addi- dwehr, HQ Co., 148th In- neuvers in the woods near hirsty. Approaching a re- and near the maneuver l the woman attendant for er, please. "Sorry, soldier," t the health department n't serve water because ia in it." Pvt. Landwehr woman carefully for a he worked on a plug of cco, then, "How big are he.

### ARKANSAS

IP JOS. T. ROBINSON, e Rock. After a month of essee maneuvers, a lot of Division soldiers found oft. Noncoms of one regi- before reveille one morn- l most of the men sleeping and in company streets. en't lumpy enough," they cause of the heat, the top from the big tent theater was full one night when dburst came along. The rain and engrossed in the silver screen, didn't budge. hat gets them, though, is krieg. Chiggers seem to where to settle on ankles, d the waistline; and ticks, in the woods, take hold nto which they can sink higgers don't like sulphur the boys have taken to ed sulphur with their salt l ooze out of their pores. e chiggers away, all right, a guy smell like rotten s heck with his social life. ger and easy to find but the epidermis leaves the under the soldier's skin. on of the 110th Observa- at near-by Adams Field that one. With the glow- cigarette he gives the in- oot, which so annoys the acks out and turns around going on. From then on uck.

E, 127th F.A., includes of thirty-six Indian tribes to be an all-Indian out- s their peace pipe and ial apparatus arrive from p the record straight, the going to adopt, into one her, Sgt. George Wright ncis Gearhart, the only e battery.

ance Officer Lt. Frank E. looking for a 35th Divi- ho has "blue to gray eyes, blond hair, wears glasses, about five feet, eight edium build and is train- ows from North Platte, nds him the lieutenant is l in Omaha, who met the between Kansas City and eglected to ask his name.

### MISSOURI

RSON BARRACKS, St. In contrast with the dis- above is this item involv- vt. Gerald Schori, who one calls for information at post headquarters here. Not long ago a young woman called and admitted it was all kind of silly but perhaps Pvt. Schori could help her. "I was out at the Municipal Opera the other night with two other girls," she said, "and we talked to a soldier from Jefferson Barracks. He knew about music and said he had sung in light opera in St. Paul. He had a small mustache and his home was somewhere in the northeast part of Iowa. Do you suppose you could find him for me?" Pvt. Schori said, sure; he was the man. "No, I'm serious," the girl went on. "So am I," replied Pvt. Schori. "There are five thousand soldiers here but I'm the guy you're talking about." He was, too.

"I'll have to ask you for the ring, Lois. The draft board wrote me to wind up my affairs" ROLAND COE

CHANUTE FIELD, Rantoul. Pvt. Angela San Paolo threw his 17th School Squadron into a shambles when he wasn't on hand to receive a telegram that read: "Cecilia had triplets. Mother and babies doing fine. The Family." Pvt. Harley Neal of the Signal Corps read the message to Pvt. San Paolo's top kick, Willard Morgan, who did a lot of plain and fancy searching before he located his man. It made Sgt. Morgan pretty sore when San Paolo read the wire a couple of times without showing any signs of excitement, but the pay-off came when the recipient explained that Cecilia was the family cat.

### MICHIGAN

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. That old Quiet Please sign, cherished by public libraries, has been chucked out of the window at this post's book nook, where page probers do their perusing to the accompaniment of a nickel juke box going full blast. Nobody seems to mind too much. The library is situated on a balcony overlooking the service club dance floor, and some of the readers actually keep the musical horror supplied with coins while they do their literary browsing.

5TH DIV.

### VIRGINIA

CAMP PENDLETON, Virginia Beach. It looks as though Pvt. Johnny Meehan, Battery A, 244th C.A., will retain the title of the original eight-ball rookie. Following his release from initial quarantine our subject had no sooner completed sprucing up for a trip to town when he was assigned to K.P. duty. Meanwhile, he loaned his overcoat to the mess sergeant, who lost it. In the next few days three officers reprimanded Pvt. Meehan for being out of uniform, the lack of which gave him a heavy cold, to cure which he spent ten days in the hospital. On the rifle range Pvt. Meehan discovered he couldn't sight with his right eye, so he began firing left-handed and scored two bull's-eyes with the first three shots. Spotted by an officer, he was ordered to switch back to right-eye firing, after which his shots went so wild he was ordered off the range. On guard duty he was bawled out for having a rusty rifle. Two hours of cleaning netted him another bawling out for having the gun too oily. Unable to strike a happy medium, Pvt. Meehan changed rifles in the supply room and drew one with a defective barrel. In the interim he walks around with size-42 shorts around his size-30 waist and is having trouble with a completely strange pair of shoes that came back from the repair shop. If a day goes by in which something screwy doesn't happen to him we'll let you know.

### VIRGIN ISLANDS

BENEDICT FIELD, St. Croix. Chief among the problems which face the soldiers in this land of old Danish customs is lack of entertainment and laundry facilities. The boys have so far been able to cook up a modicum of entertainment and have lately improved the laundry situation. In all St. Croix there isn't a single establishment devoted to cleaning and pressing, but word got around among native females that this service was needed and they responded individually. Now, on Friday afternoons, the roads leading to the field are filled with an army of colored women balancing bundles of laundry on their heads, or driving two-wheeled, donkey-drawn carts containing clean clothes destined for customers known only as Sergeant, Corporal and Private. Just how the men recognize their laundresses (and vice versa) is another problem, but the system has worked to date, with no socks missing.

PERHAPS the most unique disbursements "contributing to the pleasure, comfort and contentment of the enlisted men of the organization" were found by the field's commanding officer, Major John C. Wade, while he was auditing the funds of Co. A, 27th Engineers. "Oats for Company Race Horse," was one. The other: "Seamstress, Repair of Jockey Suit."

### GENERAL

THE Camp Roberts (Calif.) Dispatch is running a series of weekly interviews with screen personalities written by Pvt. Nathan Waldman, former Hollywood correspondent. Corp. Eugene Gear, of The Dispatch, says any camp paper can have the column, for free, merely by asking him for it.

"WHY," asks a Columbia, S. C., newspaper in an editorial entitled Scrambling Field Armies, "do magazines go to vast expense to gather illustrative material, and then spoil the layout with inaccurate explanatory text? Collier's of July 26th, for instance, presents in full colors the shoulder insignia of our field armies, their corps and divisions. But the text scrambles amazingly the geographical distribution of the units comprising the armies; for example, placing 'way over in the Third Army the troops of the First Corps, training in the Carolinas, whereas in fact they belong to the First Army—and so on."

One sure way of getting spots before the eyes is to try to figure out why the Army places what units where, and when, but that's up to the War Department. Probably the most confusing factor is that geographical and tactical areas are entirely different. For example, the First Army geographically covers the first three corps areas (twelve states from Maine to Virginia), but tactically the First Army contains the First, Second and Sixth Army Corps—and home plate for the First Army Corps happens to be located at Columbia, S. C. On the other hand, the Third Army geographically covers thirteen states in the South and Southwest and comprises the Fourth, Fifth and Eighth Army Corps for tactical purposes. This department didn't say any First Corps troops were in the Third Army; it merely stated that the Carolinas were included in the geographical boundary of the Third Army.

WHO spoiled what layout?

G. W.

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## Boots, Boots, Boots!

Continued from page 12

"Easy dough—right in our mitts. Agh!" he said. "We could permote them boots fer maybe fifty bucks. But ner, you wouln't even—"

A groundward gesture of Seaman Linn's right thumb cut him short. "You re talkin' against the highest ideals of the U. S. Navy, Tim," he said, "an' if I thought you knowed better I'd call you a fif' columnist traitor that had made a deal with Hitler. C'mon!"

At this point, a taxicab slid up to the curb.

"Oh, sailor boys! Yoo-hoo—wait a minute, sailor boys!"

Tim and Benny halted in their tracks. A small, plump, corn-fed maiden stepped from the taxi. Her hair was pumpkin-colored, her eyes were a walnut brown and her voice had the gurgle of apple cider running down a press-mill trough.

"Callie Mae, you reckon you kin trus' these sailor boys?" she questioned herself, shyly and half afraid. Then she gave Tim and Benny a sweet smile. "Reckon I kin. Reckon I jest *will!*"

Seaman Linn was again unaccountably speechless, but Fireman Dunnevan said, "The polar bearse is over yonder, Miss. I . . . uh . . . guess you already seen the monkeys?"

Callie Mae shook her head. "Oh, dearie me, Callie Mae," she announced, "I reckon you been jest plumb misunderstood." Her lower lip quivered tragically.

Seaman Linn spoke. "Looks like this is Arkansas Day in Balboa Park," he said. "What can we do *for you*, kid?"

The maiden's eyes filled with tears. "It's Gerald an' Robert!" she blurted. "The sailor boys that jes' now run off!"

"Yeah?"

"Yerse! Whut'd they do?"

Callie Mae looked at the ground. "Robert, he jilted me, Mustah Man," she said simply. "He's jest about busted my heart right in two. But it wasn't Robert's fault. That pesky Gerald, he put Robert up to leavin' me in the lurch."

Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn exchanged glances.

"*Benny* . . . get it? That's *why* they was in such a big hurry to join our ship! Agh—the dirty—"

"Right!"

THEIR words stung Callie Mae into a dramatic outburst.

"A ship? Oh, the Lawd save you naow, Callie Mae! If'n Robert goes off on a ship, you're plumb ruint!" She turned to Fireman Dunnevan. "What ship, Mustah Man? When does it sail? Jes' tell me that much . . . please, please—it's my onlyest chance!"

His sentimental Irish heart completely won, Fireman Dunnevan growled. "Agh, they wanted us to recermmend 'em fer the Trimble, Miss. But I an' Benny will fix that!"

"You—you could stop it?"

"Yerse!"

"An' fix Robert so's he won't go sailin' off on a ship?"

"I an' Benny is the best fixers in the U. S. Navy, Miss. We got ferce an' brains. I . . . uh . . . Benny could queer them boots so's they'd get put in Portsmerth—or anyways, kicked outa the Navy. Right, Benny?"

"Hold on, Tim—"

Callie Mae opened a patent-leather handbag, and pulled out quite a roll of bank notes.

"I'd thank you so kindly!" she said, "an' besides, I'd jes' give y'all nice sailor boys every las' penny of this!"

The regeneration of Fireman Dunnevan had begun. He hesitated not an instant, but pushed the money back to Callie Mae.

"Ner, Miss," he said stoutly, "we don't want a dime. They's a high ideal in the U. S. Navy against seein' good girls took advantage of. C'mon, Benny. Let's grab this cab an' catch them sods!"

"No brains, Tim, no brains!"

"Hunh?"

This objection by Seaman Linn brought bitter words from Callie Mae. She wrung her hands, saying, "Oh, Callie Mae, the nice, big sailor boy wants to he'p you, but the little sailor boy, he—"

"Blaaah!" said Seaman Linn, coldly. "Do we look at this from all the angles or do we go bustin' off an' glom the works by 'usin' methods of brute force, so on an' so forth?"

"Benny's the brain, Miss," Fireman Dunnevan interpreted, "an' with a brain you can allus get an idea. He means he's got an idea."

"Right!"

"An idea! Oh, Callie Mae, this dear, cute little sailor boy is a-goin' to he'p you after all!"

Seaman Linn jerked a thumb toward a sunlit patch of grass. "Let's discuss this matter, Miss. They's a lot of angles. The main an' foremost point is: do you jest want Robert kicked outa the Navy or do you wanta *marry* the guy?"

"Oh, Callie Mae wants to marry Robert!"

"Then I gotta ast you a personal question."

"But, *Benny*—"

"You jes' ask me anything, sailor boy!"

"Well . . . uh . . . is they a . . . uh . . . physical reason, so on an' so forth, why you . . . uh . . . ?"

Callie Mae clasped her hands and nodded. "Yes, suh, th[illegible] said.

Fireman Dunnevan [illegible] "Robert *betrayed* you.[illegible]

"Oh, Callie Mae, [illegible] doin' the right thing, te[illegible] ful truth. I reckon I am [illegible] To be *plain* an' *simple*[illegible]

Seaman Linn spat d[illegible] his teeth. "That fixes [illegible] kid," he said. "We g[illegible] let Robert an' Gerald [illegible]

"An' go sailin' off to [illegible]

"Yerse, Miss! We [illegible] U. S. Navy that if a sa[illegible] an' she complains ab[illegible] marry her or else."

CALLIE MAE jump[illegible] "Oh, Callie Mae, a[illegible] all the mean an' ha[illegible] thought abaout, ouah [illegible] claimed. "Do I jes' g[illegible] Admiral Somebody?"

Tim and Benny trad[illegible]

"After Robert's jounc[illegible] said Seaman Linn, "y[illegible] to Chief Bosun's Mate [illegible] be enough."

"Yerse!"

"You darlings. Call [illegible] a-goin' to give you bot[illegible] an' a kiss—"

But before Callie M[illegible] express her thanks, [illegible] lurched to a stop w[illegible] shrieking of brakes. [illegible] looking man, shorter th[illegible] and without a hat to [illegible] head, popped spryly ou[illegible]

Callie Mae took on [illegible] gasped, and said in low [illegible] "Where kin I meet y'all [illegible]

"Two o'clock—in fr[illegible] Broadway. Is this guy a [illegible] He looks like he knows [illegible]

**"You need to get away from it all, Rollins. Suppose you take a two-week vacation—without pay**

esk feller is my worst enemy. e c't let him foller me!"

'"

d Tim and Benny, the ur d toward her own taxi- lit man, who had started to Cllie Mae, changed his an fort to intercept her.

Su, you've got to talk to me t se nds, Sugar—"

yo esky rascal!"

M swept past her worst id o her taxicab. When the t tr d to follow, the hefty left rei n Dunnevan reached out d h back.

st f, eh?" he said.

V nt it rougher?"

, n—don't hit him. You'll he d off'n his shoulders!"

xi rying Callie Mae roared pa drive.

no my friends—this is all a sta ing. No reason for us to ngly uarrel. Let me explain, I u—

hin oose, Tim."

tle n shook himself together ed ngratiatingly at Seaman F man Dunnevan. "I like ac ire our splendid Navy—

do e said. "You men, I take gar friends?"

!"

ly st now met the gal," Sea- n co ected, "but she ast us to in a ertain private and confi- att with reference to her love sai ou was her worst enemy."

Ma worst enemy sadly shook

e G and man, that is an un- eme, my friends," he said. "I abo the matter to which you

—he a city slicker, Benny!"

pa of Arkansas are *you* orty I bet on Little Rock or ff."

nev heard of Ben John Rib- "

IBB ESDALE recovered from sho, after wincing dramati- say nly this, my friends—if ura that little girl to marry you now not what you do."

?"

itel It will wreck her whole

?"

hap ens that I cannot speak

ah!"

t I y, before God and man, all g to any length to dissuade om king this fatal step. Any M Ribblesdale pulled a ok fm an inner pocket and t ur er Benny's nose. "I am d to p y as much as five hundred or e ctive assistance in block- marr ge."

*hun rt?"*

ny! dja hear that? He says nert cks jest to bust up Rob- Callie Mae—"

an L n jerked his thumb con- usly oundward. He turned on blesdle.

for thousand, Shorty!" he an' m an' the U. S. Navy has nethi better to do jest now. ousy yin' to save little punks fro Hitler. Crawl back in 'at ore I st you one!"

ore G l and man, I—"

an, n ! Shove off!"

Ribbl dale pocketed his check- "You now not what you do, my he d.

ing o is heel, he retreated with to h taxicab, boarded it and away.

he wa wrong. Fireman Dunne-

van knew very well what he and Seaman Linn had done.

"Judas, Benny!" he mourned. "In olden times you'd 've took the dough from Gerald an' Robert to get 'em on our ship. Then, you'd 've took the dough from Shorty to keep Gerald an' Robert off'n our ship, so's Callie Mae couldn't make Robert marry her. Yerse—an' you'd prob'ly 've took dough from Callie Mae an' made Robert marry her anyways! Yerse!"

Seaman Linn gulped, but the light of high purpose "robed him about as with garments ineffable."

"I an' you is through with all that fer the duration, Tim," he said gently. "C'mon, Fireman. I'm gonna turn you loose on them monkeys. Maybe you can sucker 'em outa a few bananas!"

Fireman Dunnevan thought this over, three deep furrows in his brow. "Is—is that sarcastical, Benny?"

"A brain!"

"An' we go through with ut, strickly on the level?"

"Right!"

CHIEF Bosun's Mate Daniel Patrick Mulcahy of the U. S. Destroyer Trimble stood near the ship's port gangway at 1:30 o'clock that afternoon and beamed upon four happy sailors. Only a stroke of great good fortune could have moved Chief Mulcahy to beam upon any sailors at any time. He was known from Shanghai to Brooklyn navy yard as "Nails" Mulcahy.

But the chief, on this occasion, was not content merely to smile. He chuckled. He took another look at Boots Robert Treadway and Gerald McCudden, and chuckled again. Then, he turned to Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan.

"Sure, now," he said, "these are the likeliest lookin' boots I've seen for some toime. Good worrk, Linn!"

"Thanks, Chief!"

"Yerse . . . thanks."

Chief Mulcahy addressed the widely grinning Gerald and Robert. "You bhoys go forr'd an' report to Chief Larsen. Oi'll sind to the station for yer papers. Oi'm takin' no chances on havin' another ship steal ye!" He pointed a stubby forefinger toward Gerald's mouth. "Keep that brightworrk nice an' shiney, son!"

Gerald and Robert joined in the laughter. Robert said, ducking his head toward Seaman Linn, "We thank you so kindly, Mistah Linn, suh. We suttinly are mighty glad to git abo'd sech a nice ship!"

"Yayyy tell!" said Gerald, "an' we sho will work ouah tails off fo' you, Chief Mulcahy, suh!"

The chief nodded dotingly after them, as they hurried toward the fo'c'sle. "A pair av good, clean, wholesome lads," he said. "An' scarce enough they are, these toimes, with so many city-ruined hellions pourin' inter this Navy."

"Right, Chief!"

"Yerse—right!"

Then came the accolade for Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan.

"The cap'n an' I am takin' due notice av yer change in heart, Linn. You an' Dunnevan have gone a matter av six weeks without shenanigans. See to ut that the good worrk continues. Ye may have liberty until nine P. M., as a rewarrd fer findin' the farrmers!"

"If you knowed whut it corst I an' Benny—"

"Pipe *down,* Tim! Thanks, Chief. We're only doin' our part in the national defenst, so on an' so forth. Uh . . . by the way . . . will you be home later this aft?"

Chief Mulcahy, a pious family man, nodded.

"An' where else would I be? Why?"

"Oh . . . uh . . . I just wanted to know in case . . . uh . . . anything was to come

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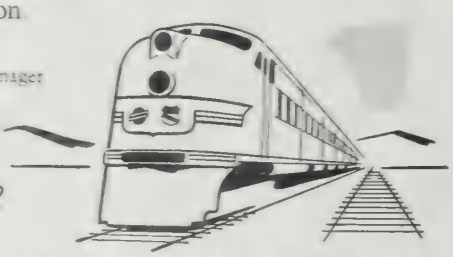

*The Progressive*

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

up about Robert an' Gerald. Jest want to be sure they's a hunderd per cent. Chief."

"Nivver worry about *that*, Linn! Oi've been judgin' human character too long. Off with ye!"

AT 2:30 o'clock that afternoon, Chief Mulcahy sat on the front porch of his cottage in Coronado, reading Our Navy magazine. His good wife, Norah, was singing as she went about her household tasks within. Except for the drone of airplanes buzzing about the North Island base, it was a scene of cheerful tranquillity.

At 2:32 o'clock, a taxicab stopped in front of Chief Mulcahy's cottage. The chief did not glance up from his reading until he heard a girlish voice exclaim:

"Callie Mae, you're plumb scairt an' breathless! You cain't face Mistah Chief Mulcahy—no, you kin. You will!"

"He'll take your side, Miss!"

"Yerse!"

The chief heaved to his feet, frowning. Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, accompanied by a tearful country maiden, approached the porch steps. Mrs. Mulcahy came to the front door.

"Whist, now . . . whut's all this, Linn?"

Callie Mae did her own talking.

"Mistah Chief Mulcahy," she said, tragic but brave, "I jes' hate to bothah the U. S. Navy abaout a po' little gal like me. But Mistah Robert Treadway, that's jes' naow joined y'all's destroyah has turnt out mighty unremindful. He—he lef' me in the lurch, instead of marryin' me. These boys say the Navy don't allow a sailuh to leave a gal in the lurch. Am I correckly info'med?"

Mrs. Mulcahy stepped out on the porch. "You poor little thing," she said. "I'll talk to her, Daniel. We'll go inside."

Bursting into sobs, Callie Mae allowed Mrs. Mulcahy to lead her into the house.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan faced Chief Mulcahy's grim scowl with self-righteous calm.

"We're sure sorry this little matter come up, Chief," Seaman Linn said. "We was deceived by Robert's falst face, so forth an' so on, as much as you."

"Yerse!"

"Indeed, indeed?"

Over his shoulder, Seaman Linn saw another taxicab rapidly approach and slide to a stop in front of Chief Mulcahy's house. "I guess you can get this all straightened out, Chief," he said, "so I an' Tim will shove off—"

"Ye'll stay right here!"

Mrs. Mulcahy returned to the porch. She looked at her husband sadly, as Callie Mae's snuffles grew into a wail from the living room.

"Whist, Norah. Is ut—"

"Yes. Something will have to be done!"

Chief Mulcahy nodded. "Tell the child to prepare fer a weddin'," he said. "I'll be havin' a talk with that scamp—"

There was an interruption.

Mr. Ben John Ribblesdale, brief case in hand, had reached the porch. "Wedding!" he exclaimed. "You know not what you do!"

Chief Mulcahy grunted. "Who're you, Shorty?" he said.

"Pay no attention to him, Chief," put in Seaman Linn, briskly. "He's a screwball shyster that—"

But this time Mr. Ribblesdale spoke out clear and bold.

"Before God and man, friend," he said to Chief Mulcahy, "I am not a screwball and I am not a shyster. I happen to be—"

Callie Mae rushed out the front door. "You git away f'm heah, you nasty little rascal!" she said. "I got enough grief an' sorrer withaout you buttin' an' embarrassin' me. You hesh up an' leave right this very minute—"

Mr. Ribblesdale cac[illegible] little rascal. "Talk plai[illegible] he said. "Save your [illegible] tures!"

Callie Mae blinked [illegible] earth kin he be talkin'[illegible]

Chief Mulcahy glo[illegible] way, Shorty," he sai[illegible] care av this young lad[illegible]

Ben John Ribble[illegible] ground. "Can it be p[illegible] "that you Navy pe[illegible] heard Sim, Sime and M[illegible] spun Harmony Trio, o[illegible]

Mrs. Mulcahy gaspe[illegible] said.

"Well, this is Minnie[illegible]

Callie Mae turned [illegible] blazing. "Now, we a[illegible] rat!" she yelled. "Yo[illegible] up the contract. We're [illegible] filthy little—"

Seaman Linn grabb[illegible] swung him around.

"She ain't a count[illegible] actruss?"

"Born in Jersey Cit[illegible]

"Gerald an' Robert—[illegible]

"Born in Pittsburg [illegible] Groves, Missouri, resp[illegible]

Fireman Dunnevan [illegible] he din't betray her? *Ne*[illegible]

Mr. Ribblesdale turn[illegible] reproachfully. "So it [illegible] wreck your own care[illegible] want to smear Robert a[illegible] barred from the netwo[illegible]

Callie Mae burst in[illegible] "*You* did all the smear[illegible] me into signing for pic[illegible] ing up the act. That [illegible] Robert join the Na[illegible] me—"

Chief Mulcahy, very [illegible] grabbed Mr. Ribblesd[illegible] "Agh . . . I've a good [illegible] off this porch—"

"Before God and m[illegible] know not what you do[illegible] Minnie was a great a[illegible] would I have laid on it. [illegible] Gerald would have be[illegible] the Army. They merely [illegible] unteer for the Navy, ir[illegible]

"That's a lie! You [illegible] Robert's heart!"

"I tried to save you a[illegible] wreckage, Sugar. A gre[illegible] tures. But no—you w[illegible] sailor—"

"Pipe down!" roared [illegible] "Linn . . . Dunnevan!"

"Y-yessir, Chief?"

"Yerse?"

"The brig fer ye bo[illegible]

SEAMAN LINN and [illegible] van sat on upturne[illegible] in the storeroom brig [illegible] Trimble. It was the w[illegible] 8 P. M., when all shore [illegible] are just starting to have [illegible]

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeoman Webster sa[illegible] gonna give up her cont[illegible] an' Robert is gonna ma[illegible]

"So what?"

"I feel orful, Benny."

"Ha!"

"Ain't you sorry we d[illegible] dough they offered us, [illegible]

"Naw. Pipe down."

A key rattled in the [illegible] door. It opened and [illegible] stood there, beaming.

"Okay, you guys," he [illegible] ye'd collected plenty fe[illegible] but that theayter agent [illegible] a tidy forrtune. Git ye [illegible] erty. An', Linn!"

"Yessir!"

"If ye run afoul av a [illegible] crop av boots—take 'em [illegible] way to save this man's [illegible] too smart-alecky. Co[illegible] order!"

## You're a Good Kid

Continued from page 14

lee or the heat. But came a
n : knew what it was, and
l it She couldn't quite see the
m nor the four children, but
l s the man, and it was Clay

t l enough the nights he
ng other tracks and didn't
, l the night that Freeport
ng, nd he didn't come in for
th e other fellows, Liz got a
o error. She looked up and
e c nter frantically, and her
gra eyes were pinched with
th all to see. She counted
ain, d again until Hick Dono-
ed er the counter teasing her
sm .
in' r Cosgrove? He took a
ht, ut he's okay. He's down-
tin atched up. He'll be along

3 t sight of the two plaster
s, d on his forehead and one
w, t set off the fuse of Liz's
s sh k so that she could hardly
cof across the counter with-
ng in the saucer.
look ind of pale," he told her.
d r s?"
oke p then, with one of those
ed, d-report-card looks, and
ho Clay knew. It set every-
ing side of him with a great
ging and his face was a most
al t g to see.
oul 't talk to him when he
ste with her that night. She
her turned away, murmuring
litt murmurs when he spoke
rac along the sidewalk as
he d ldn't wait to get the walk
wit Finally, Clay said:
it little easy, will you, Liz?
py t ight."
topp l short then, and looked
m fr a one plaster patch to the
it I t you, Clay?"
I ju twisted my foot and it's
orry she said, not wanting to
It s his own fault and he
't ex ct sympathy.
th reached her boarding-
Clay ut his hand on the gate

and held it closed. "Look," he said quietly, "there's something I got to say to you, Liz. It won't take long."

Liz stood still in the shadowy moonlight, her face in the darkness, no way of telling that her heart had dropped into her shoes and there were tears of misery in her eyes.

"Fellow does a lot of fast thinking when he sees the fence coming for him," Clay said. "Gets to thinking about the folks he loves, and how lousy they're going to feel if he's pulled out cold."

Liz didn't say anything.

"I was thinking about you tonight, Liz. You're a good kid. Would you feel bad?"

"Of course," Liz said tightly.

Clay put his hands on her shoulders and brought her nearer to him until he could see the moonlight on the pale, scared face of her, and the teardrops in her eyes. His voice was a deep, gentle thing.

"Liz," he said, "all the good goes out of it for a man when he lets it push him around. All the rest of his life, he's saying behind his wife's back, 'I'd have been a better man without her.' Would you have that happen?"

Liz couldn't answer him. She was crying silently, deep in her throat, and she couldn't answer him. But her heart was set stubborn against his words.

"I love you, Liz, and I want to marry you. But I'm afraid to ask you for fear you'd ask me to give up the track. I wouldn't want to be forced to choose. There's one kind of love I don't want to have with a woman, Liz—the kind that'll make a schoolboy out of me for the rest of my life! I'll choose for myself what work I'll do, and my wife will have a stout enough heart to bear with both of us. That's the only way it can ever be with me! Now, I'm going to ask you just one favor, and it won't hurt you to say yes. I want you to come to the races Friday night, and see for yourself what they are."

"It won't make any difference, Clay," she told him, crying. "But just so you can never say I wasn't fair . . ."

She sat by herself in the stands, Friday night, high over the west curve, shaking with nervous fear. She didn't like any of it—as though she could! The

"They going to build just one plane, then tear down the factory!"

DICK SHAW

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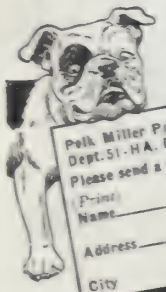

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shattering noise that drove its vibration through her jaws like the dentist's drill—the pale blue billows of smoke coming up across the track in a never-ending stench—the shriek of tires on the curves. Noise and smell and the dizzy grinding, grinding of those midget racers going nowhere.

"It's only that I promised Clay," she thought.

It couldn't be over too soon for her. Clay rode the second elimination heat and placed. Liz watched him come out on the track with a peculiar feeling of indifference, of unreality. She could not recognize him in monkey suit, cap and goggles. He was Number 36, blue and white, and if the announcer had not called his name, she would not have known that it was him.

GRADUALLY, the terrible pounding of her heart began to tell her it was Clay when Number 36, blue and white, took the west curve with a scream of tires, flashing past that spot on the fence, bald with bright new lumber, where the kid they called "Spin-dizzy" had plowed through last Tuesday. Past the west curve, now, around for another lap, the blue smoke turning orange as the going got hot: down the stretch again to take that curve past the bald new lumber. Then, the checkered flag axed down on the finish, and Clay had placed. He'd race the semifinals.

"Popcorn! peanuts! candy!—"

She couldn't have swallowed a thing, the way her throat felt. The smoke was fierce, drifting idly upward beneath the floodlights. She watched two men down on the track, one throwing resin on the west curve, the other spreading it with a broom. This was a somber, violent business and Clay should have known that seeing it would make her hate it more than just thinking about it. *I'll choose for myself what work I'll do, and my wife will have a stout enough heart to bear with both of us!* Not this Liz! A woman wanted a man: not a foolhardy, reckless kid with a big grin.

She'd tell him that. The sooner, the better. She could tell him easy tonight, cold-mad and frightened as she was. She sat through the next race, hardly seeing it for the aching fury that burned in her. What use was a man who wouldn't grow up? What could two people ever have together, gadding around the country in a trailer, like a couple of school kids playing at marriage!

The announcer called the intermission, and the stands began to empty, everyone going down to stretch legs and buy sodas and hot dogs, and mill around the pits staring at the cars and the racers with quiet awe. Liz sat still, feeling lonely and a fool. Clay would be looking for her in the pits. Even now he must be looking for her. Well, this was as good a time as any, while her mind was so cold and clear.

She got up and walked down the ramp, her legs trembling with stiffness.

She saw the backs of a dozen slender young legs lined up along the fence of Clay's pit, their owners leaning over, watching Shorty and Clay cleaning spark plugs. She was glad she had worn a hat and gloves. They lent her dignity. Clay stood up and wiped his hands, grinning over the heads along the fence, and Shorty smiled and tipped his hat.

"Hello, Liz."

"Hello, Clay. Hello, Shorty."

The girls moved away from the fence, eying her critically over their shoulders. Liz stood up straight and looked down at the midget blue-and-white racer.

"It's cute, isn't it?" she observed.

Clay laughed, and Shorty looked up with disgust, changing suddenly as he caught sight of her eyes. They looked at each other with a wary antagonism. Then Shorty wrinkled up his homely face and shook his head.

"Cute, is it? That ain't sayin' much for a buggy that's got the race ahead of it this one's got. The semifinals will be a lousy grind."

Liz knew he was warning her not to upset Clay. It hadn't occurred to her before that he had this other race ahead of him—perhaps two races, if he came in with the first three in the semifinals. Maybe she ought to wait.

"Hot dog, Liz?" Clay invited.

"No, I don't think so, thanks. I'd better be getting back."

He walked with her as far as the soda stand. His eyes were shining with the excitement of having her there. He bought a candy bar for her, thrusting it shyly into her hand.

"Well, what do you think of racing now?" he asked her.

Liz thought for a long moment, evading his eyes.

"I'll be able to tell you better when it's all over," she said.

"I'll race the second semifinals. And—I hope!—the finals. Meet me at the pit afterward and we'll paint the town sky-blue pink."

"All right. I'll meet you."

They were rolling them out for the first semifinals when she got back to her seat. An hour, two hours didn't matter, she thought coldly. Shorty was right about not upsetting him before he raced. She wouldn't want it on her conscience if anything should happen. He was a nice kid, Clay. Just a good kid.

The noise began again, drilling through her teeth, the blue smoke idling upward, and on the green in the center of the track, the news photographer put a new flash bulb in the camera, and mechanics sprawled on the grass, waiting for engine trouble to send them leaping into action.

Around, around, around, the green lights along the track flashed to yellow as Number 44 careened crazily with a flat and was rolled onto the grass for repairs. Green again, and the little cars shot ahead, their smoke turning orange, the floodlights sending back flickering reflections from the cars and the helmets. Around, slow for the curve, tear up the stretch, slow for that west curve with the bald lumber patch.

Liz looked down at her program. Fifteen laps. Not long now. Not long before she could tell him not to ask her, before she could go home and take a bath and go to bed to sleep forever.

When she looked up again, she saw the two cars climb, swerve, lock wheels. They began to turn slo around. Liz watched th When they hit the gr turned over and rolled. man in that car, and screaming. She stood u herself until the car sto the driver climbed out hands to the mechanic him, half walking, off lights were still flashin rolled the two cars out lights flashed green, an called. "Heads up! He

Liz sat down, cold ar race went on. The ambu of the grounds with its

There was a long dela ond semifinals. The cars they took their trial w the track, the announ numbers, colors and n lined along the track fo waited. What was the de were getting restless. came on:

"Sorry, folks, but we' ambulance to come back the rules that a race ca out an ambulance on th pose we review the line-

Liz was suddenly shiv She watched the men f cars—watched Clay reac Waiting for the ambula it feel to be sitting dow for the ambulance, kno need it in fifteen minute

THE ambulance pu grounds and the stan the cars began to roll. gathering their speed, jo sition until the green snapped them into ro watched Number 36, b watched him so intently though her eyes were t his speed. Fifteen laps them studiously. Seve was in fifth place. T moved up to fourth, to t was covered with hot ora the stands were quiet.

Twelve— He was co stretch for the west curv Liz stood up. She had swerve, and on the west 36 went into a wild spin. was over, rolling, rolling There was a splintering saw the fence bulge as he She could not see the ca the fence, but she coul wheels spinning in the a

"If you giggle and say, 'Oooh! The bubbles get in my nose,' I'll ram that glass down your throat!"

C grove was pinned under
ar i car.
ar o run. There wasn't a
n b, but as she ran she kept
ner lf, "I'm glad I didn't tell
d d, and I'm glad I didn't
A he entrance to the track
inging him out on a
Hi yes were closed, his face
el ed. She saw Shorty and
is ad at her.
ere iz," he said. "Wait here

re ne in a second, and then
th mbulance pull out. She
it at in the street, its siren
int the distance.
car up and took her by the

on, iz. I've got the roadster

er to the car and got in him-
hor ly face was pale green.
sp k to her, and she didn't
ny estions. She didn't want
ou

3 h ital they got out of the
id nt into the hall. There
tin oom and they sat down.
clo the doctor came in.
be l right," he told them.
coll bone and a slight con-
nd few minor bruises. He
ta n quite a spill."
was miling all over his face,
own his pocket for his ciga-

all He nodded. "Can we see

"Mmm. Maybe you'd better go in before you go home. He wants to see you. Is this Liz?"

Liz blushed at the humor in the doctor's smile. She stood up.

"Oh, thank you, Doctor. Yes, I'm Liz."

The doctor smiled at her a moment in silence. Then, he said, "It will be a long time before he races again, you know. Perhaps, while he's mending, you could persuade him to quit this suicidal racket."

Liz looked at Shorty quickly. He had stopped his cigarette halfway to his lips. She looked down at the candy bar in her hand, smiling.

"He won't quit." She shook her head. "He's too stubborn to quit. When he's done with racing, it won't be because you or I want him to. It'll be something—something inside of himself. He's too much of a man to do it any other way."

Shorty held her arm solicitously all the way down the long hall to Clay's room. Clay was lying flat in the high bed, half buried under the cast and the ice bag and bandages. When he saw them, he grinned.

"Hi, fellows. Gee, Liz, you must think—"

"You're not supposed to talk," she interrupted him softly. "You're not to worry either. Shorty will have Number 36 ready and waiting by the time you get out of here."

He reached out his good hand for hers, and smiled at Shorty over her head.

"You're a good kid, Liz," he said. "You're an awful good kid."

## G-2 Men

Continued from page 13

erie e as a military attaché
He as military attaché in
1 19 served as an observer
Bul rian, Serbian and Mon-
for s during the Balkan
wa in the St. Mihiel and
rgon offensives of Septem-
mbe 1918. Then he served
ely i Austria, Yugoslavia and
vak From 1922-25 he was
atta at Constantinople and
1939 he was named military
Gr t Britain and Ireland.
an ficer is eligible for ap-
t as military attaché he must
idua of the Command and
Staff chool, he must know the
of t country to which he is
redi d. Only our attaché in
una e to speak the local lan-
le ge by with French.
ust so possess good looks
apac y to mix well in any so-
e m t be personable, ener-
ctful nd have an inquiring

ere i nother important quali-
the issus. The military at-
ile ca make or break him. She
alon with the other embassy
on wi s and upon her, largely,
the ccess or failure of the
cial nedules the military at-
ust ke
-2 ch f also considers the in-
temp ament of the officer as
tabili for the capital for which
didat For the bigger capitals
rable hat the military attaché
vate ans, as his expenses are
exce his pay allowances. For
reme ous returns we get from
of e m.a., we don't lavish
n hin
ssent l that the m.a. and the
dor g on well together. The
has tw chiefs, the chief of G-2
amb sador. The attaché re-
code rect to the War Department in Washington, but he also serves as adviser to the ambassador.

All gathering of information must be done on the up and up. The Army employs no spies in peacetime and our military attachés are not allowed to engage spies. They are not given so much as a thin dime for the purchase of information. We are the only major power on earth that has no secret fund for these purposes. The British for years employed the largest secret fund, a staggering amount, according to popular belief, but, since the advent of Hitler, Germany is said to have passed her in this type of spending.

### Brains Instead of Money

So our attachés must depend solely on their brains and personalities to get information for which other powers lay out the bank roll—a neat trick, but they have managed very well.

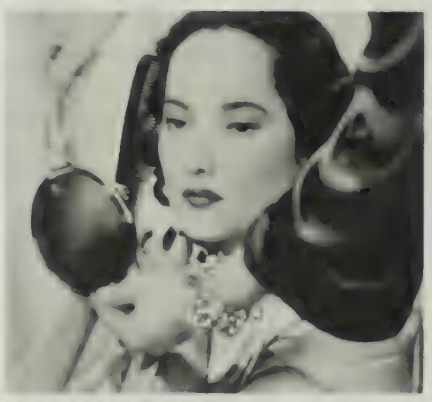
How do they do it? In a thousand ways. First, of course, through direct communication with the war department of the country in which stationed. The military attaché's initial act upon arrival is an official call in full uniform upon the minister of war. From then on he keeps the closest possible contact with the war department and intelligence service of the country and seizes every opportunity to attend maneuvers, visit troops, inspect munitions and armament factories.

Real ingenuity is demanded in picking up information unofficially and sometimes unconsciously divulged. At social functions, cocktail parties, teas, state affairs, the alert attaché finds many a lead. Chance remarks and hints can be valuable. That is why he is encouraged to entertain widely and attend many functions. This important part of his work is responsible for the erroneous idea that his is a "coffee-cooling" job.

Actually, the social end of the job is


# HOW YOU TWINKLE, PRETTY STAR!

**MERLE OBERON,** . . . star of the Alexander Korda production **"LYDIA,"** says: "I don't think anything does more to create a sparkling impression than teeth that simply glisten . . . reason enough for me to use CALOX TOOTH POWDER!"



**FANS ADORE** Merle's look of exquisite perfection. So between takes, her hair gets a new "do." Her make-up gets attention. And her teeth? Well, you may be sure they get the finest care Hollywood can provide . . .

**MERLE'S GLAMOR REGIME** is planned to include daily exercise, sensible diet, frequent check-ups with her dentist. And for daily care, a dentifrice notable for its superb polishing action—Calox Tooth Powder.

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*BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE*

**1. CONTAINS FIVE CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS.** That's why Calox is a real *beauty* tooth powder . . . it promotes a brilliant gloss!

**2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH** because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

**3. FRESH-TASTING**—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE EXACT DATE OF HIS SHOWING

A NEW WARNER BROS. SUCCESS

frequently a hardship. I have known Brigadier General Horace Fuller, who made an outstanding record in France before and during the war, to attend as many as five important social affairs in a day—a big official luncheon at noon, a couple of teas and a cocktail party in the afternoon and evening, an official dinner—and then go back to the embassy late at night and work over his reports to Washington until early in the morning.

### Washington Wasn't Guessing

On August 26, 1939, while many of the big minds around the world were bumbling about a "second Munich" and saying "Aw, they won't fight," General (at that time Colonel) Fuller had the situation so well taped that he was able to cable his chief in Washington the exact disposition of German forces on the eastern frontier, almost to a division. In plain, terse English, he said the preparations for the Polish invasion, which he had been reporting in detail for weeks, were complete. The attack could be expected in five days at the most. It came, as you recall, on September 1st.

That is not a secondhand, after-the-event story. I happened to have had lunch with General Fuller in Paris that day and I remember every dreadfully prophetic word the general spoke. He said if the weather stayed dry the Poles could not hope to last more than four weeks at the very outside. You remember, they were finished in eighteen days. As to the French, he said:

"If the French take the initiative, if they gamble, they will have a chance. I fear they won't. And if they don't, if they stay on the defensive, I'm afraid they'll be licked in less than a year."

Six months before the Germans struck at Norway, General Fuller warned that a Scandinavian expedition was apparently in the making. He said from September on that the Germans would strike at France through the Lowlands and provided the War Department with accurate reports of the swelling Nazi concentrations at Aachen and other key jump-off points on the Western Front.

General Fuller wasn't blind to the unpleasant fact that the French were criminally wasting their opportunities during the winter. He reported the disgraceful failure to get aircraft production going, sabotage in factories, obstruction by Fascist-minded capitalists, lack of preparation in the north, suffering morale. So, when the shocking end of France came, G-2 in Washington was prepared for it.

Where did Fuller get his amazing information on German troop movements and dispositions? From the French Intelligence, of course. And they had paid plenty for it. He could get that information only because France and the United States were on very friendly terms. But don't think for a minute that was the only reason. Don't think that they were handing out that precious information to just any American official. General Fuller got it because of four years of the ablest preparation, four years during which the French had come to know him closely as an intelligent and honorable officer.

America's relationships with the country to which he is assigned make a great deal of difference to the attaché. The better these relationships, the more effective his work can be.

Thus, Brigadier General Raymond E. Lee, our brilliant military attaché to England and Ireland, and big Brigadier General Martin F. ("Mike") Scanlon, our air attaché to England and Ireland and one of the most popular officers in the Army, get the fullest sort of cooperation from the British today.

These officers are doing a tremendous work in the battle of Britain. Working steadily under condit s of dang
are keeping Washing a accu
formed of the progre of the
reporting in detail th hundred
tally important facts out air
and material. They a assisted by
staffs of officers from r Air P
by other technicians s well
steady stream of spe l missi
cluding observers fro the A
field artillery, signal, gineering
cal and quartermaster orps. Th
pare the way for such porta
as Major General C rge V
chief of our War Pl Div
Major General James Cha
ing expert of our Air rce
Colonel Bernard A. lyton
down the difficult Be post
five assistants. He s eeded
Truman Smith, who b re the
G-2 informed on the e mon
and armored army the azis w
ing in preparation for ar
Lieutenant Colonel nwell
commands our listeni post
that tricky crossroads rum
ganda, fact and fable Now
pink-tea lad for you. erub
Barney Legge can dr pink
anybody. But he can y rous
with anybody, too. I was
lieutenant when he en ed the
Soissons show of 191 He
a slightly punctured dition
was commanding the atize
fantry. Every super comm
officer had been kille or dis
that holocaust. How came
nobody knows, least o Barn
Steady, even-tempe Mayor
Schow is our attaché Vichy
was one of General F r's vall
sistants at Paris until ance
long ago the Paris pre printed
lent story to the effect Major
had knocked down a Fr h capt
objected to the play of A
It is not clear what, if a thing
happened. But, with know
facts, I'd be willing to b on two
(a) that if quick-spo Bob
hung one on a Fre capta
Frenchman had it con g to
that if the Frenchma as soc
Bob Schow, he knew was so
but expertly.

### The Coffee-Cool Pay O

Other attachés in ke sts ar
tenant Colonel Norman Fiske
Lieutenant Colonel H I. T.
well, Tokyo; Lieutena Colonel
liam Mayer, Peiping; or Jose
Baker, Athens; Major n D. Y
Moscow.

Space is too short t ention
those whose work has ne duru
war. Men like Lieutena Colonel
ner Waite, the assistan at P
tank expert whom we ca hank fo
of our knowledge of lern an
equipment. Then there s Major
Studler, the ordnance pert wh
a roving assignment in rope fo
years. Major Studler h from C
bus, Ohio. He has a red g d's mus
a mathematical mind d ep
tastes. He is credited ith hav
photographic eye which as been
useful. Studler has be known
war machines and sk them
memory.

Thirty years ago we d only
military attachés abro Today
have fifty-two with the k of mi
attaché in forty countr several
large staffs.

These extraordinarily ifted
the Army and their c terparts
U. S. Naval attachés a their
the oceans and seas and foreign
tals, are doing work of i imable
for the nation.

The coffee coolers a paying
extraordinarily long pri

# Black Planes at Night

Continued from page 15

ra e of machine-gun fire. It
, s rp bark, quite unlike the
oth guns. A great drama was
yec p there above us. Ger-
ies aded with thousands of
gh plosive were trying to get
o ndon. London slept all

ten ousand feet above and
s t the east, a tremendous
d p ple ball of fire appeared.
wh countryside. It seemed
n th air for seconds.
a ew kind of flare they're
" I id.
o pi s looked at me with pity-
" at's not a flare," one of
d q tly. "That's an aircraft
ho one of theirs."
ht c nged to sullen yellow and
den dropped. It was hard to
nat was a burning plane. It
and hen suddenly died and
sec ds later there was a tre-
exp ion. Its bombs had found
nd. The world seemed very
w: t planes were very high
mc rs sang a soft litany.
en ere quiet. The C. O.

e we putting on a good show

goo show," I told him. "Was
e ot of ours?"
wa Jerry all right."
goo o know that one of these
bee with all evening hadn't
The ours went on. Dawn
king ow and the pigeons were
hom to roost. One by one
roa d, circled, showing their
tion ights, and then settled
wa ve A. M. And the night's
abo over. A Spitfire landed.
wh climbed down was Cecil,
who ad asked me about his
peer.

### ing Probable" About It

ed o " he said. "Made quite
Cou you see it from here?"
coul ee that one from Lon-
old h .
can' all that one a probable,"
ed. e told me about getting
as a asual as though he were
f a m ie he'd seen.
ne u from below," he said.
t hac me to get in one cannon
was he luckiest shot I ever
Mind u, if you hit a Jerry kite
at's d shooting. If you hit
l tar that's a miracle. Any-
t his nk and the whole thing
in fla es. I was climbing as I
I zoo ed over him. My hit got
force that blast, and damned
in't t n us right over on our
t was retty hot for about five
."
t did u do?"
the ll out of there quick,"
ed. " didn't know when those
ere g g off."
abo some lunch now?" he
d. It s med a good idea, though
e first me I'd ever had lunch at
We w t into the mess. Things
y inf mal here. It was warm
ook c our coats and sat in our
eves. e had thick, juicy chops.
l frie potatoes and peas and
nd th e was plenty of butter
able. hen the mess attendant
in a late of something that
e excl n, "What is that?"
se, ju cheese," Cecil said.
cheese I hadn't seen so much
since I left New York.
ad che e and I ate as much as I could with decency and we had buns and cups of coffee and the boys talked of the squadrons. The Defiant squadron at this airport is one of the most famous in England. This bunch made its name around the time of Dunkirk. Over Holland they got 37 Germans in one day. Between May 14th and May 30th last year the squadron got 65 Jerries—the best record made by any squadron. During that time they lost five airplanes and five crews. The Defiant, of course, is a two-place airplane. The pilot flies and the gunner shoots. When the Defiant first came out the Germans were baffled by its turret. That gun turret with its armor and guns weighs a ton and a half. That slows the aircraft down a bit but gives it great firing power.

### Eight Crosses and Eight Medals

The squadron was changed to night fighting at the beginning of the winter. It spent five horrible, unproductive months flying constantly in bad weather. It flew 450 night-operation hours without ever sighting a German plane. But it's easier now. They got 17 during the first three weeks of June. The squadron had eight Distinguished Flying Crosses and eight Distinguished Flying Medals, and two of the latter have bars.

One pilot and his gunner hold the D. F. M. with bar, which merely means that they have been decorated twice. Legends are growing up about this great team. Last fall their Defiant got a bullet through its radiator. The same thing happened that happens to your car when your radiator leaks. Their glycol (the same stuff you use in winter to keep your radiator from freezing) all leaked out, the motor heated up and then stopped. They were at 20,000 feet directly over the Channel. They did the only thing possible to do: they glided toward the English coast. They made it, all right. That is a routine operation but what made the experience remarkable was the fact that while gliding toward England they managed to dive on a Junkers and the gunner calmly blew the Junkers to bits. He was a butcher's boy before the war.

I learned the squadron secret: A scion of a great English family was anxious to enter the air force. He was thirty-eight, however, and so was turned down. He changed his name, secured a fake birth certificate saying that he was twenty-five and was accepted. He is doing great work too. His colleagues in the House of Lords sometimes wonder why he never appears any more at sessions. They don't know that he and his cat's eyes are knocking down Germans.

"Lunch" over, we got a full report of the night's operations. In all, the boys had got seven German planes. More important was the fact that they had prevented the German planes from reaching London. I drove back to London and went to my hotel. It was just 7 A. M. A sleepy-eyed charwoman scrubbing the lobby floor had just turned on the radio to hear the morning news.

"This is the BBC Home and Forces program," the voice droned out of the loud-speaker. "Giving you the news. There was some enemy air activity over the country last night. Seven enemy aircraft were destroyed by our night fighters. London had a warning which lasted four hours but not one enemy aircraft was heard over the city—"

"I wonder," the charwoman said sleepily, "if you can always believe those reports?"

"You can believe that one, sweetheart," I told her.

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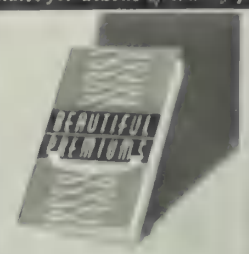


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Electric Fan with wide, silent blades, chrome guard. 115-v. AC only. 900 coupons.

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# Yanke Arrow

## By Hugh MacNair Ka and Lucian

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR C
BY IFOR TH

**There are 200,00 America today wl Robin Hood som competition. Wi bows and arrows teurs can break an**

Good shooting by Ex-Champion Ann Weber, left; Ree Dillinger, new champion, and Mrs. E. F. Aicher. Of their sixteen arrows they have put into this target, nine are in or on the edge of the bull's-eye

Junior archers—boys and girls under 16—shoot American Rounds. Here are Jean Rowe and Muriel Ulrich

Carl Weese holds the American Round record. Bow on ground is new recurved model

IF ROBIN HOOD h Storrs, Connecticut, week end in June, two football fields of t Connecticut would hav to him.

He would have hear he understood, with and stave and nock an as he used them. He Connecticut Yankees on their thumbnails pre to prove the straightn yard shafts.

If he had fetched a of those shafts and his bow, he would have join the Eastern Arc and shoot for four d third Anniversary tour

But he would have st of winning any prizes Yankee archers had le American bow and som can arrows.

A thousand years a wild Welshmen bega branches off elm tre shaping them into six taught their unhappy E so much respect for the during the five centur English made it the de weapon in the world th of changing it except t instead of elm. It wa longbow in English Crecy and Poitiers against top-heavy odds bow that made the En nightmare and a terro plated knights of every It established a traditi it came through anothe changed and unquest science was questioni almost everything else

But science has caug last. Few of the hundre women shooting at the gets on the side line of at Storrs were using English type. Most of of the two hundred thou ers in America, were designed by American engineers who have f things about bows, in th that nobody ever knew

For those four days year, such things as ag fession and possessions There is not even a dis professional and amate true of the hundreds

(Continued on

# SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE

**her t's from the heart of the**
**est r the exhaust of a car**

ow often you've driven behind a
ar with a smoking exhaust pipe!
Did you ever stop to think what's
*hind* that smoke?

us , but smoke is a great telltale.

mea vear! It can mean waste . . . of gas,
owe It can mean that costly
re ded.

..wa e . . . repairs! Why not
sim e precaution against
*efor* our car becomes a
" fro excess wear, change to Insulated
Mo r Oil.

insu ed by a special Texaco process,
resi s heat, the greatest enemy of oil.
ted H oline stands up and protects your engine, long after ordinary oils break down and cause excessive wear.

What's more, Insulated Havoline is distilled to take out hidden impurities that form harmful carbon.

Why not change to Insulated Havoline right *now?* At Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

**DON'T WAIT TILL YOUR CAR SMOKES**

Every day on the road you see a lot of cars with smoking exhausts. (There are 3,000,000 in America today.) Change to Insulated Havoline before needless wear makes your car a "smoker."

TUNE IN: "TREASURY HOUR—MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE"—All star radio program every Wednesday night. C. B. S., 9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

The fine, flavorful canned fruits and fruit juices which America enjoys the year 'round have an interesting history. Few people, for instance, realize that—

# Napoleon's $2500 began a billion-dollar busi

IN 1795, hard-pressed to feed his armies far from home, Napoleon offered 12,000 Francs (about $2500.00) to anyone who could invent a process for *preserving* foods. Years later, this sum was awarded to Nicolas Appert, who developed a method of sterilizing foods and sealing them hermetically.

Napoleon never dreamed, of course, that his emergency would bring forth a tremendous boon to mankind's health, convenience and enjoyment. He couldn't envision America's fertile fields, lush orchard lands, and the mighty crops of fruits and vegetables they produce every year. Nor could he foresee the modern technique and precision with which these precious foods are picked and packed at the very peak of their perfection.

No wonder the canning industry has grown to mammoth proportions! The newer methods of canning which capture all the goodness and flavor of fresh fruits and fruit juices have tempted more people to enjoy more canned fruits more often . . . at surprisingly low cost.

### Dextrose a Great Sugar for Canning

In their efforts to improve quality, leading canners were impressed by the remarkable properties of Dextrose sugar in developing and protecting *flavor* in canned fruits. Repeated experiments demonstrated that Dextrose not only imparts adequate sweetness but actually *enhances* natural fr

Dextrose also preserves firmness and texture, and *protects* natural *bloom* and appetizing *color*. The great value of Dextrose as the chief source of all body energy adds to its superiority as an ingredient of canned fruits and fruit juices. Babies begin life on Dextrose. Doctors prescribe Dextrose for young and old. In short, Dextrose is the *sugar that supports life most efficiently*. Hence,

Dextrose *amplifies* the natural foo cious canned fruits . . . Next time yo "Dextrose" on the label—it's you finer flavor and genuine food valu

*America can supply every pound of Dextros American consumption. Dextrose, derived fro est grain—golden Corn, is wholly, completely fined in American factories by American wor by American companies.*

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY • 17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW

**One of the Producers of Pure Dextrose**

Many important foods today are enriched with Dextrose: Ice Creams, Candies, Soft Drinks, Canned Fruits and Fruit Juices, Jams, Jellies, etc. Whenever you see "Dextrose" on the label of any food product, you may be sure it contains genuine food-energy value.

# Her Day

Continued from page 16

The family feeling of the gendary anyhow. In China, the tough central core of all mazing family, T. V. Soong e Sun Yat Sen, the Kungs, nd the Generalissimo, is d together, in quarrels or t still one family.

of my sister that she specu- ame Chiang said. "I told st defend herself. She is odest and patient: she does u know how that lying story . Kung was in Europe at the The government bonds n the market. My husband us about it. We must pre- line. So my sister said she em, as a private individual, he market. But she was for the government. After- eal speculators who had the bonds down, and had accused my sister of specu- t she had done was to act nment, with the full knowl- e Generalissimo, in Dr. ice.

re wickedly unjust," she Stories start and no one and they are repeated. I when I hear bad things ng. No man in China would at the job so long, and ard, or given such whole- eration. He has sacrificed d his family, he has let his . He gets nothing for him- ndless work, and he must ne without his family, and ad. He never complains. ith his job. And then peo- t him. I would fight back. nobler than I am."

### Too Proud to Fight Slander

ething about the price of banal little remark to the all the world looked at you, orld was bound to talk.

she said. "About us all. do not mind. Every time Kong, they say I am going ace with the Japanese, or or that the Generalissimo e out with a gun. We have d so often in gossip that it y."

o Hong Kong to see an ropractor, having twisted ly in an automobile acci- s ago. But she says she is ining why she travels. The ots on the CNAC planes, down, are devoted to her. front in the copilot's seat th them and they let her she must be very careful. s a young bride," she went dreadful stories about my hispers and rumors. They ve million dollars in gold For two years I worried. I ust trust me, he must tell not the money. I did not the money. It was the he did not tell me every-

yself sick with worrying I went to my mother and her everything. She said, ve your husband and trust y, or you may as well pack ome right now.' So I tried about it. Then I met ng, the wife of the young one day she said, 'You band has five million dol- ks in America.' So there not Chiang. I said to my husband, 'There has been this accusation about you and I am going to deny it.' But he forbade it. He is very proud. He would never defend himself."

I asked her about her day. As far as you can see, everybody in China works all the time. There is nothing else to do. Amusements, as we know them, scarcely exist. In normal times, for pleasure the Chinese eat, talk, play mah-jongg, or smoke a pipe of opium. The younger generation likes to dance. But the New Life Movement, of which Madame Chiang is the moving spirit, is a very puritanical affair. Besides the active work of the New Life Movement, social welfare work, war work, educational work, the New Life Movement is rooted in a stern moral code. It was probably felt that the Chinese were easygoing and slow, and this moral tightening-up was necessary for the winning of the war. Gambling (mah-jongg is gambling, even if you play for pennies) and dancing are forbidden; even smoking and silk dresses are frowned on. Opium sellers and opium smokers are shot.

"Don't catch the bouquet. I'm going to plant a paper sack full of water in it" BARBARA SHERMUND

In China, so far, I had seen three children playing. The others were working, or sitting still because they were too young to work. I did not imagine Madame's day was a round of pleasure, but I was surprised to learn how long and how hard it was.

### Overtime Doesn't Worry Her

She gets up at six-thirty in the morning. "My husband and I always have a quiet hour together." The Soongs are very devoted Methodists. The Generalissimo was converted to Christianity after his marriage to May-ling Soong.

She breakfasts alone. Her secretary brings her mountainous mail, and she answers letters or annotates replies. Her handwriting is plain and easy to read. It looks like the handwriting of a girl who took notes in the lecture rooms at Wellesley for four years.

At the end of the morning she receives women who report to her on the various phases of women's war work, all of which she directs. At luncheon, the Chiangs receive guests, provincial governors, military authorities, bankers, industrialists, foreign visitors, government officials. They have business with their food, every day of the week. After luncheon, there are lectures to be given at the various training schools she supervises, hospitals to be visited, committee meetings to attend. It is the combined task of a queen and a cabinet minister.

Late in the afternoon she takes a walk with her husband; their only relaxation during the day. They do not walk in the crowded town. They climb up the perpendicular hills, on which Chungking is built, and walk out toward the open country. They have guests for tea and dinner. If the guests are foreigners, Madame must interpret, which is no easy job, considering the weight of every word the Generalissimo says, and the serious trouble which can be caused by any inaccuracies. She goes to her desk again, after dinner, until midnight. No coolie has a longer day.

"Do you find it hard to be a wife?" she said suddenly. I was about to say that I thought it was an okay job, being a wife, but that my problems could scarcely be compared to hers, when she went on, without waiting for an answer: "Sometimes I am working at my desk, and there are twenty people waiting to see me, and I do not know how I can get through the day, and then the Generalissimo comes in and wants to talk to me or take a walk. So I leave everything. It is not easy to arrange my day. But I think my first duty is to him, and if I can help him, I am making the greatest contribution to China."

In this, I thought, she is like all other women. You could translate her complaint into very simple terms: "I was in the middle of darning the children's socks, and Bob came along and said, 'Let's go out and take a drive.' I didn't know how I'd get through my work, but I couldn't disappoint him." May-ling Soong Chiang is a very human person.

She likes to write, and she worries over the quality of her writing, as do all other writers. She had been translating an extract from Chinese history. The extract, a parable almost, was very timely, though it was written 3,000 years ago.

"Think of it," she said. "When people in Europe were still running around in skins and eating each other, there was political thought in China."

I wanted to laugh aloud with pleasure, as if I were seeing an old friend. The Chinese have a huge, constant pride in their race and their history, and sooner or later it always comes out that they have been existing in a state of civilization longer than anyone else.

"I worked twenty hours over it," she said sadly, "and it is just a few pages."

"When did you find the time?"

"During air raids," she said. "I was so *mad* at the Japanese, so boiling mad, that I thought I had better do something. I could at least keep my mind occupied. I go out to our shelter, and sit on a stone in front of the door, and work there with my English dictionary and the thesaurus until the planes are right over us."

### When the War is Won

I said I would like to see their air-raid shelter. She went upstairs to get her hat. It was a straw hat such as the coolies wear, very wide and the color of wheat, and she tied it under her chin with a red satin ribbon. I had seen pictures of her wearing just such a hat, and a blue cotton dress, striding through the streets of Chungking immediately after a bombing. I told her the hat was immensely becoming. She said instantly that she would send me one, and when I thanked her she said, "Oh, it's a big gift. It costs twenty-five cents."

We walked down the steps, past the two guardhouses, across the driveway and down more steps. We came to a small sunken garden just starting to be green, a pleasant, shadowed place with fragile trees and a little shabby lawn. The air-raid shelter was here: a high wall of granite blocks and steps leading down beneath it into the dark cold. In the cellar itself were four old rattan chairs and a table with a candle on it. But outside, under the trees, there was a round stone table, and four little stone seats shaped like barrels, and it was here that Madame Chiang did her writing.

We sat on the stone barrels and smoked and enjoyed the sun.

"It's lovely," I said. "It's the prettiest place in Chungking."

"When they do not bomb us," she said.

She asked me where we were going next and I told her.

"Then where?"

"Home."

Home is a powerful word, when you're 12,000 miles and more away from it.

"It must be wonderful to live in a country that has peace," she said.

"China will be wonderful, too, when the war is over."

"When the war is won," she corrected me. "When the war is won."

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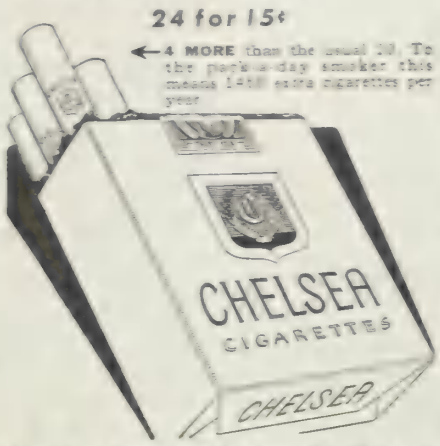


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# Yankee Arrows

Continued from page 50

meetings, large and little, the country over. A bow and some arrows and the will to shoot them, however clumsily, make anybody eligible to join the company.

Even two outsiders, like the present writers, may earn admission by merely showing an honest interest in the sport, may rent rooms in a college dormitory for a dollar a night—fifty cents if you bring your own bedding and may eat with the archers in the college cafeteria for a dollar and a half a day.

If they are really interested, as we were, somebody may tap on their doors in the middle of the night and get them out of bed to see the new flight bows, say, that Dick Dunstan has just brought on from Chicago. We were glad that we got up and saw those bows and listened for an hour or so to a dozen flight shooters shop-talking about them.

Flight shooters are the inner circle in the wider company of archers. Some of them may condescend to shoot at targets too, but their real interest is in getting distance. (And they get it! Ken Wilhelm's recent mark of 875 yards is far beyond even the legendary records, probably mythical, of medieval bowmen.)

### One String for Six Shots

Flight shooters are tireless experimenters, to whom nothing is too much trouble. Dick Dunstan had been working for three years to make one of the new bows he showed us, and had got the wood for it by cutting down an Osage orange tree he spotted growing on a vacant city lot in Chicago. We found him making a new bowstring, winding a strong linen thread round and round two clamps set six feet apart. Somebody wondered how strong the thread was and out came a spring scale from somebody else's tackle box. The thread tested twelve pounds. Then somebody wondered how thick the thread was, and Russ Willcox, one of the famous bowmakers, produced a micrometer caliper. The thread measured fifteen thousandths of an inch, say five times as thick as an average human hair. Dunstan used 24 strands. Somebody wanted to know how many shots the string would be good for.

"I figure six," Dunstan said. "Maybe it would go more, but I can't take a chance on its breaking."

But why make a string that's only good for six shots, we wanted to know. Ordinary bowstrings are good for hundreds. Why not use a stronger one on the flight bow? The answer was double: the flight arrow is made as light and slender as possible, so it can't have a nock big enough for a heavy string, and a heavy string also lessens the cast of the bow and shortens the shot.

There was talk about woods. Yew is still a favorite for target bows. It has, better than any other material known to man, the quality of softness in recoil—a "sweet-shooting" wood. But flight shooters make their bows of the Osage orange used for hedges and windbreaks all through the Middle West.

Forrest Nagler, a Canadian engineer who does his big-game hunting with the bow and E. N. Hickman, a physicist of the Bureau of Standards and the Bell Laboratories, are largely responsible for designing the modern bow.

Mr. Nagler, who holds the Eastern flight-shot record, was shooting in this tournament.

"No engineer would design a beam like the longbow," he told us, "and a bow is nothing but a beam, though possibly the most refined beam known."

The new bow is simply a better beam than the old one. The length of it is about the same as that of the old ones, approximately the height, that is, of the person who shoots it. The change is primarily in the cross section. In the longbow this was the shape of a flat-backed and deep-bellied, filled U; in the new design it is a shallow rectangle or rhomboid. The new bows reminded us a little of the ones we used to whittle out of barrel staves. Besides the change in cross section, many modern bows are different, too, in profile, bent into handlebar mustache recurves, or even reflexed, like the ancient Chinese and Turkish bows, with their ends angled sharply away from the string. All these changes give a better "cast," which means that the arrow is shot faster, flatter and farther for each ounce of power the archer's draw stores up in the bent bow.

Mr. Nagler's slim daughter, Mary Nagler Meyer, proved that when she used one of his new bows to set her flight-shot record (broken at this tournament by Mrs. Brown) of almost 300 yards.

But the increased efficiency of the modern weapon isn't merely a matter of increased range.

"We do with a thirty-five-pound bow," Mr. Nagler explained, "what the old-time archer couldn't do with one weighing fifty pounds."

In archer language a bow "weighs" as many pounds as are necessary to draw its string to full arrow length. Lessening by one third the pull required to shoot an arrow a given distance makes it just that much easier for the archer to hold his bow arm absolutely steady during the all-important moment before the loose. Or, using a modern bow weighing the same as the longbow he would use at a given range, he can send his arrow home just that much more swiftly and flatly.

Add to these advantages the superiority in lightness, resiliency and uniformity of modern steel or aluminum arrows over the best old-time wooden shafts, and it is small wonder that all the ancient records are broken at every modern shoot by archers of only average skill.

Archery costs depend on the archer. Thousands of archers find a large part of their fun in making their own bows and arrows and the tackle boxes, plain or elaborate, in which these are carried. A lemonwood bow, good enough for any ordinary performer, ca for $5; excellent wooden ar more than golf balls and much longer. Woven targe fifteen dollars, but a few ba straw make a cheap and pe factory substitute.

### That's Good Shoot

There is a lot of shooting days of the tournament. Th two York Rounds, one on first two days, each round c arrows at 100 yards, 48 at 8 24 at 60. Although the reco ance at 100 yards is 72 hi shots will miss a few times and now and then at 80 ya low this distance almost will be in the target and in or very near the gold.

The women shoot tw Rounds on the first two day sisting of 48 arrows at 60 y at 50, and two Columbia R arrows each, 24 at 50 yard and 24 at 30. On the thir men and women shoot tw Rounds of 30 arrows at 60 50 yards and 30 at 40 yard in these two rounds the lea shots will put all their 180 the target, their point score little under those of top-r like Carl Weese or Harold H

On all three days the y and girls under sixteen, wi ing at the American Round themselves.

Any scoffer who thinks th thing sissy about shooting th rows, and walking some sev miles to pull them out of will change his mind after even watching it.

He'll certainly change it to watch the flight shoot fourth day, lying on their their bows against their feet hands to draw a bowstring pull of a hundred pounds o the clout shooters, dropping ing shots into a horizontal ground 180 yards away. same ladylike game the En man used to play when the shafts played havoc with ar sheltered behind castle walls Crouch's record of 36 hits fo 232 proves that the art hasn

"We ran across a fugitive from Barnum and Bailey's, too"

## Captives' Return

Continued from page 17

ed cigarette. In about five min-
sh heard clumping footsteps ap-
chi the mill; and she was not
ise when a large lieutenant ap-
ed the doorway, stared at her a
en nd said in poor French:
B ish flier landed in this neigh-
boo few minutes ago. Did you
him
dic He landed in a deep pool in
ive
id drown?"
sav im sink and he made no ef-
o g out from under his parachute.
ter strafed him on the way down."
o w hit him, eh? Good. My men
be eased to know their marks-
nip s improving. . . . You are a
ee She nodded. "What are you
g he in the zone of action? There
no ugees in this area."
hat why I came west. There is
fc l in these deserted villages
neit r the British nor the German
ers ve had time to loot. I slept
las night but a British force
d t fight a delaying action this
ing nd the commanding officer
me go away. So I came down
T pile of wheat makes good
ctic "
lo ed her over with vast ap-
al d said, "You are beautiful,
hen She did not answer so he
ov , sat down beside her and
d h arms around her. "My battery
be eted in this village tonight,"
onfi d. "You dirty animal, take
ha s off me," she said, in Eng-
but ade no effort to escape him.
drey Clavering picked up the dead
sh dier's rifle, climbed noise-
y o r the pile of wheat and
ght barrel down with great force
e sk l of the amorous one. Then
id d n beside the girl, dragged his
m in the mill and eased him into
mill e. When he returned the
said 'You're quicker on the up-
tha I thought. You did exactly
I h hoped you would do. Back
you ole, my countryman."

T at usk a German sergeant ap-
ared nd said to her in German, "I
ooki for my battery commander.
came own this way. Did you see
"
es, I came by an hour ago look-
or a ritish aviator who landed in
neig orhood. He has gone down
river
aver almost laughed at that one!
Ger n said in a troubled voice,
are rdered to move on and the
or is rious at his absence. If my
er do not return in five minutes
batte will go on without him. If
shou see him, tell him, please,
ave ne on to Courcelles and will
t the tonight."
e gi said she would deliver the
age i he lieutenant came by again.
sold thanked her politely and,
use was an oldish man of the
Nazi a, his heart went out to this
foote shabby, refugee girl who
e su excellent German. Prob-
hal German, he thought—from
ce. oubtless you are hungry,"
old he "Here is some sausage and
nall l f. I am very sorry for you,
poor rl."
he gi went into the angle of the
at pi and exhibited the sausage
loaf oudly. "One of the old Ger-
s the Hitler hasn't been able to
talize ve me this," she explained.
d you luck holds. They are leav-
the lage. However, we'll wait
e unti dark."

"This child has a temperature."

When they left the mill—with the child, they went up into the village via a deserted narrow back street. Here the girl turned into an alley, pushed open a door at the end of it, passed through, struck a match and lighted a candle on a deal table. He followed, closing the door, and the girl lighted a kerosene wall lamp. "Kitchen of a hostelry called Hotel des Trois Poulets d'Or," she explained. "That means, in French, Hotel of the Three Golden Chickens."

"I know. I speak Canadian French."

There was a service bar at the other end of the kitchen, with glasses and bottles on shelves above it. The girl got down a bottle of Scotch whisky, a pint bottle of soda and a tall glass. She took the child from him and said, "Help yourself." She set the child on a chair, took a saucepan and one of the lamps and went out into the yard. When she returned she had the saucepan full of milk. "I found a cow," she explained, "and she was grateful to be milked."

SHE awakened the little boy and gave him a glass of the warm milk. She went out into the yard again and presently he heard the squawking of an outraged fowl. She reappeared with a large rooster, went back and returned with a bundle of last fall's orchard prunings, saved for fuel in this land where there never is and never will be sufficient fuel; she started a fire in the quaint, home-built red-tile range and set a pot of water on to boil.

She now had time to become acquainted with Clavering. She said, "I'm Minerva Paddock, spinster, from Devonshire."

"And I'm Andrew Clavering, Flight Lieutenant, R.A.F., out of Toronto, Canada."

"You'll have to have some dry clothes."

When the little boy had sipped his milk she took a lamp and bade Andy follow her upstairs. In a large front room she opened a closet. "I think this hotel was owned by the mayor of the village, for there is a suit of baggy striped trousers, a frock coat, top hat, and a gold-headed cane." She went to a chest of drawers and found a white stiff shirt, collar and detached cuffs with huge agate cuff buttons, a black tie, a dreadful union suit of heavy wool and a pair of heavy woolen socks. "For your sins, this is at once your penance and your disguise," she told him, and returned to the kitchen.

She had the rooster plucked and drawn when he came down. "You look like the devil, Andy," she declared. "I'd love to laugh at you but I'm too tired and all the humor is out of me. Please peel those onions. I've done enough weeping to last me a lifetime." She gave him a defiant look. "But over other people's troubles, not my own."

"You appear singularly competent, Minnie." He picked up the lamp and held it so he could get a good look at her. "Hah! A golden girl. The big fellow I killed said you were beautiful. You're not strikingly so now but I suspect if you had some nice clothes and perhaps a first-class debauch in a beauty shop you'd stop a parade." She was about five feet five inches tall, weighing, he thought, some fifteen pounds less than she should, with sea-blue eyes that bespoke her ancient Norse ancestry. "I'm sure you'll take very good care of me," he said. He peeled the onions and washed some potatoes for boiling. While Minnie disjointed the rooster and prepared to fry

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Chowning found a head of lettuce, a bowl, salt, pepper, vinegar and oil and made a salad.

"Where the devil did you come from, Minnie?" he asked presently.

"From Rotterdam—the day the German bombers destroyed it. I was the boy's governess. His name is Piet van der Ee; his father was Dutch; his mother, English. Both of them were killed. I was out of a job, of course, so I loaded Piet, some food, clothing and extra petrol and oil into the family automobile and started for the border. In southern Belgium a bomb blew the automobile out from under us, so we've been on the road with the multitude ever since."

"Why did you come west?"

"Because I preferred the society of my own people. The British army gave us rides on lorries and fed us—and now I've lost the British army and the Germans have caught up with me. So I'll follow them . . . I'm not afraid. They're beautifully disciplined and human enough except politically."

"So," he complained, "you're going to dump me to follow the German army."

"You knew I'm not. You shall come, too, and we'll follow the column marching to Paris. They clear the refugees out of their way and I speak German and you can be a deranged mayor from my village. Oh, I'll think of ways and means."

WHEN she had dinner on the way she went behind the bar and shook up some dry Martinis. "No ice, of course," she said, "but we're English so we don't mind." They drank and Minnie held the lamp to his face for a closer scrutiny of his lean countenance. "You," she charged, "are no spring chicken. Aren't you too old for combat planes?"

"Yes," he said. "I got an earful of that when I tried to join the Canadian Royal Flying Corps. Those fellows knew me too well . . . knew I'd flown combat planes in the Great War. What if I'd been a bush flier ever since? The best they'd give me was a job as instructor."

"So," said Minnie, filling his glass again, "you came over to England, where they weren't so particular then, owing to the lamentable shortage of pilots, and fled your way in?"

"I said I was thirty-one," he confessed. "I'll be thirty-nine my next birthday."

"And I'll be twenty-six. My father was a cavalry captain in the regular establishment. Galloped the Turkish guns with his troop of the Berks Yeomanry at Gaza. Half orphan since Gaza, but full orphan now."

She set the kitchen table and Andy selected the wine from the lot on the shelves. Minnie proved to be a good plain cook and the dinner was most enjoyable. After dinner Andy carried the child upstairs and Minnie put him to bed. Andy helped himself to one of the mayor's clean night shirts, climbed into the mayor's bed and did not awaken until late the following morning.

Minnie was already up. She had found eggs in the henhouse in the back yard and milked the cow and fed her from a stack of hay. She had slain three more chickens and was going to fry them. She had broken into the village bakery and found some flour and baking powder and planned to make up a batch of biscuits, boil some potatoes and a dozen eggs and thus have rations for the journey to Paris.

Andy looked out into the street. Over in the main street—it was the highway passing through the village—he could hear the noise of army transport but otherwise the village was deserted. He saw a wrecked eighteen-pounder in front of The Three Golden Chickens and some dead British soldiers. Across the street was a motorcycle with sidecar attached and its driver dead beside it. Andy decided the vehicle had been the battery commander's transportation, but, upon discovering it was uninjured and the tank about two-thirds full, he pushed it into the alley leading to the kitchen of The Three Golden Chickens and summoned Minnie. The sight appeared to inspire her, for she said tersely, "You wait here," and fled out into the street.

Down by the church stood a nice little cottage with a slate roof and a garden in front, and this, she knew, being the best house in the village, had been undoubtedly the residence of the curé. She burglarized it and found what she wanted—a greasy, shabby, old black soutane, a belt, a large-beaded rosary with silver crucifix, a shovel hat and a couple of Roman collars. With this loot she fled back to The Three Golden Chickens.

"Look here," she said, "you look too ridiculous in the habiliments of the mayor. They make you look exactly like an Englishman in very poor disguise. Your own clothing is dry now: get into your uniform: I want to try this soutane on you."

The hat fitted loosely so they shored up the sweatband with strips of newspaper but the soutane had been made for a shorter and stouter man so Minnie found needles and black thread and let down the hem and took the garment in at the sides. It did not quite descend to Andy's ankles so she made him roll up his trouser legs to conceal the khaki. Then they placed their cooked rations in a clean pillow slip and Andy lashed it on behind the saddle of the motorcycle while Minnie experimented in starting the motor, throttling it, accelerating it, braking it. "I'll drive the darling," she declared, and hopped aboard. Andy got into the sidecar, with Piet sitting at his feet, and Minnie said:

"Andy, we're going west and then south with the German army. Once we're in German traffic you are an insane man. Fright has made you almost an idiot. If spoken to, you ignore the speaker: you just gaze into the future. Remember: your mind is a blank. Mine," she added, "is not. I speak excellent German and I'll lie us out of the hot spots."

A minute later they were in German army traffic, with Minnie [illegible] kisses to the soldiers on tr[illegible] and tanks and shrieking "H[illegible]. The soldiers yelled back a[illegible] bothered to halt them and [illegible] tions and demand papers b[illegible] body had the time nor the in[illegible] do so until they came to a [illegible] turned south and there a h[illegible] military police flagged them [illegible] paid no attention to Andy a[illegible] told him she was from Ab[illegible] bound, that she was half [illegible] blood and all German at hea[illegible] traveling with the German [illegible] cause she wanted to travel [illegible] great gift to a benighted w[illegible] Hitler.

The lieutenant was not a [illegible] young man and not of a sus[illegible] ture and Minnie shut him up [illegible] a packet of cigarettes and sn[illegible] from him, throwing him a kis[illegible] ing away without asking [illegible] sion. About six o'clock the [illegible] sputtered. "Dying of ma[illegible] Andy said, and got out. To[illegible] trundled the machine down [illegible] a prosperous-looking farmho[illegible] had been fighting in that ar[illegible] cently and they passed so[illegible] dead in the lane—in an adj[illegible] were three wrecked tanks. [illegible] handed Minnie showed Andy [illegible] section of half-inch rubber [illegible] had brought along for siphon[illegible] and oil out of wrecked and [illegible] tanks.

THE farmhouse was d[illegible] stood on the edge of a thre[illegible] acre field where wheat had b[illegible] ready for the harvest when [illegible] set it afire. The refugees an[illegible] mer on the veranda facing th[illegible] were enjoying cigarettes an[illegible] set afterglow when over [illegible] heard growing rapidly clos[illegible] mistakable drone of the en[illegible] German bomber punctuated [illegible] of machine-gun fire . . . pr[illegible] bonetted against the crimso[illegible] saw the bomber with a Bri[illegible] plane on her tail a moment [illegible] latter plane zoomed, turne[illegible] parted into the west.

"That British flier has on[illegible] cause he's out of ammuni[illegible] explained. . . . "Hello! Ther[illegible] going to make a forced land[illegible]

It did—and before it st[illegible] braked, it was within fifty y[illegible] farmhouse. The refugees [illegible] curiously . . . . the experie[illegible] was not long deciding it was [illegible] for while the pilot had cut [illegible] and they could see him st[illegible] the cockpit there was no s[illegible] parent. "Let's go over and s[illegible] be suggested. "You talk to [illegible] find out what's the matter. [illegible] getting ideas."

When they arrived under [illegible] er's nose they saw two men [illegible] pilot out of his seat and c[illegible] back into the fuselage. "G[illegible] Andy told Minnie. "The Sp[illegible] a burst on his cockpit and k[illegible] the copilot and badly wou[illegible] but his motors are uninjure[illegible] parently his controls still ope[illegible] save his crew, he managed [illegible] out to make a forced landin[illegible]

He strolled around the pl[illegible] holes in its fuselage on side [illegible] tom, made by fragmentatio[illegible] antiaircraft shell, as well as [illegible] through the center of the fuse[illegible] was eloquent of the concentr[illegible] of fourteen hundred machin[illegible] lets. There was some dam[illegible] rudder and elevator but not [illegible] put her out of control. Mi[illegible] to him in French:

"They have the door open [illegible] put down a ladder and are la[illegible] dead and wounded."

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**BEGINNING NEXT WEEK**

**MERCATOR ISLAND**

**BY JOHN P. MARQUAND**

hu ied around to the door of
lag and assisted the two sur-
f t crew to lower the wounded
the ound and carry him across
era la of the farmhouse. Then
d t survivors to land the body
d d copilot and a badly
d p vate. The bombardier, a
; b ke into the farmhouse to
s o which to lay the wounded
nen e two men departed from
ind vith the pilot Andy picked
: a said: "Minnie, beat it.
wip this bomber and if it will
eth half an hour we'll spend
t i Dover."

IE as one of those blessed
nen ho never, in an emergency,
m ing a man prove his order
nsi one before deciding to
Sh vas into the bomber ahead
he llowed with Piet, closed
r, r forward and pressed the
-ge buttons. The hot motors
inst tly into life and Andy
he p ne and scuttled off up the
r h a mile, turned the ship
slig wind for his take-off and,
unn his motors, gazed back
arm ouse.
wo ermans were standing out
eld vidently they had dashed
he use when they heard the
star g but had despaired of
ing e bomber, so Andy idled
ors d went aft to estimate the
of e bomber for flight. He
cra ed frame member, the re-
hell re, and marveled why the
ad t fallen apart in mid-air,
con trated blast of the Spit-
ght achine guns had sliced
th hull as a knife slices
che e; fortunately the cut had
n b ween members but ob-
betw n four of them, and the
anks n the wings had not been

uple f good air pockets will fin-
Mi ie," he warned. "Indeed
oesn collapse during the take-
be a azed. Want to quit now
a ch ice?"
bee aking chances since Rot-
And It's too late to quit now.
reak in half I'll cheer if we're
half at flies, and anyhow, you
very w, can you not, so we will
e fa o fall?"
e las until we're in mid-Chan-
ight able to dump the gaso-
ncak her close to some British
and ep afloat long enough to
ued. Of course there are al-
he itish fighter planes and
anti rcraft gunners and they
ake e out to inquire whether
xel b nber has British citizens
or n before opening fire. If I
low."
goin' Minnie urged.
sit wn here," Andy warned,
atch his broken member and
nctu d area. If she begins to
. . if e weaves more and more
kes f ny cracks at you and you
oug to set her down before
aks u run forward and tell me.
e Pi with me." He leaned
and ssed her on the brow.
the randest, Minnie. It will
be a nonor and a privilege to
n the ame plane with you. If
a pra ng woman, start now."
watch the weaving of the frac-
the g ship waddled over the
field he felt its tail come up
An gradually opened his
s she hought: *We'll crack now.*
e gre ship was air-borne and
held ogether; through a two-
ie in s side Minnie could see
drif g away from them. At
ndre eet altitude they popped
er the Channel about ten miles
burni Calais. Andy descended then to within fifty feet of the surface of the Channel . . . presently the twilight was lighted by yellow bursts of flame around them and Minnie recognized the ghostly chalk cliffs near Dover.

On through the barrage Andy flew; low over Dover he roared and into the country beyond. . . . Minnie felt the tail hit hard, then the wheels touched with a prodigious bump—and the Heinkel started breaking in two, slowly as a knife blade opens; almost immediately it was out of control and ground looping and Andy had cut his ignition and was waiting for it to somersault or fall over on one wing. Perversely the plane elected to remain erect, with its belly dragging and, presently, Andy came aft, gazed down at the concrete tarmac through the wreckage and said, "Well, Minnie, I see you prayed. That was a lousy landing but then it's almost dark now and the British do not light their airports for German bombers. Luckily, I am familiar with this one. Did any fragmentation from the antiaircraft barrage get into us?"

Minnie pointed to four new holes in the floor and an equal number in the roof about fifteen feet aft of the break. She said in a strangled voice, "Well, I suppose this is the end of the story," and lurched over into Andy's arms. "Not fainting," she gasped, "just a bit weak in the legs for the moment."

He held her close to him. He said: "Here's fifty pounds, Minnie. Somebody'll take you and Piet over to Dover to a hotel and you can shop in the morning; then go up to London and register at the Savoy so you'll have an address to which I can mail you a check to carry you until—that is, Minnie—I'm making my will tonight. Old men accumulate assets, you know—and I'll leave them all to you. Not a great fortune but even after the death taxes have been paid you'll have enough income to keep the wolf away. You'll take care of Piet, of course."

"Andy! Don't talk like that!"

"I'll have a new plane and be off to Dunkirk in the morning, Minnie. They need lads like me very badly over there. I'm over age but I have twenty-three Huns to my credit . . . maybe I can make it twenty-five tomorow . . . been glorious to know you, Minnie. Never soldiered with a better comrade . . . never forget you—never. Oh, Minnie, Minnie, old girl—"

HER arms were around his neck, but she was not crying, just holding him tightly and trembling and he heard her say, "I love you, Andy. Shocking admission for a woman to make to a man she has known only twenty-four hours—"

"Nothing of the sort. It's beautiful. In twenty-four hours we have gotten closer to each other than most people do in a lifetime. Oh, Minnie, Minnie, I love you. Will you wait for me?"

"I'll wait," she promised. "And if I have to wait all my life I'll always be grateful to God for giving me twenty-four hours with you. . . . Andy, somebody's knocking at the door."

"Let's get out of here before they have to cut us out with acetylene torches." He opened the door and they stepped out onto the platform of a landing stage; below them a crowd of air-force men were gathered, gazing at them in popeyed wonder. Andy knew Minnie wanted to send him away with a smile and realized he had to help her, no matter how hard the task, so he waved his arm and said, after the fashion of a guide, "Minnie, this is England!"

Minnie choked. One does that upon returning to one's native land after a long exile. But she was valiant and she shook the tears away. "Hello, darling," she said—and threw England a kiss.


Painting by Giacomo Balla, Courtesy the Museum of Modern Art, New York

# HOW MANY LEGS HAS A DOG?

A school of Futurist painters maintained that when a dog walks or runs, it has an infinite number of legs; when it wags its tail, it has an infinite number of tails; and so forth.

Which is an interesting theory, and proves, perhaps, that the artist and the business man see the world through different eyes.

At any rate, Comptometer adding-calculating machines and modern Comptometer methods of handling figure work are based on the more pragmatic premise that a dog has four legs and one tail, even while hot in pursuit of a cat.

And every day, more business men (including many who take pride and joy in their collections of modern painting) specify Comptometer machines and methods for adding, subtracting, multiplying or dividing business or industrial figures quickly and accurately.

They may respect theory . . . but they've found it's a *fact* that the Comptometer handles *more figure work in less time at lower cost.*

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# Arnold vs. Clean Rest Rooms

THURMAN ARNOLD, Assistant Attorney General, in charge of antitrust work for the Department of Justice, is setting out on a crusade that smells not so good to us.

Mr. Arnold is agitated because the various oil companies advertise their brands of gasoline and stimulate sales by means of attractive filling stations featuring free air, free windshield wipes, and free *and* clean rest rooms.

These sales methods, Mr. Arnold feels, constitute some heinous kind of economic waste. He would like to see the numerous gasoline brand names done away with, and gasoline sold in three or four basic grades from noncompetitive stations—maybe by automatic dispensing machines with human labor largely out of the picture. Or so we gather from his opening kiyoodles in this crusade.

To us, it all looks like another evidence of something many people have long believed about this Mr. Arnold: namely, that he knows nothing of advertising's essential place in the American scheme of things, or of its innumerable services in raising our living standards.

Worse, it looks like a stab at the aforesaid clean rest room, which the oil companies in the last few years have made a roadsid Take the competition out of gas and how long will the attractive beneficial trimmings last?

Certainly we take gasoline adv are glad to have it, and don't wa Nevertheless, we think it is obviou needs to learn some of the ruder, of life, having spent too much time and other cloisters. We favor se to an old-timy roadside retreat for fore he is permitted to lift an against the modern filling station.

# Goodby, John, Please

JOHN L. LEWIS is trying to stage a comeback to the presidency of the C.I.O. We hope he loses.

We have nothing personally against Mr. Lewis: we admire him, indeed, on several counts. It's simply that we think he has taken on a somewhat passé flavor of late, and we don't see how he can shuck it.

Time was, in the first years of the union boom bred by the Wagner Act, when Sitting Bulls and Geronimos of the Lewis school were needed as labor leaders, to fight fierce opposition and drum up fierce enthusiasms. Lewis filled that bill well.

Now, however, it seems to us that men of this type, with their personal hates and vendettas and their fire-edged tongues, are more of a hindrance than a help to labor and the general public, to say nothing of capital. More co-operative men, shrewder bargainers, are needed in labor's posts of power nowadays. We mean men like Philip Murray, present C.I.O. chief, assuming that Mr. Murray completely recovers from the illness afflicting him at this writing.

Then, too, Lewis has been close with the Communists in the C.I.O its inception, and seems either u willing to give one heave of his l and shake those horseflies off his n tie-up is a worse liability every d leader in this country, and to his

We'd like to see the C.I.O. give costly medal, a nice watch or a han graved scroll, but give somebody presidency. Mr. Lewis has outlive ness as a labor general, we think.

# Courage Isn't All

IF WE do say it, we think one of the best war reports yet printed anywhere was Frank Gervasi's account in a recent Collier's of the battle of Crete. Gervasi put the article together from the eyewitness story of a British soldier who saw history's first air-borne conquest of a large island.

We reprint a bit of the story for the benefit of sundry wishful thinkers in this country:

> Bit by bit he put together for me the pieces of the Cretan puzzle. And when he'd finished he'd proved again what had already been proved: Courage alone can't win battles and so far in their ventures in Norway, France and Greece courage has been the Britons' principal weapon . . . planes and tanks and rapid-fire arms will win every time over high faith and morale and rifles. More specifically, the battle of Crete showed the futility of any major military operation undertaken without superiority in the air and co-ordinated with at least equality in numbers of tanks and artillery and men in the field below.

That is the lesson we've got to take to heart if we're to build an Army, Navy and Air Force capable of defending this hemisphere against all comers, and of going farther afield with hope of success if we ever decide to go farther afield.

We have high faith in the all-round superiority of democracy over totalitarianism. Our men have plenty of courage. morale is good for the most part.

But we cannot be safe behind a b talks, "I Am an American" love hearted draft measures, "busines psychology, halfway steps to si power into defense goods, indiffere head off inflation.

We've got to have an all-out d for some years to come if we're t selves against national catastrophe a deadly era in world history. We only if we make this nation as d other on earth, plus.

# Collier's

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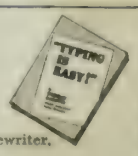


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## THIS WEEK

SEPTEMBER 6, 1941


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**COVER** JOHN FLOHERTY, Jr.


# ANY WEEK

AS YOU have every right to suspect, we get a great many letters telling us what's wrong with mankind. The majority of them are of a financial nature, the writers almost always being financially strapped at the writing. Although it is getting more and more difficult for an able-bodied man to avoid gainful employment, our mail shows no decrease in the numbers of correspondents who would remold our fiscal policies and monetary system. We still have our weekly take of schemes of greenbackers, inflationists, fiat-currency shills and funny-money promoters. The best we've received this week deviates a trifle from the conventional. The gentleman is Mr. J. Metapac of Topeka, Kansas. Mr. Metapac assures us that it would be of no benefit to the have-nots to divide the country's financial wealth equally amongst the populace and let it go at that. That would be but the first step. "After we get the money all divided up," says Mr. Metapac, "we got to see that it keeps divided up so that the same thieves do not get it back again soon." We shall summarize the rest of Mr. Metapac's thesis. When all the money is apportioned, share and share alike, he says, the name of the holder shall be inscribed upon each bill. Thereafter no other person may own that piece of currency. It may circulate itself to shreds for all Mr. Metapac cares but every time it turns over a profit, that profit shall go to the person whose name is on the bill. That's the gist of it and we release it in Mr. Metapac's name and with his consent for what it's worth. "But," adds he, "it's no use unless every man, woman and child has one thousand dollars to start with. If the divide-up won't be that much then the government must make up the difference."

WE WERE working Mr. Metapac's system out on the back of a telephone-bill envelope when our secretary handed us one from Carpentersville, Illinois. She said it couldn't wait. The writer, a Mr. Hein Fitbom, said that an article by Kyle Crichton had inspired him to commit a similar act. "I am no professional writer," insists Mr. Fitbom, "but I published a book —The Iron Rule—lately. This was a challenge to a boss who claimed he couldn't understand my language. I told this know-nothing of protégé: 'Listen, you better wash out your ears.' This remark broke my neck. I was promoted down the steps into the street and join since February 27 the army of million jobless. As you know better as myself, an unknown solduer in literary field has a quite time before he gets recognized but I trie hard to master the American language and want to be in future a worker who earn his daily bread and butter as before. Please read this article. If not acceptible tell me all about it. Thanking you for your kindliness please don't hesitate let the wind blow from every direction."

MR. CRICHTON has Mr. Fitbom's article and is industriously blowing in every direction, an art in which Mr. Crichton is more than adept. For our part, we're inclined to regard both letters as we're sure Mrs. Millholland would. This lady is the mother of Ray Millholland of Indianapolis. He writes for this alert magazine, Production Doctor being his latest story, we think. Some time ago Miss Ethel Gurley Willis, who writes a column for the Grand Meadow (Minnesota) Record, called on Mrs. Millholland, taking with her her cousin, Mrs. Duke Kemp. At dinner Mrs. Millholland turned to Mrs. Kemp and said: "Did you say your name was Duke Kemp or Kemp Duke? Well, anyway, pass the butter."

WITH our position thus clarified, we turn to this week's complaints. Mrs. Nancy Dwell of Dubuque, Iowa, complains about Charles Augustus Lindbergh whom, incidentally, we've been forced to include in a collection of major American tragedies which we've been compiling for some years. "I know precisely what's wrong with Mr. Lindbergh," says Mrs. Dwell. "He still believes that Hitler was telling the truth at Munich and stopped with Czechoslovakia." And we proceed with a flattering letter from Mr. Jock MacKimble of Los Angeles, California. Mr. MacKimble thinks that no fairer demonstration of this magazine's insistence upon giving our readers both sides of the story can be had than our articles by Quentin Reynolds and W. B. Courtney—Mr. Reynolds from England and Mr. Courtney from Germany. "Now all that I'd like to see," concludes Mr. MacKimble, "is a nice party thrown for Mr. Reynolds' 'R.A.F. glamor boys' and Mr. Courtney's 'blitz kids' with Elsa Maxwell running the high jinks."

AMONG others who are profiting by the dismal state of the world are dentists. We are assured of this by Dr. Julius Deefusch of Chicago, Illinois. "Ninety-nine per cent of my patients," says he, "come in with badly broken teeth. Half of them are teeth grinders —America Firsters, Columnists, Anglophobes, Italian-Americans who used to believe in Mussolini Army officers whose adv rejected by the War Grinding the teeth is them. The others are te —Communists, Bundists ficeholders who have be appear before their draf economists who predict ditions. Very bad."

THE illustrator of this co DeZayas, has gone wes just heard from Mr. D Montana. In Montana t rodeos and Mr. DeZayas to ride a couple of bad h the invitation came. Mr. in a drugstore purchas The hospitable Montana DeZayas whether he "Ride?" cried Mr. DeZa ride? Come with me." Zayas took the fellow by pointed to a motorcar "Can I ride? Mister, I've that for 22,539,492 miles fact, all the way from Ne Montanan told Mr. DeZ was not 22,539,492 miles "Says you," yelled our il corking the liniment.

IN THE meantime ou scouts have flushed a f first importance. From we've frequently thought cause of his lack of im learn that there's a dine cord, New Hampshire, sign: "Leave the War at Come In." Moreover the Boston where you can m and similar comforts fo As you enter you may come: "Sit, Knit and Sm three more earnest soul pay no attention to that that the creator of that s feeling—anyway the pr However we insist upo much as possible this ye ing up an occasional sn told that a Mr. Hillega pelier, Vermont, greete from Washington, D. C.,ington, D. C., hey? We war coming along down t told that a great deal of tained in the capital. replied: "Nothin' extra. well. That's Democrats


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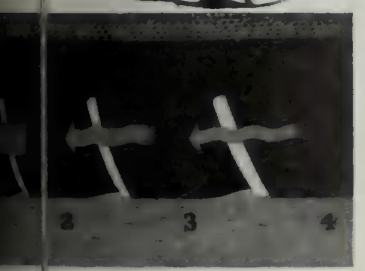
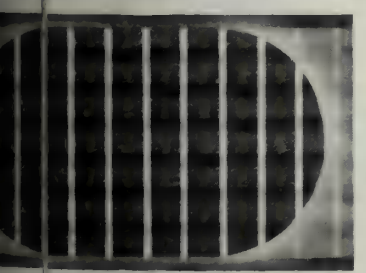
# Stripes in Action

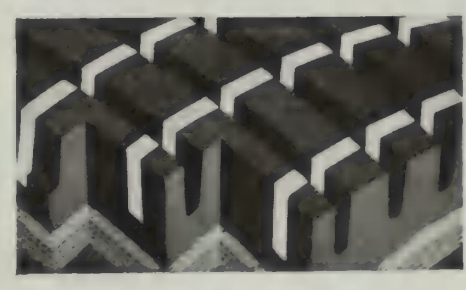
**SURE-FOOTED** as a big jungle "cat" the new *Fisk Safti-Flight Tire* with the *Safety Stripe Tread* grips the road with a wedging action that works like the pads of a tiger's paw.




**STOPPING POWER.** The instant brakes are applied block #1 grips pavement; block #2 piles up against block #1 and grips; block #3 jams against block #2 and so on, in a continuous wedging, squeezing, gripping action that stops you quicker! (Note how strips of soft white cushion rubber, inlaid the full depth of non-skid tread, link the blocks together firmly, yet permit extreme flexibility of movement!)



**SMOOTH RIDE.** The *Fisk Safti-Flight* is as gentle as a tiger's paw. This new tread puts more rubber on the road, too (see "foot above"). It distributes weight over a larger area to give you thousands of extra miles. Fisk's *under-tread* makes possible effective saving after the original tread has worn out. Important when you are looking for tires that last safely for a long, long time.



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BALONEY! How can they make Frankfurters with NO SKINS?

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BUTCHER: "Yes, these are SKINLESS frankfurters, there's not a trace of skin on them. You see they're stuffed and smoked in clear 'Visking' casings. Then, after the smoking process, the cellulose casing is removed leaving only the tender surface of the frankfurter itself."

☆

FATHER: "Say! These are wonderful frankfurters. Something new?"

MOTHER: "Tommy told me about them. They're SKINLESS frankfurters. The butcher says that practically all meat packers make them this way now. But I like this brand best. They're tender, juicy and digestible. And the children just love them."

HERE'S YOUR "SCHOOL DAYS" DISH

SKINLESS frankfurters or wieners on lettuce leaves garnished with sliced American cheese. The center is potato salad. School teacher's costume is black crepe paper with pipe-cleaners for arms.

FRANKY SAYS: "HEY KIDS, TELL YOUR MOM HOW DIGESTIBLE GOOD FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS ARE WHEN THEY'RE

Skinless"

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# WING TALK

HAROLD M. LAMBERT

**Three hundred new students now enter the Pensacola Naval Station each month, and learn fence-hopping take-offs, above, and the tricky spot landing, right**

THIS is no place to argue whether the Air Corps should be completely divorced from the Army or merged into a separate Air Force with other government aviation. Would take too long. But now and then you run into instances where the young, ambitious Air Corps is slowed down by the older, less explosive branches, which makes you wonder if a separate Air Force might not be a good idea. One such instance was when the Air Corps requested permission to send two of its experts to England to study an aviation development in which we are deficient. Back came the suggestion that we've got a lot of people in England now, so why not send them to Cairo.

ONCE a student has soloed and got along all right, his enthusiasm runs high. First thing you know he wants to take you for a hop; he's that proud. When you climb in with him, you are then participating in the most dangerous form of flying extant and you are conspiring with him to violate the Civil Air Regulations which were set up to save your life. Last year, one third of all the passenger fatalities in civil aviation occurred in flights with student pilots. Only your refusal to ride with the student will put an end to this situation.

THE Army Air Corps has more planes to procure and more pilots to train than the Navy, but you mustn't lose interest in the latter, for they're doing all right. From only one school and 100 student entries per month, a year ago, the Navy now has three main pilot-training stations with a combined student entry rate of 800 per month. Pensacola, the original, now has 300; Jacksonville 200 and Corpus Christi, 300. There are now 4,300 naval aviators (including Marines) on the rolls and 2,700 students under training. Rear Admiral John H. Towers, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, and most vitally concerned with naval air expansion, is number 1 senior pilot, by historical fact, not by virtue of his present rank.

SABOTEURS, be there any in operation in the aircraft industry, are getting off pretty easily right now, what with all the green help ar d to ma- fuse the investigators. Th peam ar there were 30,000 workers plows the then small industry, or tho pretty much old-timers a no pro good at their trade but ur sure. Today there are many factory workers and e mum is mounting constantly. I ry me these newcomers into avia p mu possibly be skilled and dri in th fine points of aircraft cons cita besides they are being pu ed at speed by all companies to n e ies to the United States an e Bo That's why it is hard for industry to cry "sabotage" about a lects tha have happened, and tho bound come, when pins and bolts e mu cork is found in fuel lin warm engines, or tools floating an nd in cealed parts of the planes It's tough on the F.B.I. but N Hoover boys are the last to excuse c spiral to green labor, you may lik know.

THE lad was a shiny new was out with his dive-bo ron for the first time since carrier. Came his turn to cut the gun (contrary to they do not go down on th throttle wide open) and ha direct hit, he pushed on th get back in formation, but th kept ticking over as befo trouble," he yelled in his and the squadron leader turned and started down al as he got there, the engin a roar and it was not unt back on the carrier that th ensign revealed his deep-ro by reporting, rather hesita was pushing on the bomb-re all the time.

**HELPING A MAN BUY** the kind and amount of life insurance protection he should have, and serving him properly after the sale, is a highly specialized responsibility.

It requires on the part of the agent an understanding of people and their problems. It requires an appreciation of each individual's present and prospective needs and circumstances.

Today, the needs of millions of policyholders guide the training of every agent. Because this training is in great demand among agents, Metropolitan, for instance, has established training courses to give the agent the benefit of the knowledge the company has accumulated through years of experience and research.

Most prospective Metropolitan agents first attend a training course conducted by a Home Office representative. In localities where this is impractical, a similar course is conducted by the management of the District, supervised by the

Field Training Division. When this is completed, the new agent works from two to four additional weeks with an experienced assistant manager who helps him get acquainted with his new duties. After this, continuous training by the District management is supplemented by instruction conferences and courses conducted by members of the Field Training Division.

Most fieldmen have completed the Company's Correspondence Courses; 1255 were actively enrolled in 1940 alone. More than 800 were enrolled

in the course which, when completed, brings the coveted designation, "Chartered Life Underwriter," awarded by the American College of Life Underwriters. In addition, Metropolitan constantly issues instructive material for the benefit of all its agents.

Last year, approximately 150 full-time instructors were engaged in carrying on Metropolitan's educational program in the United States and Canada. An agent's training is never finished. Thousands of agents are striving, year in, year out, to improve their efficiency and ability and increase the value of the services they render you.

It is a fair statement that life insurance agents today are better equipped than ever before to advise with you on all problems connected with your life insurance program.

COPYRIGHT 1941—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

*This is Number 41 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker,*
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

*Leroy A. Lincoln,*
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

TAKE A TIP FROM ME:

don't let double O do you out of romance

"IT SEEMED almost like love at first sight when I filled in on a date with a dashing young flier. But what an awakening I got when I overheard him say: 'Next time, Ted, don't stick me with a gal who has the "Double O." Ellen's nice, but when she opens her mouth, I long for the open sea. She's got double trouble.'"

Sister, your charms don't mean very much if you're careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath). It's the double offense that can come between you and many a good time!

So, why not use the delightful double precaution so many popular girls insist on. For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's made especially for the beauty and brilliance of your smile. It's a special, new formula which does a really remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits.

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is the result of 8 years' work on the part of skilled experts. Many girls say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

For the breath, it's Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

*Delightful Daily Double*

If you want to put your best foot forward, don't neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start right in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more attractive smile and Listerine for a sweeter breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

*the double precaution against* double O *Offensive Breath Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*For* more than three hundred years, the Doll Theater has been a major amusement in Japan. Almost life-size, the dolls perform more tricks than puppets manipulated by cords or sticks, through being "worked" by men who hold the dolls in their hands. Compared with their gaily dressed marionettes, these handlers are virtually invisible as they are dressed in black clothes and hood and work before a black curtain.

*A phenomenon* of plant life is luminous moss, *Schistostega osmundacea*, which is found in caves and other dark places in the woods. When a light is flashed upon it, this plant glows, reflecting the rays like the eyes of a cat.

*Most* Korean women paste their clothing together instead of sewing it at the seams, change their given name, instead of their family name, when they are married, and rise when men enter the room.—*By A. Campbell, Kaishu, Kokai, Korea.*

*Fingerprints* may be destroyed by such diseases as leprosy, scleroderma, radio dermatitis and occupational therapy. In some cases of leprosy, the lines of the fingers have been changed to such an extent that they could not be used for purposes of identification.

*Compressed* air was used to separate a concrete highway in New Jersey recently. The air, forced through a fire hose which was backed by blocks, moved fourteen thirty-ton slabs a few inches at a time and pushed the sections of the highway apart to make a safety island between them twelve feet wide and eight miles long.—*By Russell Gross, East Orange, New Jersey.*

*As* living animals, some species of sponges increase their weight forty per cent a day; others pump water through themselves at the rate of a gallon an hour.—*By J. Roy Barron, Jr., Charleston, South Carolina.*

*In* 1921, scientists i East Indies tried to i strain of sugar cane b high-yielding variety Javanese variety. Th tained no sugar at all. its descendants, afte crossings with other duced the famous "I which has a twenty pe sugar yield than any variety.

*One* of the most com ever made was a pocket timepiece with parts and eighteen dial ments, which gave suc formation as altitude, barometric pressure, h the time of sunrise anc day. One dial even much time had passe mainspring was last w

*As* late as the 1 America held "trials b which the defendant case was made to touc to see if it would give tion that he was the g In one such trial in Vir several members of a f touch the body of a f servant. But they we because Uncle Joe "ga —*By Brandes Smith, cong, New Jersey.*

*Because* the jury at of Boss Tweed in New 1873 disagreed on a prosecution, at the made certain that it "untouchable" jurors twelve officers to w twelve watchers to wa cers and twelve other watch the watchers, all whom had to make a —*By Edward F. Faga New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for or unusual fact accepted f Contributions must be accom factory proof. Address Ke World, Collier's, 250 Park A City. This column is copyrigl The National Weekly. None be reproduced without expre the publisher

BEST
IN RUBBER
Firestone
DELUXE CHAMPION
PRICELESS PROTECTION
THE NEW Safti-Sured
Firestone
DeLuxe CHAMPION TIRES
HE most precious thing in life is life itself. Yet few people realize how often they risk their own es and the lives of their loved ones on the highway. ay after day, the lives of hundreds of men, women d innocent children are sacrificed needlessly—all cause of the dangers that lurk in unsafe tires. Surely ankind's most priceless possession deserves the iceless protection of the world's *first* and *only* tires at are *Safti-Sured*, developed by Firestone as another great contribution to highway safety. They are *Safti-Sured* against blowouts and skidding—and *Safti-Sured* for longer mileage by the exclusive new Vitamic rubber compound — yet they cost no more than ordinary tires and you can buy them on convenient budget terms from your nearby Firestone dealer or store. Protect your life and the lives of your family by putting a set of new *Safti-Sured* Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tires on your car today.
FOR THE BEST IN MUSIC
The Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, every Monday evening over N. B. C. Red Network.
Copr. 1941, The F. T. & R. Co.
TH ONLY TIRES MADE THAT ARE SAFETY-PROVED ON THE
SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

**Pictures like this** don't just happen. The photographer planned how much fence, girl, and sun he wanted. And he used *the right* film—Agfa Film, the film experts and beginners depend on for good pictures *every time*. It has an extra margin of quality; it's the only film guaranteed, "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

For outdoor pictures, use Agfa *Plenachrome*. Its wide latitude allows a margin for error in exposure. Its speed gives your camera added range. Plenachrome prints are sharp, sparkling. Get Agfa Film in the orange-and-blue box. There's an Agfa Film for every purpose, for *your* camera. ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.***

**Agfa** Agfa **Fim**

MADE IN U. S. A.

The only film that is guaran d,

"Pictures that satisfy or a new r free."

ller's
TIONAL WEEKLY
TEMBER 6, 1941

ob Bolles took the card with elaborate courtesy and held it gin-
erly and bowed. The card read: "I. A. Moto—Things Japanese"

# Mercator Island

## By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**Beginning the Caribbean adventures of the incredible Mr. Moto and the romance of the man and the girl who opposed his schemes**

WHEN Robert Bolles tried to put all the events in order, his mind would keep going back to Mercator Island, although he knew that Mercator Island was nearer the end than the beginning. Sometimes when he awoke at night he would think of the warm air, and the bay, and the black water, and the way the mainsail of the Thistlewood drew. Somehow the important things, the terrible things—such as fear and sudden death—never seemed as important as all sorts of extraneous details—such as a joke that someone had made, or the way Tom had never stopped wiping the galley table clean. He would recall the strange whistling sound of the coconut palms near the beach. He would see the phosphorescence in the water around the roots of the mangrove bushes. He would even find himself thinking that Mr. Malcolm Kingman, which was the only name he ever knew him by, was a good companion according to his lights.

"Call me Mac," Mr. Kingman had told him, "and I'll call you Bob. It's easier, what?"

Then Bob Bolles would stare into the dark, and he would think of the pale blue of Mac Kingman's eyes. They had the steady, watchful

look of a sailor's eyes, though, of course, he was not a sailor. And when he thought of Mrs. Kingman, for that was the name she was using, he would find himself still surprised at her capacity for enjoyment. It had impressed him long before he came to know her well. She had really loved it—all the lights at the sunrise, all the strange, shimmering green of the hillsides, and the candlewood trees, and even the delicate little shells on the beach. She had loved it at Westerly Hall, when she had stood on the gray coral stone terrace, where all the weeds were growing and where the umbrella ants were walking in an endless, weaving column. She had said that she would like to live there always, and she had really meant it.

Even when he had heard the footsteps that night—and he had not heard them until they were just behind him—he remembered most clearly what a pleasant night it had been and how well he had played his hand of four spades, doubled and redoubled. Of course they had meant to kill him as soon as he had left the table, but it was those small aspects that remained more vivid than the rest.

"Bob," Mac had said, "your sense of cards is excellent."

"Such a nice hand," Mr. Moto said, "and to make the three of diamonds good! So very nice."

She was the only one who had not said anything.

"Helene," Mr. Kingman had said, "you must be tired. Perhaps a little walk in the air—"

That was the first time that he had not called her Helen—just one of those slips that you could not help. It was all made up of little things like that, hundreds of little things.

There was no rancor, because it was all strictly business, and they had done it very nicely, because they were professionals. He could not get it out of his head that they really liked him as a person and as a human being, but it had not begun at Mercator Island. That was only the middle and the end.

IT HAD begun in Kingston harbor, when the Thistlewood lay anchored in the still blue water on a November morning in 1940. He always hated the mornings. In the morning everything that was disagreeable came back to him, for he could never get himself into the way of drinking before twelve o'clock. All he could do was to sit and wait until noon came and assure himself that after twelve he would feel better and that by evening he would forget nearly everything that troubled him.

"Mr. Bolles, sar," Tom had called from the cockpit, "it's after eleven o'clock, sar."

"What do I care?" Bob Bolles said.

"You expressly ordered," Tom said, "when we came aboard last night for you to be awakened at ten o'clock, sar."

"Don't talk with that damned British accent," Bob said.

Tom came down into the cabin and stood grinning at him. He was a lanky Jamaican colored boy, copper-colored, with a small head, flat nose and heavy hands. He did not look like much, but he was good at sea.

"Where was I when you took me aboard last night?"

"Up to Henry's, sar," Tom told him.

"Henry's?" Bob said. He passed his hand over his chin and found there were no contusions or bruises on his face. "I wasn't fighting again, was I?"

"No, sar," Tom said. "You haven't fought, sar, since they threw you out of the Myrtle Bank bar. You were at the tables like a gentleman, and Mr. Henry came down to tell me you were cleaned out and that you had best be took on board. You came with me like a gentleman."

"Cleaned out?" Bob said. "Have you looked through my pockets?"

"Yes, sar," Tom told him. "Ten shillings and six is left, sar."

"All right," Bob said. "Haven't I told you to watch me at Henry's?"

"I endeavored, sar," Tom said. "You are most difficult when you are in liquor, sar, actually. You began talking about the board, sar, and what you thought of that Old Man. You are always most difficult when you think of the board."

"Well," Bob said, "all right." He had grown used to being on the strangest terms with Tom. Sometimes he thought that Tom knew more about him than anyone had ever known. "We're going to be short of money."

"They're loading bananas, sar," Tom said. "I could get work today and tomorrow."

"No," Bob told him, and he felt half ashamed of himself. "I'm going ashore and you go too and find yourself another berth."

"Oh, no, sar," Tom said. "I like it here."

"Why do you like it here?" Bob asked.

"It's the way you tr
White men don't often
people like you treat me.'

"Get me some coffee," B
hot water and a razor. B
topside so I can be in the

WHEN he climbed up i
the white sunlight fro
made him blink. In the
sometimes felt ashamed o
he did not like the feelin
pretty clear idea of what
of him along the water
morning. He stood in the
cockpit, in his last clean
his soiled white trousers.
shaved for two days and no
that he might as well wait
before he tried it.

"Stow the razor," he sai
coffee."

He noticed that his hand
when Tom handed him th
coffee, but he felt better wi
it. All the water front an
came together more clearly

"Coat," he said, "shoe
bring the dinghy alongside

They were loading a bar
the pier. He could hear the
he could see the line of bla
women with the bunches of
their heads. Then he looke
entrance of the harbor. A U
destroyer was coming in
cloudlike.

"Tom," he said, "go dow
the glasses."

"You pawned them yest
Tom said.

(Continued on page )

Mr. Kingman smiled. "Now, wait a minute, sweet," he said. "You know you promised to let me do the talking"

**l Sir Claude Auchinleck, Wavell's successor in Egypt, dier ahead of his time. Years ago he foresaw that war outgrow the "mule and march" era, so he replaced and cavalry with tanks and armored cars, substituted e guns for sabers and bombing planes for artillery**

ERAL SIR CLAUDE JOHN RE AUCHINLECK married sie Stewart of Seattle, Wash- enty years ago. That's why he ritish accent.

ver since 1930 he has been e British army's leading ex- f armored warfare. That's at of the reasons why at the age en most careerists are begin- ope they might become briga- Claude is a full general and er in chief of the armies of the ast.

ade talked tanks and muttered ion while Hitler and Goering beer-hall roughs. It took him ht years but he pulled the In- down off horseback and gave He wanted cavalry to move a day when its maximum 30, and he envisioned infan- ing into action at 100 miles a its forward movement was ten. He, like General Charles e and Douhet and Winston was a man ahead of his time who foresaw as did General dorff that war would outgrow and march" era.

ree or four years ago his con- ar was considered radical and ary and it took five months of ith the famed Chatfield Com- hich in 1938 ordered the mod- of the British army in India, adopted his proposals. The ography of General Auchin- s merely that he was able "to of his ideas into effect."

rth is that for five months uchinleck and his staff labored aps of India tacked up on the eneral headquarters in Simla, own to the last machine gun nes, tanks, motor transport -fire armaments were needed. They proved to the Chatfield Commission that the security of India depended upon having not camels and cavalry but tanks and armored cars, not sabers but tommy guns, not lookouts on hilltops but fast reconnaissance planes and not merely artillery but squadrons of mobile heavy artillery called bombers and squadrons of fighter planes to chase the enemy's bombers. The potential attackers of India then were well-armed Russia and Germany, and General Auchinleck finally demonstrated to recalcitrant traditionalists who thought and fought war as Kipling knew it that India's potential enemies could easily pry out of the British crown its most brilliant imperial jewel.

Of all his names the one that fits General Auchinleck—which he pronounces Awkinlek—best is the straightforward "John." The Claude contrasts with his bearing of a well-conditioned light heavyweight and could be set down to a fond error of Mother Auchinleck's except that he got it because his father's name was John Claude and when they named him they just reversed it. The Eyre is his mother's family name and the Auchinleck is Scottish from way back. Lady Auchinleck is Scottish, too, a Stewart of Appin, and she's very pretty.

### And No More Siestas

To his troops and to his staff when he isn't listening, Auchinleck is "the Auk," which is a contraction of his surname but tells more about him than Claude or John. He's as direct as a monosyllable and as forthright as the crack of a pistol.

He said he would be in the lobby of Shepheard's Hotel at three o'clock that afternoon, and at three he was there. There was considerably more than six feet of him in a short-sleeved khaki shirt that was unbuttoned at the collar.

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

**Direct and forthright, a soldier in the best British tradition, General Sir Claude Auchinleck commands Britain's armies on the vital Middle East front**

**and press relations are handled for Auchinleck by Capt. Oliver Lyt- o'll also see that American weapons are used by men who know them**

He wore shorts and moved on ample feet in the way of a man who knew exactly where they were taking him.

He hadn't had much sleep. He'd only just arrived from India and at three o'clock that morning had taken over from General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell. But his eyes were clear, blue-gray and steady. They looked from under the overhanging ledge of a broad, slightly freckled brow. He's just this side of being a redhead. His head is set on a powerful neck and he has a clean jaw that suggests the strength of a broad, flat, phosphor-bronze spring. His mouth is straight and wide and his lips are dry and he looks as though he forgot to shave his upper lip but it's really a close-cropped mustache.

He chose a cool, shadowy corner of the lobby and made the chair creak when he dropped into it. That he arrived promptly at three o'clock proved more than the obvious. It showed that the Auk doesn't take siestas. At least, not unless it's so hot it knocks you down. And after India, where it really does get hot, the Middle East seems cool as a refrigerated movie house to the Auk. Three o'clock in the afternoon is a poor time to make business appointments in sultry Cairo. At that hour everybody except those who keep themselves awake by blowing taxi horns and clanking bells and blackmailing sleepers into baksheesh by cranking barrel organs under windows are taking a nap. But the Auk was there at three and you had a hunch suddenly that lots of people would be skipping siestas thereafter in this highly important part of the world that's fighting Hitler.

The Auk came without a fly swish. The fly swish is an important accessory in the Middle East. It consists of about eighteen inches of horsetail tufted to a short leather handle with a thong to dangle it from the wrist. It's used to keep the very affectionate flies of the

*(Continued on page 44)*

REASE MONKEYS. Because it takes from six to ten mechanics to keep one plane ying, the Army Air Corps Training Division is feverishly expanding to keep ace with plane production. During 1938 the Air Corps trained only 2,000 technicians. By the end of 1940 the Army and seven private schools under contract ere producing 25,000 mechanics annually. This year, five Army and fifteen ivate schools will train some 50,000 men. Ultimate goal is 100,000 a year

Typical of the private training centers is the Casey Jones Sch at Ne N. J., where potential grease monkeys study ten hours a day six m and emerge as maintenance men upon whose shoulders rests ae res bility of keeping U. S. warplanes in perfect condition. Shown erewi phases of training: Top, right: Student practices welding. Upper Metal tail assembly. Above: Tuning a B18-A. Below, left: Ir alling

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HERMAN RUDOLPH AND WILLIAM FRUTCHEY

# OUR NEW ARMY

IF YOU'RE planning to send a gift to a soldier, bend an ear. Here are some of the things Collier's knows the boys in camp want and will use (we surveyed almost a thousand of them in personal interviews from coast to coast, and got the low-down on what they yearn for from home):

1. A camera; pocket-size, preferably, so he can use it in the field. Don't forget films.

2. Shirts—white shirts and sports shirts—are always welcome for off-duty wear. Odd slacks wouldn't hurt, either.

3. A wrist watch with a second hand would help him on maneuvers.

4. A washable lounging robe in the new O. D. color will earn you a thank-you letter.

5. A stationery outfit; pen and pencil set and stationery to thank you on, complete with stamp books to save his $21 a month.

6. All kinds of toiletries are No. 1 in any survey on what they want in camp —extra razor blades, shaving lotion, nail file and scissors, extra tooth paste and an extra tooth brush, hair tonic, powder, shoe polish. Make up a kit that he can stow in his duffel bag.

7. A portable radio can make his life happier—the kind he can carry to a quiet spot without being too con cuous.

8. Tobacco or a new pipe wo make him mad. Don't send him a bul humi- dor—instead place a standing o er once a week with a local tobacconis And of course a carton of cigarettes on e same standing order.

9. Magazines make a swell ft, and so do the new Pocket Books at sell for a quarter.

10. Candy and gum. Send m the kind that comes in cartons easy storage. And don't send him e kind that freezes in cold weather or arts to run in hot weather.

In general, choose with car Bulky things are out; be careful whe ending perishable foods; when in do as to what is practical, ask your loc retail- ers or write direct to this de tment.

### LOUISIANA

CAMP CLAIBORNE, lexan- dria. As is universally cu omary. Pvt. David J. Beed, Co. 168th 34TH DIV. Infantry, wrote home a w un- glowing tributes to all the spu e had to peel. The parent Beeds ow hard- ware store, so it was a comp atively simple matter for Mr. Beed send

(Continued on page 5

# Dina Cashman

## By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

*The Story Thus Far:*

LIVING with her impoverished family in Railway Flats, near San Francisco, Dina Cashman meets and falls in love with Vere Holland, a student at the Yale Law School. Vere (who professes to love her) returns to New Haven; and a short time later, Dina learns that she is to become a mother!

Desperate, terrified, she writes to Vere. But the boy's mother persuades him to ignore the letters. Dina then turns to Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, who is himself in an embittered frame of mind because the woman he loves, Aline Pierpont, has jilted him and married Andrew Havens, an artist. Moved by Dina's distress, Rogers proposes a curious solution of her problem—he suggests that Dina become his wife, in name only.

Wanting her child to have a legal father, Dina accepts the offer; she marries Holland. Whereupon, Aline—who feels that Rogers is her property—begins to make her plans for getting rid of Havens (whom she does not love) and working her way back into Rogers' favor. . . .

Dina's baby (a girl) is born; and shortly afterward, her life and the lives of those around her become extremely complex and difficult. Aline, preparing to divorce Havens, tells Rogers that she loves him, has always loved him; and Rogers looks forward to the time when he and Aline—both free—may be happily married. Meanwhile, Dina has become infatuated with Andrew Havens; and Havens, loving her, but suspecting that it would be unwise for them to marry, has gone away and sent her a letter informing her that he is planning to leave for Spain.

The situation is further complicated by the reappearance of Vere who, although he is "almost engaged" to another girl, soon makes it obvious that he still cares for Dina. But when Rogers urges Dina to divorce him and marry Vere, the girl is indignant—she refuses flatly to become the wife of the man who had deserted her in her hour of need.

Realizing that with Aline—an acidulous person who can be extremely disagreeable when she wishes to be—constantly at Rogers' beautiful home, she can seldom be at ease again, Dina makes a sudden decision. And a few hours later, she is back in her family's home.

### XII

AFTER infinite discussion it had been arranged that the Cashman family should go to the lake for a six weeks' holiday. John Cashman, rejoicing in the prospect of fifteen free days, would drive the car, his wife and small son by his side. In the back seat, in a rampart of luggage, would be Myrna, Dooley, Lou and El'ner.

Dina and the baby would remain behind to keep house for Art, and after his vacation, for her father; but after four weeks her mother would return and then Dina and Art would drive up to join the younger girls at the lake for two weeks more. This plan being infinitely satisfactory to everyone, and Mrs. Cotton having brought over the key of the cottage at the lake, great struggles in the matter of packing and wardrobe and luggage questions had arisen, but these had all been settled by the first of July, and the plan had included a six-o'clock start so that some of the long two hundred mile trip would be made before the heat of the day.

Dina had never had much faith in this six-o'clock start, and was not surprised, four hours later on the appointed morning, to find the house still cheerfully filled with her swarming family and the dilapidated car still standing at the gate.

Her father, whose attitude toward recipients of relief and migratory labor had recently become one of pitying scorn, was impressive as he directed the children's activities. With his mustache, his intellectual forehead bared by receding thick gray hair, his lean, active form clad in slacks, he was typical of a million other householders everywhere, a man eager for a holiday and already enjoying every phase of it.

His daughters circled about him excitedly. The day was burning hot; their young faces were wet and their soft hair was clinging to their temples as they dashed to and fro. Dina and her mother had filled a cardboard box with sandwiches; a small bucket, packed with ice, held milk bottles; fruit they could buy on the way. But sweaters—they must all have sweaters ready for the mountains.

"If you can believe it's ever going to be cold anywhere!" Dina said, wiping her face with a sweep of her arm.

She began preparations for an informal lunch, and the meal was welcome when at twelve o'clock the whistles blew, and Art came home, and the expedition was not yet on its way.

However, everything really was in order now, and lunch was absolutely the last delay. Donny, one cheek very red, and his whole small person damp and hot and fretful, was at last awake; Margaret had been picked from her pen on the side lawn and fed and put to bed, and no amount of cogitating could suggest to any member of the family a forgotten item or a possible improvement in arrangement.

"With that hall door wide open, Dina, you'll have an awful time getting rid of the flies."

"Ida and I'll go at 'em as soon as you're gone."

"We don't want anything; we're just going away for the summer," Myrna said to the tall stranger who had walked in through *(Continued on page 29)*

**The doors slammed in quick succession. The engine started and the gears jerked. They were off. "Well, that's that," Dina panted**

# Monkey-shines

## By Kyle Crichton

**The taxpayers get their mor y's w when the St. Louis Zoo's sext of Co zanies stages its just-like-hum is rev**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W.

BACK in the old days of vaudevill they say there were three bad weeks the Holy Week, the week before Chr Louis. After considerable research w ered the reason for this, to wit: St. shows good and it likes them inexp accounts for the St. Louis Zoo, whic doesn't cost the spectators a cent.

The lion act is swell and the elep but it is the monkey act at the St. L stirs up natives, visiting relatives and

"A downright and absolute kick in the circus people, ecstatically. "Notl land, sea or under tent."

What they have is a set of six chi do everything but square roots. It is famous Jimmy, and the act is entitl His Gang. If, in an enthusiastic mome the act, you admit that the chimps are you get nothing but a black look from friends. There are otherwise amiabl will stand right there on the corner Grand and offer to push your eye out they're anything *but* human.

Consider what these Six Champ Congo give you for free admission: Ji of Sierra Leone in the Cameroons, do flap from the back of one racing po the squad does an acrobatic pyramic Jimmy and Alice, working as "underst on the backs of ponies trotting abre

Jimmy is boss of the amazingly versatile troupe of chimpanzees as well as star of the act, and is well aware of both facts. Here he is wearing the hat that goes with his Spanish dance

The zoo's Indian rhinoceros is one of the two in the United States and cost $8,800, but runs a poor second in public interest to the chimps, which can be bought for from $275 to $400 each

Jimmy doubles in brass for act, getting lots of noise b in the way of music. Jimm back flip-flap between two

on the backs of Jimmy and Alice and with pping it off by doing a headstand on the of Rudy and Jitter. Sailor is the "baby" ape.

done before in the history of the world!" ge P. Vierheller, director of the zoo and a oud man. "Chimps hate to have another ching them or resting on them. It took h almost a year to work that one up."

o trapeze stunts, turn cartwheels, do back until the audience is dizzy, ride bicycles ls, smoke, eat meals, play slide trombones, g broncos. The famous Jackie, now retired, nt up to ten and did a fake mind-reading s trainer, tapping off the required number ret signal from his human accomplice. He distinguish colors.

n also distinguish between a nickel cigar teen-center," says Mr. Vierheller, half alf ruefully. "Come over here."

over to the cage where Jackie is now en- well-earned rest. Mr. Vierheller hands bit of five-cent rope. The chimp bites off intily, takes the patent lighter Mr. Vier- nds, twirls the thumb screw expertly and As he is doing this his eyes are cagily ob- friend. After a few puffs of the cheaper uts it carefully on the rock behind him, paw and starts going over the Vierheller that he eventually extracts the fifteen- fs it gratefully, makes a sound of extreme n and forgets all about the lesser gift.

e St. Louis Zoo started the monkey shows ad a single orangutan riding a bicycle and ater out of a bottle. But the chimpanzees l actors and the orangutans have been t of the picture. The famous Joe Martin, e, could no more make the St. Louis Zoo Man Mountain Dean could make the Dodgers. Even with the chimps it is a aptitude. Some of the best-looking pros- never been able to learn anything; others p the most intricate trick in a few days. e the Cards' baseball chain," comments "If they don't make the grade, we farm r sell them."

ith their intelligence, chimps are inex- ing bought for from $275 to $400 each. scarce and come high, bringing between $3,500. That monarch of the jungle, the n get them thrown at you—a drug on the e lions they use in show acts cost around ordinary beast goes for as little as $50. ring they offered us six lions for $200 ed them down," says Mr. Vierheller.

death of Pandora, *(Continued on page 49)*

**e baby panda, is the darling of atching the chimps in popular- are only four pandas in the es and St. Louis has two of them**

**Jitter, above, lights up a cigarette and does his sentry duty. Below, the educated Jimmy again, drum-majoring the band with hands, feet, grunts and lots of grimaces**

**Prize wallop of the act is the 5-chimp pyramid on the backs of three trotting ponies. It took nearly a year to teach them this stunt, which, with their three-high pyramid, astonishes even circus trainers**

# WHAT PRICE HENDERSON

By Walter Davenport

The director of the office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply holds many conferences each day, and this one is typical: Leon Henderson talks and the conferees listen

**He's the busiest, loudest, fightingest man in Washington. Daily he wears out a dozen assistants and secretaries, browbeats big shots who clutter up his path and grinds his heel on the necks of profiteers**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

WHEN Leon Henderson was graduated from Millville, New Jersey, High School in 1913, one of his classmates asked him to write something prophetic in her memory book. Leon, a born seizer, seized the book and wrote:

*Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,*
*Thus unlamented let me die;*
*Steal from the world, and not a stone*
*Tell how I lie.*

As personal prophecy this quatrain has fallen somewhat short of materialization. Moreover, Mr. Henderson has done nothing to make it come true. His Millville defenders, the membership in which is by curious coincidence exactly that of the town's population, point, however, to the last line's brief departure from Alexander Pope's original wording. Mr. Pope (1688-1744) wrote "where I lie." The defenders, mildly desperate, say that Mr. Henderson knew this perfectly well and was indulging in impish irony and that he had no intention at any time—babe and boy—of living unseen and unknown nor of stealing from this world in any manner short of cataclysmically. On the other hand, Mr. Henderson's current Washington opposition, chiefly dollar-a-year men whose toes have been mangled by the Henderson heel, contend that he's no humorist and produce no proof that he ever was. Mr. Henderson himself professes to have forgotten the whole incident, understandingly preferring to hear no more about that long-ago lapse into an unwonted and unprofitable modesty.

Today he is Director of the Office of Price Administration an Civilian S ply (OPACS) and as s n comes near to being the most portant in our hyperthyroid fede government Briefly stated, it's his jo to hold d crisis prices of everythi from bec battleships and to do it th more cess than his bewilderec opposition had in holding down L n Hende He is not a humorist; he an econo

Several years before I m Hende rewrote Pope for his cl mate for made his first major de ion. His ceased father. Chester E s naively scribed by less than hea ong rece as a struggling farmer. nderson that this is largely nonse e, that ther was merely poor a ll hell way, when Leon was ab t thirte couple of years before he ent on a as desirous of obscure onymity father bade him make s choice tween working on the chr ically u ductive Henderson acres r bed t and one pair of store p ts a ye continuing at school. If on chos latter, it would be up to a to feed clothe himself, the pate l roof his while it lasted. Leon se the extremity.

### In the Horatio Alge radition

He did not pursue edu ion: he lessly trampled it flat t first and thereafter had educ on pur him. Having read every ng that ratio Alger had written nore th hundred volumes of vi e rewa Leon lit out on the dea un. He at four-twenty in the r ning, s days per week, and rod third- bicycle two miles into M ville, I he delivered the Millvi Repub and Daily Reporter to a ple of dred still-drowsy homes For th got seventy-five cents a eek. S was necessary, a rather ll day ahead, so the Henders metho newspaper delivery was n. It sisted in rolling up the pers t and while pedaling at top eed fl them toward front doors. his n spread the world's doings of Millville to the other served also to warn the it was time to be up an And yet in his whole car erer of tightly rolled new apers broke only twenty-two w

That done, he started h fast, stopping only at th Millville Republican a porter to write a few items news and whatever sundr he may have picked up t and, on the fly, while ser ing route. After breakf up a couple of horses, dr and yon miles gatherin children and delivering t Back home again he horses, flung himself agai cycle and delivered him —high school—where he as a determined pupil wh ness seemed to be mathe

At eleven-fifty-five in school being out, he b newspaper office. Prompt utes after noon, the Unite telephone a ten-minute world events. Leon wo down in shorthand, trans the printer, crown them priate headlines. Then he caromed back to school. pensation from an awed he was released from his o'clock. Homeward boun he paused merely to take United Press telephone it, caption it, throw it t printer. Then home to horses, collect the mornin kids, take them home and

(Continued on pa 51)

efug Smith was shaking e di his face twisted with ink. Willie Wurtzel sum- onec is voice. "Refugee!"

# The Empire City Angel

## By Eustace Cockrell

**Refugee Smith meant no harm when he gave Willie Wurtzel a race horse. How could Refugee know that Willie would ride it straight to the cleaners?**

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

WLIE WURTZEL wandered sconsolately into Honest Mike's moke Shop and leaned against he co ter. Mike reached down and rough orth a box of three-for-a-dollar igars. Willie waved them back, took hree cirs from another box and threw a dime n the counter. "Now don't get smart, ike," Will said. "I know you've heard."

"Hea what?"

"You know."

"I ai heard a thing," Honest Mike said, ho ing up his right hand. "Honest."

"If u ain't heard," Willie said, slowly, you are the only man between here a the Brill building that ain't. Also, it's a story I do not get no pleasure fro giving with. But if you ain't heard . . ."

"Hon t," Mike said. "I ain't heard a thing

Willie Wurtzel clipped his cigar, lighted it. His face wore an expression of acute pain. "You know my boy, Refugee Smith, he gives me a bangtail for Christmas last year?" Willie said finally.

"Yeah, name of Deuces Wild."

"Okay," Willie said, mentally bracing himself. "I am boarding this hide out on the Island and it costs just two percentage points less'n if they was feeding him salad, catered outta Twenty One, alla cart. So," Willie went on, "I figure I will get some Joe to sharpen him up and knock down a small purse with him out to Empire. They tell me around Lindy's that there are trainers that train for maybe three, four guys at once; one-horse guys like me."

Willie paused, rubbed his brow with a damp hand. "I get all registered up and it ain't bad; the Whitney stable, the Vanderbilt stable, the Wurtzel stable; that's all right, see? I get my colors offa the vest I buy when Refugee stops Jimmy Stiller and we cut up twenty-seven gees. Purple, blue-trimmed in—but you seen it."

"Yeah," Mike said, "that's one thing I *did* hear."

"THEY ain't any use in drawin' this out," Willie said grimly. "I gotta trainer name of Ringo Harness. This Ringo he hires him an exercise boy and he gets his Deuces Wild readied up and so we enter him in a race. It is strictly a cinch, see? A six-panel sprint with a bunch of dogs ain't fit to carry Deucy's water bucket."

Willie's cigar was out now and little beads of perspiration clouded his brow. "Deucy is a price, and by now I am Wurtzel the big sport of kings man and I know that if I chunk it in heavy at the track, in the mutuels, it will cut the price and hurt my take; so I lay it around with the handbooks. A gee here, five yards there. And Mike . . ."

"Yeah?" said Honest Mike.

"I never told nobody this. This strictly can't get no farther . . ."

Honest Mike piously crossed his heart with a blunt forefinger.

"I chunked in all I had," Willie Wurtzel finished thickly, "an' the money I was supposed to have started Refugee's annuity with besides. I was gonna give him a break."

"What happened?" Mike asked.

"I put it on to win," Willie said, "and Deucy run a secont with a sponge stuffed up his nose."

"Ohhhhh . . ."

"That Ringo Harness," Willie said, "the

*(Continued on page 46)*

# If We'd only Me
# Ten Years Ag

By Mey r Lev
ILLUSTRATED BY . HN HOLM

**The love affair of a man and a oman v almost failed to remember they had a**

**She caught herself thinking: how is it with Army wives? If she became an Army wife, would she be all right?**

FIRST, the cab driver called her Miss instead of Madam, and though this happened often enough for Grace to know the error was unintentional, she got a special lift from it today. She was out to feel young. She was out to feel like a freshman. Wearing those utterly wicked red shoes. And actually going on a blind date! Even though her husband had arranged it.

Yes, Mr. Arthur might be needed by his country soon, and it was very right for him to take the six-week course that would adapt his engineering skill to military needs. But did he really have to go away, she wondered? Couldn't he have studied, somehow, in the city?

And beneath her wonder was the uneasy thought that Mark might simply stay on, in the Army. Men could do things like that. They could simply go away, to their jobs, to their armies, and be without women. Mark was one of those men who, even in marriage, left in a woman the proud yet frightened feeling that there was a final masculine reserve she could never penetrate. At any time, he could just take himself behind that wall and live suffic tly, wit her.

Grace had never outgr n the g wonder whether there v some who would not leave her hat exqu frustration. Some man no woul wholly open with her. The wo whether Mark was really d finall destined man.

Though she was pleas at her band's solicitude, there was al thread of dark speculat in he Mark's having asked thi tranger, old college mate, to call h up, tak out. Did Mark, perhap want h become interested in anot r man, v he was away? Could M be tir her?

The soldier at the en ance to office building said, "Who you wa see, girlie?" Imagine! C ie! He no kid recruit but a hea -set m the genial, rough type, e seaso campaigner type, the kind at was posed to know its girlies.

Mrs. Arthur didn't min She wa lighted. "I was to meet aptain nett," she said. "I belie he's in supply department."

Touching his cap, the s dier lec down a corridor. The bu ing wa thrill. Merely an ordinar office b ing taken over by the A y; its and doors were newly pai d gray. she was glad she had arr ed to c and meet the man here, i ead of ing him find her in a re urant. tering this world was lik being f moment in contact with l rk.

WITH the first glance oming Captain Garnett's offi Grace perienced the delicious r axation used to have in blind-da g girl days: he looked okay. H ven lo intriguing. He was the op faced t with a quick smile. Unde soft, t mustache.

She had walked in on h just a was finishing talking into dictaph He jumped up, midsente .

"I always feel that's an timate trusion—like walking in someo bedroom," she apologized

His eyes brightened. e exc himself again for not ha g met downtown. But Army ch h couldn't be stretched. Of rse, if could have made it for di r—

"To tell you the truth, race s "I made it lunch because we di hit it off, this way we'd onl e stuck an hour together, instead o or an e ning." She didn't know wl made talk like that. From the stant came into the room she ha elt her charged with boldness.

"Me, I usually try to m e it co tails, for the first look," h respon with the same bright ease That be even quicker than lunc

"Or longer, if it turns o well,"

(Continued on pag 2)

# Russians Learn Fast

## By Alice Leone Moats

**h the bombers come, Moscow goes down into those lovely ar ed subway stations. When the bombers go, Moscow w up the escalators and calmly goes about its business. ll r's special correspondent, between raids, radios the story**

UI ENLY Moscow began to feel th ffects of war. After four weeks of lm it was difficult to realize t or f the greatest battles in history ra g a few hundred miles away. n bombings began. Moscow gec the sound of bursting antiair- ft s ls, the rattle of machine guns l th crackling of fires started by end es. The Germans had been ppe the region of Smolensk. Ap- enti hey decided to go to work on civ n population. Moscow braced self Everyone faced the fact that bo ings were only beginning; that y w ld go on almost nightly for ny w ks to come.

But people are showing that they tal it. For the first four nights rma planes arrived with clocklike ular between ten and ten-fifteen. ne night we waited until midnight. t th days were free, the Russians cidn ot to sound the alarm in late rno when reconnaissance planes ually me over. Working hours are inter pted during daytime and asur continue during the evening. ople roll around the streets. They wd t restaurants, the movies and e th ers. They dine early. But ortly fore ten they make for home. ey m t pick up their bedding and be ady t arry it to the nearest shelter subw when the alarm sounds. The w reg tions even permit women and ldren o go into the subway and ttle th nselves for the night long be- re the anes arrive. These very grand bway ations, lined with marble from e Ura and which have long been the ide the Muscovite heart, have rned to be more useful than any- e ev imagined. Those who wait ntil th loud-speakers blare out the nmou word "*Trevoga*" (alarm), which ways ecedes the sirens, waste no me ta g cover. Once I stood on a lcony atching the people pouring to the quare from side streets, run- ng to rd the subway. Within ten nutes e streets and the square were ear. his haste was caused not so uch b ear as by the rule that makes imperive to take shelter while the rens a still sounding.

Each ght I have made it a point to in a ferent part of town under dif- rent c ditions to get an idea of what going . The first night I spent in the bway, e second in the apartment of n Eng h journalist whose windows mmar views north and south, the ird in hotel in the center of town atchin rom windows facing west and e four at the residence of the Ameri- an amb sador.

I am iting this dispatch in a house hared two ambassadors, about wenty iles outside the capital. It is rambl place built of logs painted hite ar set in the middle of a lovely Russian ountryside with woods all around. The garden is gay with hollyhocks, zinnias, snapdragons and other flowers. It seemed so peaceful when I arrived this morning that I couldn't believe anything would ever shatter the quiet. But it turned out that I was wrong, for at midnight we heard the sirens.

As I write, carefully sealed up in a tiny room so that no light will show, I can hear the noise of antiaircraft fire. When the racket grows particularly loud I rush out on the terrace to join others watching the searchlights playing in and out of the clouds and often meeting right over the house in trying to locate the planes. Once in a while it is possible to hear the drone of the bombers' engines but it soon dies out. No doubt those planes are escaping back to their base.

On the night of the first raid I was in a hotel room undressing for bed. As soon as I heard the siren I slipped on shirt and slacks and made a beeline for the subway station in the square below. It was far more crowded than it had been during the short alarm in the morning when nothing happened. But there was no pushing or shoving. Everybody went in quietly and reached the lower platforms quickly, as there is no necessity to buy tickets on these occasions. People walked up and down the platforms talking just as though they were killing time between the acts of a play.

### Talk Russian, Please

I spied Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer, sitting by a pillar on a case containing her precious cameras, and went over to talk to her. After a few moments everybody was ordered to go down to the tracks into the tunnel. We walked along as slowly as we dared, hoping to be the last in order to be nearer the entrance where at least one gets an impression that the air is fresher. But the police were firm. We found ourselves well in the middle of a crowd and followed their example of spreading newspapers on the tracks and sitting down. It wasn't long, however, before the police themselves delivered us.

We had been overheard speaking a foreign language, which made us suspicious characters, so we were led off to one of the little booths where a captain of militia sat by a telephone which kept ringing busily all night. There we were asked to produce our passports. Since they were in order we were soon allowed to go.

I had not been much perturbed at being picked up, as this was my fourth encounter with the local police. The other three times had been when I was staying with friends who live near the American ambassador's residence. Twice I was on my way back from the embassy where I had taken refuge during false alarms and was stopped for

*(Continued on page 36)*

SOVFOTO, RADIOPHOTO

**Residents of Moscow venture ou after a night of air raid to ex amine a Nazi plane brough down by Soviet fire. The plan is on exhibition in a publi square, a concrete reminder c Russia's struggle for existenc**

SOVFOTO

**Moscow's beautiful subway st tions, lined with marble from th Urals, have long been the prid of the Muscovite heart. Nov as air-raid shelters, they hav become more useful than any one ever imagined they would h**

Jake gathered his strength together. He thought of himself, hi ame on the air. He hit the tackle. He went plowing through for fiv ards

# Five Dollars a Yard

## By William Fay

**Spectacle of a very strong man in a very tight spot doing his best to live up to his muscles. An impressive performance, well worth the effort**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

JAKE BAILEY walked along Fifth Avenue, New York, dressed neatly in his linen suit and half as large again as any ordinary man. It was the third or fourth day in September and the summertime remained. He held his handsome Panama hat in his hand. Indoors or out, he never set the hat upon his head. The hat was much too small for him, though, carried in his hand, it looked all right; it even looked expensive. He had acquired the hat, two Sundays past, in Brooklyn, when a Dodger fan, enraptured, rose to scream and throw the hat away. A three-base hit for Medwick, and a brand-new hat for Jake. Oh, well. . . .

It was Marcia who got in touch with him. Her letter came in care of Zandor J. Kavarkas, wrestling impresario, under whose auspices, and for a little sum each time, Jake sold the lessening value of his legendary name.

The wrestling—but an outgrowth of an early football fame—had managed for some years to pay for liquor and for cigarettes, for room and board, and even managed, at his age, to put new muscles in his ever-widening neck, as well as new depression in his rather weary head. Those Grecian headlocks, well applied—somebody's bicep joining forearm in the squeezing of his brain, as though, if they squeezed hard enough, Jake's cranial sweat might turn to lemon juice—were very painful things.

The Greeks displayed a militance that Jake could not call fun. Another trouble with the wrestling game was customer addiction to the throwing of their peanuts, pennies, paper bags and other things into the ring while shouting, "Fake!" or "Kill the bum!" It had no dignity, it smelled, and it wasn't aided by the fact that Jake could never wrestle, anyhow.

When people shouted, "Bum!" the best that he could do was say, "Amen," because he knew he couldn't fool them any more. The flying tackles and the other football antics of his early days in wrestling were an effort that he couldn't make sincere, and with this loss of daring in the place of skill he had to shave his price until a fee of twenty dollars, gained in Hartford, or in Springfield, Mass., represented quite a bit of cash to him.

When Marcia's letter came it told him only that she wished to see him in New York; she would be there September 1st; she would be at the Reston, and, if Jake found that convenient, he could see the children and they'd all have lunch together.

He had been living in a clean and pleasant room in Brooklyn, when he wasn't on the road for Zandor J. Kavarkas, but it was not the room he'd choose for entertaining Marcia and the kids. The room cost seven dollars every week, respectable enough, but seven dollars was the stamp upon the room and on the section of the town.

He gathered bits of money that were owed to him by friends. It was a frightening moral job to ask for it, but ask for it he did. He hustled fifty dollars out of Zandor, and he had a good suit in the closet, and there was a fellow in New York, named Eddie Burns, who promised he would pay two hundred dollars he had owed to Jake for years. Eddie said, "I'll have the dough the first day of the month, so And then Jake speared that Ebbets Field.

He found a two-room s Hotel San Pedro, east of Pa He chose it carefully. It pretentious; it was just the s a man might have if he had of the heavy money he had now extracted income from

He chose a restaurant would be appropriate—a da exclusive, with, he had through a prior search of m fine desserts and chicken pie pots on doilies of the finest out a drop of liquor on th

MARCIA wore the orchid chased for eleven dollars- flower against the decorative expensive suit. It was, witho the finest orchid that had e the pocket of a poor man. H as yet, he hadn't managed a for the kids, which trouble would soon be corrected w two hundred bucks from Ec

Marcia said, "Jake, this nice. It's really difficult to sa I am to see you. You're lool fit."

"Yup. I'm workin' as a sub I work the nine-o'clock rush fill up my pants with nicke nerful."

"Yes. I know you do." S She had matured, but not t advantage. She was thirty she looked softer, better, w assured than she had ever fore. The kids, of course. Th grown up beautifully wit

(Continued on page

# W POWER, NEW SPEED FOR FREIGHT!

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It brings to freight service those vast Diesel economies that the most profitable passenger trains now enjoy.

And like the modern passenger locomotive it resembles, it is the product of General Motors—from whom forward-looking railroad management has been buying its greatest number of locomotives for the past three years.

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EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

**CRITCHFIELD TROPHY.** The National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, have for years been among the country's most highly competitive sporting events. Typical of the honors awarded is the Critchfield Trophy (right), emblematic of the National Small Bore Championship. To win this award, an entrant must run up the highest aggregate score in eight hard-fought matches. You have to be better than good to win the Critchfield—only a master rifleman stands a chance!

**ETHYL EMBLEM.** There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

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*THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR*

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

## Five Dollars a Yard

Continued from page 22

"You're looking prosperous, Jake. So tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Eh? Excuse me, Marcia." He'd been looking at the kids, at Barbara, almost nine, at Johnny, ten. Nice kids and fairly comfortable with him, although he hadn't seen them more than once since they began to walk. He supposed he loved them. Certainly he did feel proud of them. The only trouble was he didn't know them.

Barbara worked precisely at her food, aware that she was dining out. Johnny spent most of his time in looking at his father, wondering what this event was all about and marveling at his tremendous size. Marcia was the one Jake knew. There was no doubted love for her. It was an old, established thing that worked when she was far away or close to him, but now a quiet love, best undisturbed by days like this. She spoke again: "I said that you were looking prosperous, Jake. Distinguished, I'd say. Won't you tell me all about it? How is the wrestling—good?"

"Oh, that? No, Marcia. Not so good. I only wrestle now and then for Zandor's sake. To keep a hand in things," he lied. To keep myself in food, he thought. "I've been doing some promotion work for a firm in town, and other things. I—er—ran into a fellow at my place—San Pedro, Fifty-fourth, you'll like it when you see it—fellow wanted me to do a sports commercial on the radio"—which was a larger, better lie. "But I don't know. Most of my work is in promotion of a general kind"—promotion of a place to sleep, promotion of a dollar here and there to buy a ninety-carat orchid, were the specifics that he didn't give to Marcia.

"Why, it all sounds wonderful, Jake."

YOU bet your life it does, he thought. When I get home I'll tell it to myself again. It's better than a two-ounce shot of whisky. And he added, automatically, aloud, "I haven't had a drink in eight months now."

At which remark, somehow, she dropped her eyes. "I wasn't trying to impress you, darling," Jake was quick to say. "It's just—well, it's the truth." It was the truth.

"I'm glad," she said.

Don't beg, he told himself. Don't sit here telling her how good you are, because they haven't locked you up in Bellevue yet. Time to reform was long ago. Time to reform was when you had a chance, when you could do the lady good.

The children were restless through the adult talk. They asked if they might gaze into a nine-foot tank of goldfish they discovered by a window. Marcia said they might. She turned to Jake, looked at him for a moment. "Jake," she said, "I guess you've wondered why I wrote to you."

"Well, naturally, I wondered. Sure. You care for a cigarette?" She said she did. He held the light for her, then lit his own.

"I'm going to be married, Jake."

He blew the smoke out slowly, watching her, the bloom and loveliness, the changes he had noticed, now explained, and finally, by happiness.

"I guess I should have known," he said. There was no question of her freedom for the venture. They had been divorced long years ago. "Oh, Marcia, you deserve it. I—I think it's logical."

"I wanted to tell you myself," she said. "And I wanted you to see the children. Thought you should. You've not seen them in so long."

"I know. I know. It haven't wanted to. It's

"I understand." An she did. "You've been —in your way."

Which wasn't Marci was simply her acknowceptance of him as wouldn't say he was a admitted Jake was Jak Marcia's memory, ther alcohol, so much of it sophomore and All-Am who sometimes broke, the finest furniture in demonstrating, with hi his football pals, the lent charms that mad and she'd recall the m as fast as it came in, firmly made, then brok ing days.

Marcia hadn't liked it of it around the time three and two years need his fluctuating for father had a larger bag of gold. He hadn' thing she wanted most proof of effort; nor any there'd be a change in tell her now he was a sob with mended ways. His won, had probably resul eral tiredness.

She said, "We'll be liv

"Oh, Chicago. Who's

"Well, you'll remem course. He's nice. It's Jake. Remember he u the house, with Margan him then."

"Doc? I always liked ler in the world. A big Almost as big as me."

"Not quite so big."

They talked some m not too punishing, the "I'll have to go. While York I wanted to get som children—mostly clothe take time. I want to h fitted at Bradley's, be away, and then I have t —do it all this aftern have called her hours a

Jake thought of Eddie two hundred dollars. don't you let me take th ley's? You go and see A buy the kids some thing I've often wanted to."

"Why, Jake, that's some other time."

"No. Now. I like the i I'm gonna do it. If you things I buy, then s Okay?"

"If you really want to tant."

"It's important."

BRADLEY'S had nice prices, and the tags u clothes for Barbara. Jak challenges to any fathe A coat, two dresses an shoes, for Barbara. aside for just one hund lars. Just raise the slee Two dollars more. For some camel's hair: a co tle hat that made his r fatter still, a football, r and size, went cheap. One hundred ninety-fi

Jake left twenty dol with the sales girl. "J C.O.D. to me. The San fourth. That's right. A No rush." Marcia and t

town a week. And Eddie Burns? Eddie by tomorrow, anyhow.

He bought the children sodas in a store, then he chose a nickel from pocket change, deciding, just for fun's sake, to get in touch with Eddie now.

He lived at Hotel Lester Brown. He dialed the number, said, "Hello? I'd like to speak to Mr. Burns—to Mr. Edd Burns. Uh-huh. . . . You bet. He's what? He's not there any more?"

"Mr. Burns has left for California," a pleasant voice from Hotel Lester said.

Jake sat in his rooms. He held his head while biting his lips. His shirt was open and his shoes were off. He'd weighed the scale of things that could be held against a faithless friend. He had the idea from the evening paper. He would act tomorrow. What the hell, first that they could say was "No."

Jake walked into the offices of the New York Titans' Football Club on Forty-second Street. The corridors were crowded with the customers who stood in line in front hope of tickets for the All-Star game on Thursday night. He pushed through the crowd, opened a door marked "private" and stepped in. There was a new girl at the switchboard. She looked at him. Her gaze said, "Where you to walk in here?"

"I'd like to see Mr. Decker, please," he said. "Tell him it's Mr. Bailey—Jake Bailey."

The girl was unimpressed. She pressed a key on the board and spoke into the phone. Jake sat down. He held his hat in his hands. He waited a little while.

"Mr. Decker will see you now."

Mickey Decker sat behind a crowded desk. He managed to imply the act of standing up, when really he leaned forward just enough to ruffle up his vest and strain his thighs while shaking hands. "Well, Jake, it's nice to see you, boy. Sit down."

"Nice to see you, Mickey. Howzit going? How you feel?"

"I'm fine."

"Looks fine, all right. Look just the same."

Jake settled in a chair and looked at Mickey. The man was tall, made solidly, though not on the immense dimensions of himself. Mickey worked here well just fine. The coach and business manager of Titan Enterprises now, he held the double job as easily as two eggs in a hat, and sometimes, with a smug and satisfied possessiveness, he managed to suggest there might be rabbits in the hat. But the guy's all right, Jake thought. You think a lot of silly things when you're a kid. Besides, we're old pals.

Mickey said, "I haven't seen you, never heard from you in years. How's the wrestling going, Jake?"

"Well, not so good. You got to wrestle the whole Greek artillery for twenty, thirty bucks these days. After a while it hurts." Jake wondered why he'd told the truth, except that Mickey would know the truth.

Mickey shrugged. "That's the way it goes," he said. The phone rang. Mickey picked it up. "Excuse me just a minute, Jake. Hello? Well, listen, Frank, old man, we haven't got a thing for Thursday night. I told them that. I know. Can't buy a ticket for a diamond. That's right. Right, Frank." He put the phone down, pressed a button, chose another phone. "Be with you in a minute, Jake."

Jake looked around the room, beholding no additions to its beauty in the time he'd been away. The pictures on the wall, the same old ones that had been there, were newly framed. The groups of Titan teams, up through the five-and-ten-cent days of their beginning to the opulence of now, were smartly and artistically arranged.

Mickey was concluding on the phone: "Fine, Colonel. Yes, of course. Delighted to. Well, then, we'll see you at the game. Right-o, sir. Goodby."

Mickey folded his hands before him on the desk and paused to be pleased. He nodded toward the phone. "Colonel Hutchinson," he said.

"Who?"

"Hutchinson. The Army. Well, if that's not the darn'dest thing." Mickey's mouth was quivering with pleasure under reins.

"So go ahead and laugh," Jake said. "Be done with it. Be happy. Let yourself go."

"What? Oh, no. It's not that, really, Jake. It's simply that I never expected the thing. After all, there's Layden, there's Sutherland, and Lou Little; there are lots of men for the job. You know—supervising football for the Army camps. Can't help but be pleased with the thing. Sort of a duty, and I guess that I can sandwich it in, somehow, along with everything else. Well, let me see, where were we, Jake?"

Jake said, "I was just about to sell you my hat." To himself, he thought, and not without remorse, it must be great to be alive and on your toes and in the thick of things and have the colonels and the big shots and some sixteen other people call you up, to have them *care* to call you up. "It's really a beautiful hat," he said. "You can soak it overnight in water. You can sit on it while you're having your morning coffee. It doesn't make much difference what you do with it. Here, try it on."

Mickey smilingly begged off. He shook his head. "The same old Jake."

"All right," Jake said. "I'll keep the hat." He set it in his lap. "What I need, Mickey, is two hundred bucks."

MICKEY looked at him, then down at his hands on the desk. He tapped his fingers on the smooth mahogany and didn't speak.

Jake said, "Whoa! Wait a minute. This isn't a touch. I want a job. I think I've got a ball game left in me. The wrestling's turned me into two gorillas. I figured maybe you could use me Thursday night."

"You want to play? You're serious?"

"I haven't had a drink."

"Not more than a quart you haven't had. Now, look here, Jake. Be serious. Really. I'm a friend of yours. I know your age. This is a ball game, Thursday night; it's not a pagan sacrifice. I don't want to get you killed."

"You ever see me get killed, Mickey? You ever see me play less than fifty minutes in a ball game?"

"I'd see you play less than fifty minutes Thursday night. These kids are good. We can't afford to lose to college kids. To be honest with you, Jake, I think we might lose, anyhow. I've already lost six men to the Army, and this is about as fine an All-Star team as was ever put together."

Jake said, "Well, after all, I didn't mean you'd start me in the ball game. Anything like that. Just thought I might be useful. You know—need a couple yards, I bump my brains out. You know me, Mick—hell, I'm healthy, that's the trouble with me—always healthy. Really, what I thought was you might need a kicker, need a guy to get you three points when you have to have 'em. Fletcher isn't feeling too good, is he?"

"His knee's bad. Could be. Fletcher mightn't be too solid in there. Well—but we've got other fellows, Jake. Young fellows."

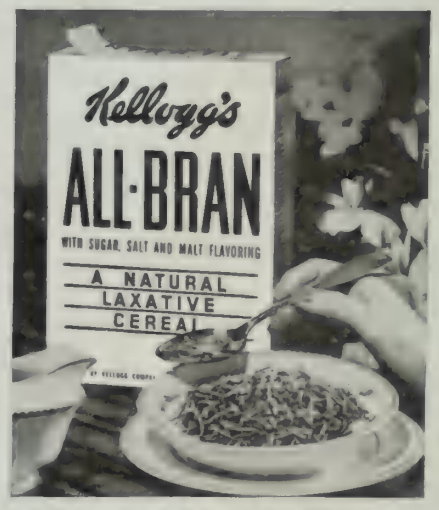
"Look, pal. I'm offering services for cash. You know your boys are not in


# Let's Play Charades

**ROUND AND ROUND** on the Ferris wheel. It stands for the old "dosing" way of fighting constipation. You're up—you're down. But you never go ahead. And people don't make much progress with constipation—till they get at the *cause* and *correct* it.

**STRAIGHT TO THE HEART** of the difficulty goes the modern, better way. If your trouble is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, a crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, can get at the cause and correct it.

**AND HOW MUCH MORE PLEASANT!** Compare those unhappy trips to the medicine cabinet with a bowl of crunchy, nut-sweet ALL-BRAN for breakfast. You'll say it's fun to keep fit when a delicious cereal can add so much to your well-being.




**"PASS THE CREAM!"** And fill up the bowl with crisp, delicious shreds of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Make it your steady breakfast cereal, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation due to lack of "bulk."

## Join the "Regulars" with *Kellogg's All-Bran*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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the best of shape, this early in the season. I'm guaranteeing points when you need 'em. I'm a drop-kick specialist. I just thought of it last night. Too bad I didn't think of it before."

Mickey smiled. "We won't count on that, Jake. But possibly you could give an exhibition. I need an added feature."

"Exhibition?"

"Before the game and between the halves. We could announce you. Sentimental sort of thing. 'Jake Bailey demonstrates the lost art of drop kicking.' Just stand out there and boot them from a dozen different angles."

"Oh."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothin', I suppose. Except it's a little like bein' in the band. Or like those midgets you had runnin' around last year between the halves. It's kind of corny."

"Corny? I don't think it's corny. It's a hundred dollars. Not two. But one hundred dollars."

"Thanks, Mick. Ot course. I'll do it, sure. Except—"

"What now?"

"Except I figured I might get a chance to play a little bit. I've got a reason. Silly, sure. I need some dough, but my kid might be there—Johnny. I sent some tickets to his mother. They're in town. I'm just feelin' strong. A couple minutes might be fun. I'd throw it all in cheap."

Mickey indicated end of patience. He said, "I told you before I didn't want to get you killed. Remember your age. Get wise."

"I can still run through those kids," Jake said.

"Is that so? Well, I'll eat every yard you make."

"Now, Mickey. That's a reckless thing to say. Will you pay me a dollar for every yard I make?"

"I'll pay you five dollars for every yard you make!" Mickey shouted the words and Jake said, "You got them All-America blues. I understand. Just because you ain't as spry as me."

"All right, Jake, all right. Report with the team tomorrow. We might need three points, and if we can possibly use you for that, you'll get the other hundred. Fair enough? But as for playing? Don't be a fool, Jake. Now I've got work to do. So long."

AN ALL-STAR-TITAN game is something you should see. The big lights flood the Polo Grounds with artificial sunshine. In the first weeks of September it is seldom that you freeze. The summer grass, beneath the lights, is greener than you'll see it in the day. The white stripes glisten on the green. The place is dressed with flags and filled with people. It's for charity, and blood, besides. The pros don't like to lose. The All-Stars are composed of college seniors, from the year before—the best ones from the nation's football fields—most of them signed for pro football themselves, the very cream.

The lights go out before the game's beginning, and a single light, as brilliant as can be, reveals, in turn, each separate performer, and the speaker system calls his name, his former school, the things that made him famous up till now.

Jake stood on the grass, before the lights went out, in Titan uniform, drop-kicking footballs from the thirty and the thirty-five-yard line, then from the forty and the forty-five, clean through the uprights with a skill that had returned with little polishing. The speaker system said of him: "—happy now to present an old and dear friend of New York football fans in one of the specialties that have made him a gridiron immortal, the lost art of the drop kick, as practiced by its master—Jake Bailey!"

Slightly embarrassing, and Jake felt foolish for a time. But then he concentrated on the job and split the uprights with his kicks. The fans were kind and generous with their applause; then he sat on the bench to watch the more important business of the evening taking place.

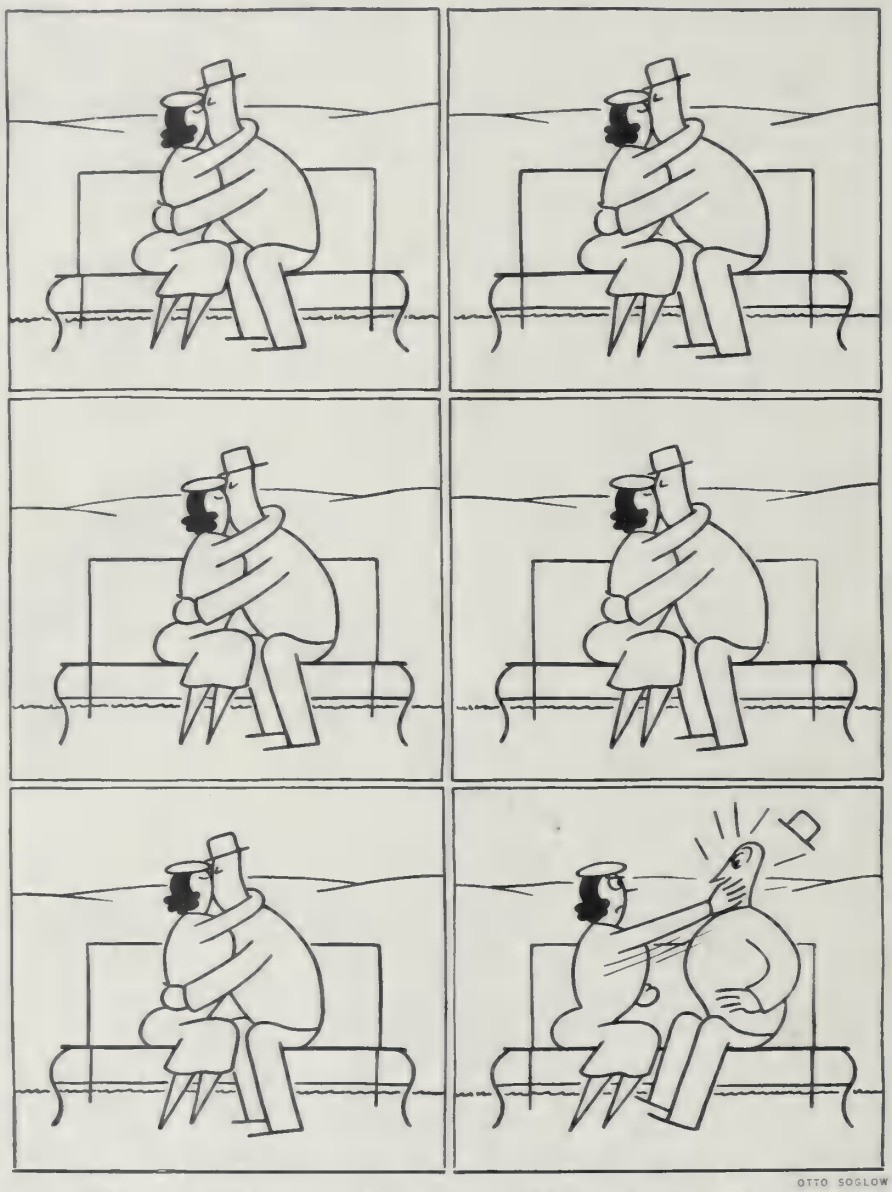
THE All-Stars won the toss and chose to kick and to defend the east end of the ball park. Kanterbein, from Dartmouth, toed into the ball and sent it to the Titan five, where Willy Faber took it, started moving up the field. He went only ten yards before they smothered him. The teams lined up. Faber hit the line for no gain on a sneak reverse. The Titans tried the tackle for a yard or two and then kicked.

Jake watched the action. It was pretty good. The All-Stars moved with sweet co-ordination, in a tribute to the man who'd coached them, brought them all together for this game. They looked good, even when they weren't going any place. Then Kanterbein got loose. He galloped twenty yards to midfield, spun, and went another five. A large boy, Kanterbein, with hard knees flashing high in utter disregard for where he dug his grave. Jake watched the kid and liked him and decided this was easily the best boy on the field. He watched him throw a spot pass down the middle, fifteen yards, complete, then saw him, rough-shod, moving through the Titans to their twenty-two-yard line. The stands were full of noise, and Jake, observing Mickey Decker walking up and down along the side line, knew he looked upon a worried man.

Kanterbein again, up to the twelve and to the five, then over for the score. And Kanterbein to kick the extra point. The quarter ended and Andy Garr, the All-Star coach, relieved the kid. The night was warm and very trying to consistent effort, and the All-Star bench was full of lush replacements.

The Titans moved. They brought the kick back thirty yards. They made a first down in two plays. They almost made another one before they had to kick. The second quarter wore along. The Titans got the ball back from the All-Stars. Willy Faber threw a pretty pass, a long one, loafing in the air, that Rappaport took all alone and carried to the All-Star thirty-three.

The Titans made a first down, picking up eleven yards. Then Higgins ran it wide, a left formation, with the guards pulled out to run ahead of him, a very meaty cavalcade, a skillful ruse, since Higgins braked himself, as though upon a single blade of grass, then calmly flipped a long pass to the end zone for the fingers of the cagey Rappaport. Fletcher made the extra point, a placement kick, and Jake resigned himself to sitting on the bench, for which he knew he'd gain no extra hundred dollars.



OTTO SOGLOW

THIRD quarter, with the All-Stars moving. Kanterbein was in again. He ran wide, on the long end of a lateral. He shed the Titan tackle from his silken pants. He foxed the end and pivoted. He went for fifteen yards, up to the Titan forty-five. McHale, from Holy Cross, gained nine, then Murphy, from Carnegie Tech, ran smartly through a hole in tackle to the Titan twenty-five. The Titans held and Murphy threw a pass that Willy Faber got his hands on, intercepting. Willy found himself quite clear. He ran to midfield, in the van of those pursuing him, his blockers spilling All-Stars on the grass. But Willy wasn't very fast. He soon ran out of steam. The All-Stars swamped him on their thirty-nine-yard line.

Fletcher tried the center of the line. It didn't give, and Faber toss to Rappaport that didn't work. threw a pass that went for sev but that was all.

Mickey Decker turned "Jake!" Jake didn't like the harsh command in it, but stoo the bench and understood the awaiting him.

Decker said, "Help yourself Don't miss!" and Jake ran out, met in his hand, reported to th and Fletcher, limping slightly playing field.

There wasn't any wind. T wasn't bad. A thirty-two-yard fronted Jake. Hell, that was tine. But he found his har sweated and the noise up in t was very big. He heard the Faber, crisp and confident a Then the ball came back to J boys blocked out for him. T him lots of time. Jake droppe and booted it. He flubbed it. see it dribble sadly fifteen ya where it should have gone. He sentimental patrons moaning may. He thought of Marci stands and Johnny there and too. Willy Faber said, "That's Jake. You gotta miss one som But the situation punished irony was clear. To stand ou grass before the game, booti as cleanly as a man could fir through the posts, and then t when the chips were down.

The All-Stars put the ball Jake, automatically, respond pattern of the play. A single-w mation to the right, with Ka back in the slot. Jake didn't q believe the indicated play. He eyes on Murphy, saw the s Kanterbein flipped easily towa Jake bumped Murphy off his spoil the All-Star play, but quite set hands upon the ball The quarter was almost go Mickey took him out.

Mickey said nothing, just lo him once, as though he mig known.

FOURTH quarter now, the A threatening, the Titans used u Fletcher was limping heavily, to protect his zone against the Kanterbein was tossing at th at Murphy, at the other All-Sta

Jake said to Mickey, "I could good out there."

"I can imagine," Mickey said fixed me up fine already."

Jake didn't speak again. But tans called time out and Fabe cated Fletcher's trouble. Mick to Jake, "All right; go in. Yo I've got."

Jake took his place. He wasn't wasn't confident. Young Kan was galloping—a centaur, twe years old. Jake plugged a hole t been made for Kanterbein. Their came together. Jake got up, and Kanterbein, but Kanterbein w in getting up. Two hundred an pounds are quite a lot to find ing on your chest. Faber said, Jake, you're all right, kid."

Jake got mixed in the next helped to pile it up and got punched in the mouth. Not pu but punched. His mouth began t He wiped it on a sleeve. The A had to kick. Shapiro brought quite well. The ball was on the thirty-one. Faber went for seven Jake squashed the All-Star en found it wasn't any worse than tling. Faber said, "Thanks. C make three yards?"

"Dunno. Why don't you let m a try?"

A short-side buck. Jake took t and rolled. He dug his cleats in,

way They stopped his charge, but his
on tum carried over them. Five
ard ie made. He calculated in his
inc "Five yards are twenty-five
ick Mickey said so himself. He'll
ay if I have to squeeze it out of
s n e."
Jal tried again. This time for seven
ard The effort wrenched his insides.
hu to rise. He threw a pretty pass
R paport. The pass was good. It
dn' hurt to throw a pass. The ball
as the All-Star thirty. Faber said
hit "Nice spot for you to kick one,
ke.
Jak said, "Kick? We're doin' all
ght it is. Let's move the ball."
Fal made four and three. Ketchell
ade first down on the All-Star
ent Ketchell tried again, but got
wh . Faber said, "I'm all through,
ke. et's see you go. Keep hittin'
the iddle. We won't kick until we
ve "

AKE gathered his strength together.
The ick would be worth a hundred
icks, ut so were these twenty yards.
ut h didn't think of that too much.
e th ght more of himself, his name
on t air, the only self-expression he
id le –his strength. He hit the tackle.
e w t plowing through for five.
e sn hed the center of the All-Star
esh c osing him. It gave. His drive
ough him against their secondaries.
ante ein was there. Their bodies
et. b at the moment of the contact,
ike r ved, cross-legged, spun his hips
om ching hands and belted Kan-
rbeir across his padded helmet. He
ossed he last line standing up, then
il as could not control the plunge.
e la here with his chest afire and
ith t wooden legs. They helped
m up He kicked the extra point. And
en it asn't long before the gun.
In t shower it was better. In the
eam, e pain evaporated, but there
as no ense of new attainment in him.
e cou hear the young guys howling
d hi back was punished with their
mes humps of pleasure. He knew
at h was done, all through. He
ough indeed, that no one but an
ed f would put his body through
test e that.
For at? He'd never play another
me. Mickey knew that he was
roug Mickey with his coaching job,
s bu ess enterprise, his little jobs
r Col el This and Colonel That, had
rcha d human energy with a char-
teris wisdom.
Mick wasn't pleased, either, with
e "al ime-all-time" terms of great-
ss th the young men hung on Jake.
e pai Jake off. He gave him every
iiar e, but didn't seem to like it.
Willy Faber said, "Hey, Jake—you
ming t with us?"
"Out here?"
"Cele ation," Willy said. He turned
Mic y Decker, "You asked Jake,
dn't u?"
"Eh Oh, sure. Of course, Jake.
dn't t a chance to ask him, really.
here's going to be a party for the
ams."
Jake id, "No, thanks, boys. If it's
l the me to you, I'll go home. Let
ickey wear my paper hat. I'm goin'
ck to he hotel and sit in a chair.
m goi to get a quart of whisky, high
s that He showed them with his
ands. nd at one o'clock this morning
ll be unk as any man you ever saw.
l cele ate just fine."
Which in his tiredness, was the thing
at Ja resolved to do, since he was
rry w events. The evening's show-
g off s done. There'd be an article
morro in the papers, full of squash
nd ver l nonsense, saying what a guy
e was, hen really, if you faced the
ing, h was the same big dope he al-
ays w with nothing left for him to-morrow but a wrestling tour, at twenty bucks per agony, and in a little while, not even that.

He took his shoes off, set the quart upon a table next to him. He took the telephone from its cradle so celebrating friends would not be bothering him. He listened to some music on the radio. He turned it low. He'd spent eight months without a drink, denying, every day, a growing thirst, and kidding himself there was nobility in that. Now he'd take a drink, and then another drink, and on succeeding days would keep himself quite painlessly half-crocked. He didn't claim to be a man who took the stuff or left the stuff alone, just as he chose. Hell, everybody knew the way he used to be. So, honestly, what purpose was there now in Boy Scout self-denial?

He sat there for an hour or so. He finally stood up and took the quart, removed its cork and walked into the bathroom where he slowly poured the whisky in the sink.

"That cost four bucks," he told himself. He tried to read a magazine. His body was used up, but agitating thoughts kept him from sleep. He looked at the pictures of the children Marcia had given him. He was glad for her and glad for them. The only man that Jake had on his hands was Jake.

Someone rapped on his door, then opened it. A gray-haired man, distinguished, stepped into the room. The man was in the Army's uniform. "Mr. Bailey? Excuse me. But your phone was evidently off the hook—"

"Well—I thought that there'd be a lot of people phoning. I was tired. I—"

"You should be tired." The man set down his hat. "I wouldn't break in as boldly as this, except that my business is brief, and can't really wait very long. I'm Colonel Hutchinson—"

"I know. I heard about you." Jake stood up, shook hands. "Mickey Decker told me you were in touch with him—wanted Mickey for some job, supervise athletic programs, wasn't it?"

"WELL, evidently that's what Mr. Decker thought. But I wanted to see him about you. You were the man we had in mind, if you'd be interested. You were the *popular* choice, but, well—if you don't mind—there'd been some talk of early escapades, and we do have to look into the record. I wanted a reference from Mr. Decker."

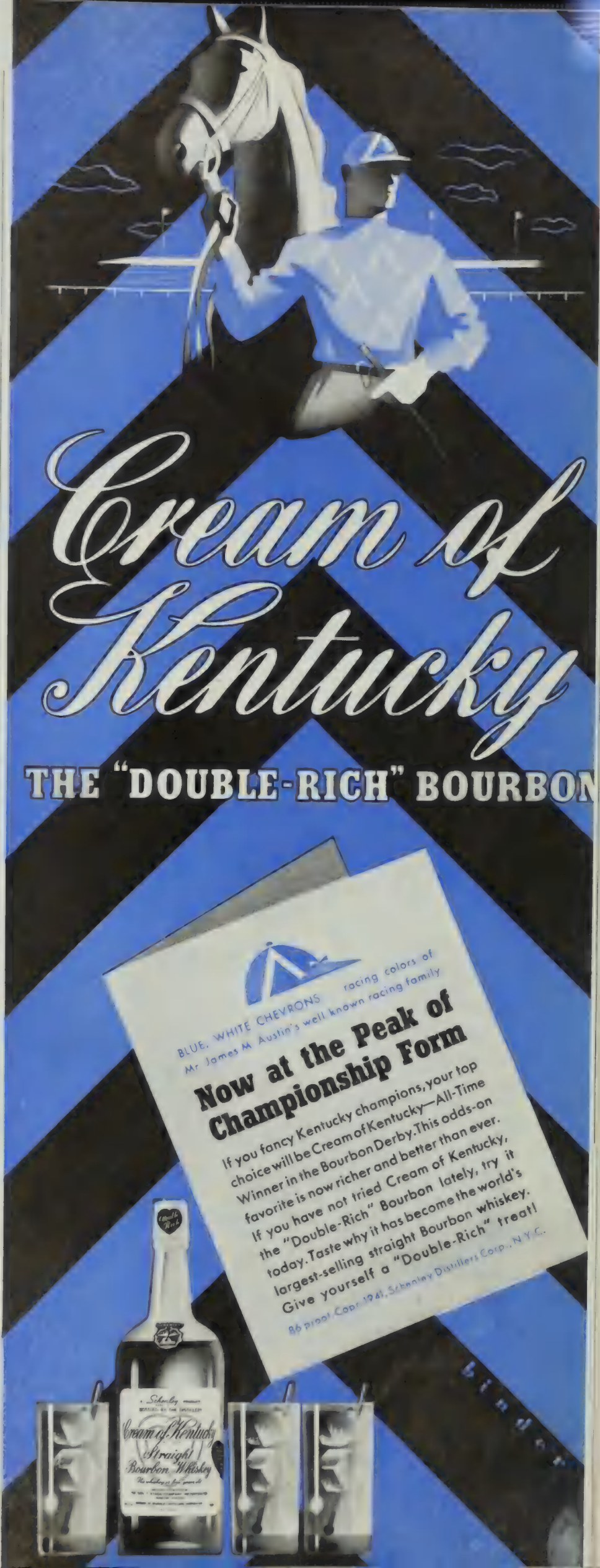
"Oh. What did he say?" Jake muttered silent prayers.

"Well, Decker's evidently in a stew about the game tonight. I couldn't quite understand him. He seems to think we wanted him. But this is a full-time job, and we wanted you. He really didn't say anything much. He said if I wanted a character reference that I should come and see you here. He mentioned that the performance might be typical."

"Uh-huh. I wonder why he should say that? Well, look around, sir. Here, have this chair. I was just looking at some pictures of my kids. Well, thanks. Yes, this is Johnny. Johnny's ten, and Barbara. Barbara's almost nine. It's rather late. I haven't anything here to offer you. I don't drink. I gave that up some time ago."

"Good, Bailey. Good for you. It's, frankly, about the only thing we were afraid of. Mmmmmmm. These children are charming, Bailey. Really. I'm divorced myself, you know. A man like you just needs responsibility. Now, you take the Army—"

Jake thought, "Virtue is its own reward." He thought about a lot of things. He thought, The world is not so bad, when there's a place in it for me. He thought of Marcia, and of how pleased she'd be. He thought that he might shed a tear or two.

# Delivery Boy

By Bob Ruark

**Sid Hudson was bought from a league a couple of years ago fo Today the Senators are turning fers of $100,000 for their pitching**

THE blond young fellow stepped into the hotel elevator, dwarfing the other occupants with his feet four inches of lean length. He was a pleasant-looking kid, sun-scorched, with even features and blue eyes. His expression was that of a man en route to the electric chair.

The elevator boy gazed at him with admiration.

"Aren't you Sid Hudson, the pitcher?" he asked.

"I'm Hudson," replied the young man, with some bitterness. "But I sure ain't any pitcher. You could call me a lot of things, but 'pitcher' isn't one of 'em."

Hudson left the hotel and hailed a cab. "Ballpark," he muttered, and settled down to heavy reflection.

It was June 10, 1949, in St. Louis, Mo. The Washington Senators, towering in the American League cellar, were to meet the St. Louis Browns in a night game at Sportsman's Park, where the Browns perform in comparative privacy.

The Senators had just lost seven straight, and the Browns, to their own and everybody else's amazement, were the hottest club in the league. They had just clicked off six straight victories at the expense of the Yanks and Red Sox.

Mr. Hudson, less than a year removed from dismal bondage in the Class D Florida State League, where he had performed for Sanford, was to face the rampaging Browns. That accounted for his dolor. It wasn't the St. Louis manager's birthday, or anything like that. It was just that the spavined Senators were fresh out of pitching fuel.

Mr. Hudson represented the bitter di some very nice pink daydreams. For a had been tabbed, a few months earlier, as prospect Washington had owned since a Walter Johnson. Sid was doing his best to out of his boosters. Since the Nats came o lost nine and won two. His ears were still from an episode in Detroit. He had gi home runs than any other pitcher in the his earned-run average resembled a basko

As he shucked his street clothes at the flected that this, sure, was the last time he a major-league suit. Tomorrow he would back to Charlotte, North Carolina, or to South Carolina, or to some other farm tors' skimpy system.

"They aren't fooling me," said Hud roommate, a rookie catcher named Al there was anybody else who figured to go t I wouldn't be working today. I can't figu I've lasted as long as I have. I guess th when they say no pitcher can jump out of the majors and make it stick. Oh, well, le the slaughterhouse."

The Senators came to bat first, and sco run on a couple of cheap singles and a Sid walked out to the box and looked ov batter. He dreaded that first ball. One of somebody was going to slap it down his gull like everything he threw went for a mum bases.

Hudson walked the first man on fo pitches. He passed the next man too, loos two straight strikes. Rip Radcliff ground Walter Judnich walked. Hudson pulled in fanned Clift, and then forced George McQ out to Charlie Gelbert.

### Eight Innings and No Hits

St. Louis was steaming. Sid sweated o began to feel nice and loose. Getting out o in the first did something for his control could hold his fast ball low, and it hit lat with a satisfactory thud. In the second tw Browns sat down . . . boom, boom, boom.

Nobody got on base in the third inning, the fourth. Or the fifth. Manager Harris bat boy over the head with a grimy towel an curse, prayerfully.

Going into the ninth, the score was Se Browns, 0. Hudson had allowed nothing t resembled a hit.

Radcliff, the Browns outfielder, was fir in the ninth. The Ripper, always a nasty a bat, was leading the league at the time. R spected a couple, spat, and then swung.

The ball broke, kicked off the bat ha rode out to right field, just back of first wobbled toward the foul line and dropped a foot. Radcliff pulled up at second, and no-hitter went up the creek. But the kid d . . . not even when, on the next pitch, the away from the catcher and Radcliff scamper third.

Hudson blew McQuinn down on thre One away.

The next candidate was Third-baseman a bad boy with a bat. With Radcliff leer from third, Hudson threw. Clift swung at and the ball popped straight up in the air and Hudson was breathing easier. A fly w the bacon.

And that's what it was. Hudson groove Judnich, who obligingly socked it high into field. Three men out. That was the ball ga no-hitter was lost, but the one-to-nothing for a young guy who should have been ha minors a month ago . . . the shutout was still

It was the sharp upturn of a career whic ing to Mr. Will McGowan, the umpire, will e run second only to the achievements of Cl Robert Feller.

Spurred by that evening in St. Louis, Hu gan to justify his early promise. Here are so things he did in the next three months:

Pitched a second one-hitter (Continued on

## Dina Cashman

Continued from page 15

pen ont door and now stood smil-
t th entrance to the dining room.
all oked up. Dina's heart leaped
m r selling anything at the mo-
. ex pt myself," Andrew Havens
H ame over to Dina, and she
his nd while she introduced him,
mer g and laughing. The bigness,
lear ss of him overwhelmed her;
the ind of his voice and the look
at oked smile were enough to
ll th bells in the world to ringing.
y wa back in her life again!
his gusting table!" she apolo-
. la hing. As if anything mat-
nd Her mother had already
e a lace for him; Myrna had
ed f a fresh napkin; Art gath-
the mains of the salad upon a
" e family is just off for the
" D. explained, "and they were
te s ting that we got some sort
nch gether. Dooley, will you go
ike larling and get some ice for
Hav s' tea? Andy, what brings
this ay?"
he st important deal I ever
to p over in my life," Andy an-
ed s ificantly. Dina stooped to
loor ddenly to retrieve a napkin
was t there.
tayir tonight? Dina and I'll take
up t Pietro's, where it's several
ees ler, for dinner," Art said,
ally. Dina's eyes danced as she
ed at er brother. Art liked Andy!
'es. hecked in at the Stockton
t an our ago," Andy said. Dina
to t kitchen with a pile of used
s, hi her face for a second in the
r to , came back with a great
den c pping bowl of fruit.
Royal " Andy said, as hands on
ides etched for the peaches, the
s anc gs, plums and apricots and
nes t t heaped the bowl.
Califo a royalty," Dina agreed.
fathe with a great air of execu-
impa ence, now stated that they
get rted. Myrna came out with
t tow and as if these sisterly at-
ions ere an everyday matter,
d the urprised faces and hands of
two y gest members of the group.
then id dutifully: "I have their
aters. Mamma, and the animal
kers."

SURE Y do hate to leave you this
ness!" Mrs. Cashman said plain-
ly.
it's no ng, Mamma." Dina's voice
g "K ota is coming over after
h and ll have him tackle the worst
t, and da and I can whip through
rest in alf an hour. Art, before you
she s d, delaying her brother with
and on his shoulder, "if we should
t to t e Andy up to Pietro's this
ning. H w could we go?"
I'll get Burke's car."
I have y car," Andy put in.
Oh, th s all right, then."
For th ast time—" John Cashman
d warm gly from the doorway. Ev-
body ambled in a rush to the
walk, d the family packed itself
dly in the car.
Poor L a, having you come up this
r of l days!" fifteen-year-old
na sa to Andy, conversationally.
dy laug d.
Well, i means I'll have a little visit
h her i myself!" he said, with his
dly gri Myrna was thrilled to the
l, she flected that if she couldn't
l this t Bee'triz she would at least
te Bee iz a full account of it from
lake.
The bu ing sun beat down; the
ers sla ned in quick succession.

The engine started; gears jerked. They were off.

"Well, that's that!" Dina panted then, turning to Andy with a smile. She wore a striped jacket and wide trousers; her hair was tumbled, her face pale from the heat. But Andy's first remark, made under his breath, was: "My God, you are lovely!"

"Sit down a minute," she said, sitting down herself on the shady top step, "and tell me about yourself! You can see how it is with me. What brings you here?"

"You."

"Nothing else?"

"There isn't anything else. I came back here because I can't live without you, Dina."

"It—it is hard going," she admitted in a trembling voice.

"BUT you're happy here? You're *radiant*," he said.

"Since you arrived perhaps," Dina amended it. "No," she added, in a more serious voice, "I *am* happy here. They need me, and my being here has made a difference to them all. They all cried when I came back the end of January, and I cried, too. I've had a baby since I lived at home; I know now what it means. I look at my mother and think that she gave seven of us a start—oh, I know she and my father didn't think it all out and plan it all out, or they'd have stopped with Art and me!" Dina interrupted herself to concede with another little laugh. "But the fact remains, here we all are, eager to live, and loving our meals together and our jokes and our helping each other, and she and my father did do that much for us, if they didn't do much else!"

"You've been here since January, haven't you?"

"Right after you left."

"And you're divorced?"

"Well," Dina said frankly, "I don't know whether I am or not. I don't understand it at all. Aline was to get her divorce in March."

"She did," he put in.

"She did? Well, then it seems that she had some scruples about Rogers' being in Reno too soon after she was, so she was to go to New York and get clothes, and then come back. Rogers wasn't to go to Reno until early in May, but that would mean that we were divorced at least two weeks ago and I've not heard from him or from his attorney."

"You never agreed to a divorce, Dina."

"I didn't have to. I didn't contest it; that was all. No opposition; no questions."

"Rogers never went to Reno." Andrew said. Her eyes widened as she brought her glance about to him surprisedly.

"Rogers didn't! Who said so?"

"Vere."

"Vere? When'd you see Vere?" Dina asked, reddening.

"Yesterday. Rogers has gone away. When did you last hear from Rogers?"

"Why I—it was March, I think. Maybe earlier. No, March. I wrote him that I was happy here, and busy, and Margaret was simply fine, and everything all right. He answered and said he would let me know how things were going and if he had to see me about his plans. That was the last! Then we're not—not divorced!" Dina ended, flushing again.

"He went to Honolulu."

"Aline join him there?"

"No, Vere says he left Honolulu be-

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fore she returned from New York—and from Honolulu he went to China."

"Rogers did! What for?"

"Nobody seems to know. I came out here because I couldn't do anything else," Andy said. "First, of course, I tried to get in touch with Rogers. Aline had written me, quite affectionately and pleasantly, telling me that she had obtained her decree, and that she and Rogers were going to be married in June. When I telephoned her yesterday at Caroline's she was quite short with me, said that Rogers had gone off to Honolulu, and from there had sailed on a freighter for the Orient and that she felt some explanation was coming to her."

"But that doesn't sound like Rogers at all!"

"Well, then I telephoned Vere, and we had dinner together last night. Of course he told me how he feels. He said you'd run away from all of them, and that his uncle had told him that to follow you here would be suicidal to any hope of winning you."

"And it would, too," Dina said definitely.

"He said maybe you had gone to Reno and gotten the divorce yourself, but he was sure it would have been in the papers. He thinks now that you're waiting for a California divorce, after an interlocutory year."

"I'm completely bewildered," Dina said. "I don't understand any of it. Why shouldn't Rogers get a divorce? That was what he'd been working for, for months! Why shouldn't he let me know if he wasn't going to? I've been thinking—" Her face was very red and her tone distressed: "I've been thinking I was free, free to live on here in the little hole I've crawled into," she said, "and now I don't know what I am!"

"That's your side of it," Andy said. "I want to get started on mine. Remember the way we parted last Christmas, and what I wrote you?"

"Is it likely," Dina answered, looking away, "that I should forget?"

"Do you know what I thought when I wrote you that?"

Her eyes came around to him.

"Of course I know."

"That you wanted to marry Vere."

"That I wanted to marry Vere!" Dina echoed sharply. "What on earth could make you think that?"

"Because he told me so. Do you remember that Hall, your driver, took me to the airport that night, and Vere went along?"

"Perfectly. He certainly couldn't have told you that I—I—"

"But he did," Andrew said simply, as she stopped, stammering.

"That wasn't what I was trying to tell you at all!" Dina exclaimed. "I was trying to tell you about Vere and me."

"WHAT you were trying to tell me I perfectly well understood," Andy told her. "I said to you that I had told Aline to shut up when she mentioned it, but that didn't mean I didn't believe it. I knew right away that it was true. It explained everything. Rogers' attitude toward you and yours toward him, and the way he spoke of the baby. So when we talked that day in the hall, I knew. But what I hadn't done," Andy went on, "was connect Vere with it! So that night, when we were going to the airport, and he told me that he and you were going to be married, it was a thunderbolt. I told him that I imagined you didn't have any definite plans after a divorce, and he said very seriously that there was a reason why you and he should be married—it was a matter of honor.

"Well, Dina, it all broke on me then. 'Vere is the man over whom she's been breaking her heart,' I thought, 'and all I've been is a sort of spare-tire comforter, somebody to amuse her with his devotion if she can't get the man she wants to marry. Vere is the father of Margaret, of course, and Dina'll not feel things are right unless she marries him!'

"I wrote you fifteen letters on the plane," he went on, "but not one of them would do. I was almost out of my senses, I guess, knowing you'd expect a letter to show I understood, and being so sure that at last I did! What I sent wasn't what I wanted to say, and it occurred to me afterward that you might take it to mean something entirely different, but I sent it anyway. And I've not thought of anything else since."

"But *I* thought," she explained in her turn, her eyes shining, "that what I'd been trying to tell you about Margaret and me might have meant something else to you at the time. I mean about just 'having to be married.' A girl might say that if she was discontented at home, and especially if she had married a man twenty years older. And about not loving Rogers—I mean not being in love with him. I thought that you had listened to all that, thinking it meant just that I'd married for money, which, it seems, any girl can do without losing her self-respect," Dina finished simply.

"Oh, yes, any nice girl can do *that*," he said.

"So that what I was trying to say," she recommenced, "about myself, would have fitted both ways. I thought—I've thought all this time, that after you left me the truth occurred to you, and you understood, and it—it made a difference. You said that in your letter, you know, 'It does make a difference.'"

"And I came out here now expecting to find you married to Vere," Andy said.

"No, never that," she told him, smiling into his eyes. He put his arm about her, and in the silence of the hot, still, deserted hour they kissed each other.

"ART," said Dina, when they were twenty miles away from the hot city, having their supper on a wide porch over a stream, "Andy and I want to tell you something."

"Shoot," said Art. But he looked surprised. He had been wholly absorbed in an extraordinary coincidence. A girl that he knew had come into Pietro's for dinner with her family, and after a bow that crimsoned his handsome young face Art had remained in a haze of felicity, paying no attention to his companions.

"Listen, Art. Mamma doesn't know this. But Andy and I are married. Rogers and I are divorced. So if you'd like and talk to your friend—?

The opening statement Art's attention and he grin to the other amazedly.

"What do you know," h ply. "Rogers sore about so

"No, not at all. It's all mi Dina, "and some day I'll the whole thing, Art," she fatuous gaze wandered don't you go over there girl?"

"Oh, Lor-sy, that's pro'bl and mother," objected Art, the thought.

"Well, if it is, they'd delighted. You can see the death. They've hardly sp another in the last five minu and try it anyway; you d stay."

NERVED to the ordeal, A his seat and hesitantly the group a few tables watched concernedly as the up smiling, as father and m over introductions, as Art i self into the chair next to The two young brothers go amiably, the older folks we well pleased with the arran when Art and the girl rose t knew that the evening was a success for her brother.

She and Andy were free They were hearing each ot they were together again. T went by and were hours; moon passed slowly over and still they talked on as i could be satisfied.

"About Vere, Dina. You him?"

Her candid eyes were ful She shook her head. "Neve one of the things I had to Whether I should. Whethe any—any moral question I've thought it all over, and

"He loves you, you know

"Perhaps he does, the way anyone. But I've seen his the guests at Del Monte a end parties. He's not he Dina said sensibly.

"Then let's drop him and tion him again. So it's onl Dina. You will get a divorce ers?"

"Come winter, this outfit is going to be transferred to Alaska, I

/hy hat's what we'd planned. I th: why he didn't go through it. soon as he gets home, I'll see anc nd out what his idea is. It ." na said flushing a little, and ng under the wide brim of her ner it, "it won't be a divorce in regu r sense, you know, though le m think it is. I've never been rs' fe."

hen ny—" he began, and stopped. eca he wanted to annoy Aline. hu him so terribly running off you ndy."

don see that marrying you had ning do with us."

did ough. She was worried that ever g, when you came to dinner, mbe Oh, Andy," said Dina on g s, "let's not have any more nder ndings and needless separa-

eve he said. "You're mine now, 'm ng to hold on to you."

ould Rogers have gone to Reno, n his ivorce and then gone away?"

ot a ording to Vere. Aline, you et, uld know! She was furious! ay, y dear, you'd've been noti-

nagi! You telephoning your er w to see if the man she's go- o m y has gotten his divorce!" mu on a smile. "What a mix- And having to write to Rogers, s la er, to find out if I'm di- d!"

WI o to the Connecticut farm fter l."

id y see it?"

id I e it! I saw it in April, just the ow had melted, when the pee s were piping away in the hes a the willows were out. But lon't ow Connecticut winters, do

ve n er seen snow, except that in th mountains."

Vell, a ought to see what a little house oks like in the snow. Low ows h the white coming up to ills, a attic rooms with dormers, long ring of barns, all powdered whit

sour so lovely! Like a Christ- card.

nd w have neighbors, Dina. All of a sts and actors and writers ed aw in that valley, and a com- ty h e where they all meet to and ce and have dinner."

ndy, er I talk with Rogers shall up to Reno?"

woul if he hasn't. Have it over. you nd I quietly get married, off in he car to see the October s alo the Housatonic!"

river

river And we'll drive all through New England towns, Dina, and see naples nd the old wide streets lined trees nd the churches. And we'll plac like Gloucester and Barn- e and oncord."

nd yo ll paint!"

ord, n't I paint!" said Andy. 'll go erywhere, and stay in queer inns and we'll drag Margaret g, in l le slacks, you know, boss- the o r kids. And thirty years now 'll look back—we'll be set- down, en on the farm—and the will a be marrying off, and we'll 'Wasn it glorious! The ships and hotels and the strange streets the me s on terraces and decks and walks!

But we never have just this again," said. mean this night, so hot and the m n so white on the oaks, and here, t ing, and thinking, 'We're ther a in!' and being so much in , and y hardly knowing each other ll."

No, we never have this again." ir hand were locked on the table; they were silent for a few minutes, looking at each other.

Art presently came up. Amanda had had to go home with her folks, but gee, she was a cute girl all right, all right. And she had an aunt in Stockton that she was going to come and visit.

Pietro's was closing now; it was midnight. Waiters were stacking the tables, the orchestra was gone, the guests were gone. Yesterday had been a scorching day and tomorrow would be hotter but in the dead center of the night, here in the mountains, a chill had crept over the world; Dina shuddered a little as they got into the car, and was half drowsy against Andy's shoulder as they made the trip home.

He came into the hot, odorous hallway of the Cashman house with her and they had a moment together. Dina, laughing and sleepy, leaned against him and he kept his arm about her. Both were dusty and tumbled; she had taken off her hat, and her hair hung in curls about her face.

"It's settled now, Dina," Andy whispered. "Just as soon as we can, we're going to be married?"

"Forever and forever."

"And you do love me?"

"And I love—" she murmured, half asleep, "you're asking me if I do?"

"And I may come in tomorrow morning? I'm starting back in the afternoon."

"You may come to breakfast." She was being kissed again; she tightened her arm about his neck.

Later, when he was gone and she was reading, Art came ambling into her room in his pajamas and seated himself sociably on her bed.

"Oh, he is going to ask me all about it," Dina thought, her whole body one ache for sleep. Instead Art intended to tell her every detail of his extraordinary meeting with Amanda Hale, and everything he had said to Amanda and Amanda's enchanting replies. Dina found herself actually swooning off to sleep between confidences.

"Come on now, Art; it's after one," she presently roused herself to say maternally. "Even if tomorrow's Sunday, this is silly! Go to bed."

"Well." Art reluctantly removed himself, pausing in the doorway to say fondly: "Gee, that was a hunch of yours about my going over there, Deen. I was scared to death, but Amanda said she never would have forgiven me if I hadn't come. She said she never would have asked me, that she would have died first. But her mother said Amanda was always talking about me after that time we met at the Johnsons' party—"

"Oh, go to bed, I'm dying!" moaned Dina, snapping off her light.

"Gee, she is a peach!" she heard Art murmur as he departed.

ANDREW appeared at about ten o'clock on the following morning, a burning Sunday morning, and he and Dina had the day together, planning and talking, and sometimes silent, only to begin the happy planning and talking again.

Margaret was in her pen in the shady side garden when Andy got there. There was a Sunday stillness and emptiness in the quiet streets, and Art was still asleep. In the garden were a few collapsed wicker chairs. Andy drew one near to Dina's, stooping occasionally to toss back into the pen some toy that Margaret had discarded, lying back comfortably to drink in fully the peace of the shabby old garden that was scented with peppers and border pinks, and to stare up through apple-tree leaves at the white cloudless sky.

"I hope they're all swimming today," Dina said of the absent family.

"It made a difference to them, your coming back, didn't it?"

"It made a great difference to me, I


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know. You see, when I left home first, Andy," Dina said, replacing buttons on Donny's well-washed, faded overalls, "there really wasn't much use in trying to get things right or clean or comfortable. We lived in a shack on a railway siding that all through the wet weather was one pool of water and mud: we had four rooms, packed with useless, dirty junk, no closets, no plumbing. One of my mother's children was born there and one died there, it was all poverty and grease and darkness and crowding.

"When they came here at first they were all dazed. They didn't know how to act in a house with double parlors, bathroom, piano, hot water. It changed everybody. My sisters especially waked up to the fact that we were people—not migrants and relief cases—and that it is really easier to pay bills, keep your house clean and live decently. They were all struggling about to express that—that promotion, in their different ways, when I came back last January. I'd been living under such different circumstances; I'd learned so much from Mrs. Bucket and from Rogers' home, that I could help. And now, somehow I think now," Dina finished thoughtfully, "things will never go back to where they were. I wish there was a yellow cottage with a piano and a refrigerator in it for every family in the country!"

"What'll they do if you go away again, Dina?"

"It won't matter so much now. You saw Art last night. They're all following individual lines; they're established."

"I've been thinking that what I'd do," he said, "is see Rogers' lawyer. Who is his lawyer?"

"Callaghan, Frank Callaghan, in the Russ Building. He'd know," Dina agreed.

"He'll know where Rogers is and why that divorce didn't go through. Then I'll get in touch with Rogers: cable if necessary. Then we can plan your going to Reno."

"I'll hate Reno."

"Not necessarily. You can be quiet and obscure there, I believe. It isn't all dude ranches, gambling and bingo games. Only six weeks anyway. Say mid-September. Then we get married, climb into my car and drive away into the Rockies. Now, about Margaret?"

"I've thought that out, too. If we go to the Connecticut place—but it's not in order, is it?"

"No, but we can rent a little place in—oh, say Salisbury, and keep an eye on the changes."

"THEN I'd fly back here and pick up Margaret and Ida. They'll be perfectly happy with my mother in the meanwhile. In fact, I don't know what my mother'll do without Margaret: they all adore her."

"We'll board in Salisbury, or we'll find a place to keep house there. Every afternoon, when I've finished work, we'll drive out to the farm, and see about whitewashing and getting a heating plant in."

"What bliss," Dina said in a low tone.

"Bliss! You wait until the willows and the lilacs begin to bloom in April, and the creeks begin to run. You can hear them rushing in the night; I don't know a sound like it. Then some June day we'll move in and have our first supper on our grape-vine terrace—"

"It's too much." Dina picked up the baby and carried her into the house for bath and lunch, and Andy followed her. When Margaret had been disposed of, Ida set the table, Art was awakened, and Dina baked finger rolls and garnished a small mold of chicken aspic with iced tomatoes and crisp lettuce. Her brother made their luncheon a late breakfast when he appeared shaven and dressed, and was still obviously wrapped in dreams of last night.

The three of them lingered long at the table, for the dining room was the coolest room in the house, its windows shuttered against the hot lances of the day. Andy was painting murals for the lobby of an Oakland hotel and had to go away at five o'clock, but it was understood that he would return on Saturday—and every Saturday—and Dina was content.

CONTENT! Her heart could hardly hold its richness of joy. Even when he was gone his presence seemed to fill the house: she saw the tall, lean figure everywhere: she heard his voice. Sometimes she would stand still in some particular spot reliving the moment when he had said a special thing, when he had put his arm about her and kissed her.

"I'd have sworn I had a rabbit in there some place!"

It was all happiness ahead. Hot weather was happiness, and going to the clothesline in the back yard to gather in Margaret's stiff, sweet, white wash was happiness, getting to bed at night with the book she could not read because of dreams was happiness. When her mother and father came back from the lake Andy was there and they all had a particularly luxurious Saturday supper together, and the next day Andy went with Art, Margaret, Ida and Dina up into the cool blue mountains and to the shore of the lake.

They found Donny and El'ner, Lou and Dooley and Myrna hilarious and sunburned and welcoming; the brown cabin under the great pines and junipers smelled healthily of wood smoke and bacon; wet bathing gear hung on the little spruces near the door. Dina took charge thankfully: it was good to be cool, to be actually chilled by the clear lake water, to fish for trout and eat them with bacon and corn bread for breakfast, to lie idle under the trees and watch Margaret sifting and piling the slippery needles and the rough cones.

When the holiday was over she had a long talk with her mother and although Ethel Cashman was sorry about the divorce she was not surprised.

"I knew all along that something was queer there," she said. "Women don't come home for six months if everything's all right."

"Everything's always been all right between Rogers and me. But he wants to marry someone else now and so do I."

"He's going to give up his baby?"

"Yes. Margaret's mine."

"Well, I hope to goodness he don't take back his house!"

"This house? But this is mine, Mamma, with the deeds all deposited in a locked box at the bank."

"I know. But you can't ever tell." Her mother liked Andy, and his suggestion that he and Dina drive west every winter for a six weeks' visit did much to reconcile the family to the new plan.

"And the girls'll be coming east to see us on the farm."

"You won't get me east, thanks," said Dina's mother feelingly. "That last year there just about fixed me. Tornadoes and cyclones and blizzards and slush and furnaces getting out of order and me expecting Donny!"

"Well, there are other things," Andy argued mildly.

HE HAD ascertained that Rogers was returning in mid-August; he was coming up on a freighter and the exact day of arrival was not certain, but Callaghan had a cable from Manila and knew he was on his way. After that there must be another delay of some weeks before Dina and Andy would be free to marry, but they were willing to wait, with happiness drawing closer every day. Andy had arranged with the lawyer for an immediate interview with Rogers, and Dina planned [illegible] and see him herself.

In the end she saw him [illegible] Andy or the lawyer did. Sh[illegible] ing in the garden one Augu[illegible] watering the thirsty flowe[illegible] lingering sunset, and hold[illegible] free hand a letter from [illegible] Rogers walked around the [illegible] house and saw her.

Dooley was guiding t[illegible] Margaret in one of her fir[illegible] the grass; Myrna was spra[illegible] lawn reading; Lou and El[illegible] heads Dina had recently wa[illegible] busy with combs and towel[illegible] on her favorite coolie cl[illegible] washed and faded to palest [illegible] brimmed white straw hat, [illegible] and lined with green oilcloth [illegible] down over her bright hair.

Andy, the letter said, wa[illegible] come down to the city to see [illegible] She could stay at the Hot[illegible] Ida would help Mamma wit[illegible] and if Dina started a ham [illegible] morrow—and baked it on [illegible] would carry them over—

She looked up and saw Ro[illegible]

The sight of him, homely [illegible] goggle-eyed, yet always a f[illegible] reassuring presence to her a[illegible] her such surprise and pleas[illegible] had put her arm about hi[illegible] kissed him before she ha[illegible] thought.

"Rogers! You're back! [illegible] all these people of course, [illegible] Margaret Holland, walking [illegible]

"But when did you get i[illegible] a *trip*—!"

"Hello, my dear." He w[illegible] see her, too: his glasses w[illegible] and he took them off and w[illegible]

"Well, here you are in the [illegible] them all!" he said, sitting [illegible] wiping his forehead. "It se[illegible] this is the hottest weather I [illegible]

"We've had a broiling su[illegible] we all got up into the mo[illegible] a while. You look so com[illegible] all that white, Rogers: are [illegible] you wear in the Orient?"

SHE sat down near him; [illegible] gradually faded away: I[illegible] baby in for her supper.

"It's good to see you." [illegible] "Was it a wonderful trip? [illegible] so from what Mr. Callagher[illegible]

"Then you've seen Calla[illegible]

"No. I didn't. But Andy [illegible] Havens. Did you see Calla[illegible]

"I've not seen anyone. I [illegible] this morning about ten and [illegible] at my mail. Then I knew I [illegible] you."

"I wrote you to know if [illegible] had gone through," Dina s[illegible] her eyes widened childishly [illegible]

"Well, of course you sh[illegible] been told," he said, blinking [illegible] eyes. "No—there's been n[illegible]

"No divorce?"

"No. That's what I came [illegible] about. I don't want a divor[illegible]

"Why, Rogers! I don't [illegible] Guess I must be dreaming!"

"No. I was the one that wa[illegible] I dreamed about one woman [illegible] years," he said. "I'm awak[illegible]

"You quarreled?"

"No, we didn't quarrel. I [illegible] before she got back from [illegible] But she wrote me. She wan[illegible] with it. I can't."

"She certainly doesn't wa[illegible] with it if you don't?"

"Oh, not for any affectio[illegible] for me!" the man answered [illegible] guess it's the money—just pl[illegible] Eventually alimony perha[illegible] suddenly," he said in a more [illegible] tone, "I saw it all, like the [illegible] the play. I saw Aline for ex[illegible] she's always been, a very [illegible] clever, selfish woman where [illegible]

ts concerned, and a mighty stupid e everything else! She's been told nce he was fifteen that she can en- ave men, make them jump through oop through wedding rings. It's rtl true. But Lord, when you once e h as she is, there isn't much to e!"

Di looked at him dubiously, looked way There was a netted chicken pen th end of the lawn, and about it a lita hen was walking with a discon- lat 'caw-caw-caw.' The last rays th un were dazzling in the Millers' tic ndow. Bees went over the gar- n l bullets.

BU —but didn't she count on mar- r g you, Rogers?"

"Y and I counted on her loving e, t l that I was! But I suddenly oke ; it came to me like a flash, and aw ings right. So I sent her a let- r— t it the day I sailed for Hono- lu old her I'd changed, and it was ly f for her to know it; better then an er we were married."

"An she—?"

"Oh he sent me a letter clipper-mail. ke idiot I gave her my address— e C ay Hotel in Shanghai. It was kind , motherly letter—a perfect bit act , if you like acting. She wrote at a r so many years, I didn't know y o mind. She told me she loved e to dearly—a lot of rot! She said e w't going to say a word to any- e, b as soon as I got back to Cali- rnia he'd have a talk with me and e w ure she could convince me that arry her was the perfect solution. e w dn't believe that I had ducked e di rce from you."

"Sh was wild!" Dina said, awed; erfe y wild!"

"Ye I think she was. But her let- r wa friendly enough; she said—oh, lot c uff! There's no use in repeat- g he nonsense."

"Wh did you answer?"

"Th ay after I got the letter I sailed. d alr dy booked passage on the Em- ess China and we were bound for lanil

"So u didn't write?"

"Th was nothing to say."

"An hen?"

"I st ed over in the Philippines for whil saw some friends down there. illy Ster showed up in his yacht and e ha ome good times together. He antec ne to go on with him but he as b nd for the Galapagos Islands nd th was too long a trip. I was omes ; I wanted to come home."

"But Rogers," Dina said in a re- eved oice, "of course Aline *must* now i all over. You left in Febru- ry, so Ir. Callaghan said, now it's the iddle f August. If you sent her no ord i all that time, surely she must ealize ow—"

"Thi was among my mail when I got ome," e said, handing over a blue heet shingly covered with writing. "'M own Toppy,'" Dina read, " Cal han tells me that you're due ext w k so I'm planning to leave Dolly's ace at the Rogue on Monday he nin enth and will see you the next ight. t Caroline and me come over or din r; we'll have a cocktail in the ear ol library first and plan. Such a ong a ence and such complete si- ence, b I know my old boy through nd thr gh. I'm not going to let you et so r away from me ever again. suppo it must be the stupid delay f Ren irst, but I think we might put hat up Dina if you made it force- ul eno h, and after that I'll be en- rely yr Aline!'"

"Tha tomorrow night. What— what *nonsense!*" Dina said indignantly, anding ack the letter.

"Non nse, yes, but she means it."

"She as—I sound horribly like a lawyer, Rogers—has she any letters?"

"I suppose so. But all conditional upon all of us getting divorces—conditional on the 'if we ever are free' and 'if we can ever marry.'"

"Could you buy her off?"

"Not Aline! You sound more and more like a lawyer." He blinked at her, smiling. "Geraldine, those were happy months for me when you were in my home," he said. "You're—I suppose you know you are the sort of person who makes people fond of you?"

"I'm awfully grateful if it's so. I know that no girl ever had a kinder friend than you've been."

"I oughtn't ever have married anyone; I'm not the sort that ought to marry!" he said fretfully. "I like living there alone, with perhaps a sweet girl and a baby visiting me now and then! For years I thought Aline had robbed me of something I wanted. Now I know I never wanted it. Bucket takes care of me; I have everything I need. Why in the name of all that's sane should I go out of my way to tangle up my life with Aline!"

"Could she sue you, Rogers?"

"For what?"

"Breach of promise—or something like that?"

"Nonsense, but she'll try to talk me around; she's always been able to talk anyone into almost anything."

"I suppose you'll have to see her," Dina said slowly.

"That's where you help me out. I've no right to ask you any favor but that's where you can save me," Rogers said.

"You've every right to ask me anything! But I don't see how I can help."

"By saying you refuse to divorce me, Geraldine—by saying you'll contest it."

Dina was a little pale. "You mean in court, with a lawyer?"

"I don't mean anything except a letter saying that never, under no circumstances whatsoever, will you consent to a divorce."

"Oh, I thought I was done with all that fuss!" Dina said under her breath.

"Don't misunderstand me, Geraldine. I'm not asking you to come back. I love you as I've loved very few women in my life, but always as if you were my daughter—my good, square, amusing little friend. A man can love a woman that way, especially when she's younger, no matter what they say. All I want is delay. I want Aline to know that there is a deadlock, and let her go stalking someone else."

DINA remembered a somber February day in the old Holland mansion, a day when Aline had gone airily through the house suggesting improvements, suggesting the changes she must have for her own tenacy. She remembered standing at the window of her bedroom looking down on the drive, and seeing Aline come out with the young architect, and seeing them kiss. Stalking someone else? Why, Aline had been flirting desperately then with the very man who was to rebuild her new home as Rogers' bride!

She crushed Andy's letter in her hand, crushed back all the joy, all the hope that had been irradiating life for the last enchanted weeks.

"I'll write you what you want, of course, Rogers," she said.

"It may not be for long, my dear."

"It won't matter how long it is if it keeps her from wrecking your life. Now come in and say hello to Mamma," Dina said, suddenly feeling very tired.

"I knew you'd do whatever I asked!" His tone was deep in gratitude and relief.

"It wouldn't be anything to what you did for me," said Dina. She put her hand in his as they walked toward the house.

*(To be concluded next week)*

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**REPLACE WITH GENUINE**

**"Now!" whispered Jimmy. The chorus was a little ragged but it was hearty: "Hello, Mr. Hale"**

OFFICER HALE appeared around the corner of River and Prospect and came leisurely down the block. He was promptly spied by the group of boys who waited halfway between him and an alley that cut through the block to the next street. They rose from their seats on Jimmy Burns' doorsteps and raised a singsong chorus: "Hale, Hale, went to jail, hanging on a monkey's tail!"

Then, with tantalizing slowness, they retreated, keeping their distance from the policeman until they reached the alley through which they scuttled to wait at its other end and repeat their derisive cry. Redhead Jimmy Burns was proud of that doggerel, and authorship gave extra shrillness to his tones. The boys, watching the alley's other end, waited impatiently. But Officer Hale had long since ceased to humor them by hurrying to the alley and peeping around the corner only to see them a block away and to hear the familiar gibe.

The day was Saturday, and the performance was a regular one. On this day they were all present, excepting Harry Somers, who often spent Saturday afternoon riding about on his uncle's delivery truck and occasionally carrying in to some customer one of the lighter baskets of groceries.

Mrs. Burns had come out to sweep the stoop just before the policeman passed. "How do you do, Mr. Hale?" she said. "Nice day."

A quick smile lit Hale's face. "It is so, Mrs. Burns," he said without stopping. "Hope you're well." And when she assured him that she was never better, "That's good."

A moment later he glanced through the alley and heard again that shrill chorus.

JIMMY BURNS, ravenous and fidgety, came home a little before suppertime. Hands in pockets, he roamed about the kitchen while his mother busied herself with her cooking.

"See here, Jimmy," she said. "Why do you boys pester Mr. Hale so? He seems such a nice man."

"Aw, he's only a cop. And cops" —Jimmy swaggered up and down—"I hate cops."

Mrs. Burns turned from the stove. "That'll be enough from you. Just remember that he represents the law."

"The big flat-foot! He ain't even a traffic cop."

"You heard what I said just now? No more of that kind of talk. A little twelve-year-old boy! The idea! And, even if Mr. Hale wasn't such a nice man, the minute he gets that uniform on he's the law. It's about time you got some respect for authority. If you'll not listen to me, we'll see if you'll listen to your father. Remember now."

"Aw! We don't do anything to Hale —only holler at him."

"Well, that's plenty. You wouldn't holler at the flag, would you? It's the same thing in another way."

"Aw! Well, I can't stop the rest of the fellas hollering at him."

"I'm not talking about the rest of the 'fellas'; I'm talking about my boy. You're turning into a little savage—and getting to look like one too. Go and clean yourself and brush your hair, if you're expecting to eat in this house."

This talk had revived Mrs. Burns' thoughts of Officer Hale. The sadness in the man's face haunted her, a sadness which the contrast of his fleeting smile only intensified. Surely, she thought, a policeman must have plenty of annoyances without being bothered by a gang of thoughtless boys.

On Sunday afternoon the boys assembled, as usual, on Jimmy's steps. Jimmy enjoyed a leadership which, because of his readiness to fight, was uncontested; he was prime mover in all the gang's activities. Now they were seven, Harry Somers having taken his place among them. And Harry was bursting with information which he hinted at but withheld mysteriously, goading their curiosity until they feigned indifference, which Jimmy expressed with, "Aw, what d' we care what you know?"

Then Harry began with maddening deliberation: "Y'know yesterday?" Discouraging silence as much as said that yesterday was ancient history. But Harry knew the startling nature of his news and worked up to it gradually: "Well, y'know where I went yesterday?"

"Sure," Jimmy said carelessly. "You rode around on your uncle's old truck. What's so wonderful about that? I could ride on a *fire* truck, if I wanted to go to *my* uncle's, up in Millville."

"Yeah?" Harry scoffed. "Well, I was some place yesterday where you couldn't go—even if you wanted to. Listen. *I* was in ol' Hale's, the cop's, house yesterday!" He knew that would startle them and looked at their wide eyes and open mouths with the satisfaction of a virtuoso who has his audience on the edges of their seats. "Bob says—Bob drives my uncle's truck—and he says, 'Take this basket in there. Hale's the name.' It was up three flights, and a woman opened the door. I guess she was ol' Hale's wife. She took the basket into the kitchen, or some place. And here's a kid in a wheel chair right in front of me.

"He asked me if my father owned the grocery store, and I told him no, my uncle did. Then he says, 'My father's a policeman.' You'd think it was something great to be, the way he said it. Imagine a kid getting high-hat because his old man's a cop! Say! That kid's no bigger than us. But he's pale and thin—and gee! His legs ain't as big as —well, bike tires—and they had iron things on 'em. And listen. He says, 'Some day I'm going to be okay and run and play ball just as good as you.'

" 'What's your father's first name?' I asked him. And he said it was William. Ol' Hale's his father, all right; I asked my father what Hale's first name was, and he said it was Bill—for William."

In a silence strange for t no seven, Harry's listeners relax Jimm Burns smarted with jealousy r Har Somers' sudden and unwont prom nence; he had been overshad d. B he said: "I guess we won' oller Hale any more. Huh?" wait truculently for possible oppo on. b there was none.

SINCE Officer Hale's two trols Prospect Street occurr duri school hours, the boys did n see hi until the following Saturday. For tv hours of the forenoon the se n sat little anxiously, waiting on Bun doorsteps and keeping watch the u street corner. At last the licem came sauntering toward th. T time they did not leave the s s. B they were not without misgiv s.

The officer was within six rides them. "Now!" whispered Jin y. T chorus was a little ragged it w hearty: "Hullo, Mr. Hale!"

Hale was surprised, and s smi flashed pleasantly. "Hello, b s!" paused, and they quailed und his ga "Quiet, aren't you?" And, as t look at him in silence, "Well, ha a go time."

They watched him stroll ong t block. He was a good guy— n if was a cop.

Mrs. Burns happened to w ess t meeting. And when Jimn —who stomach was synchronized wit ne no whistles—appeared for dinne ne sai "Well, I'm glad you got the bo to tre Mr. Hale decently."

"Aw, I didn't tell them what d said "No? Then why the sudd chan in your manners toward Mr. H e?"

Jimmy stood in awkward e arras ment, rubbing one shoe over other To be guilty of a sissy softnes was b enough, but to admit it. . . .

"Aw," he said with exagger d car lessness, "Hale never chases . Yo get tired of razzing a guy tha ays attention."

WHAT KEEPS A PAINT FROM

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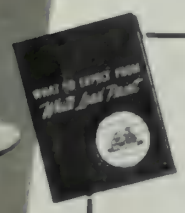

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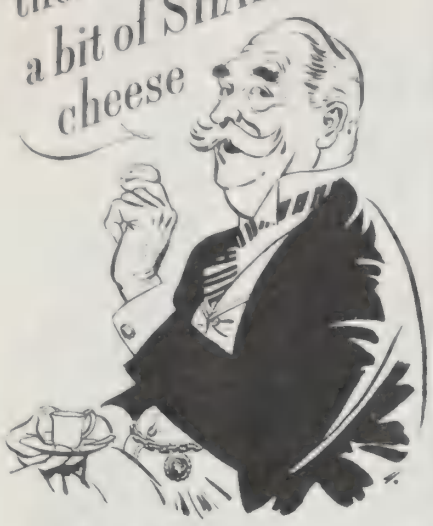

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**MAKES GOOD MEATS TASTE BETTER**

# Russians Learn Fast

**Continued from page 21**

being on the streets between the curfew hours, midnight and 4 A. M. With my inadequate Russian it always took some time to make the police understand the circumstances which had caused me to break the regulations. They were always extremely polite and released me when they had verified my statements.

The third time, I was returning from dinner in the neighborhood and lost my way in the black-out. Whenever I asked the direction of my street nobody would answer, owing to the fear of spies. I reached home finally at 12:15 to be stopped by a member of the house patrol, who turned me over to a militiaman. It was a long walk to the police station where I sat in the corridor for over an hour with several Russians who also had been caught out after hours. Then having found by telephoning that I was what I had represented myself to be, the captain sent me home with the kind militiaman who held my elbow and warned me whenever I was about to step into a hole or puddle.

### Moscow's Ascent to Heaven

After the authorities in the subway let us go, Bourke-White and I sat down on the edge of the platform. The tunnel had become so full that we had an excuse not to go in and as the hours went by more and more people emerged and began wandering along the platforms. We could hear nothing and did not know why we were being kept underground so long. I moved over by a pillar and, lying down on the stone floor, fell asleep, to be awakened at four o'clock by the rush of the crowd making for the escalators at the sound of "all clear." It was the first time I had seen all three sections of the escalators going up at the same time. With masses of people rising upward it looked extraordinarily like a very modernist picture of an ascent to heaven.

On reaching the street I could see no signs of the bombing. That morning the newspapers announced that planes had come over the city, dropping incendiaries and bombs. Seventeen of them had been brought down (later count showed there had been twenty-two) and a few houses set on fire, but all fires were under control by dawn and only a small number of people killed and wounded.

This account was printed on an inside page. Pravda's front page was devoted to an editorial about army and navy officers joining the Communist party and to provincial reports of women studying to replace men as skilled workers, and to war communiqués from the front. Even from a publicity point of view the German raid was something of a failure. I got to bed by 4:30.

On the next evening the alarm sounded at the same hour as the night before. I was having dinner with an English journalist and we decided to sit out the raid in his flat. Turning off all lights, we opened the windows, flouting the somewhat curious regulations (since changed) which ordered the closing of all windows during a bombing. Then we raced from one side of the apartment to the other in order to get a view both north and south.

About twenty minutes after the alarm was given the first planes arrived. Searchlights began to probe the sky and there was some antiaircraft fire, although much less than on other nights. Every now and then the lights would catch one of the silver balloons of the barrage and flares would be dropped by the Germans and there would be the firecracker sounds as incendiaries fell. The searchlight work was excellent. I have since been told by experts that it is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Once when the lights caught and held an enemy plane in their beams for several minutes, I grew so excited that I nearly fell out of the window.

Incendiaries landed on a house across the street and tongues of flame ran around the roof but the fire was put out before it had done any damage.

Another incendiary fell on the roof of a shed just below the window and was immediately tossed into a courtyard by a young boy watching on the roof. Once on the ground, it was put out by some women members of the house patrol standing ready for just such an emergency. The enemy planes were flying separately. Fifteen were shot down. One even fell in the city, supposedly caught in the balloon barrage. It could be seen in the street the next day. Shortly before three in the morning there was a lull and I, having suffered from sleepiness for two hours, decided to go to bed.

On the third night the raid began at ten. I was in a hotel restaurant dining with four Englishmen when the alarm sounded. We stayed on and finished our meal, served by waiters who preserved great calm. Then we went up to the room of one of the men where we stood in a window and watched the raid. Lights, balloon barrages, tracer bullets, bright red shells from smaller guns and a continuous antiaircraft fire all were turned on, creating a magnificent spectacle. The German planes, forced up by the antiaircraft fire, were flying so high (about eighteen thousand feet) that their aim was not good and again most of the damage was done to private dwellings.

One of the Englishmen remarked that the antiaircraft barrage was excellent and that if London had been able to put up anything as good during the first three months of the blitz there would have been a different story to tell. Incidentally, I also heard from a member of the British mission that it has been greatly impressed by the way the Russians have profited from the lessons of the battle of France and how they are avoiding all the mistakes made by the French.

### There's No Use Ducking

Once, when we had ventured out on the balcony, there was a loud whistle of a bomb which seemed to go right past my ear. I made a wild dash for the room and fell face-downward on the bed, hiding my face in the pillows. Later it occurred to me that the pillows would not have been much use against a bomb but it seemed a good idea at the time.

At about 2 o'clock there was a period of quiet and we decided it was time to go to sleep. Very gallantly I was given the bed while the men slept on the floor.

The fourth night I decided to spend in the cellar of the American ambassador's house and went to visit a friend in the vicinity early in the evening. As soon as the alarm sounded, about ten, as usual, I flew outdoors and down the street. Always before the distance between the two houses had seemed short. This night as I ran, trying to get there before the siren stopped, the street looked endless and I was terrified lest I had gone the wrong way. It was a great relief to arrive in the square where the Spaso House is located. I dashed past the militiamen at the gate and fell into the cellar just as the first bu[illegible] aircraft went off.

That was a fairly quiet [illegible] on a cot in the cellar talkin[illegible] Braun, an American priest [illegible] church here in Moscow. W[illegible] only refugees there that e[illegible] 11:20 a servant came in t[illegible] "all clear." We departed, I [illegible] tention of returning to the h[illegible] tram or subway. But all hac[illegible] soon as the raid began and [illegible] near curfew time for me to re[illegible] lation. Realizing that I didn' [illegible] to walk home before midni[illegible] wishing to risk another arres[illegible] at the British consulate wh[illegible] phoned friends with cars to [illegible] drive me home. I had no[illegible] finally bedded down on a [illegible] French priest's sitting room.

At two o'clock there w[illegible] alarm. We went outside, sat [illegible] near a trench shelter dug in [illegible] but there was not much act[illegible] head. I returned to the sofa a[illegible]

### Food's No Problem

So far, Moscow shows few [illegible] from the raids. Bombs hav[illegible] streets, squares and several [illegible] houses, but according to of[illegible] muniqués, no military objec[illegible] been hit.

Fear of raids lessens with [illegible] My legs used to turn to wa[illegible] heard the alarm but I find no[illegible] carry me very well and I am [illegible] thrilled by the spectacle that [illegible] be afraid. Everyone is grow[illegible] tomed to the black-outs and [illegible] ing cat's eyes. Raids hav[illegible] merely a part of my life.

Ration cards for most st[illegible] have been issued but they ar[illegible] and I, living in a hotel, don't [illegible] effects of rationing. In fact, [illegible] bombings I gave several din[illegible] in my rooms beginning with f[illegible] and ending with strawber[illegible] whisky, brandy, vintage wines [illegible] pagne are provided by friends [illegible] lomatic corps who are anxiou[illegible] their stores rather than risk lo[illegible]

I would not have believed [illegible] one had told me that in the c[illegible] country at war it still is possil[illegible] time for such trivialities as [illegible] menus, buying flowers and [illegible] tings at dressmakers. Yet on[illegible] has grown so warm here tha[illegible] buy some summer dresses [illegible] a very pretty linen and a pri[illegible] de Chine.

However, it is difficult to [illegible] war long. The city is change[illegible] ways and there are concrete [illegible] such as the wreckage of tw[illegible] planes—a Junkers 88 and a [illegible] on exhibition in the public sq[illegible] tachments of soldiers parad[illegible] the streets at all hours singi[illegible] march or, when driving in tr[illegible] ing gaily to the populace. Th[illegible] strong and young and happ[illegible] wrings my heart every time I [illegible]

A few days ago in a sh[illegible] flowers, I asked an old man s[illegible] the price of some sweet wi[illegible] received no answer. He had c[illegible] forgotten me and was starin[illegible] window at some soldiers g[illegible] There was an expression o[illegible] grief and rage on his face that [illegible] realize that my reaction to th[illegible] was mild compared to that of [illegible] ple watching their sons, bro[illegible] nearest and dearest going fo[illegible] sacrificed to the ambition of [illegible] invader.

## Mercator Island

Continued from page 12

'Yes day?" Bob repeated. "It must ve n quite a day—yesterday. at's e number on her?"

'S-1 sar," Tom said.

'Just s I saw it," Bob answered. hat l be the Smedley. I wonder o's mmanding. Get out the ghy."

He st ped in, and Tom took the oars. Whe will you go, sar?" Tom said. Ove o Henry's," Bob answered. 'Yes, ir," Tom said. "Henry's it is,

HA always seemed to Bob Bolles hat t water front of any port in the rld w about the same as that of any er. ke St. John's in Newfound- d. fo instance, or Cherbourg, or ifa. c Singapore. The language and con exion of the citizens might y bu when you were near the docks mig as well be in Lima or Yoko- na c Shanghai. There were the ne ta s, the same smells and ship- g. th same sounds of the donkey ines. he grogshops were the same the awnshops and the houses of otfu eputation. Kingston was just tha o his eyes—no better and no rse. he had been blind, he could e fo d his way by sound.

He lo ged along the main street ly i rder to kill time, only because his pr udice against drinking before n. ove him the sky was piti- ly b and clear, except for a few uds w ch made deep green shadows the ountains inland. The street trig d neat, like all the principal ets i a British colony. The houses sho were painted in pleasant cco t s, like most buildings in the pics, d the shops were behind ar- es to otect the passer-by from the A usky traffic policeman in a ed kh i uniform stood at an inter- tion, it the traffic was slow and tterec The tourist trade had dwin- d wi war times, but the shops ted h efully. All the life in Kings- was oving dreamily and peace- y tow d high noon. Tom, he knew, follo ing him because Tom always ked a r him when he went ashore. He pa ed to examine the British eds a l pipes and burberries in the dow one of the large clothing em- tums d as he stood there he saw own flection in the window. The ectio uddenly seemed like the fig- of a ranger—a heavy, shambling, dy fig e in a soiled white suit. His ben th his battered Panama hat dra and unattractive. Even the gue re ction showed the sandy stub- of hi beard. It did not bother him t peo looked at him curiously and appro gly. He knew that he was ost o the beach, not quite, but al- st.

Beyon he clothing store was a news- nd an then a tobacconist, and then bank d a square with tired-looking k ho s and sleepy drivers and men s ing shells and baskets—but one tr d to sell him anything. Then re ca a store displaying Oriental ds, a ore which you might see in Car ean port. In the window re we silk pajamas and bathrobes h dra s embroidered on the pock- a few imonos, some bad pieces of kwoo ea sets and cheap soapstone d ivo ornaments—all the things y mac by the boatload in China or an. A nall Japanese wearing heavy sses st d in the doorway and nodded Bob Bles.

Hello here, Admiral Togo," Bob d.

The little man drew in his breath with a gentle hiss.

"Or maybe you aren't Admiral Togo," Bob said. "Maybe you're Japan's Lawrence of Manchuria."

The Japanese smiled, displaying an uneven set of teeth shining with gold work. "Good morning," he said. "Lawrence of Manchuria. Americans are always so very funny."

"So are Japanese," Bob said. "How's business, Admiral?"

"Business is very poor," the little man said. "Please, would you like to buy a new silk suit? To your measure by four this afternoon. So nice on that schooner of yours for yachting, please."

"Clever, aren't you?" Bob said. "So you know me, do you?"

"Please," said the little man, "of course. Mr. Robert Bolles, please. So nice to have watched you in Mr. Henry's last night."

"I never saw you hang around there," Bob said.

The shopkeeper laughed politely. Japanese always laughed politely. And he took a card case from his inside pocket. "Please," he said, "my card. Pajamas and shirts and suits on six hours' order. No hurry to pay, please, Mr. Bolles."

Bob Bolles took the card with elaborate courtesy and held it gingerly and bowed. The card read: "I. A. Moto—Things Japanese."

"Thanks," he said. "What time is it?"

"Please," Mr. Moto said, "it is a quarter before twelve."

"Well, that's swell," Bob answered. "I'm sorry. I'm in a hurry now. Goodby, Mr. Moto," and he walked more hastily down the street, smiling faintly.

HENRY'S was down near the water, a pumpkin-yellow café, with a bar and tables in the front room and with propellerlike fans moving languidly on the ceiling and with a shabby courtyard and other rooms out in back. The front room was deserted except for Henry who stood behind the bar. Henry was slender and very neat in a freshly laundered white suit. His features were aquiline and regular, made up from a variety of race strains. Bob sat down at a table and took off his hat and gazed upward at the slowly revolving fans.

"Bring me a bottle over here," Bob said. He was just in time—the clock on the cathedral was striking the hour of twelve—and he looked up at Henry and grinned. "I understand I was in here last night."

Henry nodded. Bob poured half a tumbler of rum and drank it straight.

"And now I'm not welcome here," he asked, "is that it?"

"Oh, no," said Henry, "I wouldn't say that, Mr. Bolles, but there has been a complaint."

"What complaint?" Bob asked.

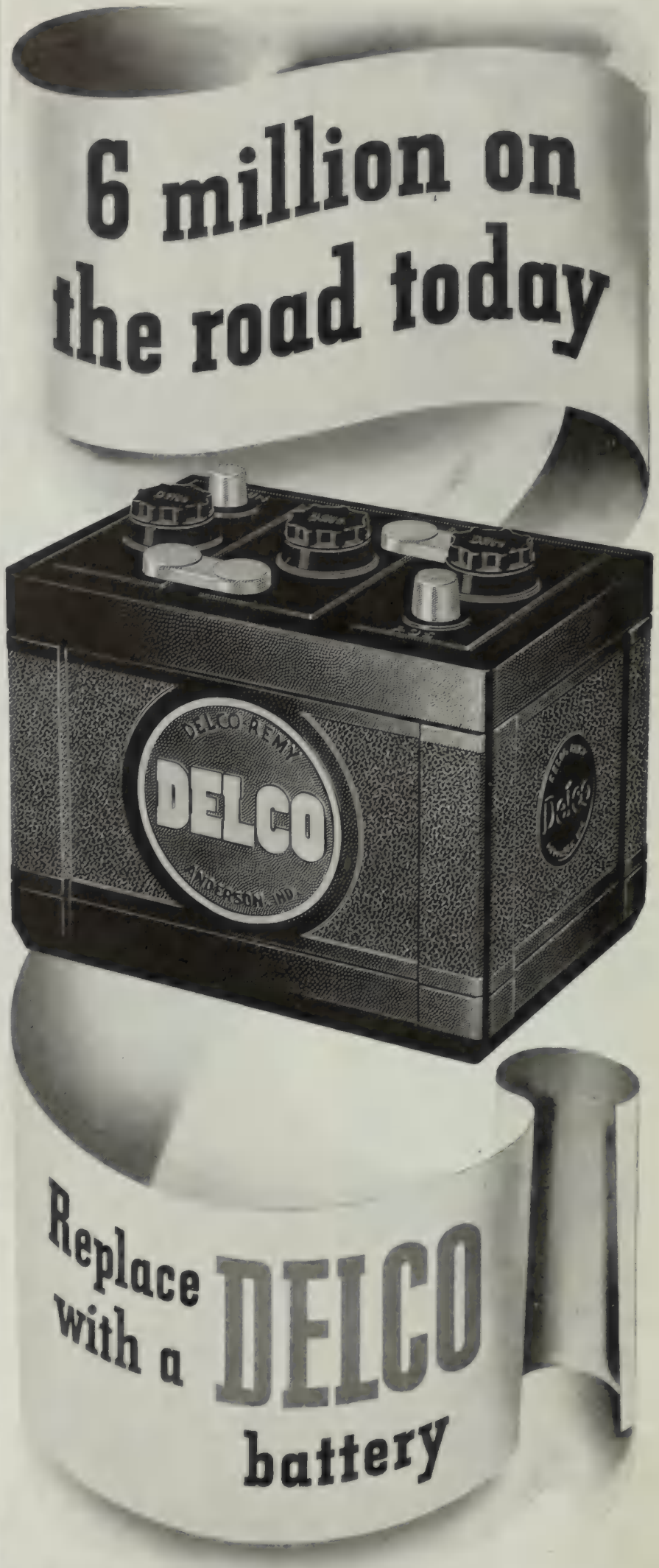
Henry clasped his hands behind him. "The police," he said. Bob Bolles scowled. "What about the police?" he asked.

"Supervision is getting strict now," Henry said. "They've been inquiring about you, Mr. Bolles."

Bob Bolles looked at his empty glass and felt his face flush. It was the first time that anything like that had happened to him, but he could understand it.

"You mean, you're going to throw me out of here?" he asked.

Henry unclasped his hands from behind his back and spoke quickly, almost eloquently. "You must think of the difficulties I have here, Mr. Bolles," he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said. "The type of guests whom I entertain in back each evening require quiet surroundings. When gentlemen like you come, Mr. Bolles, who have allowed themselves to get out of control, the authorities—"

Henry stopped and Bob saw that he was looking toward the doorway. He remembered a long while later that there was something worried and wary in Henry's look. A youngish man had entered from the street and his passage from the sunlight into the shadow of Henry's bar made him blink with eyes which obviously were not accustomed to the glare of the Caribbean. His gray flannel suit and his light gray felt hat showed that he was a tourist and not an islander; a tourist too recently arrived to equip himself with tropical clothes. There was nothing impressive about his appearance, for he was the sort of person who would not have been conspicuous anywhere, but it seemed to Bob Bolles that Henry was surprised. There was something that Henry did not like.

"Good morning," the stranger said, and his greeting included Bob Bolles at the table and Henry standing beside him. "Is this a place that is called Henry's?"

"Yes," Henry said, "this is Henry's. I am the proprietor, sir."

The stranger smiled an engaging, easy smile. His hair and eyes were dark, but his complexion was light, almost pale, and it seemed to Bob that he looked a little tired and a little hungry. He glanced around the barroom, not casually the way a tourist might, but carefully, as though he wished to remember the location of all the chairs and tables.

"So you are Henry, are you?" he said, and his voice was foreign, rather more French than Spanish. "My firm has recommended you. I believe you have had some past connections with my firm."

"What firm, please?" Henry asked.

The dark young man took a wallet from his pocket and pulled a card from it. "Wines and liquors," he said. "Lisbon, you see. My name is Durant."

BOB BOLLES saw Henry take the card and, though the interruption annoyed him more than it interested him, he saw Henry's manner change. Henry was always smooth and easy when he greeted guests, but he had a maître d'hôtel's way of conferring little distinctions, an elegance that did not always fit well in the barroom. Bob could see that the card had impressed Henry and that Mr. Durant was someone above the ordinary.

"Oh, yes," Henry said, and his hair looked particularly sleek and oily as he bowed and held out his hand. "So happy to meet you, Mr. Durant. Your firm's wines have been a great addition to my little place here. Mr. Durant. You were right in coming to see me. Should you like a room?" And then before Mr. Durant could answer Henry continued in his careful Jamaican English: "You understand that this is not a hotel, but for our especial friends we do have rooms upstairs, very nice and quiet. Also if you have any friends here I could put you in touch with them."

"Why, thank you," Mr. Durant said. "What I need is quiet. I'm looking for a man, a particular friend of mine. I imagine you have seen him, since he has been connected with the firm in the past—a Mr. Kingman."

Mr. Durant spoke pleasantly, with that slightly foreign accent, and Henry bowed again.

"Oh, yes," Henry said, "yes, he has been here. You must be my guest, Mr. Durant, entirely my guest. Mr. Kingman is coming in later this morning, I think."

"Very good," Mr. Durant answered. "You are very kind. I understood you would be. When Mr. Kingman arrives I'd like to have a conversation with him. I haven't seen him lately, but he used to be quite a friend of mine."

"Why," said Henry, "there's nothing easier, Mr. Durant. I'll send him directly up to your room, if that is what you want."

"THAT is most obliging of you," said Mr. Durant. "Perhaps if you will show me the room I might go up now. My bag is at the airline office, if you will send for it. I am rather tired. I have just got off the plane."

"You did entirely right in coming here first," Henry said. "It's a nice room. Just one other guest upstairs—a Swedish gentleman, but I am sure he won't disturb you."

"I didn't know you ran a hotel here," Bob said.

"What?" said Henry. "What did you say?" Henry was looking out the open door to the street and he seemed to have forgotten that Bob was there.

"I didn't know you ran a hotel," Bob said.

"Oh, not a hotel, really," Henry answered. "Just a place where a few personal friends sometimes stop." Henry drew a colored handkerchief from his breast pocket and patted his forehead softly with it.

"Oh," Bob said, "so this Durant is a friend of yours?"

"A business acquaintance," Henry said. "Let me see. What was it we were talking about?"

"About the police," Bob said.

**"Dad has been losing his shirt, dear. Try to endorse a face powder or something"**

"A Swede?" said Mr. Durant. "What's a Swede doing here?"

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "A mate from one of the banana boats," he said. "Just here for a rest. He won't disturb you."

"Well, let us go," said Mr. Durant, and he nodded at Bob Bolles and smiled, and Mr. Durant and Henry walked up a flight of stairs behind the bar while Bob Bolles sat staring into his half empty glass. He was glad that Henry was gone. It seemed to him that Henry's manner was particularly greasily unctuous that morning. It was none of his business, but there was always something mysterious about Henry's friends. He had seen other curious people come in and out of Henry's, but it might be what you could expect in a gambling joint. He sat there waiting for Henry to come back, and he did not like it.

"Bolles," he said to himself, "you're mighty near on the beach."

When Henry came back ten minutes later Henry's hair was as slick as ever and his walk was sprightly, but Bob could see that Henry was worried about something.

"The police?" Henry's hand moved with a quick, involuntary jerk and his colored handkerchief hung limply between his fingers.

"Yes," Bob said. "You were saying the police say I make too much trouble. Well, it looks as though a cop is coming in here now. That's Inspector Jameson, isn't it? How are they going, Inspector?"

HENRY gave a startled look at the door. He had not seen the new visitor as soon as Bob had, but when he did Henry smiled and put his handkerchief back in his pocket. In Henry's business he naturally had an understanding with the island police.

"Oh," he said, "good morning, Inspector Jameson." A red-faced, middle-aged man in carefully tailored white ducks and with a close-cropped mustache and very square shoulders walked toward them. Inspector Jameson was carrying a swagger stick and he had the appearance of an English sergeant major. His uncompromising steadiness showed that he had been in the army once.

"Hello, Chief," Bob said. "How's the empire holding up this

"Now, now," said Inspector "That will be enough of that pire can do very well with asked for by the likes of yo

"All right," Bob said. "It courteous question. I like t and I can't help being worried

"Good morning, sir," Henry lovely day, isn't it?"

Inspector Jameson disreg question. He walked over to and halted, looking at Bob steely way.

"I don't like jokes," Inspec son said. "If I had ever had rade, sir, you would have lea was fitting. The trouble wit pire is all the silly people Germans and Americans. Y Bolles, aren't you?"

"Yes," Bob answered. "H a drink, Inspector?"

Inspector Jameson looked tle on the table with stony "No," he said. "This is an o I've been looking for you, M

"All right," Bob said. "N you, Inspector."

INSPECTOR JAMESON throat. His face was lined approval and distaste. His strictly official, according to re

"Mr. Bolles," the inspecto am here in the line of duty know me and I know you been here two weeks with your making, if I may say so, a p yourself when the police h things to think about. And I none of your lip either, Mr. was the same the last time here and the time before that tried to make allowances, s lations are to make matters visitors on this island."

"But I am happy," Bob said ways happy. You ought to le lax, Inspector."

"None of that, sir," the insp "You are a man, sir, who sh gentleman. Your kind is ver when it goes bad. We have make every allowance, but it to stop."

"Oh," Bob said, "will it?"

"It will," the inspector said suggest that you and your boat nigger leave here in twenty-fo

Bob stood up. He felt his f ing red. "Do you realize," "that you're talking to a Uni citizen?"

The inspector watched him not appear impressed. "We about you," he said. "We k every bit of riffraff that drops town. You'd be wise to remem I said, Mr. Bolles. We shoul you were not here tomorrow."

Inspector Jameson turned his heel and walked majestica street, while law and order w visible behind him. Bob Bolles his kind before in a dozen oth colonies. He had laughed, but Jameson stood for the Britis He was the sergeant who lo the black sheep in Kipling's p was the thin, red line of heroes Waterloo and Dunkirk. B looked up at Henry. "The B turn out a model," he said.

Henry did not answer. He w ing Inspector Jameson walk a street.

"You read about them," "but you can't believe it. H think, does he? He just re army man, isn't he?"

Henry did not answer.

"I never had a run-in with before," Bob said, "except o the ship called at Singapore." his eyes grew narrow and he lo at Henry. "It couldn't be, not

r cc d it—that you have been com-
lain ; to get me out of here?"
He y shook his head. "Oh, no, Mr.
olle he said. "Why, you and I are
ien "
"T n lend me some money," Bob
aid.
He y glanced toward the street. He
ad a bit of looking in all directions at
nce. I can do better for you," he said.
beca e I'm really a friend of yours,
fr. l les, and I can prove it. There
as a rty here yesterday, a nice young
oupl from New York. They want a
acht or charter. I spoke about you.
can t you four hundred dollars for a
ont

"N ne sails her but me," Bob said.
I do want her piled up somewhere."
"Y did not let me finish," Henry
nswe d, speaking quickly. "Four hun-
red lars for charter, fifty dollars a
eek yourself as skipper, twenty dol-
rs f your boy as crew."

Bob olles whistled softly and poured
nse another drink. "Who are they?"
e ask l. "They're not your style."

"Th were seeing the sights last
ght, Henry said. "They came down
om e Myrtle Bank. Their name is
ingn n."

"Ki nan?" Bob Bolles repeated. "Is
e the e your friend upstairs wants to
e?"

HEN Y patted the folds of his yellow
ne tie and stood up a little
raigh r. "I said they were a nice
oung uple from New York," he said.
Mr. l rant is a stranger to me and I
m su I don't know how he knows Mr.
ingm n, and besides it should not
atte o you, should it?"

"It st strikes me as funny," Bob
aid. 'ou say they are nice people?"

"We they are," Henry said, "very
ce p ple—New York socialites and
ery r ."

Bob olles laughed. "No nice people
ang o in this joint. Henry—just boys
ke m You might find a murderer
ere, b not a New York socialite."

Hen s shoulders gave a little spas-
odic rk as though someone had hit
m or e back, but he was hurt rather
an a ry. "You very well know," he
id. "at a great many socialites come
own f m the hotel for roulette. There
a ce in romance and color here that
ey d not find at the hotel. That was
ow I et Mr. and Mrs. Kingman—just
own f the roulette. They are very ro-
antic They wish to take a private
uise, ecause they are interested in
nely slands. And they pay well.
Money no object. What more do you
ant?"

Bob ondered even then why Henry
ad be so generous as to offer him
ich a job, because it was not like
enry t when a chance like that came
ut of e blue, all you could do was
ke it

"All ght. I'll take them if they're
ols ough. What's your commis-
on?"

"Tw ty pounds," Henry said, "should
e my mmission, but for you it will be
othin Shall I telephone them now to
ome h e? You are hardly dressed to
all at eir hotel."

"Wa a minute," Bob said. "Why
ren't u taking a commission? What
' ther ishy about this?"

Hen s face was always tranquil and
sho d neither surprise nor hurt.
Don't a fool," he said. "Look at me.
an I ord to do anything fishy? I'll
elepho them and perhaps you'd bet-
er go back and shave." He picked up
e bot and the glass. "And you might
t leas ay thank you."

"Th s, Henry," Bob said. "But I'd
ke to ow what you're getting out of
. Oh, ell, never mind."

Hen rang a bell for a boy to watch
he ba om. "I shall telephone from
my office," he said. "You can shave in my own washroom with my own razor. You see, I really treat you as a friend."

They crossed the back courtyard which had been planted with palms and bougainvillaea to form at night a garish electrically lighted garden and came into Henry's gambling parlor. The long room with its slot machines and chemin de fer and roulette tables seemed to be lying in a drunken sort of sleep waiting for evening. Louis, the croupier, and his assistants would not come on until evening and the room's only occupants were two barefoot colored women emptying ash receptacles and aimlessly brushing the floor. Henry's office, which was just beyond the tables, was furnished with a violent green carpet, two leather upholstered armchairs, a comfortable couch, and a battered roll-top desk and a telephone.

Henry sat down at his desk and lifted up the telephone receiver. "The lavatory is over there. You will find the razor in the cabinet," he said.

Henry's office and lavatory were both what Bob expected, neither of them very attractive and neither very clean. A towel on the rack by the washstand was smeared with lipstick. The medicine cabinet above it was filled with headache remedies, perfume bottles, an atomizer and hair tonic. He was not particular, but somehow the idea of using Henry's razor did not appeal to him. He could hear Henry calling the hotel and asking for Mr. Kingman.

"Hey," Bob called, "have you got any clean blades!"

"Is not the old one all right?" Henry asked. . . . "Yes, Mr. Kingman, please."

There had been a time when Henry had treated him with an obsequious sort of respect. Bob knew that it was his fault that the relationship was changed, and it irked him that the proprietor of a cheap saloon and gambling joint should be doing him a favor.

"Oh, Mr. Kingman," he heard Henry say, "I have the man here now."

Henry was speaking of him in the tone he might have used when he told a customer that he would have two jolly girls and an automobile ready in half an hour.

"Yes," he heard Henry say, "I believe he would be glad to leave at five o'clock. Yes, I'll have him waiting for you."

Bob wiped his face on the corner of the towel and walked into the office.

"Now you look quite the gentleman," Henry said. "They are coming right over—Mr. Kingman and his lady. It's lucky for you this happened."

"Yes," Bob said, "it's lucky."

THERE was not much doubt that Henry was going to get something handsome out of this somehow. They were back in the front room again when a car from the hotel drew up by the door and a man and a girl got out. Henry hurried to meet them and the three walked together to a corner table where Bob was standing. Their clothes looked like models from an expensive store window in New York—just the thing for that winter cruise in the tropics. They had an air of plenty of money and of tourists' wide-eyed innocence, even before they spoke.

"This is the man," Henry said. "This is Mr. Kingman—Mr. Bolles."

Bob shook hands with Mr. Kingman, and Mr. Kingman's hand was cool and very strong. He was a good-natured-looking man in his middle thirties with an easy, pleasant smile.

"Oh," he said. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Bolles."

His accent had a careless drawl and the words were clipped in a way that reminded Bob of a British-educated European's speech. It was the assured, hard-to-identify accent of a well-bred, widely traveled man and Bob Bolles decided that he liked him. Mr. Kingman's


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**WIND** whips your hair into an awful snarl. Leaves it dry, dusty, so tangled you can't even comb it. A little Kreml after you golf, and you won't look like the Wild Man of Borneo to your girl.

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**A fine follow-up for the daily use of Kreml is the once-a-week wash with Kreml Shampoo. It is made from an 80% olive oil base. Cleanses your scalp tingling clean. Leaves your hair soft and lustrous looking—easy to comb. Try Kreml Shampoo this weekend . . . try Kreml Hair Tonic *today!***

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# KREML

**REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR**

NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

nose was thin and a little too long, his complexion was pale but healthy, his eyes and his mouth were both steady. When Mr. Kingman looked Bob over the smile on his thin lips was reflected in his eyes, and Bob could not help smiling back.

"We're—we're shot with luck to meet you, Mr. Bolles," Mr. Kingman said, and Bob Bolles always remembered how Mr. Kingman hesitated, seeming to grope for the right colloquial phrase. "Let's sit down and talk this over—with a bottle of champagne. This is Mrs. Kingman."

She was a tall girl, just the type Bob particularly liked. He imagined that she could dance beautifully. Her hair was dark, almost black, and her eyes were dark blue, and her face was tanned and healthy.

"How do you do?" Bob said.

She looked surprised when he spoke to her as if she must have thought that he would be a good deal worse than he was.

"Oh, Mac," she said, "not champagne."

"Now, Helen," Mr. Kingman said, "this is our vacation, dear."

She looked at Bob, as though she wanted to be sure that he understood. "He's been working so hard," she said. "Those New York law firms!"

"Leo," Henry called to the bar boy, "a bottle of Veuve Clicquot—on the house."

"Mr. Bolles," Mrs. Kingman said. "I feel so much better, now that I've seen you. You look so perfectly reliable—and this is one of Mr. Kingman's most absurd ideas."

MR. KINGMAN smiled. "Now, wait a minute, sweet," he said. "You know you promised, didn't you, to let me do the talking? Maybe I'd better give you a picture of what's in my mind, Mr. Bolles, before we get down to facts." He raised his glass and laughed. "It's simply that I'd like to get away from everything for a while—telephone, telegraphs, everything. Maybe you've felt that way yourself."

"Yes," Bob said. "I feel that way a good deal of the time."

"When you're a—" Mr. Kingman began, and his forehead puckered slightly as though he found a momentary difficulty in thinking of the next word. "a kid, you have ideas that sometimes stay with you. Do you know what I mean?" He looked around the table almost appealingly. "When I was a kid I always thought of the tropics—lonely islands, the Spanish Main—you know. Maybe you read about pirates yourself once, Mr. Bolles."

"You're in the right place for pirates," Bob said, and he glanced at Henry. Mr. Kingman seemed lost in thought.

"Those ideas stay with you sometimes—the sea, the loneliness of the sea. Now, back at home, I've done a lot of reading."

"And he never lets me interrupt him," Mrs. Kingman said, "never."

"Well, now I've got my chance," Mr. Kingman said. "I suppose it sounds silly to you, Mr. Bolles, but it came over me when I landed here, why not? Why not charter a comfortable boat and get off away from jazz music, off to islands that I'd read and dreamed about, where none of these cruises stop—off—" He paused again, as if trying to think of a word. "Off to loneliness."

He stopped and looked around the table, as though he had made a considerable effort and waited for an approving answer. Again Bob tried to analyze his speech. It seemed strange that Mr. Kingman kept striving to use colloquial expressions.

"There are a lot of lonely islands, if that's what you want," Bob said.

Mr. Kingman smiled happily at Mrs. Kingman. "You know," he said, "this is just my luck, isn't it? Now, I don't know who you are, Mr. Bolles, from—from Adam, but you're just what I've been looking for. I think we're going to have a—a swell time. Don't you like him, Helen?"

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman said. "I do, Mac."

"There you are," Mr. Kingman said. "I hope you don't mind my being so informal, Captain, but it's just as well to like someone if you're going to sea with him. Now they say you have a boat—"

"She's a schooner," Bob said, "sixty feet. I bought her in Key West about two years ago—the Thistlewood. She can go anywhere under sail, but she has only a small auxiliary."

"I don't want power," Mr. Kingman said. "I don't need to get anywhere at any time. You know navigation, of course?"

Bob Bolles nodded.

"And you have a crew?"

"A colored boy," Bob answered. "We can take her anywhere you want. Have you any ideas, Mr. Kingman?"

Mr. Kingman leaned across the table. "You know how things get in your mind," he said. "Now, I have been reading about the old sugar islands, where planters lived each alone in his kingdom. It's all gone, of course, but there must be remains of it. Perhaps you can help me, Mr. Bolles. Have you ever heard of a spot on the chart called Mercator Island?"

BOB BOLLES had no intention of looking surprised. If they had the money and were good for it he could have taken them to the South Seas, if they wanted. Nevertheless, the question interested him. Mr. Kingman must have known it was unusual, for he had introduced it by that elaborate explanation. You never could tell, Bob thought, where a romantic streak may crop up in a human being.

"Mercator," Bob said. "I wonder where you ever came across it. I know a bit about Caribbean literature, but I never knew that Mercator got into print."

Mr. Kingman seemed pleased that he had asked him, anxious to explain. "You'd have a hard time finding the volume, Skipper, even in the largest library," he answered. "I stumbled on it at a book auction, a rather rare collector's item."

"He fills the apartment with books," Mrs. Kingman said, but Mr. Kingman did not appear to hear her.

"'The Caribbean Kingdom,' by John Silverstone," Mr. Kingman said, "and more particularly the estates on the Winderly Group. Octavo, original calf, published by John Cotswell, stationer, at his shop in Threadneedle Road, London, 1773."

"THAT'S right," Bob said, "the Winderly Group. Yes, I've heard they used to grow sugar on Mercator."

"A queer old book," Mr. Kingman went on, as though he had not heard. "There were five pages about the sugar establishment and the life on Mercator Island. That's all I know, but I'd love to see it. Do you know it, Mr. Bolles?"

"I've never touched there," Bob said, "but I've been by the Winderly Group. It's about as lonely a piece of reef as you can hope to see. It's off every conceivable sea lane. I don't even know what flag it's under. It isn't very well charted. Mercator is about a mile long, volcanic with coral reefs outside it. I've heard the old planters were driven out in a slave insurrection. Have you ever heard about it, Henry?"

"Not much," Henry answered. "The fishing boats might know."

Henry's voice was soft. For some reason it made them all silent for a moment.

"But I don't want to know any more," Mr. Kingman said. "It is exactly that sense of mystery that I want. Ulysses cleaving the wine-dark sea. Let's be—be pushing off."

"Mac, dear," Mrs. Kingman said, "don't be so impatient."

"If you want to go," Bob said, "it's maybe fours days' sail with a fair wind—longer, if it's stormy."

Mr. Kingman had forgotten about the wine-dark sea and suddenly looked practical.

"All right," he said. "Tha[illegible] if the terms are satisfactory, [illegible] lieve you've heard them. Wh[illegible] modations have you? Not tha[illegible] willing to rough it. There w[illegible] Kingman and me and—and [illegible] His name is Oscar."

"When I married Mac," M[illegible] man said, "I really had to me[illegible] too."

Bob Bolles looked at the [illegible] fully. "I don't know how yo[illegible] he said. "There are two bu[illegible] main cabin and one berth in t[illegible] stateroom. Tom and I can sle[illegible] ward, but we'll all have to eat [illegible]

"Splendid," Mr. Kingman [illegible] car and I can take the cabin. [illegible] the stateroom, Helen. Let's— [illegible] a leg. I'd like to leave this a[illegible]

"It's a pretty tall order," [illegible] "I'll have to take on supplies."

Henry cleared his throat. [illegible] can get supplies aboard for yo[illegible] "if you will be willing to leave [illegible]

"Good," Mr. Kingman sa[illegible] we're getting action."

"You haven't asked for re[illegible] Bob Bolles said.

Mr. Kingman laughed. "[illegible] mind that," he answered. "I [illegible] all about you and I've seen yo[illegible] you're all right and I hope yo[illegible] are. All I want is to get off a[illegible] ing." He pulled a pigskin w[illegible] the breast pocket of his coat. [illegible] can passport came out with it [illegible] placed the passport hastily. [illegible] forty pounds—on the line."

"Thank you," Bob said. "[illegible] thoughtful of you. I hope y[illegible] comfortable, Mr. Kingman. I [illegible] you at four o'clock and [illegible] aboard."

"I shall bring them to the b[illegible]" Henry. "Just be ready there."

"That's fine," Mr. Kingman [illegible] erything is going to be hunky [illegible] dory." He looked at Mrs. Kin[illegible] laughed. "Sweet, didn't I te[illegible] could do it? Didn't I tell you [illegible] fun? Oh, boy, are we going to h[illegible]

BOB BOLLES turned to lo[illegible] He was surprised to find th[illegible] looking at him and not at [illegible] man. Her eyes were dark a[illegible] fully questioning—but just [illegible] ment, and then she smiled.

"Yes, dear," she said. "I s[illegible] better get dungarees and sne[illegible] oilskins. We won't have muc[illegible] get packed and I don't know t[illegible]

Mr. Kingman made an impa[illegible] ture. "Yes, I suppose you will [illegible] gan. "There isn't anything [illegible] there, Henry?"

"Perhaps Mr. Bolles could [illegible] Kingman for a little shopp[illegible] Henry said. "I only sugge[illegible] cause—"

Henry's voice was smooth [illegible] tuous, but Mr. Kingman s[illegible] catch some message in it, for [illegible] at Henry and raised his eyeb[illegible]

"Because what?" he asked.

"Just a little matter," H[illegible] "about supplies, arrangements [illegible] ments. There is no need for M[illegible] man to wait if she is in a h[illegible] might suggest, Mr. Bolles ca[illegible] with her purchases and leave [illegible] hotel."

Mr. Kingman still seemed t[illegible] "Is it necessary?" he asked.

"Just half an hour," Henr[illegible] think it would be better," an[illegible] a card from his pocket and ha[illegible] Mr. Kingman. Bob Bolles re[illegible] it. It was Mr. Durant's card. [illegible] to Bob when Mr. Kingman lo[illegible] that he was making an effo[illegible] his face good-natured, to con[illegible] sort of surprise or annoyance [illegible] Bolles was not sure.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Kingm[illegible] Yes, we'd better go over the d[illegible]

"Ernest is putting a little by for next year's taxes"

ugh e as well to find Oscar, but I 't li to have Helen wandering and one—a strange town and all ."

There no need to worry," Henry "n with Mr. Bolles."

All r t," Mr. Kingman said. "That be— e okay." He was smiling, but eme o Bob that his eyes had grown rifle arder and his lips a trifle ner. If Mr. Bolles doesn't mind, en, y might go out. Buy out the s—l anything."

see d to Bob that Mrs. Kingman lool g at his shabby clothes and dark yes seemed to have the same tion g look.

ome e from the hotel—" Bob be-

Oh, n' said Mrs. Kingman, but she ned have lost her enthusiasm. "It be l right. Come ahead, Mr. es."

e st d up and they all stood up. ee y later, Bolles," Mr. Kingman and e looked down again at the he s still holding.

HEN ob stepped out on the street ehir Mrs. Kingman he saw Tom g on e curbstone, waiting for him. om, Bob said, "get aboard and n up Put my stuff up forward. 's twnty pounds. Get fresh sheets towe Be ready to take on sup- at t e o'clock."

m lo ed blankly at the notes.

t's al ight," Bob said. "We've got arter and he turned to Mrs. King- "Th is my boy Tom. He'll be on oat th us."

Oh," Mrs. Kingman said. Her whole ner emed stiff and constrained. ll, w better go on to the shops."

ey b an walking to the center of own. had been a long while since had alked beside a girl as pretty Mrs. Kingman and a girl of his own . He und it hard to think of any- to to her. He found himself ng a w tentative remarks about treet and buildings and about the stor, but she only answered y.

supp e you'll get your commission in each place," she said finally. "That's customary, isn't it?"

Bob felt his face flush scarlet. "I hadn't thought of it," he said. "I've never taken out a party in my boat before."

"I just wanted to find out," she said. "In there in that saloon, in that place, I couldn't make you out. So you don't take out parties regularly? What do you do?"

"Nothing," Bob said.

"Nothing?" she repeated. "You're an American, aren't you?"

"Yes," Bob answered.

"Well," she said, "I don't understand you. What are you doing here in a boat doing nothing?"

"Trying to get away from myself," Bob said. "Haven't you ever wanted to do that?"

She looked at him. Her eyes were dark. She looked aloof and beautiful. "I don't know whether I like you or not," she said.

"You'll know before we get back," Bob answered.

"I don't know whether I trust you or not," she said.

Bob Bolles laughed. "Do you always talk this way to everyone you pick up?" he asked, and she looked back at him without smiling.

"No, I don't, as a matter of fact," she said. "It's because you puzzle me. You look like someone who ought to be different from what you are, but I'm not sure."

"I haven't asked any questions about you," Bob said. "There won't be any occasion for you to have to trust me. Here's where you can get some oilskins and dungarees."

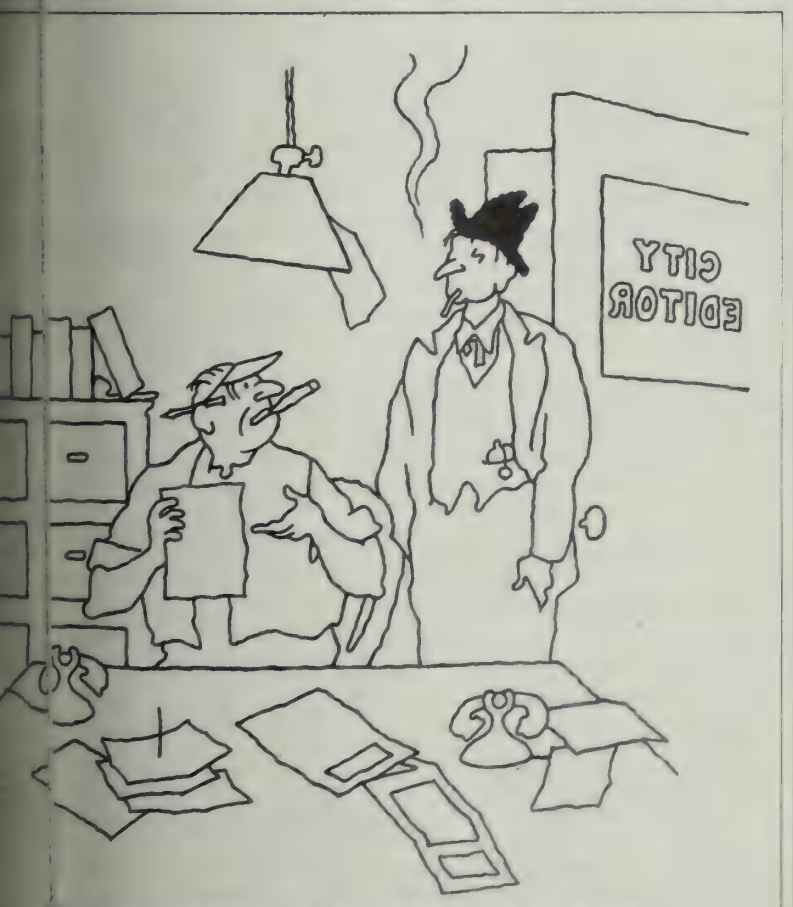
Just as they turned into the shop he saw her watching him again.

"I didn't mean to be disagreeable," she said.

"Oh, that's all right," Bob answered, and he stood near the door of the large, cool shop, watching her make her purchases.

"I wonder what's on her mind," he said, beneath his breath. "Why the devil does she have to trust me?"

*(To be continued next week)*

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**SOPHOMORE:** Better make sure he's wearing Bostonians, or his feet'll never keep up with his romance.

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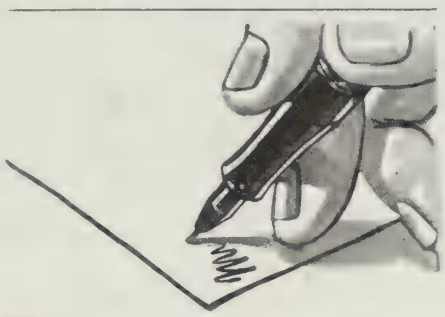

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# If We'd only Met Ten Years Ago

Continued from page 20

said. They laughed together. It was going fine.

The lunch went fine, too. Garnett wasn't indifferent to food—something she could never understand in Mark, who always let her order for him. She liked a man to make demands, be choosy. This man, without being fussy, knew exactly what he wanted.

"But tell me, before I make any boners," he said, "you're not Mark's first wife?"

"So far as I know." She flushed, suspecting the coming compliment.

Studying her all around, he said, "But I thought Mark married right after we got out of Tech."

Her flush deepened. "He did. Me."

"Oh, no. Why, you look twenty-one. Say twenty-three at the most."

"With a daughter of six," she reminded him. "And I was never precocious."

HER mounting excitement, Grace told herself, was due, first, simply to male company. Mark had never before been away more than a few days. Or, secondly, it might be due to fear of years. The elation she got, at having men take her for a girl. Those ridiculous red shoes. And thirdly, this flushed intensity might mean the coming of war fever. The eagerness to cram new experience into the uncertain, remaining time of life.

All those reasons were silly, she decided. And yet, if none of these things caused the nervousness she felt in her heart, then her condition was even more dangerous. For then it was the person. The man. Garnett excited her.

She scarcely dared look him full in the face. He was being witty, chatty, friendly, as though he sensed her struggle, and was helping her to ease. She could feel no restraint between them. It was almost as if they had been drinking Or were very old friends.

They discussed Mark, admired him together. Grace found herself confiding her womanly fears that a man like Mark might simply join the Army, and go away from her. "Sure, he'd consider me, before he did it. Weigh me, and weigh Evelyn—that's our little girl. But then he'd carefully set us aside, and go. I sometimes feel it wouldn't be tearing anything out of him as it might be for other men. They'd go, too. But—"

"I know," Garnett said. "Some men can do it more easily than others. They don't have to be with women. They can get along among themselves. I'm not that way."

"Just like some women," she agreed, "are almost content to be without men. I'm not that way either. I get lonesome with women."

He nodded. She had a sense—frightening, because this was not her husband—of being completely understood.

THEY made it dinner and a show, and a night club—the works. A rush. It was so easy to be with him, Grace wondered: either he was awfully skillful with women, and she was just another conquest; or there was something fateful in their combination. Once, in a rumba that they took with slow, small movements, she caught herself thinking: how is it with Army wives? If she became an Army wife, would she be all right? Would she be able to handle things like this?

"How is it you never got married?" she asked. "If you need to be with women. Don't you believe in marriage?"

"Oh, sure. I like the idea fine. I've wanted to be married." His smile took the solemnity from the remark, made it seem truer.

"Only you never met the right girl?"

"Trite, but unhappily true."

"Are you sure?" she asked. "Do you really believe there is such a thing as the one, predestined mate, whom you'd be certain to recognize?"

"Well, maybe there's more than one copy of her, around in the world. But I'm romantic enough to think I'd know the type, if I saw her."

"Is she so rare? What's she like?"

"Like you."

"You didn't have to say that."

"I didn't want to. It sounds so glib. But there it is."

They fell silent. The music was sugary, of the kind Mark disliked. Now she didn't know whether she liked it or not. Mark hadn't danced with her in a long, long time.

Garnett held her imperceptibly closer. The languorous dance threaded their thoughts onward. Garnett resumed, picking up the thread at the very point she had reached.

"We should have met ten years ago," he said.

They glided a while on that, dreamily. Grace felt herself being drawn in, perhaps too deep. "And if we'd met ten years ago?" she echoed. "You'd have married me?"

"I think so," he replied, earnestly. "You must have been just as you are now. That's what I wanted. A girl who wouldn't change."

"How would you have known I wouldn't change?"

"I'd have known."

"Everybody grows old, sometime," she said. And suddenly she wondered: perhaps he hadn't married because he was afraid to take the chance that other men took, that Mark had taken—of beauty going, as children and maturity came. Perhaps all this was a line with him, and he was just a coward, who deserved to be alone.

THIS thought gave her her first feeling of a possible escape from the compulsion toward the man. But he caught her back, by admitting her very thought. "I was a coward about getting stuck with a woman," he said. "Or maybe a perfectionist." He wore that smile over his seriousness again, and she knew she had to believe he was the seeker after the true, destined woman, rather than the coward. "With you I'd have known it would be okay," he said. "If we'd only met ten years ago. I'm pretty sure."

Grace permitted herself to speculate, how it would have been, living with this man instead of Mark. Living in brighter colors. Going out more. And feeling safe, feeling there was nothing about him that she did not know, nothing that could escape her. "And how many children would we have had?" she asked.

"Two. Providing you kept your figure."

"Oh, I would have."

"I know." He pressed her, more frankly. Just close enough.

"And Mark would have been the family friend," she said. It was a whirling, dangerous fantasy. For when a man said he would have married you, it lent a kind of honorableness to his meaning. It recognized that it would be too sad to break things up with your good husband. And yet it called up that sense of being fated—

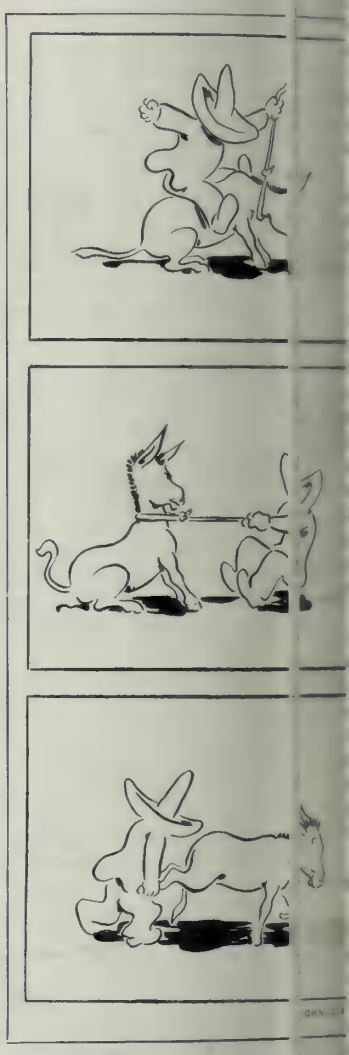
"We should have met at a dance, at Tech," he said. "Mark should have introduced us."

"Gee, it's funny we di t actu
meet," she said, breathily, st to k
talking, to stave off the stra e comp
sion. She fancied herself k in th
younger days, wandering o ne can
under the colored bulbs, w the m
distant. "We must have k n a lo
the same people. Did yo know
Chandler?" she said wit desper
triviality.

"Sure—" He fell into he tri
mood, as if to help her, tho h know
it would be useless against ir door
urge. "Dot's lake-shore c age wh
the gang used to drink dar llion w
Ever come there, on Sunda

"Why, yes," she said. "(

And suddenly, it was as ough
were standing together, or he rick
pier beyond Dot's cottage. y stop



dancing and stared at each er, lau
ing, as the realization broke on th
They must have met.

"Ten years ago!" Grac repeat
She stared at him, a sens of esc
mounting in her. His dre girl!
he'd have known her, any me!
dream man! "We danced," accu
him. "Remember? We wa d out
the pier—"

Garnett was looking at , with
fixed, polite smile of agre ent;
yet from his infocused eye he co
tell that he really didn't re mber
at all. For she recalled quit ully n
She'd got this boy to wa her
to the very end of the pi where
couple could sit with arms und e
other, smoking, dangling the egs.
he hadn't even made a pass her.
was the one man upon om sh
been unable to make any press
whatsoever.

How Mark would laugh when
told him about this blind d with
friend.

# Delivery Boy

Continued from page 28

t Athletics in Washington. apı n hit a scratchy single in the tc ar the game's perfection. si straight for a club that t g its way out of a prune

nd the season with 17 victo- l the Senators and rank in ames won, in the league. A Milnar of Cleveland and Ne m of Detroit were the only s to p him. ed 2 innings, which is a mess bal

red fers of $100,000 from two lub upposedly the Red Sox and

ive three salary boosts from lark riffith, who is noted for ex- cat on with a buck. ive four serious proposals of ge; came the Senators' top box- raw nd averaged the loss of a day souvenir hunters. mer from President Griffith, ce diled his son-in-law for a of million: "Best pitcher I've sin Johnson. I wouldn't take 0 fo im."

is e reputation Sid Hudson ppos to justify this year. Pretty for hap who was playing in a it a uple of years ago, and who nde only $5,000 when Griff hir out of the Florida State in t winter of 1939. And if his for '41 isn't entirely in accord e pr ictions, all the blame can't ppec Hudson's lap. By mid- he l lost half a dozen one-run for a unchless team that is sup- to b he worst in Washington's hi ry. The inelegant Nats, ng th majority of their days in llar, ne within one game of ty- ir al me record for consecutive s.

ison s no pet special delivery, s Fe 's blazing speed or Dutch rd's ackler. He has fair speed, contr a sharp curve and endur- Extra pecial poise and complete titive oldness keynote the kid's ter. Benny Bengough, the old e cat er, says, Sid has no more than dish of ice cream.

### Kid ho Couldn't Be Taught

youster's self-possession was st th Manager Harris noticed Sid tu ed up for early practice in do, Fl ida, in the spring of 1940. had b n purchased, sight unseen, recom endation of John Ganzel, manag the Nationals' Class D in Orl do. Griffith had scribbled k for e G's, on the theory that dy w can win 24 games in any any is rth a gamble.

en H son turned out for first ce, H is looked him over and what saw. The $5,000 bargain an bu ough. His gangling frame owed 1 pounds without leaving a His ms dangled to his knees, clack like castanets. But there nothin of the unshorn bush- ker ab t him. And when he be- o pitch Harris caught his breath. re was kid, just out of the lowest comp y, who did everything bet- an a v ran. His fast ball buzzed nd the b ter's knees, and his curve ed vic ily at the corners. He instin rely how to anchor a base- er at fi —something that many a ear vet an finds difficult—and he d his sition like an extra third man. ershadowing everything, gh, was hat quality of cold concentration. Coaches couldn't teach this kid a thing. He seemed to have been born with the attributes of a good pitcher; head, heart, speed, curve, control. . . .

Hudson laid a terrific egg in his first big-league performance. The Red Sox combed him for ten smacks. But he didn't fluster . . . not even after Jimmy Foxx cleared the bases with a colossal clout into the left-field seats. Hudson calmly fanned the next two men and finished in fair shape.

Next time out he was still wild, but lost a tough game on eight hits. Then he won a game, but was hammered gruesomely. By the middle of June he'd lost nine and won two. Only Harris' faith and his shortage of pitchers kept him around.

"He'll settle down," said Harris. "And when he does, he'll be unbeatable. Give him some more time."

### Practice That Made Perfect

Sid suffered stoically, and confined his comments to questions on what he was doing wrong. Somebody told him that he needed a letup ball—a change of pace—so Sid hunted up old Ted Lyons of the White Sox and spent days perfecting the slow pitch Lyons taught him.

He spent hours, in the morning, pitching to anyone who'd catch him, trying to get his quick ball to hover low on the corners. He picked old Rick Ferrell's naked skull clean of its accumulated information on the weaknesses of the league's best batters. He decided to stop trying to blow the ball through the hitter, and sniped only at the edges of the plate.

One day it all bore fruit. That was in St. Louis, when he broke his bonds with a one-hitter against the Browns. From that point on it was easy.

Hundred-thousand-dollar pitchers are usually not picked up for a measly $5,000, nor do they bridge the gap from low bush to majors in one year.

The sudden catapult into big time apparently hasn't affected Hudson. He takes a spectacular win with the same calm as a painful loss. He's been having a fairly tough time this year, but it hasn't soured him, even though his mates flatly refuse to hit behind him.

There was one afternoon when Sid hooked up with Lefty Grove of the Red Sox. Old Man Mose had been resting for a week, and he was something to see. The pair struggled along for 13 innings before the crusty old codger finally granted a 1-0 decision to his rookie opponent. Hudson had pitched superbly, once—in the ninth—extricating himself from a filled-base, nobody-out predicament. Somebody asked him what he was thinking about in the tough spot.

"It looked a little like rain," said the icicle. "I was wondering whether or not I'd left my windows open."

Hudson doesn't pop off, to the press, his mates, or anybody else. He doesn't smoke, chew, drink or swear. His idea of a riotous evening is a double-feature movie and a chocolate sundae. Four fifths of his salary is consigned to Mamma Hudson, back home in Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia.

Even after his third pay raise last summer he continued to live in the boardinghouse where Griff stables his unmarried youngsters. The food there, if not epicurean, is plentiful.

For all his modesty, Sid Hudson isn't bashful. His conversation, though cut to the Coolidge measure, is unhesitant. The swarms of females who maul him are treated with bored amusement.

Not even the most irritating succession of errors and slumps on the part of his teammates can make him lose his temper, or wrangle with his chums. On field or off, nobody has ever seen him sore.

His lank physique, inured to Florida's summer heat, is practically tireless. Anything short of 15 innings constitutes a mild workout. Just recently he worked 12 scoreless innings against the White Sox, finally losing 2-0 because his impotent chums couldn't stir up a run. Over the entire 13-inning stretch Hudson allowed five hits, three of them scratchy numbers to the infield. If he has trouble in a game, it's generally in the earlier innings, before he's had a chance to grease his muscles with perspiration.

"He will probably pitch for 20 years," says his Svengali, Mr. Harris. "And he will live to be 80 without ever having an emotion. I wish I could scare up about four more guys like him," adds Mr. Harris, wistfully.

Hudson began his organized-baseball career as a first baseman. The better to assist in the care and feeding of Mamma Hudson and seven other fatherless Hudsons, Sid was working in a Chattanooga hosiery mill in 1937, when one Guy Lacy saw him playing ball for a semipro team.

Lacy, then manager of Sanford, in the Florida State League, offered him a job. Hudson, going on 19, grabbed at the chance, and reported to Sanford in 1938. Mr. Lacy, meanwhile, had felt the cold kiss of the ax, and had been replaced by a character with the fanciful handle of Raw Meat Rogers.

### The Pride of Florida

One evening in June of '38 Mr. Rogers ran entirely out of pitchers. He was playing in Palatka, Florida, and the Palatka boys were beating his hurlers blind. When the massacre reached bloodcurdling proportions, Rogers sent Hudson, his first baseman, into the pitcher's box.

Hudson worked two innings, and fanned six men. From that day forward he was a pitcher, although he did work at first base and third base and in the outfield when he wasn't throwing. His bat was too valuable to leave on the bench three out of every four days. You've got to be versatile to earn your keep in the Florida State League.

Sid won 11 games in 1938, and with Raw Meat working his delivery, notched 24 wins against four losses in '39. He led the league in strike-outs, most games completed, lowest earned-run average and fewest number of bases on balls. Griffith acquired him for five grand, and Jimmy Dean, a tobacco-chawing, slope-shouldered Georgia boy, was tossed into the pot as baksheesh.

All the citizens down Florida way are greatly excited over the success of their favorite ballplayer. Hudson is a sort of communal project, like the WPA. Delegations from the sand hills are forever making pilgrimages to Washington to watch him pitch.

Grandpappy Griff is excited, too. As for Svengali Harris, he still babbles like a schoolgirl when the name of his pet comes into a conversation.

Everybody seems to be excited except the object of the excitement. Sid doesn't see anything exceptional about his thousand-to-one-shot performance, and even if he did, he probably wouldn't have anything to say about it. Nothing in this wide world can heat up Mr. Hudson. Not even his own success.

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# The Auk

Continued from page 13

Middle East at a distance. Every well-dressed officer carries one. When at last you break down and buy a fly swish you've succumbed to the East and taken the lazy man's way of dealing with the pests. The Auk believes in slapping them dead. His technique is interesting because he fights the same way.

"A general should choose his battlefield," he was saying, "and oblige his enemy to fight on that battlefield and no other. He must choose his objectives and then prepare. He must prepare thoroughly and engage the enemy, knowing down to the last bullet what he's got and how he's going to use it—"

He refused a cigarette. The Auk doesn't smoke. He likes a drink of whisky and soda but prefers beer. He's a hot-weather fighter and he discovered on the northwestern frontier and in the deserts of India and Mesopotamia that smoking accelerates the drying-out that body tissues undergo when water is scarce, and water is always scarce in the desert.

He stalked another fly. "Sure we can win the war," he said. "Sure we can win it. But it's got to be won in Germany, perhaps in Austria. We've got to bring the war to the enemy. Our battlefield is his own back yard. Napoleon was beaten that way. And it's the only way. Anything short of the decisive total defeat of Germany will mean what?" He looked up and stuck his chin out. "It will mean a patched-up peace. Germany in control of all of Europe will turn around and offer peace. You wait and see. And that will be a decisive moment. Acceptance of any peace would be nothing but an armistice and then it would begin all over again."

"But where could Germany be attacked?"

"I don't know now how we will get at them. But there will be some way. Something will turn up and if nothing does we'll have to make a battlefield."

### When Cairo was Worried

In recent weeks several things happened to boost morale in this part of the world. Last April Cairo wallowed in gloom. The conversations of war correspondents dripped with it and rich refugees cried it into their dry Martinis. Even those apostles of reserve, the diplomats, reflected it and in high places and low there was a profound concern for the security of Egypt and the Middle East as palpable as the brooding solemnity of the Nile. Everybody knew that Wavell held this battle front with a shoestring's worth of tanks, planes and guns. Everybody seemed to know except the Germans.

Contributing to the dejection were rumors that the American planes that had arrived were no good and a few numskulls freely predicted the tanks that were coming wouldn't be any better. A stonewall censorship that kept the foreign press—the Americans—disgruntled didn't help matters.

And then the Tomahawks were found to be a few revs better than the Hurricanes. The Martins ran away from the Messerschmitts and the American tanks began arriving in an even flow. Those tough gentlemen who pulled Benito Mussolini's empire down around his ears in Ethiopia—the South Africans—came up with their American trucks and their tanks and their American planes. They took over in the western desert from weary Aussies and Anzacs and Tommies, and things brightened. Finally Germany wheeled into Russia, and in Cairo as in Keokuk and Kankakee everybody said, "Whoops! Hitler has done it now."

Notwithstanding that a Russian victory over the Germans could only be regarded as dream stuff, the German invasion of the U.S.S.R. came as the major piece of bullish information. Actually, it did provide time to armor the Middle East.

By mid-June the grapevine had it that "radical changes" were coming. Britain, busy at home with a thousand problems of defense, had treated the Middle East as a stepchild. But it became obvious to Winston Churchill that reorganization was needed in Cairo. It became clear to the Prime Minister that the Middle Eastern show couldn't be written, directed and produced by one man. Wavell was not only writer, director and producer but in his spare time had to see to the publicity and occasionally jump in and play a leading part. It was too much for one man. Churchill named three to do his work.

Most important of these is the Auk. He's the star. He's leading man and observers here were gratified that he brought to this theater something more than his strong profile.

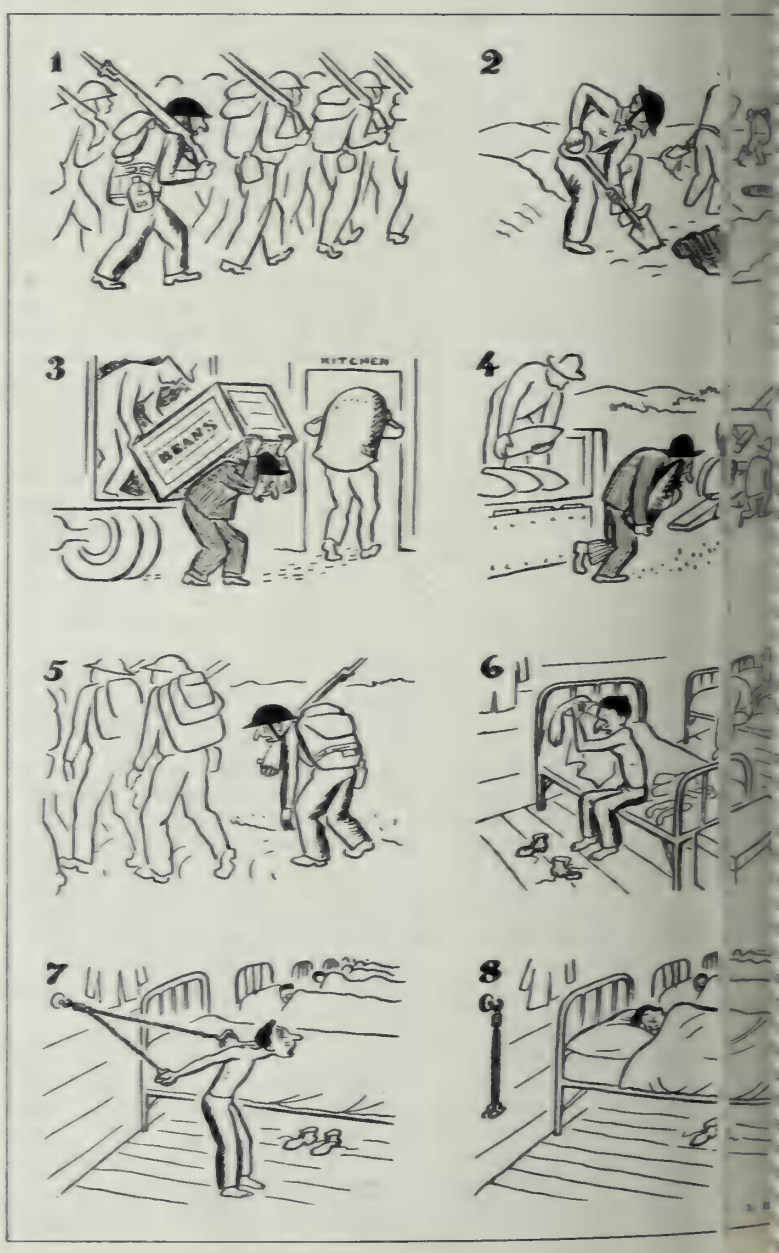
Next in importance, or at least in rank, is the tall, personable Captain Oliver Lyttleton, who becomes a sort of producer, at least in the sense that if the show lays an egg the finger is on him. It will be Lyttleton's job to determine priorities in the unloading and distribution of the tons of material being debouched by American ships in Red Sea ports. He will organize ... set up the organization ... to it that American tan ... which he admits are of ... sible quality," aren't mis ... trained craftsmen. It h ... last that the early diss ... American "tools" was c ... tirely to the fact that the ... the hands of men who d ... to use them.

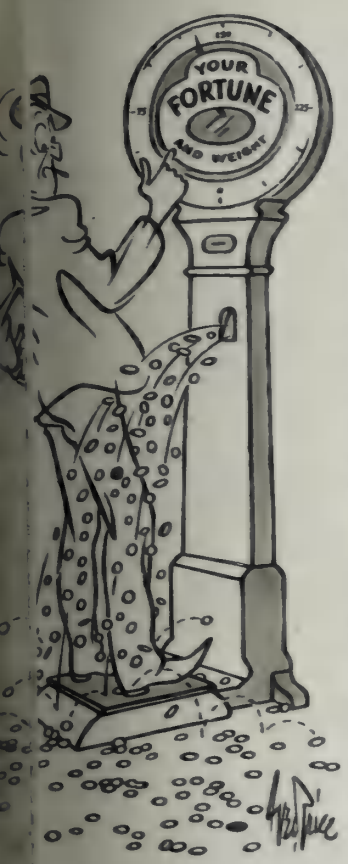
Collier's information i ... recommendation of C ... Roosevelt and other ... servers who have had ... situation, the business ... assembling and maintai ... planes and tanks is to be ... American workers fam ... machines and methods.

### Good News for N

Furthermore, Lyttleto ... the publicity and put ... and soften up the censo ... July great progress had ... made and it looked as t ... tilt between the press a ... improved so much that ... usual for a reporter to a ... come out and have a drin ...

In his spare time War ... ber Captain Lyttleton wil ... lations between the Briti ... and the Free French an ... established Negus in Add ... while it would appear tha ... tleton's job is in itself ab ...






ne n , this isn't so. He has an able and is name is General Haining. eral aining's title is "Intendant eral. That's a title and his is a tion ich hasn't been used in modwar e. Title and job died with oleo who it seems always had an ndan eneral. Although Lyttleton hav he last word on priorities, eral ining will be the man on the to s to it that the army gets its s firs f the army needs tanks more ntly n the air force needs planes. nce e Middle East is called a ter a what goes on here, the Britnist a "show," General Haining t nec sarily be stage manager or be ju property man. Anyhow the can go on without him.

ith th distribution of labor the is le strong supervisory hold on whole usiness. The Auk, in other ds, ca limit himself strictly to the ness being a soldier.

### In fl Best British Tradition

nd for at role the Auk has served a and morable apprenticeship. It n wi Wellington and Sandhurst a sub ern's assignment to the 62d jab re ment in the Indian army in . Al ough of Scottish origin, hinlec is an Ulsterman. His fam- movec o Northern Ireland several ratio ago and maybe it's a coinci- e or ybe it's just that Northern nd br ds soldiers, but three of the nost j s in the British army are by U termen. General Sir John chief the Imperial General Staff, Gene l Sir Alan Brooke, Com- der in hief of the Home Forces, come rom Northern Ireland.

uchinl himself was born almost ally w the roll of drums in his at Al rshot, the heart of military land w re his father was stationed. Auk s born in 1884. Papa Au- leck l r became a colonel in the al Ho Artillery.

1914 e Auk went with his regi- t to E pt and when the Turks at- ed the uez Canal in December of year, was with a machine-gun ion on e Eastern and, therefore, kish a therefore decidedly the ng side f the canal. He fought his out of at extremely tough situa- and la r went to Aden and Meso- amia, w re he spent three years of the war and distinguished, himself sufficiently to win the D.S.O., the Croix de Guerre, the Order of the British Empire, and to be breveted a lieutenant colonel.

After that came a period as an instructor at the Staff College, where he lost whatever bent he might have had as a writer because he spent tedious weeks rewriting the army regulations. He was appointed in 1933 to the command of the Peshawar Brigade. For three years he fought the Afghan tribesmen on the northwestern frontier. For three years he fought at the Khyber Pass and he was "British Soldier in India" in the best traditions of Kipling, and his conduct of the Mohmand campaign in 1935 is still regarded for its daring and skillful employment of men and guns as what the official sketch of the Auk calls "a classic."

### The Secret of Khyber

From officers who fought with him and knew him in that campaign I learned independently that the Auk saved a victory from what might have been disaster due to the soldierly bungling of others. It was then that he proved conclusively that mechanization of the Indian army was indispensable, for he demonstrated that proper co-ordination between airplanes and tanks will beat horses and camels. The details of exactly what happened, however, remain one of those gentlemanly secrets the army keeps religiously and since the Auk will probably wind up this war as one of the few generals who will not have written a book about it or about his life, what he did on the Khyber will remain locked up in his own modesty.

In 1936 Auchinleck became deputy chief of the General Staff in India and from then until 1938 worked for the modernization of the Indian army both through the Chatfield Commission and later as commander in chief of the British forces in India. When war came he was a major general commanding the Meerut district. He flew home in January, 1940, to assume command of the fourth corps and in May went to Norway as commander of the British expeditionary force.

When the Auk was named as C in C in the Mideast, Joe Goebbels leaped to the radio to announce that the British had "replaced their Napoleon of the desert with their Napoleon of Retreats." This was an allusion to Auchinleck's withdrawal from Narvik. But Joe got it wrong. Auchinleck didn't retreat. He was ordered home because France had collapsed and Dunkirk wasn't over yet and the British needed the Auk and his men to help meet the invasion that looked certain then. The Auk got his boys out of shelled and bombed Narvik without losing a man.

For five months General Auchinleck served as commander in chief of the southern command in England, during which time his task was to help secure the coast against invasion, and then was appointed to command in India, from where he came to Cairo.

For fun the Auk likes to walk. He is up at dawn, has a brisk tramp in the gardens out at Zoheria, where he's taken over Sir Archie's house, and is ready for work by six-thirty or seven. He likes parties and he and Lady Auchinleck have a reputation for suffering stuffed shirts unhappily, which means that their social activities lack the starched formality of Poona-bred Indian officers. This tough six-footer likes to garden and make things grow and he swings a mean tennis racket whenever he gets time. His workday will run from twelve to fourteen hours and up, because he likes soldiering. To Allenby, war was a distasteful business. But you get the feeling the Auk enjoys it.

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# The Empire City Angel

Continued from page 19

stewards caught him and he got barred for life but they don't give you no refunds. Anyway," Willie added, "you know good and well them books fattened up that Ringo plenty. I'd have broke half of 'em."

Honest Mike dusted his counter, clucking sympathetically.

"When that tarball give me that horse," Willie said sadly, "I was on top. I never thought it would be like this again. Why, I give him a rock I paid better'n two gees for . . ." Willie Wurtzel stopped and his brown eyes narrowed. "That diamont ring," he said half to himself, "two gees, two yards . . ."

"Hey," Mike said, "who's after you, Willie?"

BUT Willie Wurtzel was gone.

He found Ed Delaney in front of Lindy's. Ed Delaney looked at Willie, a faint smile on his face. "How, Willie," he said. "What gives?"

"Where was you last week, Ed?" Willie asked.

"While the boys were taking you," Ed Delaney said. "I was visiting friends at Delmar."

"Ed," Willie said, looking up at the big commission man. "I been knowing you a long time, you are all right, Ed. And to you don't it look like my horse can run, comin' in secont with a sponge stuffed up his nose so he can't even breathe but half good?"

"He wouldn't run twice that fast without the sponge," Ed Delaney said, "but he is a fair plater. He is out of Wild Widow by Joker, and Joker has sired solid sprinters, being out of Hit Me by Baccarrat . . ."

"Ed," Willie said, "do not give me the begats. He is a fair sprinter, okay. I want a trainer who will get him sharp again and drop him into a spot."

Ed Delaney sighed, watching the passing cars a moment as they boiled up Broadway. "I will give you a note to Billy Venders," he said finally, "who is a trainer who you can trust. When he says enter the horse you enter him." Ed Delaney wrote briefly on a slip of paper, handed it to Willie. "Next time," he added, "you *know* a fighter is going to lose, you let me know."

"And Ed," Willie said, "say do I get a grand together, would you lay it around for me, among them guys that took me—the ones you know for sure will pay off?"

Ed Delaney gave the nails on his right hand a searching inspection. "Yes, Willie," he said. "I'll do that for you."

"Thanks, Ed," Willie said. He leaned over, spoke softly, briefly into the lowered ear of Ed Delaney.

"You sure?"

Willie Wurtzel put his hands above his head in the classic pose of the diver. "The fix is strictly in," he said.

TWO days later Willie Wurtzel was in Harlem in Senate "Slippery" Ellum's Eatmor Fish and Chips Shoppe sitting in the first booth talking to his fighter, Refugee Smith.

Refugee Smith was black. Black as the blackest cat and every opponent that had stepped in front of him in his fighting career had been beset by luck of a very evil nature. Refugee moved a good deal like a cat in the ring, he had the finest right cross in the business and a jaw impervious to punishment. But beyond this, in the heart of Refugee there was an abiding faith that the Lord had saved him, working rather surprisingly through the pudgy and ofttimes grasping hand of Mr. W. Wurtzel, prize fight manager, W. 49th St., N. Y. City.

Thus Refugee Smith, with the Lord and Willie Wurtzel in his corner, had fought his way from the ranks of the preliminary boys to the status of leading contender for the middleweight championship of the world. He had fought Willie Wurtzel into a bank roll, himself into the makings of a tidy annuity. Even last Christmas Refugee had been prosperous enough in his own right to buy Willie a horse. A gallant horse, a lovely horse. A horse named Deuces Wild.

"Boy," Willie Wurtzel was saying, holding his face straight, "that ring I give you, what you done to it? The mountin', looks like you bent it some. Here, lemme see it a minute."

Refugee took off the ring and handed it to his manager. Willie Wurtzel, looked at it, took a handkerchief out of his pants pocket, polished the ring with it, looked again at it, handed it back to the colored boy. "Naw," he said, "ain't anything the matter with it, must be my eyes." He watched Refugee slip the ring back on his finger, his face blank, his round dark eyes still in his olive face.

"I got Deuces Wild trainin'," Willie said. "I run him the other day; he run secont."

"Ole Deucy never winned?"

"Naw," Willie said. "But," he went on grimly, "I know a little more, now. He'll win the next time out."

"Sho he will," Refugee agreed, "I ain't no first-round fighter myself."

"Speakin' of fightin'," Willie said, "we ain't gonna have a fight very soon, it don't look like. I'm workin' on one but we've about fought ourselves outta competition for a while, anyway."

"You take care of dat, Mr. Willie, I is keepin' in shape."

"Okay."

"Ole Deucy gonna run again soon?" Refugee asked. "I'd sho admire to see him go. You know, Mr. Willie, I ain't never seen him even trot through de park."

"I ain't had much time to do no personal equesting," Willie said. "But I'm gonna run him again for sure, now. I'll let you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Willie."

"And Refugee; you got plenty of money?"

"I got enough to run me for a while," Refugee said, "I is livin' cheap 'cause I loves to think of dat ole cash money ridin' up into dat 'nudity."

"THAT'S the way," Willie said gruffly, looking down. "I guess I better be goin'." He got up and hurried out of the door heading for the 135th Street subway station. Inside the kiosk he stuffed a nickel that Honest Mike had refused as phony into the slot, caught a downtown local.

Disgorged at 50th Street, Willie walked over to Eighth Aver the small building that s house of Eisenstat & Eisen eral Loans A Specialty. He to the counter under the d took out his handkerchi wrapped Refugee's diamo

"Put the glass on that, A

Abe Eisenstat looked up, smiled. He screwed the glass into his eye, looked "What do you wanting?" h

"All I can get."

"Six five 0, be making y

"Twenty-two hunnert it said. "Do I look happy?"

"They are paying high avenya," Abe said. "You that when you are buying looked at the ring again. nert," he said.

Willie picked up the wrapping it up in his h "Twelve hunnert," he said

"I'm lending you a t'o said. "Hokay, make out th t'ousant?"

"Make out the ticket a Willie said.

The money was crisp in and Willie held his hand o his way toward Lindy's on He found Ed Delaney stan curb reading a Racing Form

Willie beckoned him asi ten crisp hundred-dollar his pocket, handed them to "Venders says it'll be two, Willie whispered. "Get m price you can."

"Trust me," Ed said.

"I got to," Willie Wurtzel and walked away.

REFUGEE SMITH came pery Ellum's place, mopp brow with a gaudy handker little jig from sheer exuber to Slippery. "Mr. Willie c Deucy go today, the fourth the Empire City hoss track to go out with me?"

Slippery Ellum looked up gee, came around the counte he said, but his face was tr

"Shorten up your face, bo said, "this here smilin' weat to mind old Mississippi."

"You was in Mississipp Willie pulled you outta the you?" Slippery asked obliq

"I was half in Mississipp said, grinning, "an' half in but most mostly I was p center of de ole river h chuckled to himself. "I was jigaboo dat time."

"Mr. Willie," Slippery sai have nothin' when he found y

"He didn't have nothin said. "Us hike hitched to S I fought for fifty dollars. B good since den."

"I gotta miserable fact t Slippery said. "Mr. Will holdin' no better now than he pulled you outta the ri

Refugee's face went comp for a moment, then his gr "You is foolin'," he said.

"No," Slippery said. "Mr. lose his entire bank roll abe old Deucy hoss, the other c

"How you know dat?"

"My brother, he wait t Cotton Club and a bookie t Mr. Willie bet thousands around town with bookies o and the bookies they pay ness that is trainin' Deucy, he do somethin' to the hoss

"I suppose you have a terrible lot of trouble with moths!" I. KLEIN

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he lose. They say it broke Mr. Willie."

"When he was up here de other day," Refugee said, "he act awful downmouthed now dat you remember hit to me."

"You still want to go out to the track?"

Refugee Smith creased his brow and the sweat popped out a little more profusely on his long upper lip. "Yeah," he said finally. "But first I wants to stop off down aroun' Fifty Street. I done act me a notion."

"What the notion?"

Refugee Smith was smiling now. "Why, man," he said. "I take dis little ole ring down dere an' I pawns hit. Den I takes de money out to de track and I bets hit on ole Deucy an' den I pays Mr. Willie back what he loses an' everything is fine."

"What if the hoss lose?"

"De Lord," Refugee Smith said. "Hits right funny about de Lord. He let a sinner sin all right. Once, maybe. Den when de sinner he start to sin again de Lord He hauls off an' lets him have de back lash from his first sin. He'll bring ole Deucy in."

"I don't see how the Lord can find time to be watchin' no hoss race with all the big sinnin' goin' on in the world," Slippery said dubiously.

"Why," Refugee said scornfully, "de Lord got angels, plenty angels. I bet he got a angel don't do nothin' but kinda look out for de Empire City hoss track."

"If it's a fact," Slippery said, "that angel got fine hours 'cause they just run somethin' like thirty days outta the year at Empire and he get his mornin's off then."

"Dat's what bein' a angel gets you," Refugee said. "'Leven months vacation with pay."

REFUGEE SMITH walked into the building on Eighth Avenue that sheltered the house of Eisenstat & Eisenstat, Collateral Loans A Specialty. He took off his ring and walked over to the counter under the bright light. He laid the ring down. "What you gimme on dat?" he asked.

Abe Eisenstat looked at the ring briefly. "You wanting to sell it?"

"No, suh, just a temporary loan."

"I can't loan nothing. I'm giving you six-bit, you selling."

"I wouldn't sell hit," Refugee said. "Anyways, seventy-five dollars: hits worth a lot more'n dat. Look how big hit is."

"Seventy-five *cents*, I'm giving. Mine boy, that ring is glass."

Refugee Smith stood perfectly still for a long moment and his face didn't change expression. Then he turned slowly and looked at Slippery with unseeing eyes and started walking stolidly toward the door. He walked like a man carrying a great weight in each hand and his brown eyes were dim with tears.

WILLIE WURTZEL bustled into Slippery Ellum's Eatmor Fish & Chips Shoppe, resplendent in his gayest waistcoat. He looked around, didn't see Refugee, turned to Slippery sitting silent behind his cash register. "Where's Refugee?" he asked. "We just got time to catch the last race train. Old Deucy is gonna run today."

Slippery Ellum looked at him woodenly. "Refugee at Bobo Lincoln's crap game," he said coldly.

Willie Wurtzel looked at Slippery. "What you givin' me boy. That Refugee, he don't shoot no craps."

"He shootin' craps now," Slippery said. "Drunk."

"Drunk?"

"You hear what I say." Slippery Ellum got up from his stool, walked down and stood across from Willie Wurtzel. "He heard you was broke, and he went down to pawn his ring to bet the money on Deucy to try and help you. If'n he can get drunk and shoot a few dices and forget about you and the Lord and everything he's a lucky boy."

Willie Wurtzel stood perfectly still, feeling his heart thumping against the last button on his vest, feeling his stomach tighten into a hard, cold knot.

"He never believe in but two things," Slippery went on inexorably, "you and the Lord. And he believed in them together. Now he don't believe in you and he don't believe in the Lord neitherwise. If you'd told him the ring was glass when you give it to him he wouldn't have cared. But when you lie to him it's like the Lord lyin' to him. Now it'll pleasure me for you to get outta my place and not come in it again."

Willie Wurtzel took a deep breath. "Slip," he said, "I gotta go now, but I'll be back. Don't let him get to fightin', don't let him break no hand. I'm goin' but I'll be back. I . . ."

"Get out!" Slippery Ellum said.

Willie Wurtzel went out on the street, turned into a drugstore, picked up a racing sheet and checked the post time on the fourth race. He looked at his watch, felt his pulse. "I can't go out there and watch that race now," he muttered. "It'd kill me." He started walking methodically downtown. Every few blocks he would look at his watch.

It was a long walk, a long, long walk for a man who didn't walk a half a mile a day. At 110th Street Willie's feet felt like two large blazing corns, but he hit into the park, grimly, glad his feet were hurting. He checked his watch. The first race would be over now.

He came out on Columbus Circle and he couldn't stand it. The fourth would be over. There was a drugstore near where they'd have the results. He walked in, bracing himself, muttered his question to a man standing there, heard the three words: "Flamingo win it."

He never knew how he got out. Never knew how he got back to 49th and Broadway. He was like a sick animal crawling to a familiar habitat to lay him down and die.

He felt a hand on his shoulder, looked up. Ed Delaney was standing there, his big pink face bland, his hand reaching in his pocket. He drew back when he saw Willie's white drawn face, the misery in his eyes.

"What gives, Willie, you look like you been poisoned."

Willie let his head fall, grunted.

"It was a close one," Ed said, "but it oughtn't to get you like that. It come out all right."

"What?" Willie managed, not caring.

"The fourth. Flamingo bumped your horse and they disqualified him. Deucy won. I got you mostly fourteen, fifteen to one. Here's your dough, fifteen thousand, four hundred. Hadn't you heard?"

When the average man faints away they throw water on his face. But Ed Delaney knew Willie Wurtzel over many years. He knelt down beside Willie's inert form, took the sheaf of crisp bills in his hand and fanned Willie's face with them. Willie Wurtzel came up. He grabbed the money, yelled something that sounded like "Thanksed-IthankGod!" and bolted.

Out in the street he skipped in front of a cab, around the corner, heading toward Eisenstat's pawnshop. Inside he laid down a ticket, peeled off a thousand dollars, plus interest, and with the ring and money clutched
eted hand struck a waddl
the subway. Thirty mi
was in Slippery Ellum's
"Where's Bobo Lincoln
he said.

Slippery looked at
blankly contemptuous.
alone," he said.

Willie Wurtzel advanc
that shot pain clear to his
that crap game?" he said

Senate Ellum took on
lie's face, torn with ang
with sweat and worry.
the right and upstairs."

WILLIE WURTZEL pu
aside from the door
Refugee Smith was shaki
face twisted meanly with
hoarse. "Who fade
shouted.

Willie Wurtzel summo
"Refugee!"

Refugee Smith looked
Willie Wurtzel standing
familiar brightly colored
hooked nose, his white
sneered at him. "Go on
Mr. . . . go on away fr
Wurtzel."

Willie Wurtzel walked
down, his courage at the
and took Refugee by the
out of here," he said harsh
around at ten black and
belligerent faces. "Don't
stop him."

Refugee came.

On the street Willie t
"What's the matter with
"A seventy-five-cent
me hit was a diamond."

Willie Wurtzel reache
the ring off of Refugee's
it into a vest pocket. He
shoved Refugee in it, cl
him. "Fifth Avenue and F
he barked.

In the store he dragged
dued, and only stagge
through the luxurious de
pet to the diamond count
a ring out of his pocket,
before the startled mor
tendant. "What's that ri

The clerk looked at it.
he said, "I remember no
Wurtzel, you bought the
clerk looked apprehensi
gee, disappeared for a m

"You paid two thousan
dred for it, sir," the clerk
came back, "but of cours
diamonds is advancing

Willie Wurtzel took the
counter, held it out to Re
on, boy," he said.

Refugee's brown eyes
reached for the ring. "Th
was glass," he said, gropi

"Who told you it was
asked.

Refugee's voice brok
answering. "A gemp-ma
Eisensomethin' over on E

WILLIE WURTZEL le
of the store, holding h
"Boy," he said gently, "t
around this town you can
it looks to me . . ." Wil
all his histrionic ability
voice paternal. "It look
some dirty guy was tryi
out of your ring."

Refugee nodded his h
face brightened. "Ole De

"Easy," Willie said a
tally calculating he could
Refugee's money in the
still have enough to se
Welfare Fund an anony

"I guess," Refugee said
City angel was so busy o
he let ole Satan slip up

"Could I pay cash?"

## Monkey-shines

Continued from page 17

be mous panda exhibited at the Vor s Fair and later the property of he onx Zoo in New York, there are nly ur pandas in the United States— wo Chicago and two in St. Louis. The int panda, Happy, was captured a S hwan, China, and sold to St. oui or $5,000; the baby panda, Paoei, s a gift, the greatest windfall a oo r had.

Th first Mr. Vierheller knew of Paop was when a cable arrived from Will n H. Schultz in Chungking, oferin the panda for $4,000. The St. oui people, greatly excited, had no oon wired their acceptance when a ecos cable arrived saying Mr. Schultz vas king them a gift of the animal. This as a sentimental gesture occaione by the fact that he had been born n Fe ison, Missouri, and suddenly deidec hat he wanted to do something or t home folks.

Th panda was placed in charge of P. C ord Domke, an American who had en studying in Chungking, and he j rney started. Between Chungcing d Hong Kong, the train which was rying them was twice attacked by Ja nese bombers. When the boat rrive in Seattle, Mr. Vierheller was here ith a special plane, the gift of Fran Phillips of Bartlesville, Oklaoma and Paopei eventually arrived n st e. The cost for the trip was arou $2,000, a mere nothing in conrast the worth of the baby senation.

Ca g for the chimpanzees in the act s a in itself. The rooms in which hey e are kept at a temperature of 74 al vinter. They only appear outloors the summer when the temperaure over 70. They have the same norm fever rate as humans, 98.6, and when e catches a cold they all catch t. In aining them everything is done by k iness and perseverance. They are r er whipped and never threatened. or breakfast they have milk, to which east, chocolate and an egg have been lded, and crackers with syrup. For l ch they get whatever fruits are n se n. For dinner they have bananas and carrots. They never get meat; his is in contrast with the orangut s, which get a mixture of meat and b es.

"W n they do five shows on Sunday," ds Leon Smith, the trainer, "we give t m a bottle of soda pop or an icecream one or a cigarette as a treat."

### imians with Personality

The himps are as different in personali as humans. In the St. Louis Six, Santy is the most mischievous; Sailor ies if he isn't used in the act; Rudy, the best acrobat, is an expert at on w els, and really puts it on as a Spani dancer; Alice is the clown and does e horizontal bar work; Jimmy s the oss, the best performer—and knows.

The emory of the chimps is amazing. ter an absence of three years Edwin A. Lemp, who is a member of the zo board and an active worker for the in tution, came into a room where one o he chimps was performing with his b to the audience. The room was f of people who were between Mr L p and the chimp, but that made no d erence. The animal turned around nstantly, uttered a happy sound of rec nition and rushed over to be greete by his old friend.

Not nly do they know their friends but th refuse to listen to anybody else. lst winter when painters were at work in the monkey house, Jackie and Percy waited patiently until they went off to lunch, parted the bars of their cage, scrambled out and proceeded to splash paint all over the joint. When an astonished reptile keeper happened along and showed signs of disapproval, they chased him out of the place. But with Mr. Vierheller's arrival, they halted their artistic work immediately, leaped into his arms and cried remorsefully.

"Plain fakes," says Mr. Vierheller, trying to be stern. "They weren't sorry a bit."

### The Life of Riley

This year the chimps have their own arena that seats 3,500 people, also something new in the world. The stage is open and roofed over. No iron bars. No protective netting of any kind. There is, however, a small moat around the platform and a second one beyond that. They are hidden from the spectators by hedge rows but the chimps can see them. They like to play and splash in the water but not when it's up to their necks. The roof is supported by four posts and there was some worry about keeping the chimps from climbing up and staying there, but that also has been solved.

"We have a charged electric wire at the top of each post," explains Mr. Lemp, who helped design the arena. "One mild shock and they haven't been back there since."

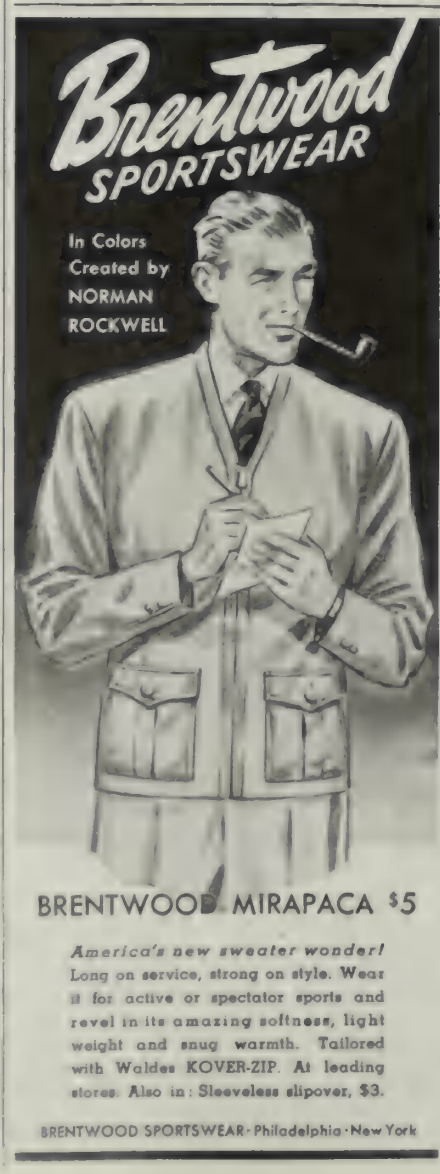
The most expensive animal in the St. Louis menagerie is the Indian rhinoceros, which set them back $8,800 and is said to be the costliest beast in captivity. African rhinoceroses are plentiful but there are only two of the Indian variety in America, the other being in New York. But the simians are the Zoo's first love. They are treated more like potentates than humans. When Mr. Vierheller went down to New York to meet Jerry, the noted orangutan, he kept him for two days in the Hotel Plaza, living in state. Coming back in the train, Jerry occupied a lower berth in a drawing room.

When the chimps are around ten years old, they get too wise for their own good and have to be taken out of the show. They eventually reach a weight of 175 pounds and have been known to live to thirty-five years. Jackie, Sammy, Lady and Percy, all famous, are now around fifteen. It may only be imagination, but Jackie seems to understand human speech. When a question requires a negative answer he shakes his head in disapproval; when it needs a "Yes" answer, he nods his dome approvingly.

But Sammy is this year's favorite because of an incident that happened this spring. A lady of some prominence arrived armed with letters of introduction from prominent persons. She was also an amateur authority on zoos, with quite decided views. If they showed her the lions, she thought the collection in London was much better. The birds, she felt, were better represented in Tokyo or some place. The Bronx Zoo, she was reluctant to say, had done more with reptiles.

When the party reached Sammy's cage, he sensed immediately that Mr. Vierheller was polite but well fed up with his visitor. Whereupon Sammy took a sip of water from his receptacle, looked at her calmly through the bars —and sprayed her.

"I gave him a good talking-to later about that," says Mr. Vierheller sternly, "but he just looked at me."



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# Our New Army

Continued from page 14

David a patented potato peeler of latest design. Now, when Pvt. Beed isn't cranking the gadget himself, he rents it out for handsome sums. Incidentally, World War I soldiers snort and sneer when they read about the chromium-plated labor-saving gimmicks the Army is adopting. What some of these veterans don't take into consideration is that an hour of maneuvers is worth a lot more to a man than an hour of disrobing a bushel of future fried potatoes.

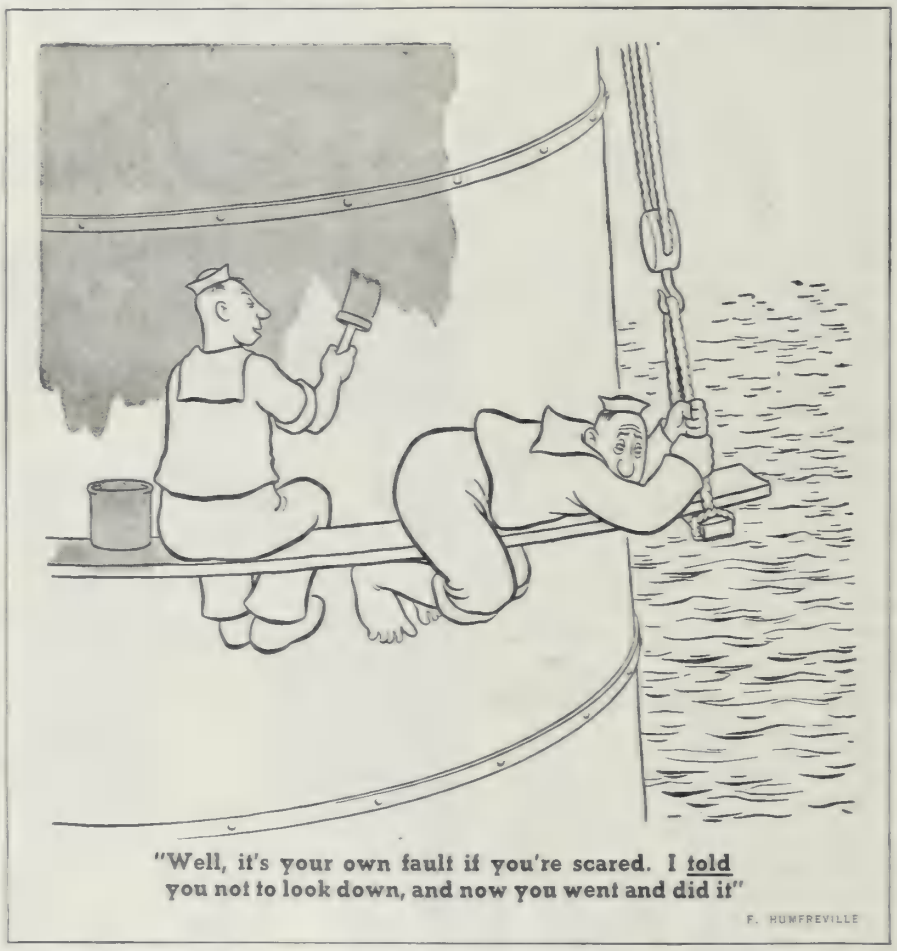
CAMP LIVINGSTON. Letters from Collier's Cartoonist Pvt. Dave Breger of Co. B, 71st Qm. Btn.: "My Army life is being spent almost exclusively in a glorified repair shop on wheels. Function of our company is to run around (in war or on maneuvers) repairing everything in sight except morals. My own job is Keeper of the Tools; I'm in charge of a huge truck with built-in cabinets containing over a thousand highly specialized tools and gadgets. A driver, mechanic and two supply assistants are my crew. My responsibility is a grave (if not difficult) one and I'm seeing to it that I don't become known as Bottleneck Breger. Because we are so highly specialized an outfit necessitating so much equipment (some of which we still lack), we won't take part in maneuvers until September, during which time our mechanized repair area will include Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi, no less. After that, who knows?"

## FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. The 31st and 43d divisions are on maneuvers in Louisiana, but the camp is far from deserted. More than 7,000 soldiers, in the form of station complement, corps units and guards, were left behind and more are scheduled to arrive during the next five weeks. Largest single outfit on hand is the 74th F.A. Brigade, composed of Georgia and New Hampshire Regulars and selectees. Also on hand is a battalion of colored Engineers from Michigan and Illinois, with a second battalion due any minute. Florida selectees will continue to be received at Blanding but, because all Blanding units are up to strength, the new men will be scattered around from Fort Devens, Mass., to Fort Ord, Cal. Officers are heaving sighs of relief at not having to assimilate rookies into trained units. It had to be done last fall and winter before the replacement centers (where a selectee gets his basic training) got rolling and some of the older Army men got the screaming meemies at the mess it made.

MAYBE the Army craftily figured it out, or maybe it was accidental. Anyway, men of the Dixie and New England divisions were flat busted when they left camp for Louisiana. What happened was, they were paid off July 3d and the dough went into a long week-end blowout; then, with six days on the road ahead of them beginning July 26th, the boys got the bad news that next payday wouldn't be until August 8th. It was a sad bunch of 38,000 guys that pulled out of Blanding, but none of them got lost en route. None of them could have afforded to. Is this a system?

SOMETIME when the Army stylists have nothing much on their minds, they ought to cook up a sensible uniform for summer wear. In the South, particularly, enlisted men sweat copiously, officers perspire and the feminine contingents of hospital staffs glow after thirty minutes of any activity. In fact, they all get wringing wet. The present basic cotton material is all right, but what the officers and men want is less of it. Something on the order of the garb John Bull hands out to his men in the tropics. Said one Dixie Division officer: "A summer outfit consisting of a sports-type shirt, no tie and khaki shorts would make things a thousand times more pleasant, and certainly we'd have a far more efficient Army. Ventilation is what we don't get now. A collar, no matter how soft, and a tie cut off air circulation around the neck, and the buttoned cuff around the wrist suffocates the arm. Everybody but the War Department seems to know that cool wrists have a cooling effect on the entire body. Long trousers are hellish in hot weather. Of course, shorts would expose a lot of knobby knees and hairy legs, but who cares? It would be better than sealing every soldier up from chin to ankles in a device to promote perspiration and a bodily temperature equal to that sought in the treatment of patients in a hospital for nervous diseases."



"Well, it's your own fault if you're scared. I told you not to look down, and now you went and did it"

F. HUMFREVILLE

## MASSACHUSETTS

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. Black-out maneuvers at night without lights are bad enough on foot or in a truck but they're worse on horseback. Most of the 101st Cavalry have quite a time working out problems in the heavily wooded terrain near the fort, but the boys in Troop B find the going easier by using phosphorescent taillights. One of the lads ran across a decayed log one night, noticed the phosphorous glow, got an idea, tried it out, decided it would work. Now, when B Troop stumbles out into the dark, every horse has a hunk of log tied to its tail. The name of the genius was not divulged.

## KANSAS

FORT RILEY. Eight months ago 2,600 civilian workers rolled up their sleeves at Republican Flats and 113 days later this cavalry replacement center, with accommodations for nearly 8,000 men, was finished. Located two miles from a monument marking the geographical center of the U. S., the post is staffed by 169 officers and 923 enlisted men representing all cavalry regiments except the Philippine Scouts, whose job it is to make horsemen out of pedestrians. With few exceptions, trainees are made, not born, riders; and their initial surprise at being designated cavalrymen is followed by awe of what is demanded of them. They catch on, though. In thirteen weeks of intensive training the recruit learns to handle a horse over any terrain under any conditions and at any gait, learns to care for his animal and equipment, and qualifies for dismounted action. All with neatness and dispatch.

THE 6,000 selectees now at Riley play a lot of baseball but arguments with the umpires are practically nil. First Sergeants Charles E. Kuhn and Glen Richardson call the turns on the ball field with the same antiarguing tactics they use on the parade ground, so there's just no room for discussion.

## CALIFORNIA

PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO. You'd have expected that brass hats around Ninth Corps Area and Fourth Army Headquarters would have hit the ceiling when rumors were aired in Congress that "many soldiers had been killed" during summer maneuvers, particularly in motor accidents during black-outs. No such thing happened, because the officers were glad to get such reports out into the open; it cl way for official denials, whic have sounded suspiciously unr until then. Weird stories have culating since maneuvers bega rugged and isolated Hunter Reservation; hundreds of soldi written or told parents and acqua of "mysterious" tragedies. Mo lar of the Pacific Coast rumors "dozens of men were killed or in motor-vehicle accidents at ni the mountain grade on the res "At least 100 fellows were k snake bites alone" was anoth third place went to the rumor a soldier whose finger froze on th during machine-gun practice so chopped a whole platoon to pi fore somebody knocked him silenced the machine gun." All to old-timers but good meat gossiping Gussies in pants." spread the epidemic, too. Ev dier who stopped at a farmh a drink of water became "a poor was dying of thirst"; and if sure, he was tired of field rat wouldn't mind a sandwich, he tured as "absolutely on the starvation—and he looked sim rible." He probably did look They all looked terrible, beca bothered to shave. Officers ag the maneuvers were tough. T get increasingly tough, and casu are expected to increase as more pieces of motorized eq are added; but when the numbe on maneuvers is considered t dent rate compares favorably normal accident rate in civil Officers don't expect to stop the ing of rumors; all they ask is tha and relatives bear in mind tha the principal duties of Army pu lations officers is to see that th is advised of every serious "If it's bad news," says a Four officer, "and you haven't seen it don't believe it."

CAMP SAN LUIS O Co. A, 98th Qm. Btn. rec their first lesson in field oven firing from Pvt. Fl ter. "It's easy," says Pvt. "Watch." He goes whoosh, a te fire leaps out of his mouth, and gets going. Sooner or later the learn that Pvt. Carter used to b eater in a circus.

## WASHINGTON

FORT LEWIS, Tacon of the members of the Infantry gave his girl mental pin, which be Latin inscription, *Volens et* "What," said she, "does this mean?" Replied he: "Willing an Sniffing, the gal returned the pin

FORT CASEY, Puget Soun February this post, one of angle of forts guarding the ent the Sound, consisted of a American War site, a few old b Sgt. William Nelson and ten Today there are about 5,000 hand, mostly from Detroit and who boast about the superiority salt-water breezes over those of Forts Flagler and Worden. miles from any big city; it's on exceeded only by Long Islanc continental United States' large lar area. Nearest center is Coupeville, where the biggest ment is the annual canoe race

dia tribes in the vicinity. The city ys, owever, seem to go for the se- de ife. Casey has a guardhouse but ce, and hasn't needed one yet.

Co eville didn't realize it had so ny oung girls in the neighborhood til e soldiers hit town. Now every l fr n fourteen up, from any farm in e a n, has a boy friend. Saturday- ht nces are well attended; the only ng e city sophisticates don't like is r. sic. Post Adjutant Lt. G. W. dg n has a theory that somebody lke down the main street of Coupe- le op. 325), picked the first seven ys found and made them musi- ns. he boys say that no matter what b d plays it sounds like a schot- che The gals back home needn't rry Every eastbound soldier on fur- gh rries a string of personal mes- es om pining soldiers, and every ter on the post has been visited by ir d five Midwest mice who have ver l the way out West to see their aki ashes.

Wo at the post means plenty of es l manning the twelve-inch guns. mm ding Officer Lt. Col. Bell gives t fr y with surprise alerts, and the ys s used to scramming from the l fie getting into uniform and dash- g ov the hills to the big guns in enty inutes. Lots of the men have ver en away from the city before; ey g a kick out of rabbit hunting, lmo ishing in the Sound and just in ing. There's not the civilian dier atipathy on Whidby such as is nd Tacoma, where Fort Lewis sol- rs o n wear civvies so they won't be ubbe

### RECOIL

AR US Army officers and N.C.O.'s hav pointed out the error of our ys ir tating that mess sergeants are ving helluva time trying to get by "a d-ration figure of twenty-two nts" Collier's, Aug. 2d). What ems be the case is that the field- tion re is actually as large or larger an t garrison figure of forty-two nts; ther, that the mess sergeant esn't ncern himself with the buying. the eld, expert dietitians in each orps a work up balanced meals for e m th and distribute monthly enus nd a list of what it will take to ake m up) to all organizations: en a urchasing agency, called the arket enter, buys the vittles, which are distributed by the sales officer. "The poor old mess sergeant," writes Retired Corp. T. H. Mills, from Chicago, "has always had a headache—it's that kind of a job—but the sales officer has a right to a headache if anyone has." Anyway, here's a sample of field-ration menu; in fact, it's what men in the Sixth Corps Area will eat come Tuesday, September 16th: Breakfast: Fresh peaches, rolled oats, fresh milk, fried eggs, diced potatoes, toast, butter, coffee, milk, sugar. Dinner: Roast beef, pan gravy, sage dressing, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, cucumber and tomato salad, French dressing, rice custard, bread, butter, lemonade, sugar. Supper: Italian spaghetti, meat sauce, fried cabbage, celery, baked apples, bread, butter, cocoa, milk, sugar.

WE'VE been challenged to a duel "with swordfish at twenty paces in front of the nearest P-X at daybreak" in an editorial entitled Quit It, Collier's! published in the Fort Wood News at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. Twice, the editors maintain, we've mentioned the fort, each time "vilifying, traducing and downright insulting the post." All we write about, they continue, is their trash heaps and near-by gambling joints. Nothing about the elegant Service Club and the fine work of the morale officers. In defense, we point to our Fort Wood reports of March 22d and April 26th, in which there is no whisper of gambling joints and trash heaps. Partly to atone for not printing the kind of news the Fort Wood News would like to have us print, we gladly report that during June, drivers of the hundred vehicles of the Engineer Replacement Center at the fort operated a total of 88,000 miles with but one accident for every 22,000 miles. Total accident cost was $16.37. But just to pave the way for another duel we beg to report that the above-named editorial was clipped from a copy of the Fort Woods News and sent to us by five privates who don't agree with it and who think this department is wonderful.

NOTE to gals who want to write to lonely soldiers: This column doesn't know of any at present. Please do not write and ask for names of same. The amount of perfumed mail flooding this office is appalling.

SIGNED: Desperate.

G. W.

## What Price Henderson

Continued from page 18

Mill le to play a few innings of ird ba on the high-school team. It as an teresting life. For driving the hool l s he got two dollars a week.

After upper, which, as far as we've een at to learn, consisted chiefly of ams in arious guises, he gathered and rote re gious and society news for the epubli n and Daily Reporter. Some- mes t called for more than polite quirie and jottings. During Leon's st sum er of this, before leaving for warthr re College, the Reverend Doc- r Gec e Wood Anderson, an evan- list, p hed his tent in Millville. Mr. nders and all his works were left to e jour listic genius of Leon Hender- n, wh acquitted himself with an nergy herto unsuspected. Not only id Leo ake down the nightly sermon full b he wrote inspirational inter- iews w the saved and topped it off ith a c mn of Andersongrams at least ne of w ch, boiled down to its essence y Hen son's swift pen, lived—A Man ay B Down, but Never Out. As a ournali Henderson got two cents an inch. Unhappily the editors did not publish all that he wrote; otherwise he'd have gone to Swarthmore an extremely wealthy man. It was an educational life, too.

We asked Mr. Henderson what he did after his nightly chores for the newspaper—go home to bed?

"Sure," said he. "After seeing my girl."

"Girl?"

"Certainly. What the hell."

### Lots of Time for Everything

We've gone into Henderson's active boyhood in some detail that we, like Horatio Alger, might point a moral. From the humble South Jersey choring set forth above, Mr. Henderson has exploded into his current important and almost international renown. And we shall conduct you through a typical Hendersonian day in Washington if for no other reason than to display the rewards of youthful diligence, perseverance and piety.

Today, aged forty-six he lies abed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until five-fifteen instead of leaping out of the hay at four-twenty. He has breakfast at an all-night coffeepot where a radio and several taxi drivers report to him the night's local and foreign mishaps. Thus he arrives at his office at six-thirty, fairly conversant with who got drunk, nationally and internationally. While devouring a large, anti-Havana cigar, purchased sight-unseen at the coffeepot, Mr. Henderson reads two Washington newspapers. This is done with the Henderson unpolished shoes on the desk and amid salvos of Henderson unpolished language. In about ten minutes he knows about all that the newspapers have to add to what he heard at the coffeepot. A brief but acutely profane discourse upon the follies of mankind follows; and we regret more than we can tell you that we're unable to set same down here.

Then Henderson goes to work. Before leaving the office on the previous evening, his five secretaries whose feet are killing them have laid a mass of reports on his desk. Having read the newspapers, Henderson reads the reports, which always provoke much vigorous criticism. That done, he lays out the day's schedules for his aides, assistants and advisers. The advice offered by the latter consists of what the rest of the government is doing, not what OPACS should do. Only the White House tells Henderson what to do. And about the only man who may tell him how to do it is Bernard Mannes Baruch, the aging, towering genius of President Wilson's War Industries Board in 1918.

Until eight o'clock, then, he becomes a human assembly line—writing notes to fifteen or twenty assistants, correcting testimony that he is to give before a Congressional Committee, jotting down ten hitherto impossible jobs for ten assistants with demands for full reports thereon by three in the afternoon and analyzing several pieces of pending legislation, scribbling suggested amendments, deletions and rewordings as he goes along. By this time his office begins to look as if it had been raided and it's only eight o'clock. However, his five secretaries arrive with baskets, gather up the debris and proceed to reduce it to twenty or thirty pages of neat typing.

### Reading with an Accompaniment

Mr. Henderson, his feet back on the desk, devotes the next forty-five minutes to a searching perusal of four newspapers—the New York Times, the Philadelphia Record, the Journal of Commerce and the Wall Street Journal. This reading is given character by an obbligato of groans, growls, shouts, imprecations, curses and demonstrations of approval. He is the only man we know who can clap his hands while holding a newspaper and not lose his place. To spice up these forty-five minutes the telephone rings frequently. Still reading, Mr. Henderson answers. His contribution to the telephonic conversation is usually brief—"Hello—yes—yes—when—who—sure—hell no." And by now the office begins to look like the last night of an American Legion Convention. It is eight forty-five.

Stenographers appear and Mr. Henderson begins to dictate. The ordinary stenographer would last an hour or so before the screamies got her. But Mr. Henderson's stenographers seem to get along fine. Anyway, they retire to their typewriters without facial twitchings at nine-thirty when Mr. Henderson's staff plus department heads march in to hearken to what is on the Henderson mind. Unlike aluminum, rubber, tin and steel, there always is plenty of this and no one need beg for priorities.

He tells them what he did outside the office the day before and whom he saw —Jesse Jones, Bill Knudsen and the like—and what they said and what he said—plenty. He had an hour with the Big Four—the Vice President, the Speaker and the majority leaders. What they said about price-control legislation he relays to his audience. He has discovered in the morning papers that somebody in his organization revealed confidential information to a columnist. He appoints a committee of his aides to look into it, discover who did the informing and, if it was done willfully, fire the guy. Sometimes the guy gets fired too, although once the committee traced the leak right back to Henderson—discovering, however, that it wasn't willful.

### Coercion? Of Course!

The rest of the day is devoted to consultations with officials from the White House and Capitol Hill and to invoking nineteen Henderson ways to discourage manufacturers, jobbers and retailers who either yearn to boost prices or who have already boosted. His legal rights to keep prices within reasonable bounds are as yet somewhat amorphous, but this is soon to be remedied by new and supplementary legislation.

As we trotted along with Mr. Henderson he was depending more upon his friend the President's legal sanctions and his own daring and ingenuity than clear law. Price-kiters, particularly in the heavy industries—war materials for example—are threatened with publicity, with transportation difficulties, with loss of raw-materials priorities. And this usually works. If a manufacturer is stubborn, announcing that he'll do precisely what he pleases and that he is within the law, he is treated to an exhibition of Hendersonian hackle-rising plus cunning.

"Sure, mister, you're within the law. But you're also in business. You're in business to make profits. If you don't get government contracts and raw materials, if you can't get your goods delivered promptly, you don't make profits. Listen, ain't a reasonable profit better than none?"

Occasionally the manufacturer replies with some heat that this amounts to coercion. He adds that it's practically blackmail. Anyway, it's un-American and illegal and he, for one, is not to be bluffed into standing for it.

Then Henderson becomes entirely sympathetic, admitting it's coercion and blackmail. But he adds that that's the way it is and that he doubts very much whether the manufacturer desires the publicity attending a defense in court of profiteering.

"However, if you must go to court," adds Mr. Henderson, "I advise you to hurry. We have a few pieces of pending legislation which are darbs—price-fixing, profit taxation and the like, with penalties. Mister, see your lawyers. If they don't tell you to play ball with me, fire them because in that case they're lousy lawyers. And drop in any time."

Others he treats somewhat differently. Having some trouble with one of the most important heavy industries, he telephoned to one of that industry's most powerful moguls—a most implacable hater of Roosevelt and all he stands for. Mr. Henderson merely asked this gentleman to come to Washington and, in the name of The Crisis, advise him. For half an hour the Old Dealer told Henderson what he thought of the New Deal.

"New Deal, hell," cried Henderson. "I'm in a jam."

"To get what you want," was the reply, "you'd play ball with the devil himself, wouldn't you?"

"Sure," said Henderson. "I'll be looking for you, Satan."

"Mother, try to be fair about it—does Bob Feller sit around minding babies?" WHITNEY DARROW, JR

### Anything Can Happen Here

And Satan came, stayed a month, fought his own industry into a reasonable attitude and departed threatening to smack down anybody who didn't agree with him that this guy Henderson was one hell of a smart mug.

For the next two hours almost anything is liable to happen. Mr. Henderson's progress becomes somewhat florid, hectic, rushed. Perhaps he has lunch at the White House where he advocates immediate slap-down legislation to apply to nose-thumbing manufacture essers and wholesalers who efforts to keep the cost of livi the wage earner's sight. He is be calm, told that Congress h worked on a little more befor agree to direct, drastic le Whereat, as calm as a gener fire, Mr. Henderson canters o rangue motorcar manufacture ture makers and representative or six other industries who th prices are far too low. Runnin perature, Mr. Henderson leav to discuss aluminum, scrap with Messrs. Knudsen and Hi the Office of Production Man

The telephone rings on Mr. K desk. Mr. Henderson's secreta the wire reminding Henderson has an appointment to discuss ment credit with Mr. Eccles. T him up to four-thirty when he back to his own office to do a bi phoning. On this particular day it relatively easy. He made onl calls to bankers, oilmen, cong his own scouts, coal operator makers and the like—two of San Francisco. Between calls over a radio talk he was to n next night, wrote seven checks, five invitations to address busi ganizations and declined six, four memoranda and five lett drank three glasses of iced tea o'clock he met Mr. Baruch on bench—and listened. He had with Jesse Jones at seven forty dinner but managed to patch up rel, in a hotel lobby, between a economists and another of stat and analysts. After dinner he down a bit, limiting himself to ing a brawl between a munici transportation crowd and the After that as relaxation before bed he played bridge, becoming only five or six times. It's a ver life.

### "So Leon Socks Him"

What Mr. Henderson will eventually to do about price tanks to eggs, remains to be se are trying only to give you a s description of the man himself. existing law, dating back to 191 backed by powers of near-con with which to compel industri co-operate. So is the Presider more to come. But the Admini prefers to view this as a last res

Physically, he's a powerful g looks something like an olde Welles and in temperament, processes and complete disd precedent operates very much Hollywood Heatwave. Three of the anecdotes told about h clude with the same words: "S socks this guy in the nose and shiner in exchange." He's one very few original New Dealers what it takes to survive the col Utopia. Even in those treble-c before Munich, Henderson dewy eyes.

With some financial assistance uncle, he heaved himself into more College. Once in, he su himself by working in the colle teen, clerking in a bank, stenc minding sleeping children at nig their parents gadded, gardening, cellars and drainage ditches, greeting cards, playing prof football and basketball, referee in his senior year, teaching busi ministration, commercial geogra economics to freshmen at V School, University of Penns These are but a few of the turned a large, eager hand to. H any job offered, preferring to f later whether he could do it There was nothing All-America

lle athletics but his efforts are m bered. Hearing that a tough cr d get a job playing profes- fo all at Hazleton, Pennsylva- e lied and talked himself in. c l regions football was not b ules. A minimum of atten- as d to the ball. Victory usually to team still on its feet when st histle sounded. Leon got y-fi dollars a game. It was a en fe.

st ed and taught at Wharton l a Carnegie Institute of Tech- . F crap-shot his way to Europe ac bicycling his way through ny d France, to the great as- me of many natives and offi- In meantime he had enlisted A y Quartermaster Corps in me ng a captain. And presently, a s es of explosive lectures on aut qua circuit, he was hired by nor inchot of Pennsylvania to put secretary of the common- . I couple of years he almost ulat Harrisburg of its serried of mpletely unnecessary job- s. salary was $5,000 a year. Mr inchot went out of office and oils ys took over, Henderson's s d ded into five jobs paying a f $ 900 and Pennsylvania was l ag n.

m t ce he vaulted into a job he ssell Sage Foundation in Yo — Director of Remedial . T job belied its perfumed Act ly it involved licking loan . T salary was not large but ou have taken it for the exer- Wi commendable vigor Mr. rso nade life as miserable as le fc an sharks in a dozen states icul y the chain usurers who did ical terstate business of ten per tere on two-week loans. Where were aws to be invoked, he in- the Where there weren't he enl ed the co-operation of the oor n themselves. Loan sharks, buy s and strong-arm usurers nyst ously but painfully beaten reste for third-degree vagrancy ever at is) and cast into the least ry c s in the oldest available . Th atter always had a demor- effe on the richer loan sharks fter nding a night or so arguing ockro hes and rats, seemed eager to ve those parts forever.

### N er Mind the Law

e M Henderson tried without to t possession of a big loan boo . An inspiration came to He vailed upon the superin- t of e building, himself a loan- vict , to dispossess the usurer. the ark was getting his things, ng h books, together awaiting ovin an, he was lured out by a elph e call. And while thus de- . Mr Henderson and the cops d in atched the books and ran The oks sent the shark to jail. ghly t commendably illegal.

Hen son entered the service of untry hrough the National Re- Adr istration. If you'll think ou'll member that the NRA was y on Brigadier General Hugh on, w se politest alias in those ting c s was Ironpants. Leon, ng u and down the land with s of l sharks in his teeth, got axatic in telling the foregathered tors at he'd do if he bossed the And esently, above the din, a the cl cer Hendersonian phrases far the general's hairy ears. enera thinking to put a stop to sent f Mr. Henderson and Mr. erson ppeared in Washington magic rapidity, his hands still from loan shark's throat.

We weren't at that memorable meeting; but we're assured that the meeting of two well-matched panzer divisions is an inadequate comparison. The language sent three union plasterers, repairing the general's office after his battle with the poultry industry, home for the day. The shouting woke up the Department of Commerce next door to the NRA—which gives you some idea. By the time the police arrived, Leon was working for the general. And they got along in beautiful discord until the Supreme Court threw them both out and the NRA with them.

In quick succession Henderson wore out several important federal jobs, the President using him as a track-clearing trouble shooter and bouncing him from post to post, profiting hugely from Henderson's vast energy, his swift intelligence and belligerent honesty. The easiest job he had was semiofficial—economist for the Democratic National Committee in the 1936 campaign. He tossed that one off with a large left hand.

### Ironpants Gives Up

Harry Hopkins grabbed him into the WPA as an economist and statistician, a job he discharged without a tear in his eye. But he produced facts that to some of Mr. Hopkins' staff had a very brutal sound. That done, he became executive secretary of the Temporary National Economic Commission. We've forgotten what that was. It doesn't matter. But his next job came from Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, who took him on as his aide in the congressional investigation of monopolies. Mr. Henderson is not a lawyer, not that it matters. Mr. Arnold can talk even louder than General Johnson who, dropping in upon Messrs. Arnold and Henderson one day while they were discussing something, departed with tears in his eyes, muttering: "Guess I must be getting old or something." It was a very noisy life.

From the sound and fury of the Arnold offices Leon, whom any baseball manager would recognize at once as a dangerous switch hitter, was transferred to the more cloistered Securities and Exchange Commission. Here his crashing enthusiasm for smacking down the potential or actual malefactor was tempered by the dry-iced scholarship of Jerome Frank, chairman of the commission.

As boss of the Office of Price Administration and Control he beseeches Congress and the country to prepare for a long war. A long-drawn-out war means eventual price control of the most rigid sort, says he; so why not start without panic now?

He thinks it would be a major mistake to give any one man, including himself, mind you, arbitrary powers to fix commodity prices. He'd fix and control them but not before hard-boiled deliberation with other units of government. Every phase of cause and effect, supply and demand, should be scrutinized, says he, before a price is fixed. Two authorities he'd ignore: the gulping profiteer and the self-seeking politician. He's inflation's foe and offers a preventive prescription—compulsory saving, price control, expansion of production and heavy taxation.

He is married, the father of three children—Myrlie Beebe, Lyn and Leon. He plays golf—characteristically—socking them far and wide, quite wide. He bangs around the Chesapeake Bay in a power boat which, too, is characteristic—blunt, wide, powerful, efficient and noisy. When he gets a chance he takes Mrs. Henderson and the kids to Wild Rose Shores. They leap into the boat, get going, turn the radio on full power and sing. It's a lusty life and the hell with Alexander Pope.

# "...with but a Single Thought"

YOUNG minds in tune . . . each agreed how wonderful the other . . . each keen on new styles, new records, new dances. At the moment, agreed that the sodas before them "hit the spot." And to them, appetite appeal and cleanliness go hand in hand.

For these youngsters of the new generation are health conscious . . . increasingly aware of the importance of safeguarding it. On all sides they see evidences of the public's awakening to the dangers of the common drinking vessel. These fresh crisp Dixie Cups at the fountain (there for their health) are but one example.

Yes, tomorrow may well see a great reduction in common colds, influenza and the other illnesses spread through indirect mouth-to-mouth contact by a common drinking vessel. Dixie Cups, used but once and thrown away, are the effective answer.

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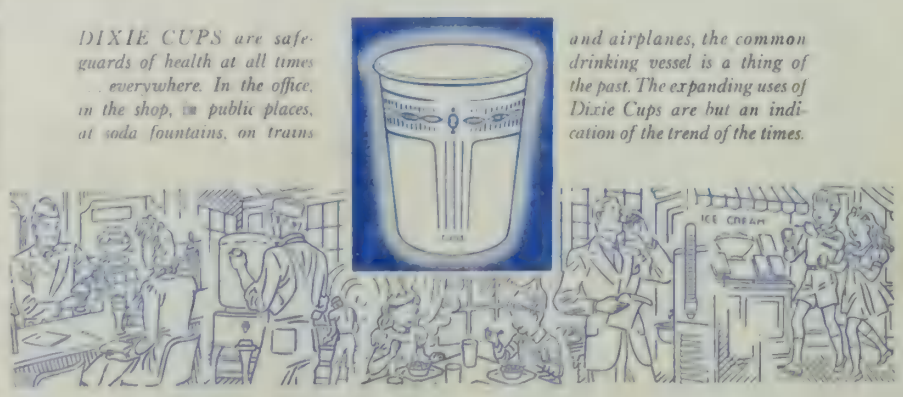

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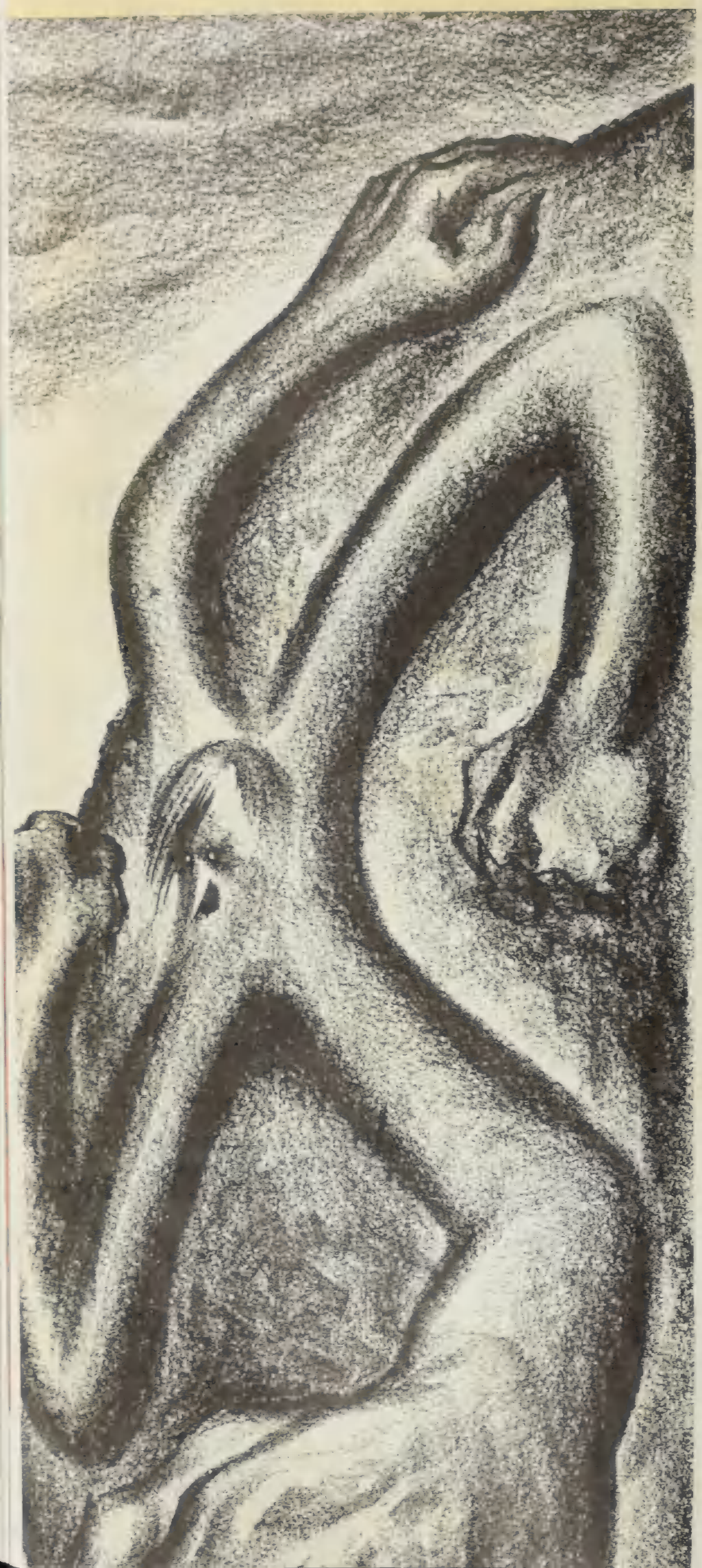

# Trader Hitler

WE'VE just read a gruesome book, You Can't Do Business with Hitler, by Douglas Miller (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1941, $1.50, 229 pp.) Gruesome though it is, we'll join with Wendell Willkie, John Kieran and numerous other observers in commending the book to the careful attention of the American people.

The book considers the chances of an adjustment between American business and German business in case Hitler either beats Britain or establishes Germany as the dominant power in Europe. Mr. Miller's opinion is that no such adjustment is possible in either case; and Mr. Miller was U. S. Commercial Attaché at Berlin from 1925 to 1939, or for eight years before and six years after Adolf Hitler's rise to power in Germany.

Mr. Miller's thesis, as we get it, boils down to this:

That Hitler feels in his bones that it is not right for anybody to make a profit out of any deal in which a German is involved, except the German . . . that Hitler hopes, after knocking out Britain, to rig a German empire, sprawling over all Europe and deep into Asia and Africa, which will be so nearly self-sufficient that it can trade with the rest of the world strictly on German terms . . . that this empire will rest on slave labor, the slaves being everybody in Hitler's domains except the members of the Nazi party, who are the *Herrenvolk* (superior people) ordained of Wotan to exploit the earth—though the Nazis for the time being are te ng the of the Germans that all ermany *Herrenvolk*.

Hitler's cardinal prin ple as Miller sees it, is the ga gster that a smart, conscien ess or nation can live on hi r its and make the creditor do not suffering.

Once Hitler is master of Europe, Mr. sees him hemming us lessly, until at last we ar only in North and Cen l Ame and the Caribbean. T n, the ment we let our guard down. Miller looks for some s of cal conquest of the Unit States the German empire.

We're pugnaciously Amer enough to discount so of gloomy forebodings; to believe American resource, in ability courage still have a lot truth their sleeves.

But we also think it only mon sense for American o assu themselves with all poss e dan to their economy and w of a matter of earthqual and ricane insurance. Ce only book is a jolt between e eyes anybody who thinks w can ourselves up in an ec omic political ivory tower an et the of the world go by.

We hope You Can't Bus with Hitler has a wide d car reading all over this ntry these times, it is the dut of all to bend attentive and re ectful to anybody who comes a g ma a noise like Paul Rever

# Is Hoarding Wise?

THE other day we asked a lady whose judgment we respect whether she was laying in any extra household goods of which shortages are threatened because of the defense program. Here's the gist of her reply:

"No, I don't believe in hoarding anything. Remember the people in the last war who laid in a lot of sugar, and were stuck with it when prices went down again? Well, I'm confident we're going to have shortages of various things; but I don't believe in rushing around frantically trying to head off sacrifices in one's own case.

"What I say is, let's all take the approaching unpleasantness together, like good sports. Why try to cut one another's throats?

"I think the person who t these deprivations like sport likely going to come ou ll nigh the long run, while the rson tries to be ultrasmart nd co about it all is most likely o wind eventually by thoroughl outsm ing himself.

"Especially," our frie finest with a wicked twinkle the "when you remember that Washington smarties emsel don't know what we're ing to short of, and make entire differ predictions about it e y fifty minutes."

All of which struck us about sane a comment as cou be ma on the fast-arriving spe of sho ages of materials and e use makeshifts.

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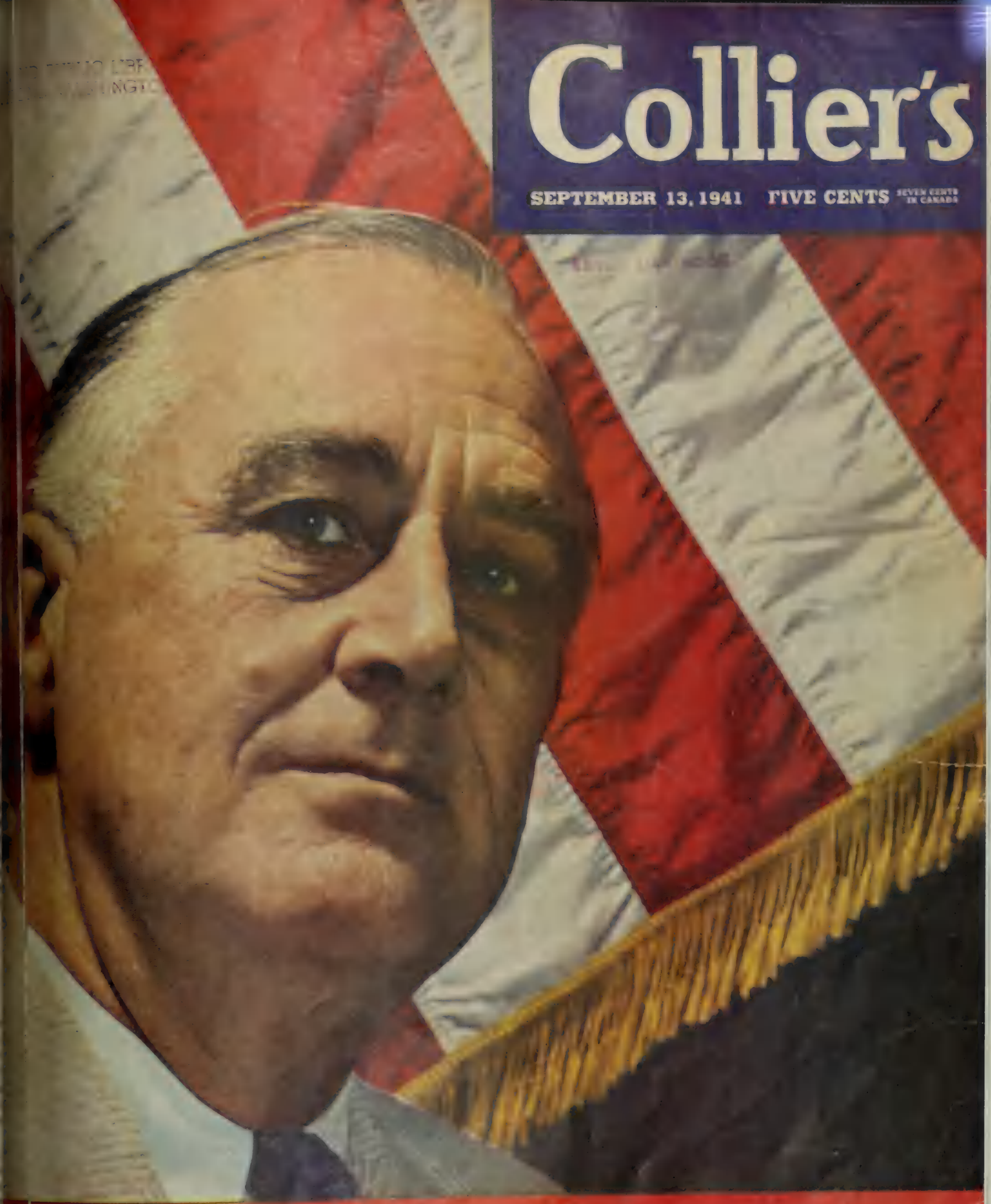

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**Q.** *Does the condition of the gums have any effect on the brightness of the teeth?*

**A.** Yes, indeed! Unless the gums are firm and strong, teeth tend to become dull and dingy! In fact, sparkling teeth *depend* largely on healthy gums! That is why so many dentists everywhere are urging regular, daily gum massage.

**Q.** *What happens if gums are neglected?*

**A.** Neglected gums are apt to lose healthy firmness, become tender. For today's soft foods do not give gums sufficient work and exercise. As a result, gums often flash that tell-tale sign of weakness . . . a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

**Q.** *What to do about "Pink Tooth Brush"?*

**A.** The first thing to do is to see your dentist right away. "Pink tooth brush" may or may not mean serious trouble—but that's for your dentist to say. He'll probably say your "lazy" gums need extra work. And, like thousands of dentists these days, he may very well suggest that you make a daily habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

**Q.** *Why is Ipana and massage so helpful?*

**A.** Because Ipana is a unique dentifrice that (1) cleans teeth to brilliant, natural lustre; (2) with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to become firmer and healthier. That's why you'll find Ipana Tooth Paste and massage so effective in helping you to have firmer gums and brighter teeth—a lovelier, more attractive smile.

# Ipana Tooth Paste

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| FRANK GERVASI | |
| MARTHA GELLHOR | |
| JIM MARSHALL | |
| WM. HILLMAN | |
| ROBERT McCORMIC | |
| JOHN T. FLYNN | |


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SEPTEMBER 13, 1941


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Photograph by ROBERT LEAVITT


# ANY WEEK

WE SUSPECT that we erred a couple of weeks ago when we wrote that paragraph about the desire of English soldiers to correspond with American girls. It's all very discouraging. We wrote that paragraph merely because we wondered what had happened to English girls; what dismal things had happened to them to drive Englishmen to look abroad. Anyway we'll give you a few samples of the letters our maundering provoked, withholding names. All the girls insist on that. An Omaha young lady asks for several names and addresses that she might "make a choice after receiving their replies and photos." She thinks she "may meet some of their requirements." From Buffalo, New York, a girl informs us that she'd like "A mixture of officers and noncoms including aviators, as my hobby is collecting interesting men." A Philadelphia girl would like several names "of educated, refined boys" and furthermore releases us from any responsibility should matters turn out badly. "I will always remember your kindness for the information but will not blame you for anything that happens." And here's one from Little Rock, Arkansas, which asks us "to please make all necessary arrangements as soon as possible for me to correspond with a British soldier able to support a family after the war." We rather like that one.

Some of the girls give specifications, that the soldier may have some idea what he's getting. From Hollywood we have an application from a young lady who is "frequently mistaken by autograph hunters as well as prominent movie people for Ginger Rogers." She prefers a couple of aviators. Austin, Minnesota, offers a girl who is "twenty-five years old, reddish-blond hair, five feet three and one hundred and fifty-seven pounds but can reduce as I am very handy on a farm." One more and we shall pass on to something less important. From Dallas, Texas, a particularly delectable one informs us that she is "nineteen years old, five feet ten, one hundred and twenty pounds, thirty-five-inch chest, twenty-two-inch waist, thirty-inch hips, slim, blond, blue eyes, can't cook, but educated in the school of hard knocks." Nevertheless she "came in a good third in an all-Texas beauty contest and would have won it if it wasn't that her family was Republican." The man must be "well over six feet and powerful as I have five brothers who are very particular."

WE'RE thinking of taking all these letters to Circe, whose business card we have just received via Roark Bradford. "In rummaging through an old file tonight," writes Mr. Bradford, "I came across the attached business card. How I came into possession of it, or when, I do not remember. I probably filed it against some future unhappy eventuality; but whatever the reason it is valueless to me now as it does not carry the lady's address. Do you suppose she has been working in Europe the past few years?" The card reads: "Circe. Spells cast cheap. Enchantress extraordinary. Men turned to swine while you wait. Charms of all kinds."

A YOUNG friend of ours reports that there's a hotel in Washington, D. C., which has spent a great deal of time and money weaving tradition around itself. Gradually it has come to be known as "The Residence of Presidents." Its promoters, making obeisance to the dear dead days when such as Hitler would have got no farther in this world than the county insane asylum, like to call it Host to All the World's Great. And so on and so on. But the other day our young friend paused as he passed this famous inn. He paused because a tourist guide, with a covey of beautiful young ladies, was telling his charges what they were looking at. Said he: "This is the hotel where Max Baer met his wife." And he let it go at that.

WHICH reminds us that we were recently invited by a group of soldiers to sit in with them and settle a few important world problems. Naturally Hitler's name wriggled into the talk. It was generally agreed that Mr. Hitler was a screwball, and one of the lads allowed that no such variety of insanity could possibly come out of Britain. "Lots of Limies are nuts," he said, "but they ain't that kind of nuts." Whereat another soldier said: "Well, they better be. The only way to lick Adolf is to be screwier than he is. Maybe England ain't got such a crackpot but we have and Hitler knows it. You ought to hear our new major."

OUR recent comments on the political unwisdom of wearing neckties in Kansas and other parts have moved Mr. Bill Clugston of Topeka to recall the Honorable Polk Kline of Larned, Kansas. Mr. Kline was an able lawyer and a fearless man. He dressed as he pleased—usually a stovepipe hat and a spade-tail coat but rarely if ever a necktie. Furthermore, he often went barefooted even in court. "One day," says Mr. Clugston, "Mr. Kline appeared in Topeka to argue before the Supreme Court. He wore shoes but no necktie. 'Polk,' said
'you can't go before t
without a necktie o
it so much they'll b
against you.' But M
cravatless argument
did decide against h
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tice William A. John
said Mr. Kline, 'is i
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adding: 'Where did y
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for Us These Days? P
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President has supper
telephones to his Cab
can decide what the
to win the war."

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said Mr. Talmadge,
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own suspenders. He
knew a number of for
who did not wear sus
rascals," snorted Mr. T
they held up their pan
safety pins—bought b


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money order or check in United States funds to The Cro
Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should
advance. Give both old and new addresses.

# *Fathers make the wackiest parents!*

*: Wh's wrong this time, Bill?*

*: Lo I pay $25 for this crate. Then Dad plu s out* more *than that to put a new set of Svertowns on it.*

*: Sou ls funny. What did he say?*

*: No ng—except "Switch to B. F. Goodrich," ana 'Better be safe than sorry." He's sure a har man to understand!*

★ ★ ★

NO CAR is safer than its weakest tire. That's why it's smart to put Silvertowns all around. They'll stand between you and the danger of blowouts and skids. And they'll turn in plenty of extra miles, too.

That's because every Silvertown is made with Duramin—the "tire vitamin"—the amazing combination of chemicals that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer. You get more *safe* miles with Silvertowns.

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*the ew*

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**UXE S ERTOWN.** Dura- ade. es the best com- ion of eage, safety, com- and qu running.

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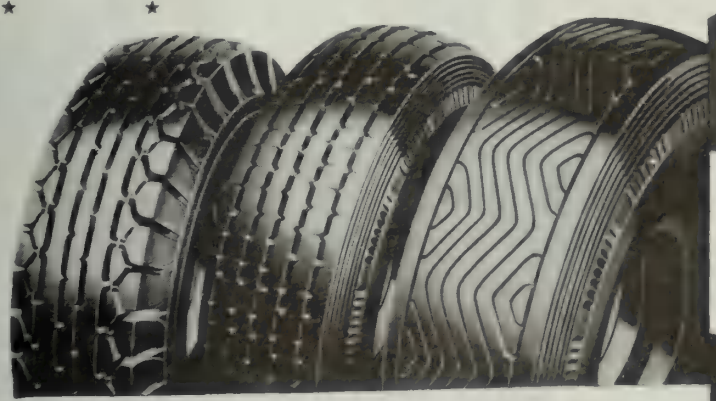

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**SOME F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY**

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**DURAMIN,** *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

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SMOOTH but saving, too!

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GET the utmost in pep and mileage from every drop of gas and oil — both so vital to defense. And save money at the same time! How? By installing Sealed Power Piston Rings in any car that's using too much gas or oil. These top quality rings (the same brand used as original equipment in 13 of the 18 American makes of cars) are now available in packaged sets, engineered for each popular make of automobile. Ask for them by name. They cost no more! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

*Piston Rings for all types of Automotive, Diesel, Stationary and Marine Engines!*

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

*Best in new cars! Best in old cars!*

ROBERT O. REID

# Wing Talk

WE'VE never had an enthusiastic long-range policy for training Latin-American army and navy officers to fly the American way. Now it is apparent that it is a bright move to train, up here, as many Latin Americans as possible, and so we are under way with a plan. More will come up this one year and be turned out than have been trained by us throughout the past.

Unless you've been in Latin America, you don't know the value of such training. Your reporter once was buttonholed in a hangar of the Peruvian air force at Ancon by an earnest lad who had graduated from Kelly Field. He was filled with pride and prestige. He was as good a pilot as any officer in the Army Air Corps. Yet he was hopping mad at the action of his government in closing a deal with the Italians whereby the Peruvian air force would have to take the entire output of an Italian-built factory in Peru for the next ten years.

"Look at that junk," he said in broken English with a Texas accent, pointing to one of Mussolini's castoffs. "We were never allowed to fly anything like that at Kelly Field. American planes are safe, strong, reliable. Yet we've got to go out and get killed in these because the politicos who don't have to fly them made a good deal with the Italians." (Deal subsequently revoked by a new administration.)

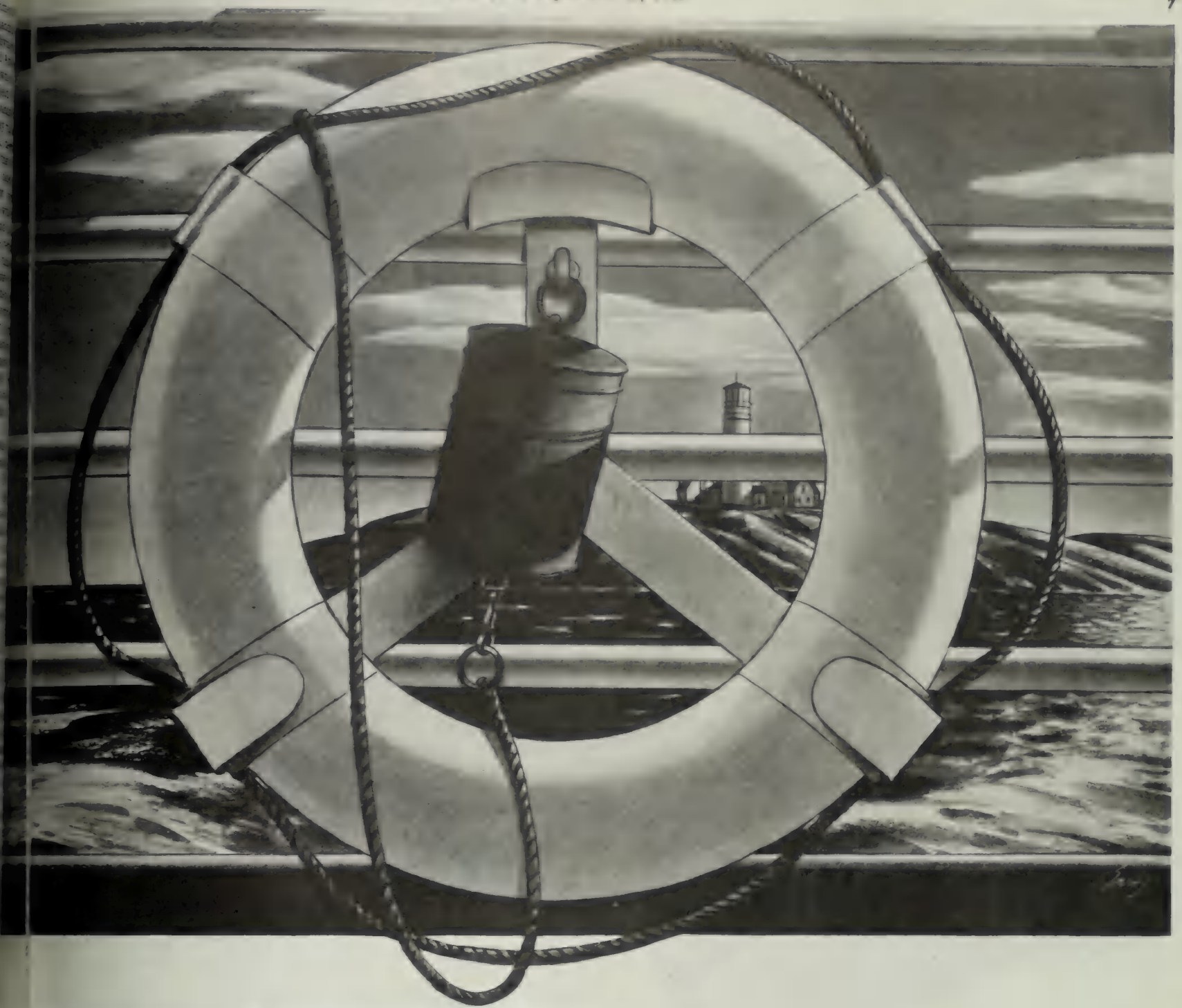
And over in Venezuela another Kelly Field graduate, upon coming into power as chief of aviation, threw out a whole batch of foreign deals for foreign aircraft and stocked up his air force with American planes.

FROM an experimental ago and a handful model-building division scientific National Advisc for Aeronautics, which h tory at Langley Field, Va half a hundred youngsters the government pay roll as ers. The N.A.C.A. needs ticularly the kind that fly to 10 and a little older, actual military or comm Then tiny engines with ro mounted therein and the tually flown in the vertic and the free-flight tunnel skillfully and accurately gineers studying their pe not hesitate to recommec tail surfaces, wing locati length and other factors to the full-scale model taken off the Civil Ser needed, so it will do no go the N.A.C.A. for a job.

ONE of our readers writes about somethin happen and did. A DC-3 on a field at Suifu and badly damaged. There w calling up the Douglas pe ing them to deliver one But China National Aviat tion, owners of the plane wing for a DC-2. Now a 14 passengers while the D to give you an idea of t Anyway, back in Hong Kon this spare DC-2 wing to t DC-2 and American Pilot of C.N.A.C., flew it 800 Suifu. With that load and aged only 115 miles per h without it he could have

At Suifu, the DC-2 wing to the center section of resourceful Mr. Sweet fi all the way back to Hong of the same airfoil, the tw in area, aileron area and sign. The combination permitted on our transco line runs, but as our rea is one of those things that forced to do because it thing to be done and Lad with them."

**Venezuelan army fliers who have come to Randolph Field for a refresher course with the U. S. Army Air Corps**



# or ething secure to cling to

N OVERBOARD!

Sud nly . . . unexpectedly . . . a cry ks e silence of the sea. Immediately e p server is hurled over the ship's to ep the victim's head above water e a scue is made.

As dden and as unexpected is the t a family following the death of r p vider. Like a "man overboard" ne l something secure to cling to in a o inancial problems. That's why a ban and father carries life insurance, just as a ship carries life preservers. . . . Both are necessary safeguards which cannot be obtained when the need becomes most urgent.

Arranged under a John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan, life insurance can supply income in prearranged amounts to cover a family's living expenses during the difficult days of readjustment. Applied to your present program, this first-aid measure will add little to its expense and much to its effectiveness. We should like to mail you a copy of a booklet which describes how a typical American family have solved their readjustment problem. Write for "A Talking Picture" to Department C-6, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, 197 Clarendon St., Boston, Massachusetts.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
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The Girls Say "Okay"... when His shirt is "Woman Wise"!

New shirt styles that match the new suit styles. Stripes, checks, and whites. Glorious variety from which to choose—but every shirt smart!

SURE, the man *wears* the shirt. But it's a woman with her sharp eyes for style, quality and detail who approves or disapproves it. That's where Essley Shirts stand out. Women at once *sense* that Essley Shirts are designed by America's leading men's fashion authority and made at Troy, where shirt-making is still an art. $1.69, $2.00 and $2.50.

For the name of the store near you write Essley Shirt Co., Empire State Bldg., New York City.

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ESSLEY PAJAMAS by the makers of Essley Shirts. Just as you'd expect, they are cut for comfort, tailored for fit and styled for smartness. Many styles, many patterns.

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*American* Indians used to make their trails by bending saplings with rawhide. Today hundreds of these deformed trees, all with their main trunks bent at a right angle about three or four feet from the ground, still stand, especially in the Middle West, where they are found, in some places, less than two hundred feet apart.

*After* a great earthquake, the ground near the epicenter may be in almost incessant motion for days, and numerous aftershocks of varying intensity may be recorded for weeks, even months. For example, the Tokyo earthquake on September 1, 1923, was followed by 1,256 of these aftershocks within thirty days.

*There* are at least 10,000 books on the life of Napoleon that are worthy of inclusion in a first-class Napoleonic library. Thus, a book about Napoleon has been published on an average of every 105 hours since his death in 1821.—*By Evelyn Kudlich, Union City, New Jersey.*

*Strong* musk odor can cause nosebleed, intense fear can cause gastric ulcers, excess wax in the ears can cause a chronic cough, bright sunlight can cause sneezing and a severe thunderstorm can bring on an attack of asthma, even when the person is in an air-conditioned room.—*By Ruth Creighton, Hastings, Nebraska.*

*As* canaries are no longer imported into this country, owing to the war, and domestic breeders cannot meet the demand for them, many other beautiful singing birds are now taking their place, among them being the bulbul, the shama thrush and the Chinese nightingale.

*New York City* has a hotel that pays an annual water tax of $41,000, an airlines terminal that has four of its seven stories underground, and a church that receives an annual income of about a million dollars from its real-estate holdings alone.

*A new* cyclotron, now nder c struction at the Univer of Ca fornia, will cost $1,4 000 a weigh 4,900 tons, or t ty tin as much as the largest c e thi odd atom smashers n in ex ence. After trying for e en yea scientists believe that h it th will finally be able to nash core of the atom, whic s smal in comparison with th nch th is the inch with the su

*Glenville,* West Virg a, wit population of only 79 as m air mail, per person, tha New Y City. Glenville's mai s tra ported by the "small-t n pick mail service," whose nes d the incoming mail and atch the outgoing bags with landi

*Although* the Englis langua contains more than 5 000 li words, forty-three wor compr at least one half of all t e spok or written.—*By Barbar Lae, N York, New York.*

*Sometimes* deer grow ntlers heavy that they canno be lift from the ground for an ength time and, consequentl the a mals eventually die of arvatio One such buck, found ently Medicine Lake, Califor had be shot because it coul ot lift head into a position to fed a its great antlers could n be saw off because they were i e velv or growing stage and stil lled w live blood vessels.

*Since* the founding of e Unit States Military Acaden at We Point, New York, in 18 no mo than 23,032 cadets, inc ing fo eigners, have been ad ted a 12,661 of them graduat Tod fewer than 7,000 of 90.0 officers in the U. S. Arm re We Pointers.

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# Duraglas* Protects the Vitamins that Protect Your Health

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**Duraglas* ...THE NEW TECHNIQUE IN GLASSMAKING**

ke R. F. pilots, whose night-ght is ded by special vitamin eatme' the men of our own sea, and an ir arms are kept at peak tness f a vitamin-balanced diet, ap'em ted by vitamin products till a deficiency. Good health vital defense.

Every American owes his country this duty: to maintain good health . . . for health is a bulwark of national defense. To keep fit, strong and alert, an adequate daily supply of vitamins the year 'round is essential.

Thanks to long research by great pharmaceutical houses, vitamins are available to everybody, in convenient form and at low cost.

To deliver vitamins safely to you, many makers thoughtfully pack their products in sparkling Duraglas containers. These strong, resealable containers protect vitamins from air, moisture and crushing. It pays to buy vitamins safeguarded by Duraglas.

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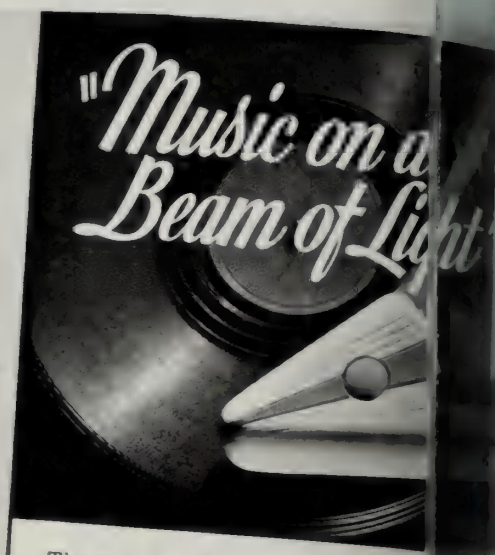
*Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Block.*

**OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS**

# Only in a PHILCO can you enjoy these modern phonograph features




The first basic improvement in reco duction since the phonograph was Instead of the pointed steel needle, a jewel that never needs changing floats record and *reflects* the music on a bean from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric new principle releases overtones of bea hidden in your records. Surface noise an wear are reduced by 10 to 1. *Only Phil*

For the first time, Philco engineers hav the sensational Stroboscopic principl phonograph. Now you can hear your with absolute fidelity of pitch, just as th recorded them in the studio. And, with Philco Automatic Record Changer, yo able records are *safe* . . . nothing to damage them. Operation is simpler, gentler and more reliable. *Only Philco h*

*No lid to lift* . . . no need to remove de no awkward-looking, unhandy compa To play the phonograph, you simply tilt the grille, place your records and tilt again. An Automatic Interior Light illu the turntable. When closed, the cabine its graceful design; nothing mars its pr and beauty. Simple . . . convenient . . tiful . . . *only Philco has it!*

THE inventive genius of Philco engineers has revolutionized the radio-phonograph you have always known. The scratchy steel needle that *scrapes* the music from the record is gone. It is old-fashioned, now, to change needles, or put up with annoying surface noise and expensive record wear. A new kind of radio-phonograph is here, developed by Philco, that brings you glorious new purity and beauty of tone, more complete enjoyment of radio and recorded music.

The new delights which you enjoy in a 1942 Philco Photo Electric Radio-Phonograph are *exclusive*. No ordinary phonograph can offer you Music on a Beam of Light . . . the new Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control . . . the Tilt-Front Cabinet. These are the marks of the *modern* phonograph. And they are yours *only in a Philco!*

In radio, too, Philco inventions bring you thrilling tone and performance which only Philco owners may enjoy. The *exclusive* Philco FM System brings you Frequency Modulation reception *at new low cost*. And, at every price, the utmost in radio beauty and value.

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**PHILCO 1013 PHOTO ELECTRIC RADIO-PH OGRA** (illustrated). Authentic Hepplewhite design. Late 942 Ph phonograph and radio inventions. American and eign rec tion; exclusive Philco FM System. Liberal trade-in al ance; yo on easiest terms. *Philco Home Recording Unit o*

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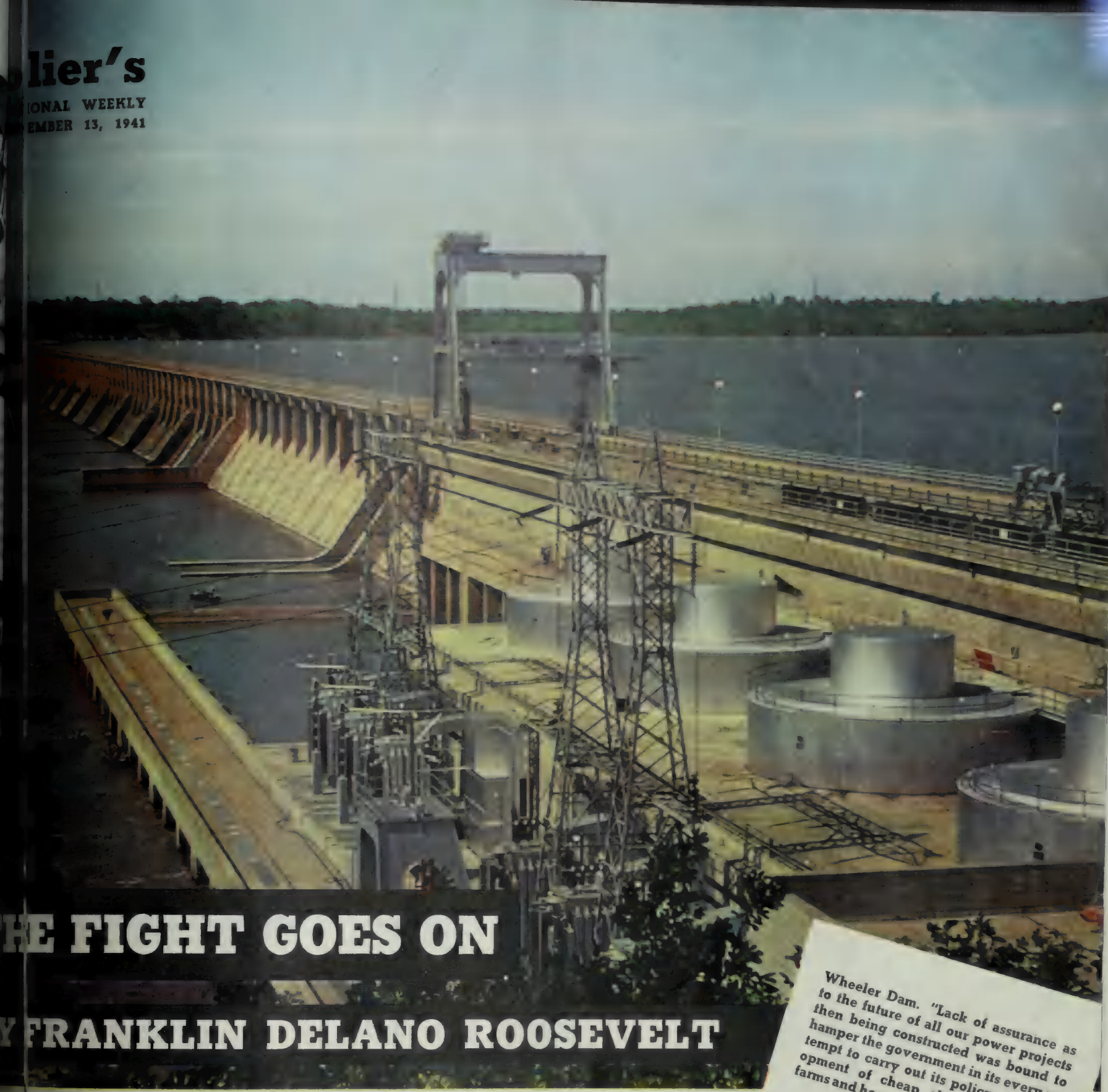
EMBER 13, 1941



# HE FIGHT GOES ON

## Y FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Wheeler Dam. "Lack of assurance as to the future of all our power projects then being constructed was bound to hamper the government in its every attempt to carry out its policy of development of cheap electricity for the farms and homes and shops of the nation"

e Constitution
va s"

is history—written by
of its makers: The Presi-
's own story of the fight
Supreme Court reform

ticle, and the four articles that
follow it, are the President's
writ introductions to forth-
g volumes of his State Papers

T 1941, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AND BY THE
COLLIER PUBLISHING CO. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE
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THIS was the year of the famous Supreme Court fight—1937. This was the year which marked a definite turning point in the history of the United States. For this was the year which was to determine whether the kind of government which the people of the United States had voted for in 1932, 1934 and 1936 was to be permitted by the Supreme Court to function. If it had not been permitted to function as a democracy, it is my reasoned opinion that there would have been great danger that it might have been ultimately compelled to give way to some alien type of government—in the vain hope that the new form of government might be able to give the average men and women the protection and co-operative assistance which they had the right to expect.

For that reason I regard the effort initiated by the message on the Federal Judiciary of February 5, 1937, and the immediate results of it, as among the most important domestic achievements of my first two terms in office.

For two decades, the Supreme Court of the United States had been successfully thwarting the common will of the overwhelming majority of the American people; and had been diverting the functions and philosophy of government into channels which ran counter to the thought and objectives of progressive opinions throughout the modern civilized world.

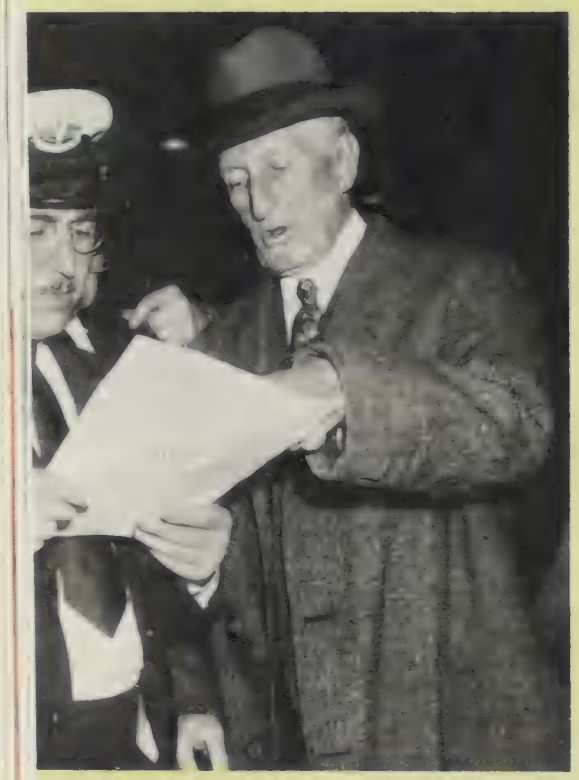
In 1932, a more or less do-nothing government was voted out of office. It had been unwilling or unable to use the enormous collective power and resources at its command to meet the economic and social disaster which had come from an unbalanced, maladjusted and unfair economy. The vast program of recovery and reform which had been begun by the new administration on March 4, 1933, had been overwhelmingly approved in the elections of 1934 and 1936.

The new Federal Government had substituted action for indecision and negation. It had extended comprehensive assistance to all sections and all groups of its citizens, instead of merely restricting its financial favors and economic advantages to the few at the top of the ladder, hoping that they might trickle down to the many at the bottom.

It had reached out its strong arm to help the farmers of the nation obtain decent prices for their crops and a fair share of the national income; to save their homes and farms from foreclosure; to conserve their soil; to help them buy their own farms; to protect them from the ravages of flood and drought—in short, to increase their security and give them the purchasing power with which to buy the manufactured products

The NRA parade in New York in 1933: "The new Federal Government had substituted action for indecision. It had extended comprehensive assistance to all sections and all groups of its citizens instead of to . . . the few at the top of the ladder"

KEYSTONE



INTERNATIONAL

ACME

HARRIS & EWING

**"For a dead hand was being laid on this whole program of progress—to stay it all. It was the hand of the Supreme Court of the United States." Left to right, above, are former justices McReynolds, Van Devanter and Butler, whose judgments were consistently against New Deal measures**

of industry throughout the United States, and thus provide jobs for the city and rural workers.

The Federal Government, between 1933 and 1937, had also adopted a comprehensive program to protect the laboring man and woman from the exploitation of those who would, if they could, make them work at starvation wages for overlong hours; and to give to labor the dignity, and the standing and the fair share of the national income to which it was entitled. To carry out the program, legislation had been passed to guarantee to workers their right to bargain collectively with their employers; to safeguard their legal right of association, and to prevent discrimination against them because of any legitimate union activities; to prevent cutthroat labor competition by permitting agreements between employers in any industry to fix minimum wages and maximum hours for all their employees, and to abolish child labor in such industry; to provide machinery for the peaceful and equitable settlement of disputes so as to obviate, in some degree, the necessity of strikes and lockouts, to establish unemployment insurance for workers so that, during enforced unemployment, they might have some limited assurance of a bare living; to remove the specter of the poorhouse by furnishing subsistence in the form of old-age pensions and assistance.

To protect investors, legislation had been adopted requiring honesty, fair dealing, and public disclosure of facts, in the sale of securities and in the use of other people's money. A system of federal insurance of bank deposits had been established to protec the savi of the ordinary citizen.

For the benefit of certain ard-pres industries of nationwide importa such as oil and bituminous al, the g ernment had stepped in t ring ab order and regularity whe only ch and cutthroat competitio had pr ously prevailed. These in stries w of national importance not ly beca of the vast amount of capit investe them and the large numb of worl employed, but also becau they d with rich natural resource which w necessary to the daily live of our p ple and to the military a naval fense of our country.

To save other great natu l resou of the country from depleti and to velop them for the use an petter of all the people of the U ted Sta the new government ha proceed since 1933, to develop wh region the country like the Tennes Vall turn water power into che electr for the use of the people in eir hom shops and farms, by such ucture Grand Coulee and Bonne le on Columbia River, and in any o places; to impound the wa resou of the nation and use the for irr tion of dry land by such t dam Fort Peck, and by hundre of sma dams and reservoirs thr ghout land; to preserve the forest o con the soil; to prevent floods.

And for the protection a benefit American citizens in gen l, leg tion had been adopted b ween 1 and 1937 to save homes om fo closures; to begin to pr de dec housing for low-income far es: to courage, and financially help. construction and repair f pro homes; to reduce unfair co petition business; to protect consu s of el tric power from unfair pr s and tortionate practices of utili s; to b outlaw child labor; and to f ll the g ernment's responsibility c furnish food, clothing and shelter the ne unemployed of the nation provid work for those who could find vate work.

These and a myriad of ot activi by the Federal Governmen onstitu the new approach to the pr ems wh a new industrial age had b ght to 130,000,000 people of the U ed Sta

### The People Made Thei choice

This was the New Dea n acti This was the kind of gover ent wh the people had voted for 1932 again in 1934.

The big choice before th Ameri people in 1932 had been t determ whether they should conti e the type of administration or i all a n one—definitely committed t he pro sition that the Federal Gov ment not only the power, but the ty, to in to meet with bold action t econo forces at play. The peopl had m their choice in 1932, and l empl sized it in 1934.

By the time of the elect of 19 however, it had become cl that new concept of governmen and of relation to economic and rial pr lems was in danger of co lete fr tration. And the road aheac or furth or even different, effective a on to m these problems, seemed be co pletely blocked.

For a dead hand was bei laid up this whole program of progr s—to st it all. It was the hand of t Supre Court of the United States.

The executive and legislat branch of the government had gon into acti immediately in 1933. Bu hey so found that, athwart the pat f progr along which they were mo g, a n jority of the Supreme C t of t United States was erectir a ba

it as impossible to climb over, or round. True, not everything bee destroyed by judicial fiat. he ole question of the power of ede Government to handle these em n an effective, decisive way eer laced not only in doubt, but siti jeopardy.

s a ttle difficult in 1941 to look upo he days of 1933 and fully ap- ate danger which then faced the d S es. The grave threat which fa our democracy and our in- der existence comes from an phi ophy and an alien military ine, oth of which have overrun orld out us. That threat is physi- is minent; it draws ever closer. wds ut recollection of that other of struction which faced us in B des, the great recovery in ess, agriculture and in employ- wh has come since then—the inc se in our security and physi- well ing—have dimmed some- our mory of the hazards of those

### Limit But the Sky

19 was, in a very real sense, iod war, too. The nation real- it. nd in my first Inaugural ss proclaimed it, when I said I m t have to "ask the Con- for e one remaining instrument eet e crisis—broad executive to ge a war against the emer- as eat as the power that would ven me if we were in fact in- by foreign foe."

m original conception of the of e Supreme Court as one to re law unconstitutional only "its olation of the Constitution is d b nd all reasonable doubt,"[1] bec expanded by 1930 to a point M Justice Holmes exclaimed: e ha y any limit but the sky to vali ing of those rights [the con- ona ights of the states] if they to rike a majority of this Court r an reason undesirable. I can- liev hat the Amendment [Four- ] w intended to give us *carte* he embody our economic or bel s in its prohibitions."[2] By 193 Mr. Justice [now Chief Jus- Ston felt obliged to characterize cent xercise of the power of the by e majority of the Court, as ase n the "personal economic lecti ;" of the justices.[3]

his y of the rise of that power, ally ring the last half-century, ted veral unfortunate definite acies—an unwarranted, restric- onst tion of the legislative and ive owers of government, fed- date, nd local; an unwillingness to te l slative protection of ordi- men omen and children—labor- nd ers—from the control and natio of private economic forces; a re sal to permit reasonable nmen l curbs upon vast, mo- istic gregations of concentrated trial d financial power.

the ggle between the political of e people as expressed by repre ntatives and the economic of pvate property, the Supreme in e generation preceding the of 37, seemed almost invari- to lea toward the latter.

d the udicial process was being and ore frequently exercised by ourt, lay low the efforts of gov- ent t meet the pressing needs of mes which it was functioning. In rst s enty years of our constitu- l his y, the Court invalidated two ts of the Congress; in the seven years it nullified fifty-eight.

"The government had stepped in to bring about order and regularity where only chaos and cutthroat competition prevailed. . . . In 1936 came the next death blow—this time with respect to another great industry — bituminous coal"

Between 1920 and 1930 it declared nineteen federal statutes unconstitutional. To climax this growth, the Court in the three years beginning in October, 1933, set aside twelve statutes, five of which occurred in a single court year—the October, 1935, term.

When I came to office on March 4, 1933, I felt confident that the two elective branches of the Government—the executive and legislative—were united in their determination to meet, by bold action and experimentation, the new crisis which had developed in our national life. I, of course, did not know what the attitude of the third branch—the judiciary—would be. Its members were appointive and not elective. A majority of the Supreme Court had previously indicated an attitude toward social and economic questions which was somewhat inconsistent with New Deal philosophy. They had been more or less inclined to a *laissez-faire* doctrine of economics and politics, which had already proved its inability to cope with the catastrophe which had come to the United States and to the rest of the world. The old economic order had been replaced in 1933 in the Congress and in the White House; but the old order, by reason of the life tenure of the justices, seemed grimly to be holding its place on the supreme bench of the land.

By the time of the elections of 1936, what had the Supreme Court done to our program of recovery and reform? And even more important, what had the majority of the justices said or refused to say in their opinions, by which we could formulate future action to take the place of what they had nullified? Was there any hope held out by the Court, in their opinions, that they might change their general views under other conditions, or that some different type of legislation might be passed and escape judicial destruction?

Recapitulation will show how hopeless it looked, by the time I started the so-called Supreme Court fight on February 5, 1937, that any really effective legislative program could withstand the assaults being made by the judicial branch of the government.

The first major blow had come in January, 1935. Our efforts to remove chaos from the third largest industry in the country—petroleum—were struck down. The oil-producing states had been unable individually to meet the problems which came from overproduction of oil, wasteful competition, and consequent bankruptcy prices. Only the national government could save the industry. It proceeded to try to do it. Pursuant to congressional statute, it prescribed quotas of oil for each oil-producing state, and permitted each state to prescribe fair quotas for each well within its boundaries. It then prohibited any interstate shipments of "hot oil," that is, oil produced in excess of these

*(Continued on page 46)*

ACME
KATHERINE JOSEPH

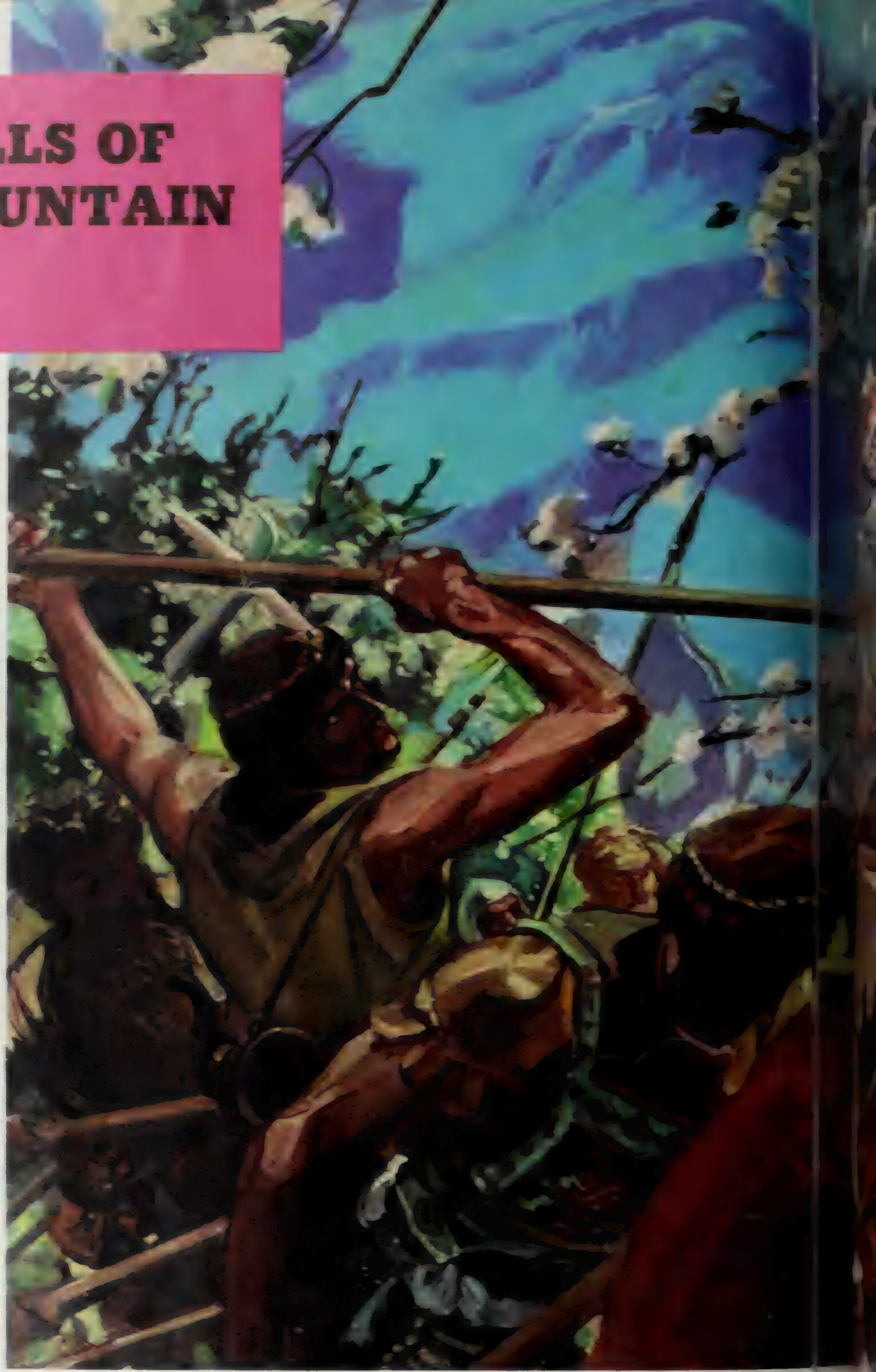
"There seemed to be a complete no man's land in which no kind of government could protect laboring women from the oppressive sweatshop wage scales which had been traditionally forced upon them"

ers (1827) 12 Wheat 213, 270.
ourt 281 U.S. 586, 595.
ew York ex rel. Tipaldo 298 U.S. 587,

# THE BELLS OF THE MOUNTAIN

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



The men of the mountains overwhelmed him, but it was the girl of the mountains who conquered him after the battle

**Harold Lamb says this story was suggested by one of the standard tricks of medieval warfare—the use of a stand-in to take the place of the king in battle. He goes on to point out that the Swiss mountaineers he is writing about were poor people. They couldn't afford the elaborate getup of the mailed horsemen who then ruled the battlefields. Armored regiments of horse formed the mainstay of the imperial German armies then as now extending outward in a thrust to dominate the Continent, from the hub of Frankfurt, instead of Berlin.**

**The Swiss had notions about their personal liberty. They presumed to put up a fight for it—on foot in the narrow valleys. They relied on their quickness; they used a long pike (a spearhead on a heavy staff) and a halberd (a long ax). Such weapons any man could make and own. The Swiss villagers, like the Greek hoplites, made up a fighting citizenry, standing on their own feet, using their own weapons. And they started democracy to functioning in the world again. For the citizens who did the fighting cast the votes. It so happened again at the end of the eighteenth century when the Americans and French fought on foot in the field and cast the votes at home.**

RORIK the Yngling tried to catch up with the bell. It was the only thing he could hear moving around him, but he couldn't find it.

He had taken the wrong path; he was lost, and unless he worked his legs fast he was going to be late for the battle.

It would never do if Rorik the Yngling missed the battle, for then he would have no gold—neither pay nor plunder, or the chance of finding a girl somewhere about afterward.

Shouldering his long two-handed sword, he hurried his lanky legs after the *clank-clong* of the elusive bell. Being a Dane, Rorik was not accustomed to mountains. Up through the pines a black shoulder of rock showed, and far above that a white summit of snow, but no sign of a road or the camp he was looking for.

The good Lord, thought Rorik the Yngling, had made the farming land down in the valleys, and up here the devil must have piled everything evil. Up here in these Swiss mountains. No. Rorik wouldn't be surprised if he found a forest troll ringing that bell to fool him.

Running up the path he found a cow standing there alone, with a heavy brass clapper bell hanging on its neck. The bell grated when the cow looked at him, but it didn't clatter as before. Someone had been driving the cow—someone who couldn't be seen. Rorik listened and dropped suddenly to a knee.

A rock swished over his head, and he jumped into the laurel bushes by the path, sliding the sheath from the five-foot blade of his sword.

"*Pfut!*" he said. He reached out and caught the arm of a girl who was trying to slip out of the bushes. She tried to bite his wrist. He felt beads around her bare throat.

"Kitten," said Rorik, "you can keep the cow. I am too much in haste to drive it off, now. Where is the camp?"

She shook her head, listening.

"The soldiers, the army, the *verlorene Haufen*—where are they, girl?"

Getting no answer he pulled her up to him, rubbing his head against her hair, feeling the gasping of her throat, kissing her. She tried to twist away from him.

"Listen, flaxhead," he whispered in her ear. "I am a Ynglin
dale—of pastureland ar
No man has gentler bloo
child. And no weapon r
against me, foot to foot.
Rorik modestly, "I am a

In spite of this assur
pulled away, silently.

"I like you well enoug
"and you can tell me you

"Maera," she gasped.

That was a strange nan
and her tongue had a strar
to it, unlike Danish.

"Why do you stay here
will be with only a cow?"

Maera looked up from
her hair, and stopped pul

**Steel struck at Rorik from the side, and he stepped back. Turning, his long arms threshing, he kept a space clear about him. "Stand up to them, mates," he shouted. But he was alone**

ing h hand, she drew him along the n. "Look," she said quickly, "I have he cows to milk."

efore e could think about that, she reac d a turn in the path where a perch l on the mountain slope with i- an igs pressing against the pens. This the homestead," she said, ching im from the corners of her s, wh she tried to keep her arms n tren ling. Often, while she peered n th gh the pines at the lower ey, Maera had wondered what the my w ld look like—those men-at-s of e emperor, riding over the ps—if e met one face to face.

ow h she was with this giant of a n look g not at all like a soldier, his head thin and brown, his hands hard and curved as if from the grip of a mattock. She had been frightened when she felt his strength.

RORIK wanted to pick her up and carry her into the hut. Such a foolish thing as she was, to stay here alone. The place was certainly empty except for her—with faggots for the fire stacked along its bare planks, and shirts and hose washed clean hanging among the apple trees where a terrace had been scraped from the mountain and walled up with stone.

"Your hide isn't safe here," he said. "Where have your menfolk gone?"

"I won't tell you!"

To Maera it seemed certain now that this prowler was a spy, spying and peering to find out where the Swiss fighting men were gathering, in these Bernese uplands. "You are no champion," she cried at him. "No—a dunderhead, trying to talk like a soldier. You are as full of lies as a hive is of honey, sir nobody!"

Now Rorik of Yngling had broad shoulders and a small head. Perhaps he did not think things out easily in that head; but when he did have an idea he was sure of it. Up on the mountain he had expected to meet devils and Swiss pikemen. Instead, he had found the little Maera. And he began to think she was mocking him.

"Sir no—" he stared at her.

"Nobody of Nowhere."

There she stood, with fire in her blue eyes—so thin and young he could have broken her back with his fist. No longer afraid of him.

She had touched the pride of Rorik the Yngling. "I will show you," he said. "*Pfut!* I will let you see that I am first among all those soldiers." Then he remembered that he had lost his way. "But first tell me where the German camp has moved to."

Maera laughed. Such a clumsy lie!

"The dog would know where his kennel is. Go down past the waterfall, my fine soldier. Take the forest patch to your left. And stay away there, or it will be the worse for you."

"No. I will come back. And you, girl— you will wait here?"

Maera looked up at him curiously. "I will be here. But you will never come up again."

AS HE jumped the stone wall, sliding down by the mountain stream, it seemed to Rorik the Yngling that this girl with her blue eyes and her cowbells had managed to put a spell upon him. There might, after all, be a power of magic in these mountains. . . .

Maera, running back from her lookout, flitting through the timber where no path ran, hurried to take her message to the pikemen of the Bern canton assembling at the stone church where the tolling bell summoned them from their land. Her father, waiting among the captains, the blue steel of his pike by his head, breathed deep at sight of her safe.

"Still they stay down in the valley," Maera cried. "Only one dunderhead of a spy came peering up into the *Wald*."

"Yes," said her father, "yes, they are careful. If their scouts have not gone up into the forest, they will come along the valley, this way, to the head of the pass. Now that the sun is down, they will not venture where their scouts have not explored."

As Maera made her way back, to watch the cattle, she passed the bands of Swiss moving along the mountain trails where they could not be seen in the darkness, to where the church bell tolled.

The echo of the bell comforted Maera. In that gray church atop the pass she had been christened, to drive out the devil in her. There, some time, she would walk in her bride's veil. She felt that the voice of the bell was speaking to her, telling her she was not alone on the mountain. She prayed that it would drive Rorik and all his fellows away.

"MARK ye well," said the Genoese, "he is a noble Yngling." And he nudged Weiphart, who was turning the spit at the fire.

"Ach so," muttered Weiphart, blinking into the smoke. "From the land of Jonsson's dale. Like a baron he is, indeed. Will his nobility have white wine with the fowl?"

"It is not like beer," said Rorik the Yngling, "but I will have it."

He chewed the flesh from a chicken's back, tossed away the shell of bones, and wiped his hands politely on the straw where he sat before taking the wine jug.

Rorik had followed his nose among the fires of the *gewaltige Haufen*, the main guard, to the smell of fat fowls sizzling by this fire. A good camp, Rorik thought, where the sentries challenged sharp, and the horse lines were quiet.

*(Continued on page 48)*

# Mercator Island

## By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*The Story Thus Far:*

ROBERT ("BOB") BOLLES, an American, is the impecunious owner of a schooner, the Thistlewood. With a crew of one—Tom, a Jamaican colored boy—and almost no money, he cruises hither and yon; and because (as he himself admits) he is almost "on the beach," he is in none too good repute with the authorities of the various ports where he anchors.

In Kingston, Jamaica—after he has met a Japanese shopkeeper (a Mr. Moto) and a man who says that his name is Durant and that he is looking for a "particular friend, a Mr. Kingman"—Bob has an unpleasant experience. While he is chatting with Henry, the proprietor of a combination restaurant-bar-gambling establishment, a British official—Inspector Jameson—orders him to leave Kingston within twenty-four hours.

Bob calls the inspector's attention to the fact that he, Robert Bolles, is an American citizen. The inspector says that Bob is "riff-raff"—and goes away.

Henry then springs a welcome surprise. He informs Bob that a couple from New York—Mr. and Mrs. Kingman—want him to take them on a cruise. The New Yorkers (wealthy and socially prominent) will pay (Henry says) four hundred dollars for the charter, fifty dollars a week for Bob's services as skipper, and twenty dollars for his one-man crew.

Bob, delighted, says that he will accept the offer. Whereupon, Henry telephones the Kingmans and they come over.

Over a bottle of champagne, the Kingmans—Malcolm and Helen—tell Bob what they want—a cruise that will enable Mr. Kingman to escape, for a brief period, from the stress and strain of life in New York City. They have read of a little-known island—Mercator. They wish to go there.

Bob says that he will be glad to accept the offer. But, observing his new friends, he is puzzled. Both are attractive; as a matter of fact, Mrs. Kingman (tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed) is extraordinarily beautiful. Still, Bob Bolles—who has been about quite a bit—wonders about the Malcolm Kingmans of New York City. Helen especially has him guessing. He cannot understand why she trusts him—as she so obviously does.

### II

BOB BOLLES had never been in the position of a paid employee on a boat who could be patronized and treated casually, but he could not get it out of his head that there was something unusually odd about Mrs. Kingman and about Mr. Kingman and Henry. They had been too artificial, too neat, too nervous, and even when Mrs. Kingman had been talking to him it seemed to him that she had been thinking about something else. She was worried about something. In spite of the easy artificiality of their talk, all of them had been worried.

"Oh, Mr. Bolles," she called. She was in the back of the shop, trying on an oilskin coat with a sou'wester on her head. "Is this all right?"

"Yes," Bob said, "that's fine."

"I look queer in it, don't I?"

"No," Bob said. "You're the sort of person—" and he stopped, because it was none of his business what sort of person she was.

"Yes?" she said. "What sort of person?"

"You're the sort of person who looks well in anything," Bob said, and then he found himself blushing.

"Well, that's everything here," Mrs. Kingman said. "I wonder if there's any place where I could get some silk—some Japanese lounging pajamas, if it's hot."

Then Bob Bolles thought of Mr. Moto. The card was in his pocket and the Japanese store was only a few doors down the street.

"Why, yes, I know the very place," he said.

He offered to carry her bundles for her, but instead she ordered them sent up to the hotel at once and paid for them, as Americans so often did, in crisp, new dollar bills at a ruinous exchange rate, but prices did not seem to bother her.

"I'll be glad to get away from here," she said, when they were on the street again. "Will you?"

"Yes," Bob said, "I'm always glad to be moving."

They passed Inspector Jameson just before they reached the Japanese shop. Bob saw the inspector's eyes protrude slightly, and he laughed. "It's all right," he said. "It's all right, Inspector."

"Inspector?" Mrs. Kingman said. "Is he a policeman?"

"That's right," Bob said. "I guess you don't know much about the authorities or you'd have spotted him. Why, Inspector Jameson ordered me off the island just this morning. I was in luck to meet you and Mr. Kingman."

He wondered if she would be shocked, but instead it seemed to Kingman looked relieved way amused.

"Why should he do tha

"Why?" Bob said. "C orderly conduct."

"Oh," said Mrs. Kingm laughed. "Well, that's al

"How do you mean, i Bob asked.

"Oh, nothing," Mrs. K "It just means you're w like, and I'd rather have something else."

"What do you mean else?" Bob asked.

"Oh, nothing," Mrs. K "Is this the shop?"

They had stopped in fro dow with the Japanese en the curios. A little bell ra opened the door. It was of a place with trinkets in counter and shelves behi with textiles, and over it a smell of sandalwood anc bony, flat-faced Japanese door in back, stared at th ment and said, "Excuse right back," and disappeare pointed to the bolts of shelves.

"You may find somethi said. "I don't know. Ther man here who tried to s this morning. I might buy myself now."

Then the Japanese was ing and speaking in a loud, g

"They have got the

(Continued on pag



"Look here," Bob said. "What's the matter? Did you scream?"

PHED FOR COLLIER'S
RLES E. KERLEE

# nward, h istian ilors

W lter Davenport

pr as they work. They
the Lord (Isaiah 42:10)
o down to the sea.
ice with left hooks
revile them. And
enlisted men in the
tes Navy. Stephen
urns in his grave.
Jones rubs his hol-
Farragut stops damn-
does. It's amazing

**Dawson Trotman is guiding genius of the Navigators, who spread salvation as they do their hitches in the U. S. Navy**

"N hatever else you call them," d John Emmett Murphy, Chief sun's Mate in the U. S. S. Cali- lon't call 'em gobs. Gobs were Navy used to make crews out y it's like buddies in the Army . Hey, sailor, button them—" ilor said aye, aye, sir! and but- m. He was a furiously freckled, d youth about to go over the hore leave. Mr. Murphy, just out thirty years in the Navy, ed us to stand by and see for he quality of the Navy's new l. He said that it was so in education, deportment and ulture to the gobs of yesterday wouldn't make a mistake in a by addressing them as gentle- nd Mr. Murphy should know. nef of the ship's police with b goes the traditional title of egs. In manner and contour definite note of permanency r. Murphy. He is still a hand- n too, although the years have m of the swift grace that was he was the Navy's champion ght.

men," said he, "are smarter, thinking about their futures. ld days a sailor didn't think out his future. For one thing t have any to speak of. For his past was generally closing sides. Now these young fel- rdon me—"

d grabbed Mr. Murphy's arm, ing him. Gobs or gentlemen, st seen something. Four sail- as new sloops but with their in grim lines, were about to go a body. Under their arms, tight to their ribs, they carried just before they descended into r, one of them, a little taller others, paused. We'd guess that he was twenty-five years old. He had a hawk face, wide shoulders, big hairy hands, and one glance told you that it would be very bad judgment indeed to ask him to step out into the alley. His sharp, weathered face lifted toward the clean, cool sky that domed San Francisco Bay. His eyes closed, his lips moved, his companions bowed their heads. The silent prayer lasted but a moment and then all four went over—stern, aloof, resolute.

"Navigators," explained Mr. Murphy. "They're new too. We've got about twelve of them on the California—maybe fifteen. You can't tell. Today you've got twelve, maybe fifteen. Tomorrow you've got maybe eighteen or twenty. They're always working on the wicked, converting sinners, holding revivals, praying with lost souls. Every ship in the fleet's got some—I don't know how many in all and they ain't saying. I ain't saying that they've converted some of the officers of the fleet and I ain't saying that they ain't. I ain't saying it's a good thing although religion never hurt any man including a sailor. And I ain't saying it's bad. But I do say there's a time for praying and there's a time for working. Trouble is you can't tell with these Navigators when they're going to quit praying and work, although many the time I've seen them do both at once. I will say, however, that there ain't a day passes that I don't say my prayers myself and I ain't a Navigator. I've seen a lot of changes in the Navy in thirty years, this being one of them. This fellow you seen praying before they went over the side—he's the Missionary. The Missionary can pray, work and give you a nice poke in the nose all at the same time. You ought to meet him. I'll fix it."

Mr. Murphy fixed it. On the following day, the California trudging heavily westward through the Pacific's long swells, we shook hands with the Missionary, Ship-fitter Second Class Oran Bell of Cooper, Texas. Mr. Bell is pure Texas—country Texas. He is wide-mouthed and his short jaw is heavily muscled at the hinges. He's loose, rangy, slow-spoken and his blue eyes were set for distance. One day a persistently abusive sinner called him a name that "no man has a call to put on nobody" and, offering up a very brief prayer for forgiveness, he proceeded to beat the beholdin' out of the fellow. In no time at all Mr. Bell's opponent was flat on his face, a very distressing sight indeed.

Dropping to his knees, Mr. Bell took his fallen foe in his arms, bound up his numerous wounds and prayed. Then he toted his misguided shipmate to his bunk where he lay recovering while Mr. Bell did his chore for him in addition to his own. As a result Mr. Bell has been offended but seldom since and has won, incidentally, quite a few converts to the Navigators.

### Mr. Trotman Sees the Light

Before going into our conversation with Mr. Bell, it might be well if you knew what and who the Navigators are. Mr. Bell, the Missionary, insists that it isn't a religion in itself. Nor is it a distinct denomination, having no organization as such. It isn't a cult, having no specific rites nor peculiar ceremony. Mr. Bell, a man of comprehensive simplicity, was unable to state a clear definition but said that one could be a Navigator in any church wherein was preached pure fundamentalism and wherein the Bible was accepted literally from the first word of Genesis to the last amen of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. It was even conceivable, said he, that a Jew might be a Navigator although it would not be a simple matter, it being essential that a Navigator be a Christian. We sparred a number of slow theological rounds with Missionary Bell, being badly outpointed, before deciding to shut up and let him do the talking.

He told us that about ten or twelve years ago, Mr. Dawson Trotman, living then at the gates of the United States Navy reservation at Long Beach, California, founded the Navigators. Mr. Trotman worked in a lumberyard. In his moments of leisure he was accustomed to drink spirituous liquor, smoke much more than was good for him, and occasionally, when matters went from bad to worse, give tongue to a number of full-bodied oaths. All this is cheerfully admitted today by Mr. Trotman, who is now living in Los Angeles, an active worker in The Church Of The Open Door and the Los Angeles Bible Institute. Mr. Trotman frequently gives testimony, too, to indulging, in those unregenerate lumberyard days, in a great many social zowies that youth is prone erroneously to call good clean fun.

Like Paul, bound for Damascus breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, Mr. Trotman stopped all this in his tracks, renounced old Satan, quit the lumberyard and began redeeming sailors from sin. The Lord smiled upon his work from the beginning. Starting with a new strength, a new faith, a worn Bible and four sailors, Mr. Trotman is now the head of A Way of Life (Mr. Bell refuses to let us say organization) that is followed by hundreds of bluejackets—the Navigators.

In the beginning there was but one shore station where Navigators might get together for Bible reading, prayer,

*(Continued on page 71)*

# The Boss' Wife

BY KYLE CRICHTON

**Merle Oberon never worried a ut an thing until she married her di ctor a learned that making movies c mon**

WHEN there was a delay in shooti a scene the new Alexander Korda pictur Lydia. t assistant director answered Dir or Du vier's querulous questioning by bellowin

"We're waiting for the boss' wife!"

Merle Oberon was just coming on t set wh she heard that.

"Boss' wife, my hat," she yelled b k. "He *comes* the boss!"

According to press releases, when Mr. Ko heard this interesting anecdote, he laug l heart Mr. Korda is a great one for laughing.

Nevertheless, Miss Oberon *is* the bo wife a they are making pictures together and li g togeth and worrying together.

"I used to be a star . . ." she begi and th pauses to give a hard look at the intervie r. "Do give me that funny stuff; I *am* a star— l what I do? I get into a stew because too m is bei spent on a set or too much time is bein aken w shooting. I'm a nut."

In the old days it wasn't that way a it can taken as a moral for all ambitious Am can gir never marry the boss if he is using his o dough producing a picture. Before she got r ed up matrimony Miss Oberon had it pretty oft. S wanted her pictures to be good and she w ked ha but she didn't sit around holding Sam oldwy hand when the horrible returns began co g in.

"Used to be pretty snarky about " adm Oberon.

But that is all changed now. She ha persc interest in seeing that Papa gets his inves ent ha She got herself into such a state over Lyd that af it was finished they stuck her in bed, fill her w sleeping pills and stationed a hard-boiled rse at l side to whack her over the head if she d d get before she was completely rested.

"And *that*, dear children, is why I esca d to N York," she explained on a recent trip, ad g hast to her secretary: "Call up every store on fth Av nue and have them send up every shoe i e hou I'm going to spend *my* money, anyhow."

### Henry the Eighth to the Rescu

The Oberon-Korda romance is compar vely n but the Korda-Oberon business associatio s histo Back in the days when the English were king p tures of such quality that even Parlia nt co plained of the stench, Korda arrived an ut th on the map. His first attempts were not succe ful but when he made Henry the Eighth w Char Laughton he took the curse off British fil and al created a flock of stars, including the afor ention Oberon.

Before that she had been getting a mo beauti booting-around at the studios at Wemble She h been doing bit parts at two pounds or $1 day a getting a reputation as one of the worst resses London, quite an achievement in view of e gene debilitation of the British cinema. Kor saw h and asked her to take a test.

She made the test and heard no mo abou After three weeks she saw in the papers th a certa Stella Merle had been signed by Korda.

"What do you mean by changing my ne wi out as much as a by-your-leave?" she scr ned, a this confused Korda no little because his glish w of the rudimentary order and he was havi troub with his adjectives, let alone these three y wo Her full name was Estelle Merle O'Brien ompso She thought Merle O'Brien was all right t Kor shuddered.

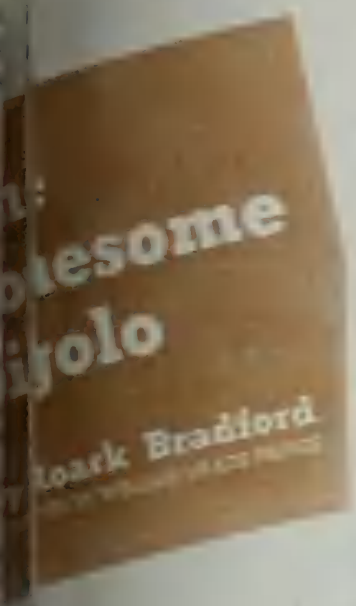
"Every bobby in New York is called C rien," protested.

Merle said she didn't mind that but orda c and she suggested Auberon as a last name At that prominent hairdresser of the same nam n Bo Street yelled bloody murder and Merle h ily co promised on Oberon and it was settled tha ay.

Miss Oberon is the daughter of an Er sh ar officer who died in Tasmania *(Continued* page 3

ROBERT COBURN

**Beside a portrait of herself in her Bel-Ai ome: Merle Oberon, who was Estelle Merle Brien Thompson and now is Mrs. Alexande orda**




sir le man like Nud, un rich, handsome, eds someone to protect n fr n designing females

IT WAS no surprise to Nud to find Giles waiting at the end of the row. It had ever been like that all spring and summer. The foreman's wrath about poor plowing and slow hoeing was to be expected. Slowly Nud had learned there was a heap of difference between being a sawdust monkey at the Alden's Bridge sawmill and making a crop of cotton on Little Bee Bend plantation under the most exacting foreman in the Red River bottoms.

Nud had no idea what he was doing wrong this time but he felt confident Giles would soon tell him. At the end of the row, he said, "Whoa, babies!" hung the plows on the hooks and looked resignedly at Giles.

"I don't see no grass, Nud," the foreman said pleasantly. "And de cotton gittin' too big to let any mo' grass sprout up. So I reckon you done laid by yo' crop, son."

Nud couldn't grasp it. Here was the first good news he had heard in months. "Say which, Mist' Giles?"

"Said," Giles repeated, "hit look like you done made yo'se'f a crop er cotton, son. Now, efn de bull weevils don't eat too much, you might make about twelve bales on dem eight acres."

"Yassuh."

"Den take de cultivator to de barn and turn de mules in de pasture," Giles suggested. Nud watched the foreman ride away.

"He spoke pleasant!" Nud mused. "I wonder what is fixin' to happen to me!"

On the way to the barn, Nud began to understand that the long, lonesome battle against Johnson grass was at an end. "Mist' Giles made me do dat," he thought sadly. "He made me take dis fast-steppin' team and he fussed and quar'led at me and made me do. I didn't had hit in me but he made me."

Last spring when Ruby ran off and quit him, Nud had no hopes of making a crop. But Giles had another idea.

"You got a crop in you, and I'm gonter git hit," Giles had told him. "Ruby wa'n't no good, and I'm glad she gone. But you gonter make me a crop, onderstand?"

"Ruby claim she was puny," Nud said vaguely.

Giles pointed to the eight-acre patch assigned to Nud and Ruby. The young cotton was just breaking through the top of the ridges, and the sprouts of Johnson grass were greener, taller and healthier than was the cotton. "A grassy crop like dat," Giles said, "will make any no-good woman claim she puny. But she wa'n't ailin'."

"Nawsuh," Nud agreed quickly. "I knowed she wa'n't but she claim she was so I sont her off. She claim she goin' to Plain Dealin' to her mamma."

"You sont her to her mamma and wid all dat grass in yo' crop?"

"Nawsuh, I jest sont her off. She claim she was goin' to her mamma. But she wa'n't. She was goin' to Alden's Bridge. She got a friend at Alden's Bridge dat sets blocks in de sawmill."

Giles shook his head. "Nud," said Giles, "I don't think you got as much sense as I think you got. Now, who gonter chop yo' cotton, whilst you's plowin'?"

Nud rolled his eyes. "I 'on't know."

"Well, I know," Giles had decided. "You gonter chop hit. You gonter plow hit over and den you gonter git yo' hoe. You take de fastes'-steppin' team in de lot, so's you kin plow over in two days and den you gonter take de next five days and chop hit out, ev'y week. Onderstand?"

Nud slowly calculated. "Dat'll make me chop on Sunday, too."

"Efn you don't git done choppin' by Sadday night, you gonter do some choppin' on Sunday, cause you sho gonter work dat crop through once ev'y week!"

It had been as rough as that throughout the season. The foreman never let up for a minute. Actually, Nud had never been compelled to work on Sunday but more than once he had chopped

*(Continued on page 42)*

**"And dis," Mamie T concluded, "is f'm me to you, on account er you's a strickly no good"**

# Hitler's Peace Ma

## By W. B. Courtney

MAP BY ROLF KLEP

**Hitler looks forward to no "peace confere peace terms will be dictated, not discussed, and this is his New Europe, personally**

TODAY what Germans in all walks of life talk about when the schnapps is cold and the beer is flowing is: What comes after the war? They are confident of winning the military war. They know it is more important to win the political, social and economic peace.

So the Germans have become the most map-conscious people in the world. Significantly, the most noteworthy object in the living room of Hitler's mountain house at Obersalzburg is a pedestal globe map. A map was used to scare Germans into being "for the war"—the famous blanked-out map in front of which Sumner Welles had his picture taken in Paris, and which Germans believe showed the breakage of the Reich into small states.

Another map is now used to display to Germans the tempting fruits of victory. This is the "*neue Karte von Europa*." At the right, within a small percentage of give and take, is what the average German believes it will look like in the world's school and commerce textbooks after the war is over:

Holland, whose leaders, next to the English, are most hated and despised by German officialdom, disappears from the map entirely. All her territory north of the Rhine, including Rotterdam and Amsterdam, goes into the Reich. The Rhine becomes at last wholly a German river, because the Schaffhausen corner of Switzerland is to all intents and purposes German. Holland south of the Rhine, including Zeeland and North Brabant, as far east as the Maas (Meuse) goes to Belgium. The sliver east of the Maas, including Aachen, joins the Reich.

Belgium loses to the Reich everything east of the Meuse, including Eupen and Malmedy, which she took from Germany after the last war. She also surrenders Flanders, Hainaut and Namur provinces to France. The Meuse thus becomes the frontier between Belgium and Germany as far as Namur city, then between France and Germany southward.

Norway keeps her southern three quarters. North from the Vestfjord—including Narvik, terminal of the railroad to Sweden, the Lofoten, Vesteraalen and Lopphavet islands—to Hammerfest goes to Sweden. The strip from Kirkenes to North Cape goes to Finland.

Denmark gives North Schleswig to Germany, up to a line from Esbjerg to Vejle. This improves Germany's North Sea position; also gives her control of the "Little Belt," one of the strategic channels from the Baltic to the Kattegat, hence the Atlantic.

### The "Little States" are Gone

Luxembourg disappears—into Germany; and with her all the little principalities of Europe fade out. The efficient Germans have an austere economic horror of these "*kleine Staaten*." Andorra goes to Spain, Lichtenstein to the Reich, Monaco will be absorbed by France. There is a possibility Lichtenstein will be traded for Schaffhausen canton in Switzerland. It is a matter of great sentiment with the Germans to have the Rhine slide against or through German soil all the way from Bodensee to Nordsee. Otherwise, Switzerland remains intact; so does Portugal. Spain, in addition to Andorra, gets Gibraltar, of course. Another touch of sentiment—gratefulness for nonintervention—gives the Irish Free State all of Ireland.

France loses to Germany all the territory she took on her eastern border after the last World War—roughly, a line from Sedan to the Swiss corner, including Alsace-Lorraine—or Moselle, Bas Rhin and Haut Rhin as the French renamed them. The important towns of Metz, Strasbourg, Mulhouse, Colmar and Belfort thus go into the Reich. That's all France loses, however; she keeps Savoy and Corsica from Italy. She gains Flanders and other sections from Belgium. And she has a great future, Germans say, as the springboard of Europe's trade with the United States.

Italy has to go east and south for her rewards. Her juiciest gifts lie on the Adriatic. She wins control, through an Italian king, of independent Croatia. She gathers into the borders of Greater Italy the whole Dalmatian coast, with Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Albania, Corfu and northern Greece from the seaport of Previza to the town of Florina. She gets Crete and Cyprus.

### Europe's Two New Corridors

Some heartburn will be caused Italy, however, by one of the two main "corridors" Germany intends to maintain in Europe. It is the strip from the Austrian Alps to the Mediterranean, including the Istria peninsula with the old Austrian naval base of Pola taken by Italy after the last war: also, Fiume and Trieste. The other corridor that Germany has designed for her security and "the sake of eternal peace in Europe" is a demilitarized ribbon from Aachen through Brussels to Calais and Dunkirk, which remain permanently German fortresses. This is so that history will never again see a fight for the Channel ports. It is one of the main German ideas of how to guarantee a peaceable England. In addition, Germany will retain naval-base rights in Brest, Cherbourg and Havre—jointly with France.

Yugoslavia, the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, which first came upon the map in 1918, leaves it forthwith. She will be partitioned, the Germans plan, as follows: Serbia, with Belgrade as capital, becomes a separate nation about on the lines of 1914. Slovenia, on the northwest frontier, goes into the Reich. Slavonia and Voivodina —that is, the Danube valley north of Belgrade and the territory north of the Sava, go to Hungary. The area south of Serbia, from Nish to Monastir and the present Albanian frontier, goes to Bulgaria. So, also, does Macedonia, including Salonika. Turkish Thrace would follow, if Turkey did not co-operate.

But Turkey, agreeable, not only keeps her last finger-tip hold on the European continent; she gets new lands: all of Russia south of the Caucasian Mountains, including Georgia, Armenia, Transcaucasia and Azerbaijan. She will thus have frontage upon the Caspian as well as the Black Sea, with the important seaport of Baku.

Rumania gets all of Bessarabia and additional land as far east as the Bug River, including Odessa. The Germans will concentrate on the development of Nikolaev. This great shipping center, potentially a better port than Odessa, remains Ukrainian.

Hungary, plus her chunks of Yugoslavia, gets a segment of the Ukraine north of Rumania's, possibly including Vinnitsa; and, of course, all southern and eastern Galicia, including Lemberg. Cracow remains in the Reich, which, for more than a year now, has been transferring heavy industries there, as well as to Poznan. Out of reach of bombers from the west.

Finland will be richly set up. As well as North Cape, she gets the entire Kola peninsula, all Karelia, Lakes Onega and Ladoga and Estonia. Leningrad Province will be a free port.

Latvia disappears. Lithuania becomes the core of a greatly augmented Baltic nation; one of Germany's old dreams. Vilna will be the capital, and the new country will include all of Latvia and Lithuania, Poland to Brest-Litovsk, and White Russia to Minsk and Vitebsk.

*(Continued on page 56)*

# EUROPE AFTER THE VERSAILLES TREATY

# China Can't Lose

## By W. H. Donald

**In Cathay, the graft-ridden, loot-laden and lust-loving army of imperial Japan flounders on to nowhere as the Chinese organize for victory**

JAPAN cannot defeat China. Instead, she will be beaten in China—and this regardless of whatever she achieves or fails to achieve elsewhere. In fact, each new involvement on Japan's part serves to insure the eventual certainty of a Chinese victory.

When the Japanese, in July 7, 1937, declared they would conquer China within three months they believed it. The world appeared to believe them. Four years have gone. The Chinese still resist. The Japanese spasmodically fight frenziedly—but without hope of success.

The Chinese army and people have gallantly met the unrestrained onslaught of "irresistible Japan"; have shattered her prestige; have filled the Japanese leaders at home with bewilderment. The armies of Japan cannot escape from China without acknowledging defeat; nor can Japan exploit the so-called "occupied" areas with success or in peace.

Wherever there are Japanese military units in China there are Chinese to fight them. Wastage of the Japanese forces by regular Chinese soldiers or by guerrillas has reached proportions never acknowledged by the Japanese. Fighting surges from the seaboard to the far interior. There is no "front." Bloodletting proceeds without surcease everywhere—before the Japanese lines, behind them, and on all flanks.

The Japanese entered the war with amazing misconceptions of China and her people. Their lighthearted belief that the flags of victory would fly in three months was based upon the misreading of history and their own experience of Chinese pusillanimity. They based their hopes of swift victory upon the knowledge that China of old had always paid to get rid of foreign force; had surrendered to escape. They were sure she would do so again—now, more than ever, since both America and Great Britain could not intervene. The change in the Chinese mind as a result of the establishment of the republic could be ignored. Had not China been fighting internally? She had—but the Japanese failed to see how the seeds of change had been sown in the generation that had grown up since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty.

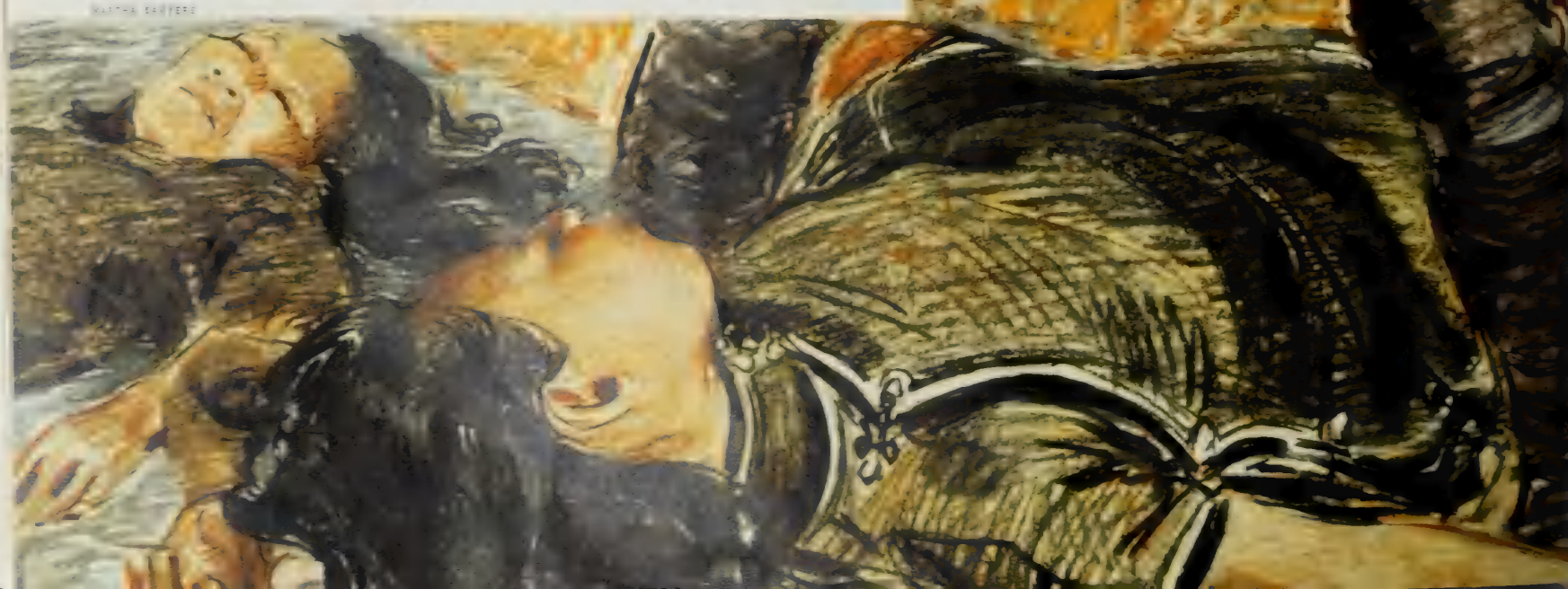
So Japan made her first serious mistake; foreign powers also erred in judgment. All curiously failed to see that with the republic came patriotism, unity, the spirit to fight. Japan felt sure China had neither the spirit nor the means for a war. Chiefly, China had not sufficient equipment. She had wrung her withers chasing Communists for ten long years. Above all, the country was politically riven. China was ripe for plucking, and Japan was determined to establish herself on the mainland before it became too late. A few more years and Japan's greatest opportunity would have passed.

### Why China Failed to Collapse

This, Japan believed. What she did not know was that while China was busy fighting Communists she was much busier building up the national army that in time met the Japanese invaders and held them. That force was devised and taught and drilled and armed by Germans. They did it far from the eyes of the Japanese—away down in Kiangsi province—and they loved doing it. The First World War veterans who composed the German mission were of the best Germany had and they devoted all of their time to the training and organizing of an army for modern warfare. They were specially drillers of men: organizers of war services. They were not strategical advisers: they had nothing material to do with the conduct of the war: they were not planners of campaigns for China, nor were they masters of maneuvers.

*(Continued on page 58)*

**Japan's belief that the Chinese people could not or would not take it was the most important of their many errors in China**



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THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

# Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

*Actual color photograph—F. H. Lewis looks over some fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

# "Want this in your cigarette?"

**"Then smoke Luckies!" says F. H. Lewis, independent to acc warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C., "because Luckie pa the price to get milder, better-tastin' leaf like thi"**

"BELIEVE me—fine, mild, light tobacco like this costs real money. But that's the kind Luckies go after . . . and pay the price to get.

"I've seen 'em do it at one market after the other, all through the Tobacco Country . . . so you can bet your boots I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers, that's a pretty good cue—from a man who knows what he's talking about—a man who has spent his life buying, selling and handling bacc

Of course you want milde bette tasting tobaccos in your cigar e—t kind that bring higher prices a he a tions. Next time you step up to a garet counter, why not be sure you t the finer tobaccos? Ask for Luck Strik

Remember: independent tol co e perts—buyers, auctioneers, wa hous men—smoke Luckies by an ov whelm ing majority . . .

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES TO**

**"[illegible] you are very clever," said Aline. [illegible]k that by this kind of play-acting [illegible]ld Rogers, and incidentally hold [illegible]oney. I'd like the low-down on it"**

[illegible]USTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

# DINA CASHMAN

## By Kathleen Norris

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*[illegible]e Story Thus Far:*

[illegible]INA CASHMAN, who lives with her im-[illegible]poverished family in Railway Flats near [illegible] Francisco, meets and falls in love with a [illegible] Y[illegible] Law School student—Vere Hol-[illegible]d. Th[illegible]—after Vere has returned to New [illegible]—[illegible] makes a dreadful discovery: she [illegible] become a mother!

[illegible] wrote to Vere; but the boy (dominated [illegible] hi[illegible] worldly mother) does nothing. [illegible]erat[illegible] terrified, Dina then turns to Vere's [illegible]thy [illegible]le, Rogers Holland Recently jilted [illegible] the woman he loves—Aline Pierpont, who [illegible] marr[illegible]; Andrew Havens, an artist—Rog-[illegible] in [illegible] embittered frame of mind; hoping [illegible]arouse [illegible]line's jealousy, he calmly suggests [illegible] Dina [illegible]come his wife, *in name only*.

[illegible] Wanting her child to have a legal father, [illegible] accepts the suggestion; she marries Rog-[illegible] Holla[illegible] . . . Dina's baby (a girl) is born; [illegible]erupo[illegible] her life and the lives of those [illegible]nd [illegible] become extremely complex and [illegible]ult. [illegible]ine, preparing to divorce Havens, [illegible]lesses [illegible] be in love with Rogers; and Rog-[illegible] looks [illegible]rward to the time when he and [illegible]—bo[illegible] free—may be happily married.

[illegible] Hol[illegible]d returns from Yale; he is, appar-[illegible] in [illegible]e with Dina. But Dina does not [illegible] to m[illegible]ry him; she cannot forgive him for [illegible] he [illegible]s done; *and she is madly in love* [illegible] *And[illegible] Havens!* . . .

Believi[illegible] a lie that Vere tells him (Vere as-[illegible]es him [illegible]hat Dina still loves him—Vere—[illegible]d wan[illegible] to marry him), Andrew Havens [illegible]s awa[illegible] But, unable to be happy unless he [illegible]near D[illegible], he presently returns; and, in the [illegible]se of [illegible]veral long talks, he and Dina make [illegible]r plan [illegible]for marrying as soon as the neces-[illegible]y divo[illegible]s are secured.

[illegible]ine [illegible] her divorce, and Andrew Havens is free. Unfortunately—after Dina has returned to her family's home—Rogers Holland suddenly realizes that Aline, far from being the sort of woman he would want for a wife, is a selfish, scheming person; and, although she does everything she can to inveigle him into matrimony, he postpones the Reno business.

Then he asks "a favor" of Dina—he asks her if she will write him a letter in which she informs him that she will not, under any circumstances, consider divorcing him or permitting him to secure a divorce!

Dina—remembering how deeply indebted to Rogers she is—says that she will write the letter.

### Conclusion

NOW, let's you and I have an understanding, you bad boy," Aline said, freeing herself from Rogers' arms after his friendly welcoming kiss with more ease than she liked or had anticipated. "Sit down here—no, where I can hold your hand—and let's talk! What's all this about and what's the matter and what have I done?"

She had come to his house, self-invited, on this second night after his return from his long trip, dressed for dinner. She had said Caroline would be with her but Caroline had not come. And as always, Aline was beautiful beyond the lot of ninety-nine out of every hundred women in the world—beautiful with that challenging completeness that was Aline's alone.

Her slender body was swathed in velvet; her bare ivory arms were without jewelry; her shining black hair looked like enamel and the flawless skin as smooth as tinted magnolia petals; her mouth was colored a deep Burgundy, and her mysterious, fathomless eyes were filled with their own peculiar light. Set against the tapestry of a high-backed chair, and with the subdued light of one garden lamp filtering over her and mingling with the early moonlight on the terrace, she was like a Velasquez portrait of medieval aristocracy and grace.

The night was warm, the garden below scented with sharp autumn scents, cosmos and chrysanthemums, and with the faint odor of burning brush. Rogers did not take the place suggested, but sprawled in his own favorite basket chair some feet away, and took his pipe from the pocket of his worn coat.

"To begin with," said Aline, "I want to say this; I've said it to Caroline and I mean it. You did just exactly what I would have done. I mean you just wanted to wash your hands of the whole damn' business; you wanted to think; you wanted to get it all straight; and you took to the road! Why not? I knew just what you were going through and I respected you for it. Well," she added, after an imperceptible pause, during which Rogers did not make the expected protest or offer the expected explanation, "that's that."

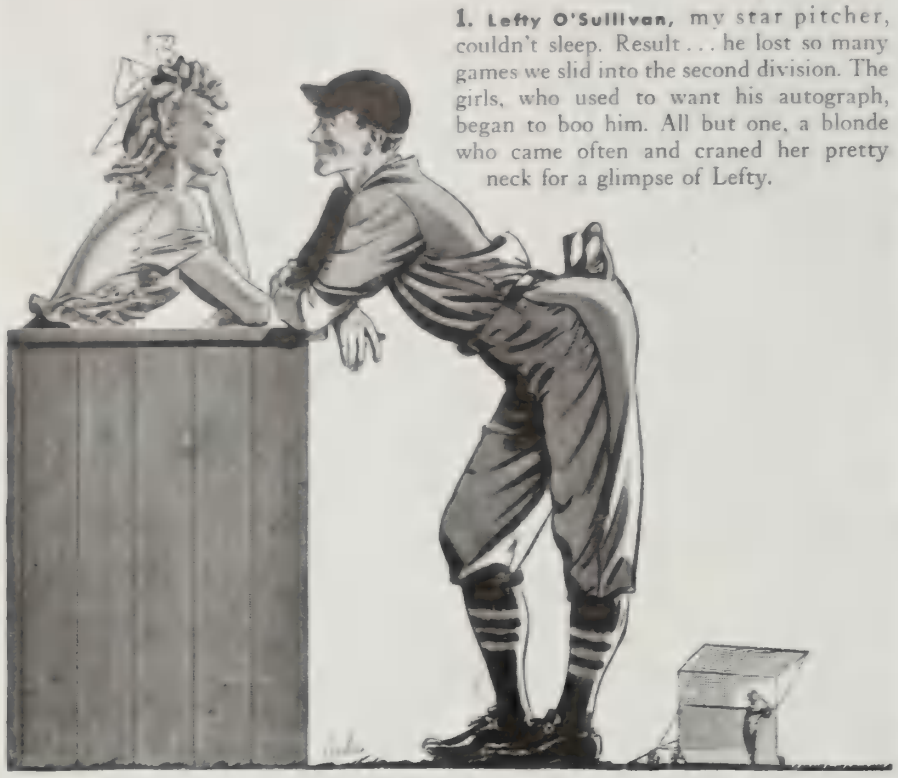
Aline stretched a beautiful hand for a cigarette, bent forward as she lighted it. Rogers made no gesture of helping her, but then it would not have been like him to do so. That would have meant that he was treating her formally, and Aline did not mean this meeting to be formal. But she wished he would relieve her of the entire burden of the conversation.

"I mean," she began again, using the favorite formula that peppered all her talk, "I mean that like a fool I told one or two of my friends that you were getting your divorce, and that we were going to be married immediately. Katty von Behrens even offered their place for a honeymoon. Our honeymoon at last, Toppy, after all these years!

"I mean I actually was that close to it!" Aline added in a silence.

Rogers took his pipe out of his mouth.

# *The Story of Lefty and the Blonde back of First Base*



**1. Lefty O'Sullivan,** my star pitcher, couldn't sleep. Result . . . he lost so many games we slid into the second division. The girls, who used to want his autograph, began to boo him. All but one, a blonde who came often and craned her pretty neck for a glimpse of Lefty.

**2. One day this blonde** called me over to her box. "Do your men drink coffee?" she asked. "Sure, ordinarily," I replied, deciding she's a crackpot. "But I made Lefty cut it out—the caffein keeps him awake."

**3. "You just think** he cut it out," she stated. "I saw Lefty last night in a café! He drank two cups of coffee! Why don't you tell him to try Sanka Coffee...it's 97% caffein-free, and can't keep him awake!"

**4. "It lets you sleep!"** she continued. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says, 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'!"

**5. "Thanks," said I.** So I told Lefty to try it. Soon, he's winning ball games again. The team perked up at that, and by September we're back in the race. "Lucky you thought about Sanka!" said Lefty.

**6. "Thank that blonde** in the first-base box," I said. "It was *her* idea!" "Introduce me!" said Lefty. "Maybe I *need* a grandstand manager!" (You guessed it . . . she's Mrs. Lefty now. They were married the day we clinched the pennant!)

SANKA COFFEE

**REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE**

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.


"I know. That was the plan," he said briefly, and put it back again.

"Well, exactly, that was the plan!" Aline echoed eagerly. "So, I mean what happened to the plan?" she demanded winningly. "I mean, here I was having to say to people, 'But he's not divorced!' When I got back from New York, you can imagine how I felt when they told me you were gone! I mean I'd shown Katty and Zoe and Louise some of my trousseau and, of course, it made me feel like a fool. Maybe I am a fool about you, anyway."

She smiled her slow Oriental smile, spread her hands appealingly.

"Not a line or a note—"

"I sent you a note, following up that talk we had before you ever went to Reno. Remember the night I told you it was all off? But I wrote it, too, and sent it by Hall."

"I never got it!" Aline said quickly.

"I don't know what happened to it, then. He came back and said he had left it. But we'd talked it all out anyway. We'd settled it."

"I don't remember settling anything at all. Except that you hadn't gotten a divorce, as you promised to, and that you ran away. But I knew that you'd be home some day, Toppy, and that we'd talk it over and straighten it all out. I mean I haven't changed in the least. I mean I did go to Reno and get my divorce, and so where am I?"

"LOOK here, Aline," said Rogers, "I've been married twice, and you've been married three times. We're sensible people; we're not kids jumping into experiments. It seems to me that if one or the other of us comes to the conclusion that it would be a mistake, that ought to be enough."

"It wouldn't take me very long," Aline answered him patiently, "to convince you that it wasn't a mistake. That it was the happiest thing that ever happened to either of us. I mean that you've never been spoiled, Rogers, and I want a chance to spoil you. With all the dinners you've given in this house, dinners when poor Anna was alive, bridge dinners, men's dinners, you've never known what real hospitality is."

She looked so lovely, so entirely the alluring woman as she said this, that to Rogers himself it was strange that he could answer with outward calm:

"You never can tell, can you? It might work out."

But he was more shaken than he knew. He felt the curious power she had always held over him since as a boy he had seen a sixteen-year-old girl dancing in black lace with poppies in her hair.

"I think we could tell!" Aline said quickly. "You're the oldest friend I have."

"Light a fire in there, will you, Hinz?" Rogers said to the butler, hearing him busy with the fastenings of the tall French windows.

"It's lighted, sir."

"Good. And bring in this chair, will you? I brought it out here for Mrs. Havens.

"Aline," Rogers said, when they were settled with drinks and canapés by the fire, "has it ever occurred to you that it might be Dina?"

"Dina!" she echoed quickly. "You mean she's fallen in love with you? That's nonsense, no matter what she says. Caroline tells me that Vere is mad to marry her now."

"I don't know that she's fallen in love with me. I know that she refuses me a divorce."

A silence, while Aline looked at him steadily.

"What are you talking about?" she said then.

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you that might be it?"

"But—good gracious, it as all ranged!"

"We may have thought was. perhaps," Rogers said changed her mind, too."

"Hinz says dinner's rea said a voice from the doorw and the woman at the fires turned if electrified. Dina had c room, a demure and well-b in a simple dark dress that seen many times before.

"Hello, Aline," she said, ward. "No Caroline? I tho coming, too."

She slipped easily into h completing the semicircle smiled at the other two.

"No, nothing for me, Hi to the butler. "We'll be out. I wasn't sure I could m Rogers," Dina went on, write. I left the baby with I've had a talk with Mrs. B hot bath and it seems goo again!"

"I was just telling Alin began.

"Of your reconciliation," as he paused. She was bre tle hard, and her carved i were flaring and narrowing a restive horse, but she ga sign of whatever she migh

"It could hardly be a r when there wasn't ever a qu said innocently. "I don't th quarreled, did we, Rogers?

"I don't believe we eve knew he was all but speechl prise and satisfaction. "U about Russian bank," he ad

"Oh, well, I won't play Ru Dina declared firmly.

"Because you have nev its intricacies, my dear," I held just the pleasantly tea the husband and household

"I didn't bring Margaret. cause I wasn't sure just how here," Dina said.

"You're very devoted to girl, aren't you?" Aline a smiled dreamily, brought h the fire to meet those o woman.

"She's very cunning jus said, "walking and talking ers," Dina interrupted he apologetically, "here you a real adventures and we've you anything about them! the ship you went off in—a wasn't it? Wasn't it horri fortable? And let's go ou before we get started, for probably half killed himse something extraordinary!"

A FRIEND'S car was t Aline when she telep Pleading a headache she telephone immediately a Neither Rogers nor Dina a persuade her to change he both knew that no powers could influence her to do Rogers telephoned, Dina ar for five minutes alone. Of t terval Aline took immediat wasting no moment upon

"You think you are very Aline, looking at the your through narrowed lids. "Yo by this kind of play-acting Rogers, and incidentally h money. I'd like the low-dow didn't he get a divorce?"

"I really don't know," Di candidly. "I had gone up to be with my mother. The heard was that Rogers h China."

"I want to tell you some want to say it quickly." "I can make it very well while to drop this silly nons

ur ivorce as you promised to last int Vere's mother is my oldest friend d you happened to want to marry ere

"V asked me to marry him," Dina id nply, as Aline, seeing that she d de no impression, paused with r s ewd, cold glance as fixed as a ake upon Dina's face, "when he ou Rogers and I were going to be vor d. But this way," she finished, eer l wiser."

"It on't be wise for Rogers, I warn u,' line began again quickly, "to ve wife discussed as you may be scu d."

"I nk people have said everything m that they can say," Dina an- ere unruffled.

"A you propose to live along here th gers?"

"W, that's what most wives do, t i

"Th has nothing to do with it!" ine id sharply.

"C LDN'T raise the Harrison Ga ge at all," Rogers said, return- g, "b it occurs to me that Hall's here; don know why I didn't think of it fore Where are you staying, Aline?"

"W Caroline. Did you tell Hall?"

"Ye and he's waiting. But why sh? hat aspirin may ease up your od y minute—" But even as he oke Rogers was walking with her war he hall, and when he came back re n utes later he was alone, and ina l l heard the front door slam and e m ement of a car on the drive. iera ne," he said, "what inspired u?"

"I y thought of it after you left ockt yesterday," she explained. "I'd omi l to write you a letter, you ow, ut when I thought it over it eme silly not to come myself. It eme o much more convincing to be ght e, instead of your handing her lette rom me! In the first place," she ent c back in her seat now, with Rog- s op site her in the old way, "I knew u'd ver hand it to her. I was afraid e'd k you over."

"Sh vould have; she would have." id gers, pulling on his pipe, retch luxuriously in his low leather air, iling at space. "I'm weak, Ger- dine. was beginning to think, 'Damn it, it is Aline, after all, and Lord, but she's beautiful, and what of it? If she wants to try it here for a while and then get a divorce—'

"No, no, no," he interrupted himself, "it wasn't really getting me! But when you walked in, Geraldine, calm and affectionate and just the lady of the house welcoming a guest—"

He was silent again, and Dina was silent, too, her hands clamped on the arms of her chair as they had been in many a talk beside this fire, her eyes fixed on his.

"Well, you're a remarkable girl," Rogers finished. "Some day the lad'll come along who'll be good enough for you. But meanwhile, you'll pull me out of the tightest hole I ever got into. Whew! Never again. Now what do you plan to do?"

"I thought—I was thinking, driving down," Dina began.

"How'd you get here, by the way?"

"You had the big car in town, and Mrs. Bucket sent Porty Joe with the green car. I telephoned her last night and had a long talk."

"You're deep, that's what you are. Well, go on. How'll we manage this?"

"I was thinking this, Rogers: Suppose I go home every Monday and stay until Friday or Saturday. Then come down here so that at the club on Saturday or Sunday we'll be seen together."

"You don't have to do that every week end. Just until Caroline and Aline accept the idea."

"Well, nearly every week end."

"She'll have a grand powwow with Caroline, as soon as she gets there!"

"I suppose so."

"Lord, Geraldine, this is one house with you in it, and another without you!" Rogers said.

They sat in silent contentment until Hinz respectfully interrupted:

"Would you and Mrs. Holland like the cribbage board, sir?"

"By all means!" Rogers answered. "I was eleven up."

"Nine. Don't you remember I won two games and I said you were a baseball team ahead?" Dina asked.

"Nine it is. This is fun!" They were both laughing as they drew up their chairs.

But Dina did not laugh in the long watches of the night, and she was not

## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

**Uncle A:** Well! Well! Doris. So your *engagement's* going to be announced tonight!
**Uncle B:** I must say you don't seem very *thrilled* about it!

**Uncle A:** Looks like a little job for us, Bert. The poor girl's short on "pep appeal."
**Uncle B:** Right you are, Andy. Maybe she isn't getting all her vitamins. We'll have to take her in hand.

**Uncle A:** Lucky your mother had some KELLOGG'S PEP in the house, for it's a grand place to start on vitamins. Yessir, PEP is extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins $B_1$ and D. You start getting all your vitamins and you'll feel like a different girl!
**The Girl:** *Wait a minute!* Instead of all that talk about vitamins, why didn't you tell me how *good* PEP is? Wow! This tastes grand!

**The Girl:** See you later, and thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a different girl I'm going to be.
**The Uncles** (in unison): Where there's pep there's hope!

## Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age, 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

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# Ben's I.Q. was way up —but the world turned him down

**BEN'S PROFESSORS** called him "The Brain." Pretty girls called him "The Profile." But the closer Ben got to a girl, the more distant she became. For brains and good-looks go begging—when a man has underarm odor.

**IN BUSINESS** Ben figured his high-powered brains would zoom him up the hill to success in high. Imagine his embarrassment when he stalled! Ben was going nowhere fast—when a newspaper ad pulled him up—

**NOW THAT BEN** uses Mum every day, he's going places! He always had brains and personality—Mum gave them a chance to get across. Underarm odor keeps many an able citizen down—until he plays safe with Mum!

● NO MAN can afford to take chances with underarm odor. Remember your daily shower only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come. A quick dab of Mum—30 seconds to apply—prevents underarm odor all day or evening long. Harmless to skin and shirts—does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

*A Product of Bristol-Myers Company*

**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION


laughing when she met Andy in San Francisco the next day. Her wire had said. "Under the clock at the Saint Francis at one," and it was in one of the high-backed red velvet chairs in the hotel foyer that he found her, sitting erect, lovely in her autumnal costume of browns and blacks, strangely pale.

"You did come down after all!"

"I came down yesterday."

"But you look tired; you've no color at all," Andy said solicitously, as they reached the street. "Don't you want lunch?"

"Yes, somewhere," she said nervously. "But not here. Everyone will know us in here! Where could we go to walk?"

"To *walk!* I thought you said you were hungry."

"I am. But I was thinking of the beach, maybe—the cliffs somewhere, or some place in the park. Let's go out to the Cliff House—I want to go somewhere we won't be seen."

"I know. We'll go to Julius' Castle." He helped her into a taxi, took her hands and held them tight. "What's the matter, darling?" he asked.

"Just—I'll tell you. But first let's get seated—"

"You drove yourself down yesterday and got tired?"

"No; I telephoned Mrs. Bucket and she sent Porty Joe for me."

"I don't seem to place Mrs. Bucket."

"Rogers' housekeeper."

"Oh. Oh, yes. And she sent up for you. But why didn't you telephone me? I'd have come like a shot. And why didn't you let me know you were down here?"

"Well, because—" She waited while he paid the driver and while they entered the little hillside restaurant and found a table in a corner close to a great window overlooking the city and the bay. "Andy," Dina said then, "Rogers is back."

"I saw that in the paper yesterday."

"Yes; and he came to Stockton to see me on Monday. That's—that's why I came down. He wants me to go back to him. I have gone back to him."

"What—darling! This doesn't make sense!" Andy said.

"He doesn't want a divorce."

A LONG silence. Andy looked at her steadily; Dina looked away.

"I see," Andy said then, clearing his throat.

"No, of course you don't see," she said in a low voice; "but I do. I see what I have to do."

"You mean he wants you to go back to him." Andy said it patiently, not making it a question. "Why? I thought it was all a plan—I thought you never had been his wife—"

He stopped. Dina looked at him honestly, her cheeks suddenly red.

"Yes, that's true. But he wants me back."

"You mean—I don't get this," Andy muttered. "Anything, anything," he said to the waiter. "Bring us lunch; you select it. But, Dina," he resumed, "you can't do that."

"I have to," Dina said.

"You mean that now, after his throwing you out, after his saying he wanted to marry Aline—all that's wiped out, and now he wants you back!"

"Apparently," Dina said faintly.

"But you don't *want* to!"

"I want—" she began. Her voice thickened and her eyes filled, and she went on in a low tone that she tried to hold steady. "I want to marry you, of course, Andy," she said.

Instantly his hand came out and covered hers.

"But that's what you're going to do," he said; "and he can marry Aline."

"He doesn't want to, now."

"Doesn't want to!"

"No. That's it. She does."

"And you're to be the buffer?"

"As long as I'm his wife, and won't give him a divorce, she can't."

"But everyone knows what the plot was!"

"I know. Aline came down to see Rogers last night. She was to bring Caroline, but Caroline didn't come. Aline was dressed as if it was a party. She was going to fix it all with Rogers."

"Well?"

"Well, I was there," Dina said simply.

"So she couldn't. I see."

"She went home very early; she said she had a headache; and Rogers and I played cribbage."

Andy's handsome, hard face was grim. "Why should you do that for him, Dina?"

"Because I must. Oh, you know," Dina burst out, suddenly abandoning the quiet, repressed manner she had forced upon herself during the beginning of the talk, "you know what a goggle-eyed *simpleton* Rogers can be! Mrs. Bucket tells me that his first wife was a hypochondriac, always imagining something was wrong with her, but that he took it all with the utmost seriousness, had nurses, sent her away for cures, believed everything. All his life he's believed everything Aline ever said about wanting to be a country lady, gardening and having a houseful of children! Until this year, that is; now he knows. I don't know what he discovered or saw or suspected, but last night just before I went upstairs, he said to me, 'She couldn't play fair with me even while we were engaged!' And I know she hasn't from something I saw. She doesn't love him. And he was good to me," Dina went on, her lips suddenly trembling, "and I'll stand by him. She shan't have him!"

"But great Allah! Can't he tell her so? Hasn't he any spunk at all?" Andrew said loudly.

"No; Rogers hasn't. Or not where she's concerned. He's loved her too long, or thought he did. Anyway, she has some hold on him."

"And he feels that keep g you th
young and lovely and—ar dear as y
are—will keep her out? you do
matter, and nothing matt except t
that fat—that toad," And aid angr
"is to be protected by th uinetin
your life!"

"Well, after all, you t her a
from him, Andy," Dina id timi
"and that started all this.

"I'd never heard of hir She ne
once told me about bein engaged
him!"

"He stood by me," Dina rsisted
"Not because he felt a obligat
to you!"

"No, but he was always d—
was so ill, when the hous was full
nurses, and Margaret was alling

"HOW long, presumably lightful arrangement
finished a ramekin of mu
crabmeat and truffles wi
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"I'm finished, too. W
salad," Dina said to the
Andy she answered sim
know."

"Can you see," Andy a
the reverse situation wo
you think how you'd feel
back to live in the house w
tractive woman, dine wi
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band? How'd that seem to
you believe—would it m
you that I never was going
to put my arm around her,
that after all she was my w

"As to that," she said, "you needn't worry. It wo cur to him to make love t that I was anything but w from the beginning—the his house, who keeps aw tions."

Andrew looked at her When he spoke his voice "You are a wonderful wo wonder who else would said. He saw her bite her

"Well! What can I do for you?"

# Never too busy to be Good Neighbors

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**Pro-phy-lac-tic**

**TOOTH BRUSH**

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**Jewelite Brushes** *by* Pro-phy-lac-tic


face wrinkle, but when she spoke it was with complete self-control:

"There's something I want to say to you, Andy, and now may be my last chance. You'll be going east, and my plans are nowhere. I may get a divorce in five months; it might be five years."

"It won't be five years," he said steadily.

"No, it won't be five years. When you're kind to me," Dina said, blinking and gulping and attempting a smile, "you break—you break me all up. But we're going to part for a while anyway; we'll have to forget our little Connecticut farm for a while, and I want you to know something before you go. It's this—"

She looked down at the table in silence for a full two minutes. The waiter took away the plates, put cheese and coffee before them; withdrew.

"IT'S this," Dina began again. "I am your wife. Forever and forever, until we're both old. I'm your wife. When you've gone I'm going to live ahead all the years, years when I'll pour your breakfast coffee, with the snow outside, or the hot summer morning; years when we'll take Margaret and the other children off for beach picnics, pin up their clothes, dry off their sandy little feet; years when you'll take me to galleries and everyone will know that that's Andrew Havens, the artist, and his wife; years of evenings together, Andy, when the fire's burning, and you look up from your book and I look up from mine, and we smile at each other; all the years there are—your *wife*.

"And one thing more," she went on, as he did not speak, and they looked at each other with brimming eyes, "I'll never love any other man. You can marry someone else; you might die; it wouldn't make any difference; I'll never belong to anyone but you.

"I'll live on thinking that, Andy. I'll not change. And I'll write you, and tell you all about things at Mother's, and things down in Rogers' too. I'll send you pictures of Margaret, and no matter how long it is, I'll be living for the day when we two get into your old car and start off into heaven together!"

She was so stirred that she had to put her elbows on the table when she had finished, and cover her eyes with her hands. For a long time Andy did not speak. Then he said:

"Dina, will you give me tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" she echoed, swallowing, smiling, wiping her eyes.

"Yes. I think I'll go tomorrow. Jim Robinson, the curator, is here; he's lecturing at Town Hall at two o'clock. I'll drive east with him. But I'll have all tomorrow until—well, until five. Will you come to town again and lunch with me, and we'll go up into Chinatown, and buy each other presents as we did that first day?"

"Oh, yes; I'll do that!" she said, eagerly and gratefully. And then in a whisper, "Oh, Andy, I love you so!"

"Love! You don't know anything about love," he said gently, his lean, sunburned face wearing its pleasantest smile. "But some day I'll show you what it is. So we have today and tomorrow, Dina."

"I'm meeting Rogers late this afternoon. There's a wedding at four, but I can skip that and meet him at the reception. He wants people to see us together. But we have until then! Andy, you are so kind not to make this too hard for me!" Dina said, her wet eyes trying to smile at him.

"I'm dazed. The bullet has gone clear through me," Andrew said. "Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll walk to the garage—that's quite a walk—and get my car, and go out and sit on the cliffs. Or go over the bridge into Marin if you like, and walk there. And tomorrow we'll see the mural a
town, and then maybe, if
go sit in some dark movie
are comfortable chairs, an
my arm around you. Th
goodby, and I'll pick up F
we'll be on our way. We're
because of his lecture."

"You'll go through Stoc

"Not if I can help it! I
do one thing for me?"

Her eyes, bright and da
and happiness and relief, a

"Tomorrow, you know,
shopping in Chinatown, I
something for me."

"What?"

"Do you know that o
church right on the edge o
That's one of the old
churches in San Francisc
old Cathedral—Saint Mar
go in there with me tomorr
to the altar and say that
wife forever and ever, in
in health, for richer or
death do us part?"

Their hands were lock
Dina's eyes were shining; h
like those of an awestruck

"Oh, you know I will, y
I will love to do that. And
did you think of it?"

"I thought of it just nov
said how you would think
the years and think of yo
ways my wife. All right
said, signaling for the che
the car. We have until fiv
day and we have tomorro

"Tomorrow will be the
half whispered, keeping
him as they went into the
she counted the hours jeal
five—that's only two and
Andy; and then tomorrow,
that's only seven more."

"We'll pack 'em!" he s
both of them the present
the thought of the coming
almost too much, and w
Hall left Andrew at his hot
ing afternoon Dina looke
wan.

"I think I'll not get out,
by, dear."

"Goodby," he said. A
benefit he added, "And a n
for everything!"

But he had kissed her in
of the almost empty movi
kept his big arm about
could remember that. Sl
member the marvelous m
old church, when they two
a dark back pew and stare
that was blazing with car
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"I'll always be your wif
ever. In sickness and in
richer, for poorer. Until
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THEY had come out of th
emn and with eyes stre
There had been no flowe
no joyous congratulatory
Dina had known that man
felt less married than sh
and Andy walked to a littl
taurant in Bush Street for

It had been bewilderin
go from him to meet R
caught in a tide of a
party, to move in a dream
tering groups in a city man
of friendly voices had gre
the reception went upon
laughing, crowded way.

"He got back Monday.
with my mother while he
travels," Dina had said o
again. "My baby's quite
know."

"And you'll both be h
a while?"

"For a while."

Ro s had been in great spirits as y ve home.

"Se Vere there?"

"N didn't. I didn't get out of the in oom once I'd gotten in there. in were so congested that I helped s ee."

"Ve spoke to me for a moment, he ed r you, and I said very casually t were there somewhere, that d ten separated somehow in the sh. le said, 'Oh, she's here, then?' I as d how he could telephone you, I I d. 'At the house any time,' and t w all."

Ali wasn't there?"

No ut Caroline was, and Aline will a l account of it."

Dina ad rested contentedly against co rtable cushions of the big car. nor w was to be their day—hers A 's. She would look no farther n th .

ut en tomorrow had come and e a eat blankness seemed to come r h a languor of soul and body, voi of Andy was continually in her s ar the touch of his hand on hers. a v ld lie flat in the long wake- nig , remembering, remembering. thc ht of the streets through which he walked, of the little restaurant es ere they had lunched; she agh ost often of the old Cathedral of dy and herself kneeling and spe in one of the shadowy pews, her art shook within her, and she tha she could not live with the wle that he was going farther far r away from her.

hris as came, and this time Dina's ily ne down to spend a day with r ma ied daughter, and to marvel at big use and impressive state in ch L a lived. Rogers—himself the gest of the plan—had said that he bab would not be able to be pres- at th one-o'clock feast, but loitering rom oment to moment, he had re- ned the end, which had come with risi abruptness.

or t Cashmans were not experi- ed i ocial niceties. They arrived noon old and car-tired; they ad- ed th house, they left Dina's pres- tie icely in ribbons and silver er, a accepted their own presents tly, owing them in the cars for nina n later. They did full justice he h ty dinner; Myrna trying her young conversational arts upon Rogers. Donny solemn, with a napkin tied about his neck, Margaret kept up after nap time to occupy the high chair.

But when the meal was over there were unmanageable silences, and Dina's father said restlessly that they had better begin to think of starting for home. It was a long run and a pretty cold day. At half past two, to Dina's secret relief, with thanks that were expressed in their awed faces and subdued manners rather than by anything they said, they left in two cars, everybody well muffled and Art grinning in great if secret pride over his first pair of fur-lined gloves.

Five minutes later Margaret was asleep and Dina was off for a rapid walk through the hills and roads.

"I'm glad we did it," she said to Rogers that evening, when they were going in the big car to a quiet Christmas dinner at Woodside. "They'll talk of it forever! But—it's a funny thing, I feel more at home—I mean here, than I do even at home. But I told them Margaret and I would be up tomorrow, to stay three or four days, and it'll be then that I get the whole reaction, all about every chair and table and maid and dish!"

"I could see they were taking it all in," Rogers said. And then, in a businesslike tone: "Now listen, I may go on to play cards at Ned's tonight. All right if Hall takes you home around ten?"

"Fine. But I'm glad we had them," Dina repeated; "it was a happy Christmas Day!"

"Perhaps the happiest that the old place ever knew," Rogers said thoughtfully. And when she heard one of his rare, half-involuntary admissions that he was satisfied, Dina was satisfied too.

IN THE cold spring weather and over roads against which floodwaters were brimming, she drove to and fro between her husband's home and her mother's every week. Dina came to know all the turns and the gas stations; she and Margaret and Ida welcomed the first waves of rich green grass in February and the first white and pink of the orchards. Acacia was powdered gold in the dooryards of the villages through which they drove; there were days in which Dina arrived in driving rains, there were hot days when her forehead was wet beneath the brim of her hat.

Art had had a raise; Myrna had ■

UTC

By Larry Reynolds

Canoeing, boating—water sports of any sort—are great fun and great for your health. But the hot sun bakes your hair and scalp—leaves your hair parched, dry and lifeless.

Your plunge completes the damage—leaves your hair a social disaster. Natural oils are washed away. Your hair dries out lustreless and unresponsive to your comb and brush.

# Help Your Hair Against the Menace of Hot Sun and Soaking Water!

WHAT'S your summer sport—golf, tennis, handball or swimming, or just loafing on a sun-drenched beach?

No matter what your schedule or your skill, remember that the broiling summer sun is an enemy of your hair! Its blazing rays bake your hair—leave it dull and brittle. And then, your soaking shower or refreshing swim washes away natural scalp oils—leaves your hair a dry, unmanageable wreck!

Build up your health and stamina—enjoy your healthful hours in the sun! But give your hair the stimulating help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel that pleasant tingle as circulation awakens. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your dry, oil-depleted scalp. Unsightly loose dandruff is routed and your hair takes on a natural, lustrous appearance—stays perfectly in place! And no sign of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

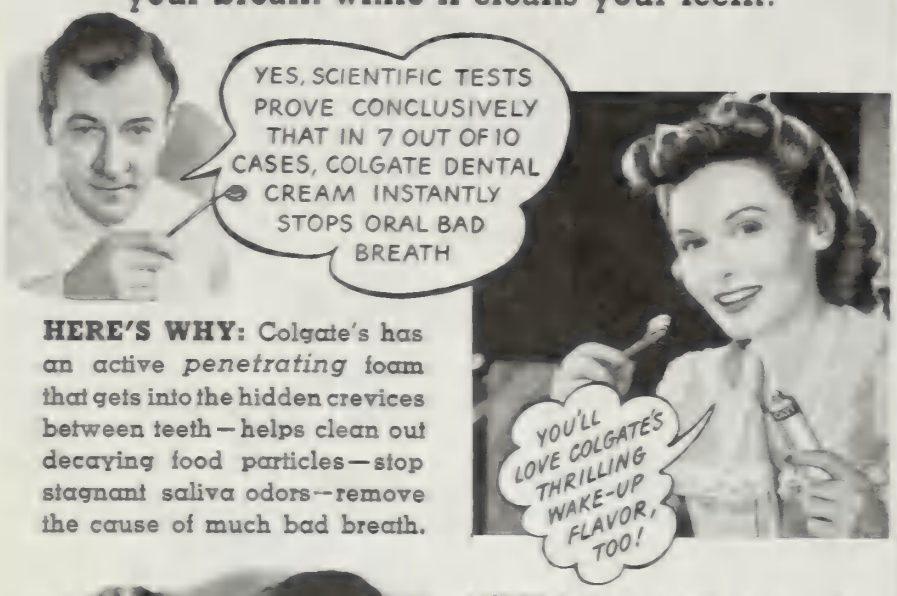
Get Vitalis today. Make the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" a regular "follow-up" to your summer days and sports—an assurance of healthier, handsomer hair!

*A Product of Bristol-Myers Company*

**USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"**

# BUT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KISS HER...

**Why? Because kisses and bad breath just don't mix! So don't be an ostrich about YOUR breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!**




**HERE'S WHY:** Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

**BESIDES,** Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently ... makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!

job with the telephone company; Dooley spent all her spare moments at the hospital and was going to start training as a nurse when she was eighteen; Art had Amanda, and bored his sister into actual sleep with confidences about her: Dina's mother was having all her teeth replaced; her father had been put on a strict diet by the company doctor and discussed fats and calories at all meals; little Lou still clung in silent, passionate devotion to her oldest sister, cried regularly when Dina went away, welcomed her back as one returning from the dead. Dina brought all the girls down in turn for week ends at the Holland mansion, but although the novelty entertained Myrna and Dooley, it was only Lou who really enjoyed them.

SO THE weeks went by, and it was summer, and this year the Cashmans rose to the dignity of having a cabin of their own at the lake: one hundred dollars' rent for two months, but Dina paid it, and Dina was sure it was worth it. Again they loaded the car and again the family packed itself into it, but this time it was Dina and Art who took up the first delegation; their mother, self-consciously clicking the new teeth, would remain at home to take care of the man of the house, following the children only when his vacation began.

It was hot July weather as they drove up past the flat river country and into the mountains; this was sheer delight and adventure, and Dina's mood of excitement and joy affected all the rest. The woods were green, pressing against the winding white road; long before they came to the lake itself they could see other lakes, still and cool and sapphire blue between the great shoulders of the hills.

A stop at the grocery; the usual moving-day order of butter and eggs and bread and coffee. The smaller girls roamed about with baskets; their purchases filled two high heavy paper bags.

"Oh, I wish everybody in the world could have as much fun as we do!" Dina said, when they had found the brown cottage perched on a great waterside outbreak of boulders, and had investigated its three bunk-lined rooms, and started their first fire in the great black-mouthed chimney. The sun was sinking now, long lances of light touched the golden shafts of the pines; every high tuft of green stood apart in the crystal clearness as if seen through water; bees were going home; spears of tobacco-brown yarrow and clouds of blue Michaelmas daisies lined the rocky path that led down from the cabin porch to the water.

The Cashmans were into the water like fish restored to their natural element; other groups of bathers were enjoying a dip at the end of the hot day; two young swimmers went by with the speed of dolphins curving through the lake and shouted a welcoming, "Hello, girls, you got back, did you?"

Myrna, as she swam gallantly beside Art and Dina told them that the swimmers were Berkeley boys, Stuart Wilson and Mart Pepper.

It was only fifty feet to the great flat-topped rock still baking in sunlight, but the Cashmans were not experienced swimmers and were glad to get there. They lay like three seals, panting, and occasionally shouting a warning to the three small sisters who were busily splashing, digging and shouting with a few other children on the narrow strip of beath.

Two other swimmers came up to their rock, hung there breathless for a moment, swam away again. When a third stranger was suddenly there, dragging his dripping form up to a level several feet away from them, sitting with his back toward them, they paid him no attention.

But after a moment he d. "Hel
Dina," and Dina turned w a sudde
stop at her heart and looke at him.
that dazzling second the be
mer world about her, the sa
the ripples against the rocl
tufted, golden-shafted pine
above the brown cabins int
sky were heaven itself.

"Andy!" she said. Art
were gone, swimming back
and the world was all then
and woman, their drippin
gether, their eyes seeing
each other.

"I arrived here today," h said "I
over at the hotel. I though ou peo
wouldn't be here until late ight. B
when I saw you drive by I g my bat
ing suit out."

"But who told you we'c e here
all?"

"Rogers."

"You've seen him?"

"I telephoned him, night efore le
from New York. And ther flew a
we had a talk today."

"From New York? But, no
can stay how long?"

"I don't know. Until S
way."

"Only until Sunday!"

"That's three days."

"Yes; that's richness." D
her cap, shook her mop fre
der long body was stretched
she rested one elbow on
weatherworn boulder, su
cheek on her hand. "Oh, w
together again!" she said
breath.

"I'll ask you all to dir
over at the hotel."

"Oh, no; not tonight. Gi
chance to get her organdy
press it. Andy, how goes it

"It goes well, darling. An

"I reported to you every
goes well, too. It's done wh
it to do, Andy. Aline does
Rogers now: she's stopped
and trying to see him. I
really happy, and some
wouldn't know him for the
to be. I mean with Marg
stance—but, of course," Di
to say, smiling, "Margaret
sistible baby of all time, sa
thing and running everywh

"I took a look at her o
with Ida. With a mosquito's
on and a straw hat."

"That's a sun suit. Bu
doesn't discriminate; she
swimming by this time. Bu
tell me what brings you, a
you're half as glad to see
you!"

"I'M AWFULLY glad, D
answered seriously. "
brought me was, of course,
to Rogers," he added.

"Rogers doesn't know w
other," she said quickly; "o
he knows we're good frie
amended it; "but he do
about those few minutes i
Mary's."

"Rogers may not know
but he's known all along how
with us."

"You think so?"

"Leave it to that old fox.
wrote me about six weeks ag
me to come out this sum
said, "but what brought it to
terday was an item in the p

"An item in the paper?"

"Yep. To the effect th
bride," the man went on. "
to J. Beardsley Mackinnon l
night."

"Aline married! And to B
kinnon! But he isn't—he isn
rich, old, talkative Mr. Mac
goes tarpon fishing!"

'I n't know him. But that seems to ly h what Rogers said."

'B he's—he's sixty! And he's so 1!'

'Al felt it would be wise to marry, ar tly," Andrew said noncommit- y

'B why *him?*"

'It s marry somebody or face a t f alienation of affection," Andy we d. "A Mrs. Sanford Smith, so I in med, threatened to sue. She at ed, as a matter of fact, last fall, A e went away and the thing died m. However, it started up again ut o months ago when they were th ame steamer going to Hawaii. I h her that the way Aline behaved m re was enough to start fifteen s. nith was to be there a week. dyi the site for a house, and he ec ve. Mrs. Smith was at home Cal rnia with the children. Aline ba last week, and on Tuesday she rie Mackinnon."

SU POSE he's been following her aro d for years perhaps," Dina l, s l amazed, "but nobody ever es l rdy very seriously."

Ro s is pretty well set up about An said. "He says that Mackin- w divorced fifteen years ago, and bed n the divorce lawyer a state- th ad made his wife sign agreeing n a ony of a hundred a month and au rity over possible children. ll, t re weren't any children, but ers pretty sure that he's made e s conditions now."

But en why should she *do* it? Oh, I e," Dina added on second gh "She couldn't face a law suit. wh a—what a mess of a life!" she ed.

And ve you thought what it means ?" man asked.

But f course—" Her eyes were c. ogers will agree to a divorce ?"

Agre o it! I telephoned him, asked ou ee him if I flew out. Of course, usp ed it was about you. Anyway, aid ome ahead,' and we talked it last ght. There were tears in his wh he talked of you, Dina. He 'S s earned all the love and all hap ness any woman ever had. see at she gets it!' "

But ndy—" It was her anxious, e-gi look. "You see I've just got you sters up here for the summer. mma on't be up for a month yet. my d pneumonia and he's got to uilt and Myrna and Art have to back their jobs in three weeks; ca change their vacations now I ca let them down. Do you think we could wait until almost September?"

"Listen, bird-brains," he said. "Where do you think you are?"

"Why, I'm at Piny Cove at Lake Tahoe."

"You're in Nevada now. Innocence."

"I'm—oh, heavens, this *is* Nevada! Oh, I always think only of Reno. But, of course, I'm in Nevada!"

"You're just across the state line. I've checked it. So all you have to do is to drive over to Reno—won't take you an hour—and see Rogers' lawyer, and establish your legal residence. He's George Hammersmith, and Rogers phoned him last night when we got through talking. Then six weeks from now, my darling, you and Rogers and I will drive to Reno, and all the family can come along later for the wedding."

"Oh, Andy," said Dina, "is it coming right this time?"

"It would seem so. If you could see 'Elmover' you'd think so. All I've done is have a few fallen trees cut up for my wife's firewood next winter, and removed two dead rats from the parlor. The rest is up to you. But I've been living in the barn chamber since June."

"Will you stay for tomatoes and corn and weenies for supper?"

"Try to get rid of me. I'll wash the dishes and sweep up and then you and I'll take a walk. There's a moon ordered."

"Can you imagine a Sultana or a Begum with ropes of emerald and pearls from here to that inlet?" Dina said, standing now, her young, sleek figure silhouetted against the last of the warm light in the west.

"Why should I?"

"Because I want you to know that I wouldn't change places with her! Ah, you can dive," Dina said enviously, as he poised himself beside her, "but I have to slide in like a baby."

"I'll teach you to dive tomorrow. We have all the tomorrows from now on," Andy reminded her.

She did not answer in words. But with a quick movement she was close to him, his arms about her, her beautiful mane of hair fallen back, her lips against his. For a long moment they strained together hungrily as if the kiss never would be done. Then they were swimming together toward the shore. The swimmers were all gone from the beach now; the tall pines and the rocks and the lapping waters had the warm summer evening to themselves.

Dina swam close to Andy. Presently she put a hand on his shoulder. It was good, even so near to the safe, shallow water, to feel him strong and steady beside her.

THE END

**And note the ease with which the ice cubes are removed!"**


Fred Allen says:

"WANT A GOOD STEER? Steer for a FIRE-CHIEF pump and rope yourself a heap of extra mileage"

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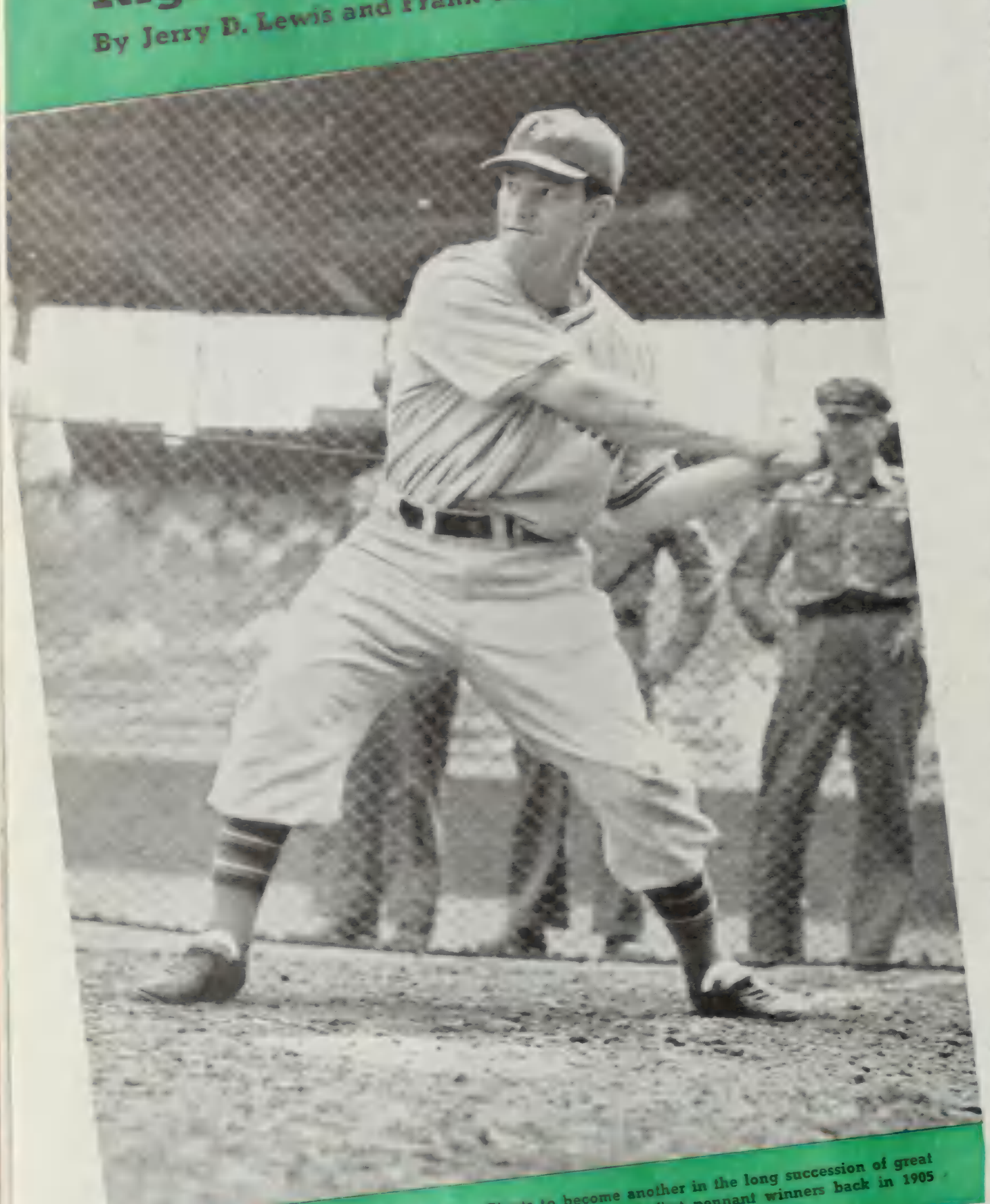
# Right Field, New York

By Jerry D. Lewis and Frank Graham



Mel Ott was 16 when he first joined the Giants to become another in the long succession of great right fielders that started with George Browne of McGraw's first pennant winners back in 1905

**The man who holds down the right-field spot in the Polo Grounds is never an ordinary player; he's a sort of superman to the fans. The almost continuous parade of baseball greats through this position has created a tradition in baseball**

THE first time Gabby Hartnett came to the Polo Grounds as manager of the Chicago Cubs, a Giant fan said: "I don't have to tell you how to run your ball club, Gabby. But here's a tip—any time Mel Ott comes up to bat with men on the bases, pass him."

Gabby laughed. "Even if there are three on base?"

The fan nodded. "It wouldn't be a bad idea."

Joe Moore, leading off that day for the Giants, banged a single into center field. The next two hitters were easy. Then came Ott. Bill Lee, Cub pitcher, tried to work on him. On the second pitch, Ottie hit the ball into the right-field stands for a home run.

Gabby, forlorn behind the plate, looked over at his friend, and nodded as if to say: "You were dead right, pal."

Ott's home run, with Moore on, pro-

vided the only runs of th
another Giant right fielde
other ball game for the Ne

The string is running o
Thomas Ott. Next seasor
certainly will be another
right field regularly. Ott
of course. He'll play in
so, and serve as a pinch
Giants aren't counting or
much beyond this year.

Whoever the new boy
be Herbert (Babe) Barna
chased from Minneapolis
be good. He'll be walki
tradition when he leaves
the first time. For almo
or since John McGraw too
the Giants, there has bee
of standout, colorful bally
right field at the Polo Gr

George Browne . . . Mi
Harry (Moose) McCorm
(Red) Murray . . . Davey
Jim Thorpe . . . Ross You
and, for a brief time, while
ing center field. Freddy Li
or five others were stuck
while, but they were out
None lasted long.

Giant right fielders coul
and throw—and they all h
that something extra th
mob. Some call it "class."

### George Browne St

The first was one of be
matinee idols. Women di
parks as they do now, b
went in New York liked sli
curly-haired George Bro
ceived more mash notes
popular actor.

But female adulation ne
make any difference. He
terested in base hits. He
year in the dead-ball era w
near .300 was very good.

Browne was the right
1905 team, the first of
pennant winners. By 1907
to slow down. McGraw
Browne went to the Bosto
successor in Right Field, N
Mike Donlin, one of the g
rable characters. Turkey
called him. Because they
turkey neck. He had c
dark hair, hard gray eyes
scar down the left side of
one knew how he got th
friend said:

"The only thing I can
that Mike didn't get it ru

That was sure. He nev
He walked to the plate wi
that terrified enemy pitch
come from the Cincinnati
Giants, and played only
season of 1908. He hit
second to Honus Wagner i
the league batting champic

He was the captain of
rough-hewn idol of the fans
he was being heckled unfai
to climb the low fence to
By the time he got into
the other fans had alread
heckler out. His salary
year. For the 1909 seaso
$8,000.

The club was obdurate.
Attempts at a compromis
Turkey Mike did somet
have been threatening eve
out for a season. He teame
wife, Mabel Hite, a vaude
and together they packed t
two-a-day.

"I don't need the Giants.

The Giants went south
north . . . opened the seaso
Mabel were playing in the
By and by, his drawing
actor waned. The season
swing, and here, of all pla

# SURE, TAXES ARE GOING UP—

## *BUT the next 19,000 miles are on us!*

## Trucks pay $430,000,000 a year in special road taxes alone!

MEASURE off 19,000 miles on your road map—and see how far it takes you. Six times back and forth across the continent—with 1,000 miles to spare!

*Special road taxes paid by trucks—just in 12 months—are enough to build new highways the entire distance.*

Those are roads you motorists will never have to build . . . taxes *you'll* never have to pay at the gas pump. It means lower motoring costs for you . . . more fun to drive . . . more exciting places to discover. And—think what it means to national defense! When America needs these new roads—*here they are!*

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Sure, taxes are going up. But trucks are holding your living costs *down* . . . and in the meantime they're supplying vast sums for the vital highway system of the nation.

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**AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS**

**WASHINGTON, D.C.**

# Which is your child?

[ DR. STEIG'S QUIZ FOR PARENTS ]

**COMIC CONNOISSEUR...** If you find your young hopeful in a position like this, don't just laugh. Remember two school children in five are headed toward poor eyesight at college age. And eyestrain often begins with poor posture and not enough light. Better give him a desk or table of his own and an I. E. S. lamp with at least a 100-watt G-E bulb!

**HOMEWORK HATER...** And if you knew Susie, you wouldn't blame her. A bright kid, but you just can't get good reading light from the average dining room chandelier! If your child hates homework, have her eyes examined . . . and also her light. It costs so little to fix up a reading lamp with the right size G-E MAZDA lamp bulb!

**BULBSNATCHER JR...** Horace would never have thought of this himself. He saw his mother "borrow" a bulb from the hall to put in her sewing lamp—after his father had snatched her sewing bulb for the garage! But why go on? Why not get a batch of right size G-E MAZDA lamps today? Your G-E bulb dealer has a chart that shows the right size for every socket in the house.

**SOLUTION...SEND YOUR CHERUB TO THE STORE AND STOCK UP ON THE RIGHT SIZE G-E BULBS. ...THEY'RE MADE TO STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!**

15 and 25 watt..... 10¢ 75 and 100 watt..... 15¢
40, 50 and 60 watt..... 13¢ 100-200-300 watt 3-lite . 55¢

ABOVE PRICES APPLY TO INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS

**G-E MAZDA LAMPS**
**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

Also "D" Line lamps marked G E; 30 and 60-watt inside frost or white glass 10¢; 50-100-150 watt 3-lite 30¢


captain and right fielder of the Giants doing an "Off to Buffalo." Theatergoers yawned.

He signed with Jimmy Callahan's Logan Squares, top semiprofessional team, and finished out the season with them. He never again was the ballplayer he had been. He stuck around for a few years, as coach when he no longer could get around in the outfield, and finally quit baseball to return to the stage. From the stage, he went to the movies, where he was a competent character actor at the time of his death, a few years ago.

The last time a Giant team saw him was in the spring of 1932, when the club trained in Los Angeles. Mike was a frequent visitor at the park. He was always one to demand attention, and he wasn't getting it from the youngsters, most of whom had never heard of him. One day, he got up from the bench, looked at his watch, and said: "Excuse me, boys, I'll have to leave. I have a date to stick up a joint at two o'clock!"

The players looked startled. They didn't know who he was, or that he had a role in a gangster film in the making.

### Kid Gleason Makes a Friend

In 1909, Harry (Moose) McCormick took over the sacred duties. A game guy, he responded to a test the first day he played with the Giants. The opposing team was the Phillies, whose second baseman was Kid Gleason, the toughest man in baseball. The first time Moose went into second base, he gave Gleason a rolling block he had learned playing football at Bucknell. Gleason wound up in short left field. Picking himself up, he glared at the rookie, and said: "I'll see you under the stands after the game."

"I'll be there," McCormick said.

He was there, ready to fight. Gleason grinned, stuck out his hand, and said, with admiration, "I just wanted to see if you'd show up. You're all right, young fella. Come on and have some dinner with me." That was the beginning of the greatest friendship McCormick ever had.

Everybody remembers Moose as a pinch hitter. They should. He was just about the best pinch hitter that ever lugged a bat. Pitchers quailed when they saw him coming. His thought, which was obvious in his bearing, was that hitting in a pinch was a pipe. "I never had to get a hit," he said. "If I didn't, no one would have called me a bum. The pitcher *was* on a spot. Unless he got me out, he lost the ball game."

After McCormick came John Murray of the red thatch, battleship jaw, powerful shoulders and rifle arm. Red had come from the Cardinals, and he was on the Giant picket line for four long years. Base runners took no liberties with his arm. He could peg from deep right field just ahead of a runner going into second, third, or the plate.

He is remembered for that, and one other thing: an unbelievable catch on June 17, 1914, in Pittsburgh. Tied up at one to one, Giants and Pirates rolled into the twenty-first inning. In their half the Giants made two runs. The Pirates, hustling to bat as darkness gathered, got two on base with two out.

The next hitter drove a ball to deep right field. Nobody in the stands could see it. Possibly Murray himself couldn't see it clearly, but he was racing for it. Just as it seemed out of his reach, he leaped for it—and a flash of lightning illuminated the field, allowing every spectator to see the ball in his upstretched glove.

As he clutched the ball, he crashed into the fence, came in contact with a wire that had been momentarily electrified by the lightning—and was knocked cold. When they got to him, he the ball. The game was over.

Then came Davis (Davey) R —a Giant among Giants. He h up the summer before from Nor lina A. & M. for a trial as a left pitcher. McGraw liked him, an him, ordering him to report in th of 1915.

He was a top football playe South. McGraw forbade his football in his senior year, and promised he wouldn't. When ported the following spring, he pitch up an alley. He explain while he had refused to go out f ball, campus pressure became to for him with the school's big gar ing up. They told him that he play . . . the old school needed win. He came out with his lef der so badly wrenched that h never pitch again. But, c enough, he could still throw, an almost as well as Red Murray.

Giant right fielders have w games for the team in more wa one. There was the day at Brave in Boston, when, during the Gia ting practice, George Stallings, c manager of the Braves, wandere where Robertson was kneeling a his turn at the plate. Stallings, v parent innocence, asked: "Do Graw signal you what ball to h time you go to the plate?"

Thinking quickly, Roberts swered: "No. Only in a pinch."

In the eighth inning, Davey for the plate with the score tied, and two out. He asked McC signal him to hit on the third pit to give the sign so plainly that S could see it. McGraw, preten cover the sign with his left ha three fingers aloft toward Rober

Stallings gleefully relaye "thefted" signal to his pitche Rudolph. Rudolph, wanting to two strikes in a hurry so long a wasn't going to be hitting at the f pitches, poured the first on through the middle with nothin Roberston hit it for two bases, b up the game!

Stallings screamed "fraud" b wasn't anything he could do.

At the end of the 1917 season packed his stuff and walked ou Polo Grounds. He may not ha pected it at the time, but he was as a first-string player. During t ter, he joined the Department of as a field agent in a force expan cause of the war. When Davey really Kissed the Boys Goodby, up his last series—the 1917 Worl —with a batting average of .500

### The Fabulous Ross Youn

Robertson's departure open way for Ross Young. Before ol fans scream that his name was —with the final "s"—there is planation. His name was Ross with the "s," but that final let dropped off by a careless tele wiring stories back from Youn training camp, and, being the fellow he was—he thought it mig trouble if he asked for a correct let it go.

He was a kid from Shriner, Tex attended West Texas Military Ac where he starred in track, baseb football. Joe Strauss, a fellow who later played at the Unive Pennsylvania, once said: "If R gone to college and played foot one would ever have heard of me other kid who played football i years. They probably would arguing whether Ross or Thorpe better football player."

Young's heart was in baseba ever. McGraw got him as a thir

nar . . or rather as a kid who tried to lay hird by stopping the ball with his hin r his chest, but coming up with it om ow, and then, when it was his turn o l, slashing the ball and racing rou l the bases. On close plays, he ow l over any baseman who got in his ay A great-looking kid, about five- en, weighed 180 or thereabouts. He ad ughing blue eyes, and he really ove o play ball as McGraw had loved o— th his head and his heart.

P of Young's greatness lay in his tte ack of awe toward other big- ag s. Respect he had for some— ut l feared none. At the close of the 917 ason, McGraw recalled this Beau abr r from Rochester, where he had ad great season. McGraw wanted im sit on the bench during the world erie and get the feel of being part of ch pionship team.

Th ordinary rookie would have felt u o place. Not a Pep Young. The ght efore the series he walked into a oom here half a dozen of the regulars ere hooting craps—and ran twenty olla into eight hundred.

Ne April he was in right field at the olo ounds, beginning a major-league ree that was to leave the baseball rite groping for superlatives. He iled o hit .300 or better in only one f th nine seasons he played, and in 924 e sparked the Giants to their urt onsecutive pennant when he hit bri int .355. His outfield play was uper He had a hair-trigger brain, a ne n, terrific speed, and limitless oura . Racing in from right field to over n rundowns of players caught etwe bases, he made put-outs at first ase, cond base, third base, and *home late.*

He ayed carom shots off the pecul- rly gled right-field fence at the Polo rous with a skill that not even Ott as b n able to match. He risked his eck d limbs to make circus catches, nd t fact that he did not run right nrou that right-field wall at the iant home park is a tribute to its turdy onstruction.

He s lucky, they said, that he didn't nock is brains out bouncing off that nce. Maybe he was lucky at that, but rage was stalking him, nonetheless. le b ame ill following his greatest easo -1924. Despite this, such was is in tiable appetite for baseball, he ontin d to play through 1925.

By 26, a male nurse had to travel ith n to give him treatments. By ugus he was so racked with pain hat it as self-torture when he went to he b park. On August 10th, he played his last game. Less than a year later, at twenty-nine, Ross Young, of Shriner, Texas, and Right Field, New York, lay dead in San Antonio.

Of all the players the Giants ever had, he was closest to McGraw's heart, and a picture of him hung in a black frame in McGraw's office. The day that Bill Terry succeeded McGraw as manager, the late Little Napoleon said: "Bill, I want you to know that while I will remain with the club as vice-president, I will never interfere with you in any way. Unless you send for me, I will never enter this clubhouse again."

But he did. He went back on a day when the Giants were out of town. He went there to take Young's picture to hang in his room.

Young wound up his career in August, 1926. The player who finished the season in right field was an immature, discouraged fellow, who thought he probably would never get far in baseball and thought of quitting. He was wrong, for he's come a long way since—Bill Terry has.

### And Then Came Ott!

Following the makeshifts into the job as the regular tenant of Right Field, New York, was Master Melvin Ott. He first reported to the Giants when he was sweet sixteen. He had been the catcher on the high-school team at Gretna, Louisiana, and on being graduated had received a trial with New Orleans. At its conclusion, the manager suggested he go home and grow up before trying to be a professional.

Shortly thereafter, he got a letter of introduction from Harry Williams, the Louisiana lumber magnate, to Williams' friend, John McGraw. Ott arrived in New York with a straw suitcase in his hand and his heart in his mouth.

He was so bewildered by traffic that he was tempted to run back and wait for the next train home. Advised by a policeman that the easiest way to reach the Polo Grounds was on the Sixth Avenue Elevated, he was stricken with a new fear—that the train would fall off the structure. Overcoming that, and finally arriving at the Polo Grounds, he was denied admission by the clubhouse gate tender, who thought it most unlikely that this cherub with a straw suitcase was a ballplayer.

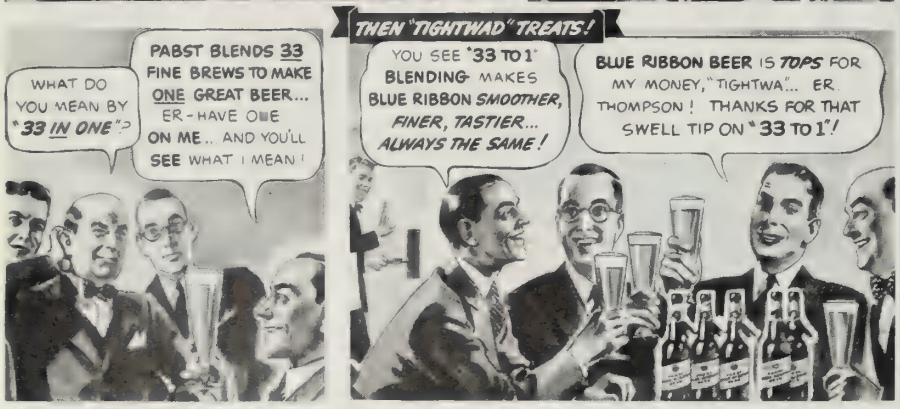
But once inside he was safely on his way to glory. McGraw didn't think much of him as a catcher, but saw at once that he was a natural hitter. He asked Ott if he had ever played the outfield, and Mel, looking as innocent as he really was, said: "Oh, sure, Mr. Mc-

"Let him sock one. His mom is here" ROBERT DAY

Imagine! "Tightwad" Thompson saying:

"Waiter Bring Me 33 FINE BREWS!"

THEN "TIGHTWAD" TREATS!

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IT NEVER VARIES

**"Oh, he was fun for a while, but I soon tired of watching telephone books being ripped in half"**

RICHAR[illegible]YLOR

Graw. I used to play the outfield when I was a kid!"

Ott will be remembered always as a right fielder. But few players ever have displayed such versatility. In emergencies he has played second base, third base, and center field. A few years ago, a cereal company let the fans elect the All-America major-league team. One player was elected every two weeks. Ott was selected as the best third baseman. A month later, when the fans were voting for the best right fielder, Ott was already back at his old stand, and finished second in the balloting only because he couldn't play both positions at the same time. That same year, in the All-Star game, Mel played center field.

### Lindstrom Has His Joke

One brief tour in center field opened the way for the appearance in Right Field, New York, of another colorful player—Freddy Lindstrom, the Little Swede. One of Lindstrom's weaknesses was that he was too talented. Playing brilliant baseball came too easily. He lacked the drive that made Young and others such standouts. He played carelessly and often missed a signal.

One day, when Lindy was playing right field, Mrs. McGraw, sitting close to the Giants' dugout, called to Freddy as he came by because she wanted to send word to John about a dinner engagement. Lindstrom didn't hear her, and a man in the next box called him and pointed to her. As Freddy came over, she said, in mock seriousness: "Freddy, why don't you pay attention?"

Lindy pretended to be startled. "Good Lord," he said, "are you giving signals, too?"

Shortly after that, Ott ca[illegible] back home to right field and, except[illegible] occasional short stretches at third ba[illegible] when the club was desperate for tale[illegible]t that position, he has remained in his [illegible]miliar niche ever since.

He worked only one day at [illegible]y job other than playing baseball. H[illegible] took a job in a New Orleans departm[illegible] store during the off season. The sa[illegible]y was good, and duties light. All he h[illegible] to do was to hang around two or thre[illegible]ours a day and talk to customers. [illegible]er the first day, he quit.

"There were twelve or fifteen [illegible]stomers around me every minute, [illegible]d all they wanted to talk about was [illegible]e. It was worse than a double-head [illegible] in St. Louis," he explained.

He has given it a pretty go[illegible] while he's been at it, Melvin [illegible]omas Ott has. His name is in forty-[illegible]e different places in the National [illegible]eague record book, and in the heart [illegible]very-one who ever saw him play.

Garry Schumacher, the [illegible]sebal[illegible] writer, once asked Pie Traynor [illegible]o was the best ballplayer he'd seen. [illegible]That's a cinch," said Traynor, then [illegible]aging the Pittsburgh Pirates. "Ott, [illegible]ourse. He's a champion. He beats [illegible], and does it over and over again. I [illegible] been with the Pittsburgh team fo[illegible]venty years, and in that time Ott [illegible] per-sonally beaten us out of m[illegible] ball games than any other three [illegible]ers I could name. A close game, a h[illegible] fight, Ottie up in the pay spot—and [illegible]n you knew the Giants had won ano[illegible] ball game. In my time, he was [illegible] only one who had that kind of stuff.

That shouldn't be surprising, [illegible]ough. After all, his address *is* Righ[illegible] Field, New York.

## The Boss' Wife

Continued from page 18

hre nonths before she was born. She nd r mother then went to live with er cle in Calcutta, where she was du ed at La Martinere College, tud g both French and Hindustani. Hav danced in the chorus of Sinbad he ilor for the Calcutta Amateur her ical Society, she has had a bug bou dancing ever since.

W n her uncle brought her on a trip o tl Continent, she talked him into llov g her to stay an extra month. his ve was up and he had to go back o Ir a. He paid the apartment rent, oug her a return ticket and gave her few ob for spending money.

"I shed in the ticket and bought a ar t," says Oberon. "It never oc- urre to me that I might need money or e ng."

Sli t groans from her innards, how- ver, ventually brought the matter to er a ntion and she went down and got job the chorus of the Café de Paris. il s time she had been batting rou London at a great rate, seeing he hts and meeting people. After he h been told about a million times hat s "ought to give the films a try, ou k w," she went out to the studios nd g e them the try.

Ha Lachmann was producing a omec but he wouldn't have her roun Later, when they needed a amp e thought of her, ran all over own a frenzy and finally dragged her ut to he studio. They rushed her on he se where Carl Brisson was sitting n a ir, waiting, and Brisson grabbed er ar started hugging her. She strug- led al screamed.

"W t a bloody wonderful vamp *she s*," sl heard a stagehand say scorn- ully, d woke up to the fact that she vas in a picture. But by that time it vas t late. Brisson had fled in dis- ust, Ichmann was throwing her out on ier ea

Tim were hard for a while and Obero remembers them with no pleas- ire. "idn't have a sausage," she says. But sl kept getting bit parts and man- ged keep going. By that time her nothe had hurried on from India to rescue her but Merle talked her into staying in London. Anybody might have thought that the chance in Henry the Eighth would have pleased the little squirt, but not at all. She stormed in on Korda.

"What's the idea of having two beheadings in the picture?" she bawled. "You trying to ruin my career or something?"

"What do you want me to do with Binnie Barnes?" asked Korda mildly. "Shoot her?"

It turned out all right because the day when they were doing the scenes of the execution in the Tower (both beheadings at the same time to save money), Miss Barnes was in a gay mood and insisted on celebrating her finish with a Cockney accent: "Hi die the wife of a king, when Hi would rather die the wife of the man Hi love."

They snipped that out hastily when it got to the cutting room.

The success of Henry the Eighth made everybody connected with it famous and it was only a matter of time till Oberon would be in America. She came over for Fox to do the Folies Bergère with Maurice Chevalier and they immediately recognized that they had bought a lemon. What saved Oberon was meeting Sam Goldwyn at a party. He had always wanted to do Dark Angel and practically leaped at her when she came in. The films had been featuring her as a siren, the elongated eyes, the Eurasian look, but Goldwyn saw her as a normal human being.

"You cut yourself off a nice slice of ham there, my lad," they told Sam when he signed her. But Dark Angel was a hit and it was followed by Wuthering Heights, where she got batted around slightly by Laurence Olivier, and her position at this moment is well established. She admits that she owes a great deal to Mr. Goldwyn.

"I give him full marks," she says.

### Korda Makes Her Act

The common impression of Oberon is of a subdued, dark, beautiful little wren but in reality she is a very bouncy female, with a pert tongue and a flair for independence. She has spoken out of turn all her life and there is no reason for her to change now. Her name was linked in romance with everybody on two continents but she seems happy with Korda and is settled down to a staid life. She diets steadily and exercises madly and he does neither.

"I never really acted until now." she says. "I just said those words and let it go at that. Korda makes me give out."

In Lydia she ran what is laughingly called the gamut, starting as a sixteen-year-old girl and ending as a hag. It meant getting up at 5:30 every morning and working till ten at night, three hours being required every day for the old-woman make-up alone, but the Kordas think they have a knockout, and that means a pleasant tinkling in the family till. She likes being a star because it gives her a chance to do the things she wants and lately she has been running all over the map doing broadcasts for U.S.O. She gives back all the proceeds, the last job bringing five thousand smackos that went right into the pot.

Just about the time the interview was ending, the shoes began coming in from the shops. Draymen came lugging in boxes and dumping them.

"This whole conversation has been as mercenary as a directors' meeting," she cried. "Stick around and watch me spend some of that stuff!"

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**OIROT**

**gins the investigation a crime for which the had already exacted full, irrevocable alty.**

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AMP NEWSPAPER. First Call, official Fort Dix paper, es to press despite maneuvers. These are reporters

Officer-editor pictured at rear of truck (left) checks dispatches relayed by cou spondents outside of restricted areas. In the combat zone, staff writers (above) type

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GRALE AND KIN CHEREACKER DAVIS

the field, arrangement is made to print on nearest ilable civilian press. Printers above check last- ute corrections before "putting the paper to bed"

lowing close behind troops of the fighting 44th, circulation department distributes new editions the First Call rushed by truck from the printer

# OUR NEW ARMY

## NEW JERSEY

FORT DIX. Expertly edited and organized camp newspapers can be made as essential in boosting the average trainee's morale as the balanced diet dished out to him at mess. Brass hats, realizing this, are preparing to give fast-stepping editorial staffs more and more co-operation through the newly-expanded Morale Division. First Call, official tabloid of the 44th Division, is a typical example of how soldier-editors, reporters, feature writers, cartoonists, circulation executives and personnel go at the job of keeping soldier-readers abreast of division doings while making them aware of their importance in national defense. First Call's success (its net paid circulation represents nearly half of the division's strength) is due to its production by a staff hand-picked for seasoned newspaper experience in civilian life. Like many another camp publication, First Call goes to press regularly, maneuvers or no maneuvers. The pictures on this page show how these experts go about their jobs.

SINCE its last hectic maneuvers in steaming Virginia the 44th has been wondering how Grant's thin-blooded Yankees ever beat the Southerners, presumably accustomed to the sun since infancy. The division furthermore hopes that its arena of real action, if any, will be Iceland. The imaginary enemy in the war games turned out to be a very real Old Sol, which toppled almost 1,000 of the division's strength into the care of the harried medicos. A few thousand others seemed ready to be stretchered but contrived to stagger across the danger line, apparently by clinging to the suspicion that there weren't enough stretchers to go around. The understanding around camp is that not even General Marshall himself could save the first guy who whistles Carry Me Back to Old, etc.

IF YOU'RE thinking of dusting off the old bookshelf and sending a few tomes to the nearest camp, listen first to Miss Dorothy Stickford, post librarian at Dix. Tops at the moment, says she, are the heavier-type books: For Whom the Bell Tolls, Berlin Diary, Oliver Wiswell, Out of the Night. Also to the good are such technical works as Army manuals and volumes on aviation, mathematics, photography, radio. World War I treatises are popula on the "present crisis" are poison. Only Berlin Diary. As a whole, the Army at go in much for reading. Best customers Corps men and M.P.'s, more than ten whom hold and regularly use library ca number of cardholders, in a post of more men, is little more than 1,200.

## MASSACHUSETTS

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. Men of the Fir and other post personnel have lately be themselves in Mirror Lake and Robbins it has been strictly nonpleasure swimming you could imitate by jumping into the near water wearing a kettle on your head and a bundle on your back. It started a few when Red Cross Instructor James Tat training water-safety instructors for c Army officers wondered if a soldier could a full pack. Jim said, why, certainly, work on the group he'd been coaching. A was Pfc. Joseph Clemens, of the 16th Me ment, who says: "First we practiced wit five-pound boulder in our pack. That fifty pounds of dead weight—enough to zingo to the bottom. Jim Tattersal's ans was bobbing. When we'd hit bottom we'd spring upward, gulp some air and make a way toward shore before the rock too again. After that kind of training, jumpi a regular pack was a cinch; there's some pack and it'll stay buoyant for nearly fiftee You can swim on your back, but mostly breast- or side-stroke. I've even got so in with a pretty fair crawl, but those G-I something to kick around in. Main thing i the dead man's float—face down—becaus turn out to be the McCoy."

Being a crack offensive outfit, the Fir has been practicing landing operations in men hop off transports into smaller b through the surf and storm beach positic would happen if a Higgins boat capsized a 40 pack-laden soldiers into the ocean gave pause, and the result has been some inten ing in Jim Tattersal's bobbing technique.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

PORTSMOUTH HARBOR DEFENSES all four units of the harbor defenses are and could easily be cut off from the mai few well-placed bombs. Constructing Qua Capt. James G. Collins pushed the old g overtime and came through with an idea. bridges replace the old wooden ones, the c gested, let's have spans of (Continued o

# "THE TORPEDO STRUCK US WITH THE ROAR OF DOOM!"

A true experience of Frank C. Davidson, Truro, Nova Scotia, Stoker First Class, on H. M. S. Rajputana, torpedoed and sunk in the Atlantic.

❶ "HAD WE EXPECTED a *second* torpedo to strike the wounded British Cruiser, *Rajputana,* two of the boys and I would never have scrambled below to save a few of our belongings.

❷ "BUT THERE WE WERE, in the stoker's mess, when torpedo number two struck us with a terrific explosion. Instantly we were in utter darkness . . . Suddenly tables, chairs, and lockers flying about us. Escape seemed impossible until I remembered my flashlight.

❸ "WITH THE AID of that light, we managed to fight our way, dazed and confused, to the boat deck, just as the captain gave the order to abandon ship. I shall never forget what might have happened out there on the Atlantic had it not been for my flashlight and 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries.

(Signed)
Frank C. Davidson"

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# The Lonesome Gigolo

Continued from page 19

by moonlight in order to get through on Saturday.

And now it was all over, he thought happily, as he unharnessed the mules. "Efn I had me 'bout twenty cents," he told Uncle Henry, the lotman, "I b'lieve I'd go down to de dago's and buy me a pint er wine."

Uncle Henry grinned understandingly. "You done laid by yo' crop, ain't you?"

"Mist' Giles say so."

"And you's a widow-man, ain't you?"

"I been a widow-man," Nud pointed out, "ev'y since my cotton got big enough to chop."

Uncle Henry considered. "Yo' crop looks mighty nice," he said. "And you ain't got to give yo' money to no woman, next fall." He fished deeply into his pocket and brought out two dimes. "I reckon I'll jest loan you dis twenty cents. You bring dat wine back hyar and I'll he'p you drink hit."

NUD was overwhelmed. Uncle Henry's generosity was as big a shock as Giles' kind words. The old lotman had fussed at Nud all summer about sweatballs on the collars; and had threatened bodily violence if one of the mules should develop a galled shoulder.

"I'll be right back," Nud said, recovering, and fled down the road. At the bridge across Willow Chute Bayou, he encountered the Widow Duck fishing in the limpid water.

"Well, I hyars you done laid by yo' crop, son," she greeted him.

By now, Nud was able to take pleasantries as a matter of course. "De news do git around, don't hit?" he laughed.

"I been had my eye on you, Nud," the Widow Duck confided. "You been workin' hard and mindin' yo' own, and dat's what de Lawd and Giles bofe love."

"Giles spoke right pleasant about hit," Nud told her.

"I reckon," the Widow Duck said, "you got about de best-lookin' crop I ever see a widow-man make on Little Bee Bend. Efn de Lawd don't send too many bull weevils and rain and all, you li'ble to make plenty cotton next fall."

"Yassum, I'm li'ble."

"Well, pray hard and come to church," she invited, "and God will change conditions. Be not disencouraged." She could have added that a widow-man with a heap of money and no woman to give it to could buy the church a much-needed lamp next fall, but she knew too much about cotton to start spending anybody's crop before it was picked, ginned and sold.

Nud went on, pleased and happy. For the first time in months, he lifted his voice in song:

*"I'm got de world in a bottle;*
*I'm got de stop-poo in my hand!*
*I'm huntin' me another woman,*
*You better find you another man."*

He laughed out loud. "I don't need me no woman," he said. "I kin make me a widow-man crop, and den I ain't got to split up my money."

"Who you speakin' wid, Nud?" Mamie T was standing in the middle of the road, laughing at him, and he had not even seen her shadow.

Mamie T was considered the best wife a man could have on Little Bee Bend. She was the best cotton chopper on the place and she was steady, clear to the ground. Never had she divorced off a husband during the work season, nor had there ever been a breath of scandal about her. She lived a strictly moral life by local standards. When she was ready to quit a husban publicly, and, thus divor would remarry.

"Aw, I was jest singin' ar Nud said shyly.

"I hyared you!" Mamie "Singin' 'bout how you was another woman, and dis ain't got no mo' c'd git her man."

"Yeah," Nud admitted, " jest in de song."

"I bet you was singin' yo row."

Nud thought. "Nope," h " 'Cause I ain't huntin' m woman, and Ruby done got other man. Name er Fil block setter over at de saw

Mamie T fell in step. "A even jealous?"

"How come I'm got to b ol' Ruby?" he wanted to bert's her regular husba when he gambles off his mo gits mad and quits him. E around Alden's Bridge kn

"Den how come you mar her?" Mamie T asked.

"I 'on't know." Nud was didn't had nothin' else to paid off and shet down for hit got to rainin' and goin' c Ruby got mad at Filbert f his money away."

"Who winned Filbert's him?"

"Me."

Mamie T snorted her disg sawmill strumpit married made you feed her all winter work started, she hauled c you."

"She wa'n't much good, n said. "Giles say hit was goo

"She spunt all er yo' mon left, didn't she?"

"I spunt some of hit."

"For what?" Mamie T pu

"Clothes and stuff," Nud

"Clothes and stuff for wh

"Me and her bofe."

Mamie T looked Nud ov "You's mighty raggity, now

Nud explained. "She tu clothes when she left. I and is 'bout de same size."

MAMIE T stopped and l ingly at her companion. said, "I hyared a heap ab people and I never b'lieve I'm gonter tell you a fack: ple don't be's like dat."

Nud said nothing.

"I ought to marry up wi now," Mamie T continued "You worked a good crop an a good woman. And I'm de

"Uh-uh-ah—" Nud gulpe

"But I ain't gonter do d T said. "Reub is a fine h I'm gonter keep him to a come along. And you's too a woman like me to have for anyhow." She looked Nud "And you's too old for me like a po' orphan child." again, hunting for a solution concluded, "f'm now on, make you my jiggy-loo."

Nud bristled righteously. wid dat tawk, gal," he pr ain't gonter put up wid nothi I'm fixin' to jine de church d De Widow Duck done axed

"Aw, fool, jiggy-looin' air Mamie T informed him. when a woman wid a good h a po' fool like you and she for him. So when some yut

ne ong dat be's bad for him, she t r de yuther woman off."

'h: seemed safe enough and Nud ep l. Mamie T left, and Nud con- ıe: lown the road. The word was v t Nud but it sounded interesting. 'he ago's was practically deserted. d e, who presided at the cross- ds ıloon, was dozing behind the man wearing overalls and car- ıg bundle—a traveling man. Nud ss —was drinking a wine-and- er thin down," and looking de- ed Another man, probably a field d m an adjacent plantation, was ıng ı the floor, sound asleep.

UI 'alked in and sat down.

Th purchase of a pint of wine ld a simple process. You could, if li l, just ask for a pint of wine, th nan twenty cents and the thing ac mplished. On the other hand, ıas everybody who could, in the dle summer, walk in and lay two er nes in cash money on the bar b, wine. It was something to te l t as long as possible.

ud ced his fingers behind his head, ied ıck and announced, "Well, I e g my crop all laid by. Giles fig- I ght make about twelve bales nit."

ad ve turned slowly and opened goı eye. "You's f'm Little Bee d?' e asked.

Yea' Nud said. "I jest got done n' b so I drapped in to git me some e."

Litt Bee," the barman explained he n with the bundle, "turn out eap cotton. Dat boy got twelve s. li'ble to knock out eighteen , nı fall."

ud uld have corrected the acre- but e let it pass. Eighteen bales adec etter than twelve, as long as did have to do anything but talk ut is

he tveling man was not particu- y inıested, but he asked politely, t's ıut a bale and a half to de , ai hit?"

Abou' said Nud.

Us gıabout two bale, over at Mon- " th raveling man said. "I comed Mo oe."

Y'all one layin' by, over at Mon- " N asked.

I 'on cnow," the man said. "I ain't n at on-roe dis year. I been fol- in' d oublic works. I hyar de mill unni up at Alden's Bridge, so I'm ı to ap by and git me a job."

You block setter?" Nud asked.

Naw 'm a stacker, mostly."

Well Nud told him, "dey got a k se r, name er Filbert, and dey t hiri no mo' block setters. I 'on't w is ey hirin' any mo' stackers. dey might be hirin' a sawdust key.

I wo ln't monkey sawdust for no ı. I'd ruther starve den be a saw- t mo ey." The traveler was so hatic Nud felt embarrassed about sawıl career and decided to re- ı to t subject of cotton.

Us ki make two bale to de acre on Little Bee, too," he boasted. "But I ain't fixin' to make dat much, on account er I'm a widow-man. I done all de work, myse'f, and I don't got to split my money wid no woman."

"How much wine you countin' on buyin'?" Bad Eye put in.

"I 'on't know," Nud said thoughtfully. "I ain't hardly made up my mind, yit. I jest got done plowin' and figgered I'd drap by."

" 'Bout a gallon?" the bartender suggested. "Dollar fo' bits, cash money, or a dollar six bits, to you sells yo' cotton."

Nud studied the ceiling carefully before replying. "I b'lieve," he announced, "I'll take me some er dat dollar-six-bits wine."

Bad Eye swung a gallon jug from under the bar and brought it to Nud.

"Lemme write you down," Bad Eye said, drawing out a soiled notebook. "What's yo' name?"

"Nebby-ky-neezer Stillwell," Nud said.

The bartender grunted. "How you spells hit?"

Nud grinned. "Jest make it 'Nud.' Dat's my call-name."

Bad Eye wrote and Nud took the wine. He was a little shocked at having bought so much but wholly shocked at having been able to buy without any cash money.

The traveling man finished his glass of "thin down," and looked covetously at Nud's wine. "You fixin' to drink all er dat by yo'se'f, Mist' Nud?" he asked.

"Nawp," Nud told him. "I'm got a friend fixin' to he'p me."

"Lady friend?"

NUD was not a natural liar. It would have been easy to tell the stranger that his friend was Uncle Henry, the aged lotman. But it sounded better to say it was a woman.

"Well, you see," Nud explained, "I'm a widow-man, myse'f, but I'm jiggy-looin' for a lady, name er Mamie T. She got a husband, but dat don't cut no ice." He chuckled fondly. "She a dog, too!"

"Mankind!" exclaimed the stranger. "De tawk I hyars!"

He caught the sound of an approaching truck and left to thumb a ride. Nud sat resting and enjoying himself and waiting for the sun to get lower so the walk home would not be too hot.

Twice during his journey homeward he was tempted to withdraw the cork and sample the wine. And twice he resisted. "I might git dronk," he told himself, "and start chunkin' my hat on de ground."

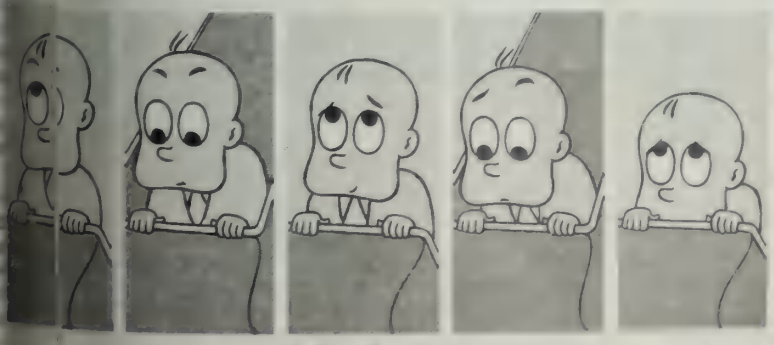
It was just sunset when he arrived at the lotman's cabin behind the barn.

"What you mean bringin' dat big jug er wine hyar?" Uncle Henry demanded. "Giles see me wid dat much wine about de barn, he'd run me plum to It'ly. I thought you was fixin' to git jest a pint."

"When I goes to git wine," Nud said brashly, "well, I *gits* wine."

"Well, le's git on away f'm de barn," Uncle Henry suggested. "Giles would blow up and bust, efn he seed dis."

"And efn de Widow Duck ketch you



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MOTOR TRANSPORT IS ESSENTIAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE


wid dat jug, she'd git you th'owed outn de church, too."

The unexpected feminine voice made both men jump.

"Mamie T!" Uncle Henry exclaimed. "Whar'd you come f'm?"

Mamie T laughed. "I comed f'm up de bayou path, when I seed Nud dragging' hit in wid dat gallon er wine."

Uncle Henry growled inhospitably.

"Ev'y time you see somebody wid a jug er wine, you figgers hit's got to be a social party?"

"Ev'y time I sees Nud, I figgers hit's my business. You ain't hyared about me and Nud?"

"You ain't divo'ced off Reub?" Uncle Henry was scandalized.

"Not me," Mamie T giggled. "But all de same, what Nud do is my business."

"I'm Mis' Mamie T's jiggy-loo," Nud explained.

Uncle Henry chuckled. "Hit's a heap goin' on round hyar dat I don't know about," he said. He stroked his chin. "And I bet hit's a heap goin' on in dat jug I don't know about, too." He looked at it speculatively. "Yassuh," he said, "I bet, right under dat stopper, I bet hit's a heap goin' on dat all er us don't know nothin' 'bout."

Mamie T made a practical suggestion. "Well, le's pull de stopper out and see kin us learn."

"Not round de barn," Uncle Henry objected. "Hyar, Nud, put hit in dis sack and le's git down to yo' house. Den le's us peep under dat stopper."

NUD did his best at playing host. He produced a cup, a glass and a tin dipper while Uncle Henry worked on the cork. The lotman and Mamie T were gay and talkative, and Nud tried to join them. But the happier his guests became, the more silent and sorrowful he grew. He felt tired and lonesome again, in spite of the stimulating wine and witty company. Mamie T and Uncle Henry seemed to forget Nud as the wine level sank lower. Uncle Henry asked sly questions and Mamie T parried them with coy evasions.

Nud did not laugh. He felt like a stranger in a lonesome land. Tears drained from the corners of his eyes, and he sighed heavily. "I'm jest a po' widow-man," he said, "and a low-down sawdust monkey."

Mamie T tried to comfort him, but Uncle Henry discouraged her. "Leave him be, daughter," he advised. "Hit all come outn de same jug. Jokes and groans. I and you kotched de jokes and he kotched de groans."

"Well, I be daggone!" It was Reub. He had stepped upon the porch with a shotgun crooked in his arm. "Honey, I got de word dat you was snake-in-de-grassin' me wid Nud, but I didn't b'lieve hit." He put the gun against the wall and sat down. "I didn't b'lieve a word of hit," Reub repeated. "I jest brang my gun along in case I jumped a rabbit."

"You brang yo' mouf along in case you jumped a jug er wine," Mamie T laughed. She passed the jug. "Well, take a pull."

Reub drank. "Nawsuh, I didn't b'lieve hit. I hyared two hours befo' sundown dat you was fixin' to snake-in-de-grass me, and when I comed home and found you gone—"

"You jest smelled dis wine," Mamie T interrupted, "and you come a-runnin'."

Reub took another pull at the jug. "Word do git around," he declared.

"I'll say de word git around," wheezed the Widow Duck. She was almost winded from her hurried walk across the field. "I hyared about dis jug er wine down hyar."

"And you come a-runnin'," Uncle Henry accused her, " 'cause you skeered hit'll all git drunk befo' u gits share."

"You, Henry!" the W puffed angrily. "You de ha de church and a-settin' hy a goat!"

"I ain't dronk," Uncle H

"You so dronk you can't wid yo' hat!"

"I ain't tryin' to hit de gr hat."

"Makin' dat po' widow-m his money for wine, when new lamp for de church!"

"Hol' on, Mis' Duck," Mamie T. "Dat widow-ma no lamp for nobody. He and I'm perteckin' him f'm money on nothin'."

"He you which?" the W asked.

"Yeah," Reub seconded. Mamie T's jiggy-loo."

"*All* er y'all is dronk!"

"Ain't," Uncle Henry ex jest havin' a little wine fo ach-ache. Jest like de Bib I know you ain't gonter se de Bible."

The Widow Duck frown ble say dat, for true?" she

"Sho hit say dat," the her. "Hit say, 'drink wine ach-ache.' "

"Maybe Mis' Duck ain't ach-ache," Mamie T sugg

"What you know 'bout gal?" snorted the Widow D me." She hoisted the jug yo' laig and show yo' linen, Duck toasted.

"I'm a sawdust monkey, bled, "and some folks had

"Nud ain't happy," M plained.

"He had ought to jine de Widow Duck said. "A wid a fine crop like him and new lamp and all."

"I ain't fixin' to let Nu cotton money for no lamp repeated.

Nud fumbled in his po twenty cents which ain't co he said, passing the two Widow Duck. "Hit won't but hit'll buy two gallons put in dat lamp, efn you

UNCLE HENRY grabb dimes and missed.

Mamie T looked thoug loaned dem twenty centses pint er wine, I bet," she ac den you was fixin' to he hit up, and make him pay cotton money."

Uncle Henry admitted th have been the case.

"He ain't payin' you n Mamie T declared. "You mo'n twenty cents er dis w You's done paid back." S Nud. "Don't pay him not you hyar?"

"Yassum," said Nud.

"Make me no diff'un money comed f'm," the W said pleasantly. "Long as oil for de church, us kin so shine. So say de Spe God will change condition

"Amen," Reub said sole

While the jug was pas man and woman steppe porch and into the room.

"Hyar hit is, Filbert," the "And yonder he." She poi

The man waved a bulldo tol and aimed it generall room. "Don't move, y'all." "I and Ruby hyared all money you got, Nud, and we's share. Gimme."

It took a moment for th cle to recover from the sho tested that he had no mo

ith the pistol shut him up. It he had it straight from a man d seen Nud flashing a roll in a Filbert wanted money and he it immediately.

quietly reached behind him and shotgun. "Dat is a two-bar'l gauge layin' agin yo' backbone," ld Filbert. "Now drap dat lit- lay-night pistol befo' I saws you

t dropped the pistol.

e T got to her feet and ap- d the woman.

body hold what dey got," Ma- aid, and to the woman added. ' name be's Ruby, hunh?"

was silently sullen. Mamie T her full-handed on the jaw. r runnin' off and quittin' Nud oppin' time started."

T swung with her other hand. ," she explained, "is for stealin' thes and givin' 'em to Filbert." Nud's clothes Filbert got on?" d Reub. Hearing no denial, d, "Take 'em off, Filbert. Take efo' I shoot's 'em off."

'em off, son," the Widow Duck "Don't mind me. I ain't

lis," Mamie T concluded, "is o you, on account er you's a o-good." She leaped on Ruby rce and violence that bore her and kicking to the floor.

Filbert removed his clothes, e T and Ruby fought steadily. enry and the Widow Duck Mamie T give the sawmill lusty thrashing, as meanwhile d his shotgun squarely at Fil- ne.

Filbert was stripped to his un- Reub ordered Mamie T to let up.

enough for a sample," Reub w, you sawmill monkeys git rt runnin' on away f'm hyar. ck as yo'all starts, I'm gonter ntin' up to ten. And when I er countin', I'm gonter onload -gauge at you and you better one."

, us'll run," Filbert pleaded, "only please don't shoot, cause dem guns carry a fur piece."

"You can't hardly count up to ten, kin you, Reub?" Uncle Henry asked conversationally.

"Naw, only to about seven," Reub told him. "Now, git!"

Ruby and Filbert got. They ran rapidly and blindly, almost falling over Giles on the way.

"What kinder doin's is dis?" Giles demanded when he reached Nud's house. "Nekkid folks runnin' up and down de turnrow, clothes scattered all over de floor and all de good church people settin' 'bout a wine jug. I ain't seed such good-timin' since I don't know when."

"Nud is got sorrow," Mamie T explained. "He claim he ain't no 'count for nothin' but a sawdust monkey and he claim he druther die."

"Humph," Giles snorted. "He must 'a' got dat idee outn dat jug. Lemme see dat jug." He drank deeply, and shook his head. "Nawp," Giles said, "hit didn't come outn dis jug."

"You don't know what come outn dat jug, Giles," the Widow Duck told him. "Lot er stuff comed outn dat jug befo' you got hyar."

"Maybe so," admitted the foreman, "but hit's de fust jug I ever seed dat c'd make a good cotton hand like Nud think he wa'n't fit for nothin' but a sawdust monkey. Maybe you shet de wrong eye when you drunk, Nud. Hyar, you pull dis agin and shet de yuther eye, and see what you git."

Nud drank and grinned. "Hit's all right," he said. "Only hit is kind er lonesome bein' a widow-man."

"Dat's easy for a good man like you," Giles said. "Us'll scare you up a gal f'm behind some blackberry bush, somewhars."

"What about dat oldest gal er Grant's?" the Widow Duck suggested.

"She won't do," Mamie T decided. "Nud got to have him a smart wife. Hit's a gal I hyared about over on Duke's Bend dat'll jest about suit Nud."

"We'll tend to dat tomorrow," Giles said, picking up the jug. "And we'll save de rest er dis wine for de weddin'. Y'all had enough for one time, anyhow."

"I'd ve to go swimming, but I forgot to put nail polish on my toes!"

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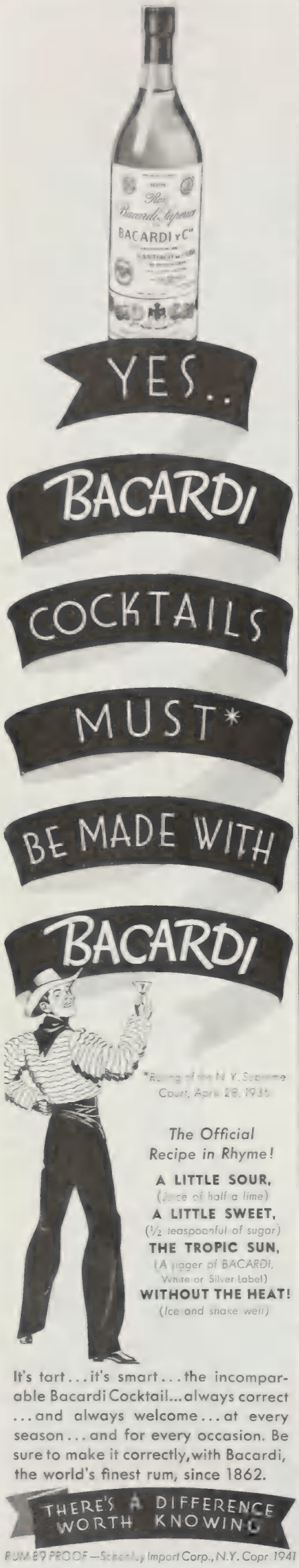


# The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 13

quotas. The states alone could themselves never have prevented these interstate shipments. The decision of the Court, however was that the statute was unconstitutional as a delegation of legislative power to the President.[4]

This was the first time that a federal statute had ever been nullified on such a ground. But, unfortunately, it was not to be the last. This new doctrine—nowhere specifically mentioned in the Constitution—added much doubt and perplexity to framing all future legislation. Some delegation is, of course, necessary if government is to function at all. But neither from the words of the Constitution, nor from the mouth of the Court, came any standards to fix the amount of delegation permissible.

The next decisions were on the question of the government's power to abrogate gold clauses in private and public contracts. These decisions, therefore, involved the entire control by the Congress of the currency of the United States, and the whole gold and silver policy of the duly elected government. This policy was, to a great extent, the basis of the recovery program—the means used to bring order out of chaos in foreign exchange and domestic currency, and to remake the unfair debt structure then in existence. It can well be said that, in these decisions, the Court was passing on the validity of the whole American economy, which had been accepted by the business and financial world almost universally since the enactment of the statute a year and a half earlier, and which was then in process of adaptation to the changing world economy.

### Recovery Upheld by One Vote

The congressional action was sustained as to private contracts—but only by a five to four vote.[5] It was held invalid as to public obligations; but by technical legalistic reasoning, the disastrous results of such a holding were avoided by a conclusion that no actual damage had been proved. Even as to this conclusion, four of the nine justices disagreed.[6]

By the slim margin of one human being, this very foundation of our recovery had been upheld. What a slim thread on which to hang the fate of a nation!

Shortly thereafter came the next shock. The Court declared unconstitutional the Railroad Retirement Act which provided a means of paying pensions to retired railroad employees. The Court, five to four, not only invalidated this particular statute, but condemned all attempts by the Congress to pass any compulsory pension act for railroad employees, as not being related to the business of interstate transportation.[7]

Then came, all in one day, May 27, 1935, a unanimous decision that the Frazier-Lemke Act, designed to help farm mortgagors, was unconstitutional;[8] a unanimous decision that the President could not remove a Federal Trade Commissioner,[9] although in an earlier case, in 1926, the Court had stated that the Executive could remove any officer he could appoint, even one with quasi-judicial powers;[10] and a unanimous decision that the National Industrial Recovery Act was unconstitutional.[11]

This last decision was the most far-reaching. It again invoked the shadowy doctrine of unlawful delegation of powers to the Executive. If the Court had stopped here, its job would have been done, and the damage would not have been wholly irreparable. But it went farther, and held that the statute and the code-making power under it were not a valid exercise of the power of the Congress to regulate interstate commerce. This broad, sweeping assertion immediately cast a long shadow of doubt over everything which we had been doing, and were expecting to do, for the benefit of the citizens of the United States through the federal control of interstate commerce.

This shadow of doubt became more definite and certain when the Court, on January 6, 1936 by a vote of six to three, invalidated the agricultural adjustment program.[12] The statute thus set aside had been enacted in 1933, and had been absolutely essential to the survival of agriculture in the panic of that year. The states alone were powerless by themselves to cope with the reduced farm income, with the prevailing bankruptcy prices for farm products, with the burdensome surpluses and overproduction of farm commodities. If one state tried by itself, the adjoining state could nullify its efforts. Only the Federal Government could help—and in 1933 it did, almost immediately. The widespread, beneficial results of our farm program enacted to meet the agricultural crisis of 1933 are well-known now. Its benefits extended not alone to the farmer; they spread to all sections and to all groups throughout the land, by furnishing the farmers with purchasing power with which they could buy industrial products and manufactures of all kinds.

But all this effort was destroyed. The basis on which it was destroyed was even more disastrous in its implications than the immediate decision itself. It was apparently set aside on the chief ground, among others, that overproduction of farm commodities and all the dire results of such overproduction were not matters of general welfare but purely a local condition, of purely local concern to the respective states. To remedy this condition, it was held, the Congress could not pay farmers for voluntary crop lim[illegible] ation u[illegible] der the general welfare cl[illegible] se of [illegible] Constitution—which by its [illegible] ms wou[illegible] seem clearly to give the Co[illegible] ess pow[illegible] to tax and spend for the gen[illegible] l welfa[illegible] The three dissenting justice[illegible] charac[illegible] ized the majority opinion as [illegible] "torta[illegible] construction of the Consti[illegible] ion," a[illegible] indicated how far-reaching [illegible] uld be [illegible] effects of this kind of decis[illegible] n—a dec[illegible] sion which was not based [illegible] pon be[illegible] reasoning at all, but upon [illegible] itical [illegible] economic bias.

### Doubt Hamstrung the Go[illegible]

In a case decided in Febr[illegible] y 1[illegible] the Supreme Court held tha[illegible] e Uni[illegible] States could develop water [illegible] ower [illegible] electric energy and sell it; [illegible] t the [illegible] cision was expressly limited [illegible] one d[illegible] in the Tennessee Valley, wh[illegible] had be[illegible] constructed as a war measu[illegible] By [illegible] limiting the decision to the [illegible] trict [illegible] fines of the record before [illegible] and [illegible] deciding the broader questio[illegible] f whe[illegible] the Government had the [illegible] ne pow[illegible] with respect to all dams, th[illegible] natter [illegible] mained in doubt. This lac[illegible] of ass[illegible] ance as to the future of al[illegible] ur pow[illegible] projects then being constru[illegible] d in s[illegible] eral other parts of the c[illegible] ntry [illegible] bound to hamstring the go[illegible] nment [illegible] its every attempt to carry o[illegible] its pe[illegible] of development of cheap el[illegible] tricity [illegible] the farms and homes and s[illegible] ps of [illegible] nation.

Next, in a decision dea[illegible] g with [illegible] registration statement whic[illegible] had b[illegible] filed with the Securities an[illegible] Exchan[illegible] Commission and then wit[illegible] awn, [illegible] Court,[14] six to three, launc[illegible] l a bo[illegible]

[4] Panama Refining Co. vs Ryan 293 U.S. [illegible]
[5] Norman vs Baltimore & Ohio RR [illegible]
[6] Perry vs United States 294 U.S. 330.
[7] Railroad Retirement Board vs Alton [illegible] U.S. 330.
[8] Louisville Joint Stock Land Bank [illegible] U.S. 555.
[9] Humphrey's Executor vs U.S. 295 U.S. [illegible]
[10] Myers vs U.S. 272 U.S. 52, 135.
[11] Schechter Poultry Corp. vs U.S. 29[illegible]
[12] United States vs Butler 297 U.S. [illegible]
[13] Ashwander vs T.V.A. 297 U.S. 288.
[14] Jones vs Securities and Exchange [illegible] U.S. 1.

"I've been working for you a week, Mr. Nixon—how much do I owe you?"

# Infectious Dandruff is a Liability

**WHAT A MISTAKE TO THINK YOUNG PEOPLE ESCAPE IT**

used to think dandruff troubled only older people. But any nger! Soon after I got engaged, I developed a nasty of infectious kind of dandruff. Thank heavens I found abo Listerine Antiseptic and massage!"

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**MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.
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attack upon the Commission itself with what Mr. Justice Cardozo called "denunciatory fervor." Its effect was bound to hamper the work of the Commission, and to seek to discredit the motives and manner of operation of this agency set up to protect investors from fraud and dishonesty.

In May, 1936, came the next death-blow—this time to our efforts with respect to another great industry of the United States—bituminous coal. In an attempt to banish chaos from the industry—arising from overproduction, cut-throat competition, violent labor disorders and wastefulness—the Congress had passed a statute providing that prices were to be fixed as minima and maxima, and making provision for establishing minimum wages, maximum hours and collective bargaining. These standards were to be fixed by agreements reached among producers themselves, and between producers and employees. The Court, six to three, set aside the statute on the ground, among others, that the business of mining, and the labor relations therein involved, were all purely local questions, even though the coal went into interstate shipments after it was mined.[15]

The climax to this course of destruction was the five-to-four decision of the Court in June, 1936, nullifying the statute of New York setting up a minimum fair wage system for women in industry. Since the Court had already held that the Federal Government could not provide for such minimum wages, there seemed to be a complete "no man's land," in which no kind of government could protect laboring women from the oppressive sweatshop wage scales which had been traditionally force upon ther in the past. The language c he opinio was so broad and inclu e that seemed hopeless for any ate to tr legislation of this kind in a form

By June, 1936, the congr ional pro gram, which had pulled th nation o of despair, had been fairl ompletel undermined. What was wo e, the lar guage and temper of the cisions i dicated little hope for e futur Apparently Marshall's conc tion of o Constitution as a flexible trument adequate for all times, a there able to adjust itself as the w needs new generations arose—had en reved ated. Apparently the physic cond of 1787 in farming, labor, ma ufactur mining, industry and finan were to be yardsticks of legal po r for de ing with the wholly differ world one hundred and fifty years ter Th of us who had been taught the gre exponents of the Constitu on that contained enduring principl of whic and justice, which could b applied any new set of conditions ac ap ently been listening to false rophers

But was it really the faul our Co stitution? Or was it the fau of the h man beings who, in our gen tion we torturing its meaning, twis g its pu poses, to make it conform the me of their own outmoded e nomic b liefs?

It did not take long for e answe to these questions to be fo d.

[15] Carter vs Carter Coal Co. 298 U.S.
[16] Morehead vs New York ex rel. Tip

**The President concludes story the Supreme Court fight xt wee**

## The Bells of the Mountain

**Continued from page 15**

Never had he seen so many great horses together, fit for drawing the heaviest plows. And here the men had good steel shirts, well oiled and cared for. How kindly they greeted him!

"Almost you were too late, Rorik, my sir," said Weiphart, pouring wine into his own steel cap. "Before daylight we advance up. Yes, already have the high sirs given orders."

"Good," nodded Rorik the Yngling. "Good! Then you will have me with you in the battle."

Weiphart and the Genoese breathed hard over their meat. "You will win this battle for us?" asked the Italian crossbowman anxiously.

"I do not say that," replied Rorik modestly, "but no man could stand foot to foot with me in Jonsson's dale."

Conrad the *Schwarzreiter* looked up at him. "Have you ever," he snarled, "stood in the line of a battle?"

Rorik shook his head. "The messenger of the emperor said in Jonsson's dale that his majesty called for men broad of shoulder and long of leg. To me he gave a silver thaler. I walked to Cologne, where they said the army was up the river. *Pfut*, at the river they said it was here, in the mountains of the Swiss. Eight gold florins they will pay me for a battle."

"Eight—gold!" grunted Weiphart.

Rorik the Yngling nodded. He remembered the amount very well. And he had calculated what he could buy with the gold. "Eight they said, and eight it is."

"Dane gold," said Conrad.

Conrad thought that he had never seen a recruit with such broad shoulders and so little wit. "This one," he nodded at Weiphart, "is *doppelsöldner*—front-line-pay man. For an open attack he gets one gold piece and for an assault on fortification, one and a l f piece

They were all veterans c ong ca paigns from Spain to B rmia—t Genoese being in a high aid cla with the best of the new ste rossbo They had horses, body a or. wh Rorik seemed to have lugge long o the heavy two-handed swor

"Eight it will be," he sai "for m

"For using that woodcho r?" W phart reached over and pped handle of the Dane's long sw d.

"Yes," said Rorik.

With a grin Weiphart tu l to ra the point off the ground. Us one a by straining he could rais t: tak both hands he swung it onc n the and it sagged down.

"Great Lord of heaven," nted *doppelsöldner*, "no one can with

It seemed to Rorik that Germ was disparaging his sword. took handle himself, gripping ith b hands. He planted his fe and muscles of his long body sed. arms shot up, and the five ot bla slashed the air over the sol rs' hea whistling.

AT THE edge of the fireli two m stopped to look. One w e a cl with an eagle embroidered he sho der, a silver chain shone nder other's beard. Conrad, w noth everything, sprang up when l saw the

"If you have not found o my si his clipped words came, "I ffer. w gladness, Conrad, captain i he Th ingen riders."

"We have not decided," cloak man said, watching Rorik "Who your Hercules?"

The two were staring a Rorik Yngling as if at a new b d of horse, marking his stand an his poi as he sheathed the two-han sword

'M irs," said Conrad, stiff, "it is a ne om the farmlands who fancies ase he best of us."

'He the tallest, certainly," ob- vec he officer with the armiger's in. Too tall, eh, Strube?"

'A hthouse has its uses. It can ily seen at all times."

'Bu e has as much wit, my sir," ira rated, "as your Livonian mare. s."

'Th also has its use." The official the eagle walked around Rorik, dyi him. Suddenly he looked up h eyes. "So you are a mighty n a ms, Dane?"

Tru enough," agreed Rorik.

Wo l you like to be given armor for noble. Or even—an emperor? m m to spurs, eh?"

We nough." Rorik smiled, pleased, it i or the battle."

It i or the battle."

E C the eagle glanced once at the arm er, who nodded. Then between m th conducted Rorik the Yngling y f n the fire, through the lines of Bl Riders to a pavilion that wed th candles. Young squires who e oi g saddles and cleaning leather ang at sight of them. And here, re ords and armor were stacked, arm er took charge of Rorik.

lot e did he look him in the face. it h ried a hauberk of fine linked l or e giant Dane. It gleamed as a sil . The boys fitted mail to his an ried low boots on his feet un- pai as found to fit. They fastened uide pieces etched with gold up inst s neck—they clasped a cloak r his oulders. They even combed his g hair while he admired his min imbs. The steel mesh, being sma for him, gripped his muscles it.

With e padding out, it will do," de- d th *armiger*, and the one named be r lded.

hey udied the effect and seemed sfied Strube hung a gold chain und rik's neck, while the armorer ded hield with two eagles, black, ted it, and a half-helm with tiny er fi es and an eagle spreading its gs fo a crest. "My sir," said the orer arefully, "I will bear your ld. o ourse, but you must take the helr n your arm. So."

Vith pasure Rorik contemplated it. boy were fastening a belt over his

You derstand," pointed out the one ed St be, "that this is the armor of esty. He gestured at the pavilion. u we now the insignia of empire."

Rorik dded, hardly understanding, well ntent at this kindness.

ney l out some swords for him to k ove asking him to take the one fanci Suddenly Rorik stopped, king head. If it was a question word he wanted none but his own. the f t time the two officers looked pleas Strube said it would never to ca such a thing—the armorer ld no hang it over a horse's side. rik exp ined that he shouldered it.

Oh, ap it on his back," cried ube. nd take him along. God's ender— e have no more time to ge."

When ey hung the two-handed and alc his back, the armorer signed him to rry, and went before him to avilion ntrance where a knight stood h drav sword by the standard pole. thin t pavilion, voices hummed h long ords—the night advance to prise e Swiss—the *Schwarzreiter* neuve — flanks refused — holding k the arge—

Making othing of this, Rorik watched sentry who moved only his eyes. A ice rose ver the others: "Have they mock ing?"

Heinrich barked, "Here—at command."

Then Heinrich pulled Rorik down to a knee, whispering "*Altesse*." A tall man, muffled in a robe, stepped out, yawning. And Rorik knew that this was the emperor, who slipped a ring from his finger and pressed it into Rorik's hand.

"Faith," said a drowsy voice, "you have found one as tall as the standard itself, Heinrich."

"At command!"

And the emperor went back to his officers.

Ring in hand, Rorik walked away with the armorer. Beyond the stir of the men at arms, the calling of orders by the horse lines, he heard the echo of a distant bell. When the wind blew, the chime came clearly, and he thought of that cowbell. But this was a great, chiming bell. Restlessly, Rorik stirred. "Heinrich, I would like a horse."

"In two hours, my sir—when we advance."

"No, not in two hours—now, Heinrich."

"Why now?"

"To see the girl—the little Maera."

Heinrich grunted. This was not the time, he pointed out, to think about a girl. She would keep well enough, until afterward—when Rorik could do what he pleased. Didn't Rorik understand that now he wore the arms of majesty? He would carry them into the battle, wouldn't he? He would get his eight florins, wouldn't he? Wasn't he content?

And Rorik had to say he was content.

When the armorer hurried off to his duties, he suggested that Rorik drink some wine, and stay within sight of the great pavilions. He told off an esquire at arms to follow the Dane and see that he did not stray.

When Rorik thought of wine, he thought of his companions at the fire, and he walked over to show himself to them. When men passed him, carrying a torch, they stared at the immense figure holding the crested helm, and they saluted.

ONLY Conrad sat awake by the embers, still drinking. He lowered the jug when the Dane stepped into the embers' glow, with the small squire behind him. The hilt and wide hand guard of the huge sword seemed like a cross behind his bare head.

"Eyes of God," breathed Conrad. "They have done it."

Pleased by the effect on Conrad, Rorik sat down in the straw, examining the gold ring. The ring had a flat jewel that shone, and on the jewel were traced letters that meant nothing to him because he could not read. But when Conrad inspected the ring, he interpreted the letters. *Gloria*.

"Is that a sign?" asked Rorik, curiously.

"A kind of sign," said Conrad, pondering, "to many men. Do you know what they have made of you?"

Rorik shook his head. Truly, something in this puzzled him.

"They have made you the mock king."

"How, the mock king?"

The words sounded both pleasant and ominous to the Dane. Giving him the jug, Conrad explained, low-voiced. In an hour Rorik would be mounted on a high horse and placed at the head of the *gewaltige Haufen*. With the half helm on his head, he would appear to be the emperor himself to all those who were not close to him, or in the secret. During the fighting, the enemy would drive at the one who seemed to be emperor, to kill him. Probably they would reach him and kill him. But the real emperor, in plain dress, would be directing the battle elsewhere, unharmed.

"Seven to one," said Conrad softly,

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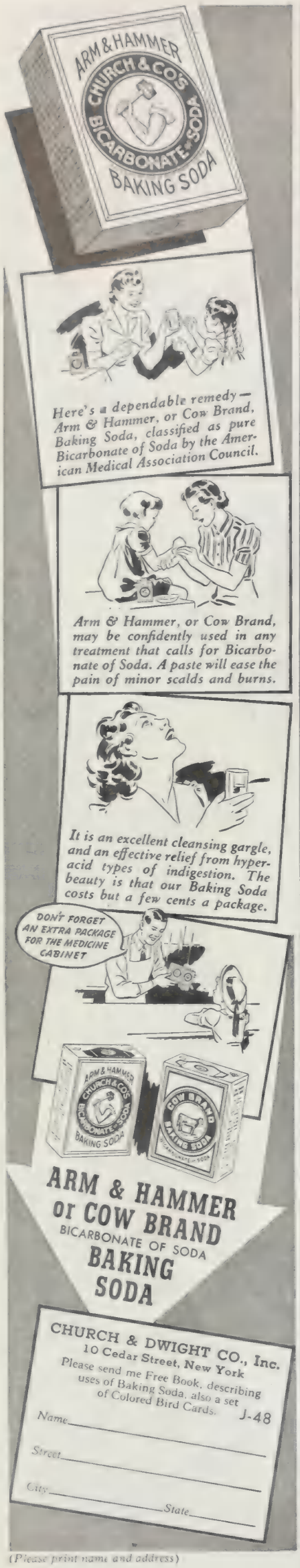



"you will turn up your toes this morning."

Rorik thought about that.

The eyes of the *Schwarzreiter* searched beyond the fire glow, where the squire, seeing Rorik seated, loitered carelessly. Groups of men were in motion already, toward the head of the valley, although they carried no torches and no trumpets had sounded. He knew the step of the Italian mercenaries. He listened to the movement at his own horse lines, where the sergeants called and cursed. The Black Riders would go up with the advance, with the Genoese covering them. His troop mates would be calling for him in a few minutes.

"Don't let them make a fool of you, Sir Rorik," he whispered, straining his ears. "What's the sense of becoming chopped meat—with your face bashed in, belike?"

"Mine?"

"Yours. Look—I know the horses of our troop. We can edge over to the lines now, and get two of the best. We can rein *down* the valley. Before full light we can be four leagues away. Safe enough. We can pass this ring and stuff to the usurers, and live like lords. We can pick over the girls, Rorik."

"Where?"

"Take our choice—Basle, Munich, Paris—"

Reaching out, Rorik took back his ring, while Conrad still breathed words. Rorik had no wish to go to Paris. He wanted to stay here in the valley. Conrad changed his tone:

"Rorik my sir, you've never felt your bones broken in as I have. The Swiss poleaxes can cut the head from a horse—"

He checked at a quick step near him. A voice called, "Thuringen troop in the saddle . . . Conrad."

The Black Rider got up, with his gun. "At once!" The step went on. "Quick, Rorik—we can get away."

Rorik shook his head. For an instant Conrad stared at him, then swung off toward the horses. Steel clanked as men swung themselves into the saddle; troop commanders called as they led off their men. Rorik did not want to run off from this. They had made him like a king. He would be the first in the battle. And if he left them, where would he get his eight florins? Conrad, with all his cleverness, had not thought of that.

WITH the sun full on the valley, Rorik the Yngling was riding up in majesty, with the battle standard swaying in the wind behind him, and Heinrich carrying his shield beside him and the squire leading another horse. Rorik was riding on a great bay charger, his swords strapped fast to him, and the helm on his head agleam with silver.

Ranks of men at arms paced beside him, their spears rising like a forest of young, slender trees. Thousands of riders moving up the valley, toward the pass where they could see the spire of a church.

It seemed to Rorik that these marching ranks were fine, and surely he was the first of them. He could see nothing of the real emperor, although he heard the fanfare of trumpets blowing commands. Heinrich, he noticed, listened closely to the notes of the trumpets, but watched the narrowing fringe of pines on either side.

"Tell us, Heinrich," he said, "what to do."

"Nothing," muttered the armorer, "but what you are doing—sit in the saddle."

This suited Rorik, but he had another question to ask: "Heinrich, why do we go up this valley?"

"By command."

Rorik nodded. "But for what?"

"To break the infantry of the Swiss cantons."

The armorer answered with half his mind, because the other half was listening to a faint popping and crackling somewhere ahead. So, the Swiss were making their stand in front of the pass.

For a while Rorik thought about it. "But why is there war with the Swiss?"

In the mountains, Heinrich explained, the Swiss refused to accept the sovereignty of the new Reich. They were, he said, commoners having no king. They had no generals. They had only infantry. They called themselves free men of the cantons. They were stubborn, meeting together like a mob, refusing allegiance to the German emperor whose sovereignty in this new plan of the Holy Roman Empire would dominate from Frankfurt over the continent, from sea to sea.

"They rolled down rocks on Maximilian's array of knights," Heinrich grunted. "They broke back the lancers of his grace of Burgundy, when those dismounted to fight on foot. But no infantry can stand against the cavalry of the Reich."

RORIK was looking up the mountainside, where a rock summit jutted beneath a snow peak. Barely he could make out the patch of Maera's potato field.

"Is that the battle," he asked, lifting his steel headgear to let the air cool his skull, "going on ahead of us, where the noise is?"

Laughing, Heinrich explained that was only their advance, skirmishing with the Swiss, to bring the Swiss into action. Undoubtedly the Swiss would charge with their main onset from the screen of pines here, on one flank. So thought the sir commanders of the Reich's army. And then the Swiss would be charged by all the horse of the *gewaltige Haufen,* held back in readiness for just such a maneuver—

"But still, Heinrich, I do not see any fighting."

It was noon and Rorik was tired, before he saw it, while the hot sun made him sweat in his steel mesh and the apple orchards around him smelled fragrant with the heat. Stone walls hemmed in the peasants' fields here, and the heavy German chargers labored over plowed land.

Through these trees Rorik could watch a line of Swiss pikemen pressing down the valley with the sun flickering on the steel of their pikeheads. Behind them another brown line carried long axes, coming on slowly, keeping step without trumpets, climbing over the stones. Those lines seemed small in the face of the German regiments now crowding into the narrowing valley.

"Why," muttered Heinrich, "why, they come here—they make no maneuver."

In front of the brown ranks the *Schwarzreiter* wheeled in troops, snapping off their pistols when they were close to the Swiss. Bands of Italian crossbowmen sifted back through the trees, fast.

"Bad ground," Heinrich observed. "But now comes our charge—ah, so!"

Suddenly—hearing a call from the trumpets—he caught the rein of Rorik's horse, leading it to a knoll where the figure of the mock king could be seen above the apple trees. Past that knoll the German cavalry surged, with lances down, sweeping up the disordered Italians, forcing the Black Riders off to the flanks.

Through the orchards the packed ranks of horsemen edged around the trees, plunging over the low stone fences. The horses, tired and heavily weighted, slowed in the plowed land.

The Swiss did not stop. The Swiss came to meet the cavalry, closing together. Against those steel pikes, longer than their lances, the German horses

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, rearing, the first ranks forced ass by pressure from the rear. crush of riders the Swiss pole- t like flails. Steel clanged and s if a thousand hammers were orges.

Lord!" breathed Heinrich.

ard the trumpets calling to emen to reform and charge. regiments tried to get clear of The steel of the Swiss flashed heels. The Swiss were shout- digging their feet into the round, slashing down every- ront of them. They were com- e knoll where the mock king the standard.

eard the armorer calling, "Go

aid Rorik the Yngling, "now ght."

g down from his charger, he ar the two-handed sword. He it toward the Swiss who shifted s lower. He planted his feet, eavy sword drove down the inrich held the great shield in rik, and he elbowed the shield rm room. He felt swordsmen against his right shoulder— steel pikeheads pushed them

id not feel tired now. His hed, swinging the two-handed the bearded men stepping ot to foot. Something clanged headgear and it went off. He etter to strike now.

ered pike shaft jammed into er, and he leaned to one side nself. A two-foot ax blade steel rings down his arm. oared, "a good one, that."

had he seen so many honest l faces in front of his sword. sword smashed them back, h flung up the shield to catch of a poleax. Another blade , and Heinrich fell on the

ck at Rorik from the side, ped back against the stones urning, his long arms thresh- t a space clear about him. o them, mates!" he shouted, ping the earth. But he was on the knoll.

en cavalry troops, reining he knoll, saw this figure in nor fighting on foot. They k, knowing that this was a meant to draw the enemy's

etting clear of the orchards ped to watch, and nurse a broken arm bone. He saw the Swiss close in around Rorik, while the tall figure climbed up higher on the stones. The standard was gone and Rorik was alone.

"What if he had been the king?" Conrad wondered, watching until the man on the stones went down, and the Swiss came on over the mound.

And Conrad turned his horse's head. He had kept within sight of a group of officers around a man in plain armor, with four trumpets behind them. They were riding now down the valley, in silence, away from the mountains.

HARD cobbles pressed against Rorik's neck, and a church bell clanged above him. His shoulders ached and a bone's end grated in his hip. Faces of women and bearded men looked down at him and passed on. Blood caked the fingers of a hand when he looked at it, and Rorik thought he was lying here like a calf in the market place for the Swiss to stare at. Then one woman did not go away, and he recognized Maera.

Now, he thought, she sees nothing good in me. His steel mesh was ripped, his cloak a rag around one arm, and he could not move.

"Well," he said, "I tried to come back to the hut to show you, but I could not."

She shook her head, staring at him, trying to wipe the blood from his hand. Then Rorik remembered. He pulled the ring from his little finger and gave it to her. She held back from taking it, her eyes startled.

"Girl," said Rorik the Yngling, "even if I am not a soldier, and cannot hold my ground, I can make you a gift. Somehow," he went on, shamed, "I like you."

He could feel her hair brush against his face, and it was pleasant to have her bending over him. "What does it say?" she whispered, looking at the letters inscribed on the jewel. *Gloria.*

"That I do not know," said Rorik, who could not read. "That is for you to tell me."

Tight she gripped the gold ring, closing her eyes.

"My father says," she whispered, "there was no one like you, in the valley. So I am proud, and I will take your ring and be your wife."

Rorik looked up at the bell tower, to think about this. He had wanted to be first in the battle, to get his gold, and perhaps a girl. Maera had arranged matters in a way of her own, and he found that he liked it.

"They can ring their bells," he agreed. "For Rorik the Yngling will stay in these mountains."

"Of course I still love you, darling!" LEONARD DOVE

# Another Smith

**By Dale Clark**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

THE gym," his brother said fondly. "The brick one beyond is Old Chester. And here's the pool."

Jimmy Smith said, "Where you put the police car Halloween night," and laughed shakily. He was nervous, and trying to hide it. Bill Smith said, "The cops' car. You know, I'd forgotten that." He stared down. "Funny, you should think of it. What made you, anyway?"

"I don't know. I just remembered you telling about it. I guess," said Jimmy.

"Well, keep it to yourself. It's probably still an unsolved mystery in Crusty Wayne's books," his brother said, laughing. He led the way across the campus. "This is it—Beekman Hall."

"I know," Jimmy Smith said faintly. The wide sandstone steps of Beekman Hall were familiar, as if he'd already climbed them a thousand times.

His brother was surprised. "You *know?*"

"They're just like the snapshot in your scrapbook, Bill." Looking up, he was almost startled not to find his brother's stocky, S-sweatered figure leaning against the middle column. Instead, a placard rested there: *New Boys Register Within.*

"Want me along?" Bill Smith asked. "Because otherwise I'd like to walk down to the gym and shake hands with MacWade, see how he thinks the team will shape up this year."

"I can register by myself," Jimmy Smith said.

"Sure you can."

Jimmy Smith started up the worn sandstone steps, stopped halfway, and stood watching his brother's jaunty, athletic stride until the tall young man had vanished around the corner of Beekman Hall. He thought: Smith, '36. Quarterback of the football team, captain of the team his senior year. Trackman. Holder of the school discus-throw championship. Palmer Prize orator. President of the Delphinian Society, secretary of Delta Kappa, member of just about every other society and club on the campus—the Class Book phrases jumped and jumbled in his mind.

IT WAS going to be an awful responsibility, trying to live up to Smith, '36!

He guessed Coach MacWade was going to be disappointed—when he saw Bill Smith's kid brother in football togs. He wasn't so *much* smaller than other thirteen-year-olds; he was just slow and awkward at games—any game.

He thought: Anyway, I can study hard. Harder than Bill ever did.

Only, being a grind didn't get a fellow *anything*. It wasn't the way to get into Delta Kappa or become a class officer. Grinding made you unpopular with your classmates, matter of fact.

I'm going to be dumb-miserable here, he thought. If it had been any other school in the world—*any* school where nobody'd ever heard of Smith, '36. He wasn't afraid of being hazed, or of getting homesick, or anything like that. It was, well, just the thought of having to live up to his brother's record.

It had always been that way at home, and it was going to be the same here.

He went in, glumly. "Full name?" said the man behind the registrar's desk.

"James Radforth Smith. I'm Bill Smith's brother."

"What?" the man asked.

"Smith, '36," he explained.

"Oh. That was before my time. . . . Here, take this card to Headmaster Wayne's office. He'll advise you about your class schedule."

Headmaster Wayne. Crusty Wayne. The neatly eye-glassed, spade-bearded figure was familiar, even before he'd opened the door. He knew all about Crusty. It was exactly what he'd expected: the quick handshake, the little talk about school spirit and tradition—

"Yes, sir," Jimmy Smith said. "I understand. You see, I'm Bill Smith's brother. . . ."

"Eh?" said Crusty.

"Bill Smith, '36."

There was a pause. Sunl[illegible] open window flashed the wi[illegible] Wayne's eyeglasses. Inc[illegible] headmaster sat there shak[illegible]

"I'm sorry," he apologize[illegible] so many boys passing thr[illegible] and it's a common name."

Jimmy Smith swallowed. [illegible] football."

"Indeed?" And then Cru[illegible] face cleared. He chuckled [illegible] ber your brother very we[illegible] lad, splendid player. Ne[illegible] helmet, as I recall—proud [illegible] of red hair, no doubt."

Jimmy Smith was shocke[illegible] hair is black, sir."

"Stupid of me," said Cr[illegible] "Why, I'd have sworn Wil[illegible] hair was red as fire."

"It wasn't Wilfred. Will[illegible] a quarterback, and captain [illegible]

"Then it's another Smith [illegible] of," said Crusty. "But it c[illegible] matter in the least *who* [illegible] was. We wouldn't want y[illegible] coast through on the coa[illegible] reputation, and I'm sure [illegible] want to do that—eh?"

They looked at each oth[illegible]

"Smith, '36, was a lon[illegible] You'll forgive me, but reall[illegible] deal more interested in Sm[illegible]

The smile began at th[illegible] Jimmy Smith's mouth. It [illegible] in a rosy tide of color that [illegible] the roots of his hair. His he[illegible] happily against his ribs.

"Gosh!" he said. "Gee, [illegible]

"I beg your pardon?" [illegible] Wayne.

"Nothing. I mean, yes, [illegible] pretty hard to believe. Bu[illegible] time in his life, he guessed [illegible] to be a human being in h[illegible] In the excitement of it, he [illegible] registrar's card and got turn[illegible] the office on his way out.

"No. Not that door," [illegible] hastily. "The one behind y[illegible] door you came in."

WHEN Jimmy Smith h[illegible] headmaster swiveled i[illegible] face that other door. It [illegible] Smith, '36, stood there smi[illegible]

"Thanks," said Smith, "[illegible] ways been the baby of the [illegible] see. I've known for months [illegible] ried about coming here. [illegible] sell him the idea by telli[illegible] good times I had—footba[illegible] and all of it. And sell him [illegible] do the same. I knew he wo[illegible] he couldn't, but I never [illegible] get to brooding over it—fe[illegible] to equal me, you know."

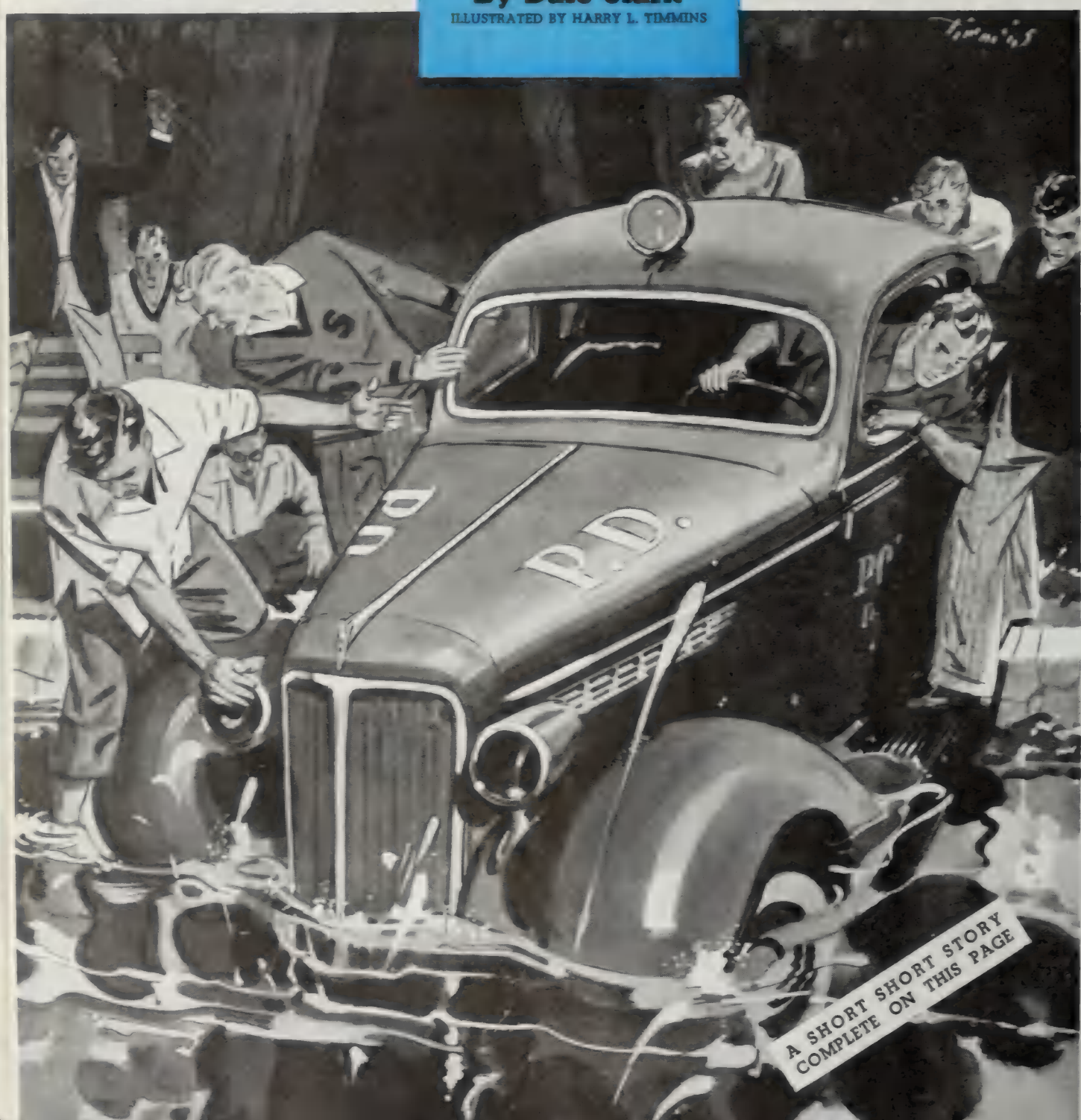
"So?" said Crusty.

"It was a mistake. It's [illegible] on his mind. I didn't get it [illegible] at the pool he said—well, h[illegible] thing that showed me he'd [illegible] ing a lot about my career [illegible]

"So that's it!" the head[illegible] He sat up straight, the eye[illegible] ing. "Do you know wha[illegible] when you stepped in her[illegible] me to pretend I didn't ren[illegible] I was trying to think who t[illegible] were!"

He could have been t[illegible] Smith, '36, down a notch, o[illegible] he could have meant it—would never be sure which.

"Fact." Old Crusty tugg[illegible] "And it's just come to me [illegible] Smith I always suspected d[illegible] lice car into the pool."




**"It's just come to me," said. "You're the Smith always suspected dro the police car into the po**

# "RAH," THE CAPTAIN SHOUTED, "WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT A NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT?"

**"KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON,"** I answered back. "Here it is . . . the *new* Post Toasties! Guaranteed to put a smile on the face of every crusty husband in the land." . . . "Who's crusty?" snorted my charming spouse! "Often are in the morning, dear." I told him. "But this new 4-star breakfast treat will change all that. Try it," I said. Well—he didn't wink as a wink he was back for more. "Say," he exclaimed, "these Post Toasties are *marvelous* . . . the swellest corn flakes I've ever tasted. *Where* did you discover 'em?"

**"IT'S A GOSSIP PARTY,"** I explained. "Julie did . . . and her husband is a doctor, you know . . ." She said, "Post Toasties are *crisper* than ever, *easy* to digest, and packed with food values that quickly give us the energy we need to start the day right. Most important, they contain Vitamin $B_1$, the vitamin so necessary for abundant energy, mind and nerves, normal growth and appetite." "Say," my Captain-husband interrupted "Post Toasties have *really* got it!"

**THE AFTERNOON,** the Captain and I met the at the Commissary. She was talking again about Vitamin $B_1$ . . . "It's known," she said, "as the 'missing vitamin' in America's diet. 3 out of every people *don't get enough of it* in their daily food. And Post Toasties are now generously enriched with it." . . . Then the Captain wanted to know how expensive Post Toasties are. And when he found out the price, he was amazed! They cost *surprisingly* little . . .

**"THE MESS SERGEANT** *must* be told about this," the Captain said . . ."Post Toasties are just the thing for our boys," he told the Sergeant next morning. "They taste swell . . . help produce energy." . . ."But, Captain, sir, we've been serving Post Toasties to the men *for a long time*," the Sergeant explained. "Look, they're having 'em right now!" . . . And sure enough, the boys *were* eating Post Toasties. You've got to go a long way to get ahead of *this* army!

*A Product of General Foods*

# ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

## FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

"NO MORE LUXURIOUS COMFORT ON EARTH." It has been said that no other man-made invention gives a deeper, more thoroughly satisfying sense of complete rest and relaxation than the Beautyrest. This famous mattress cradles every tired inch of you in unashamed, toe-wriggling, *luxury* comfort.

# *The inside story of mattress comfort*

**1. Did you ever walk on a bare mattress?**

The kind of "bare" mattress we mean is one whose cover and padding have been ripped back to expose the "inner works"—the coils. A few steps on only *two* such mattresses (a Beautyrest and any other) will tell you the whole story of mattress comfort.

For *looks* can tell you nothing about comfort. Comfort depends solely on what's *inside*. And there are two main types of mattress "insides."

**2. The ordinary mattress sags under your weight**

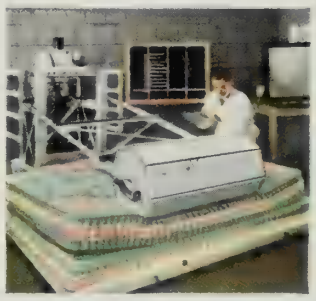
This is the usual type of mattress "insides." The springs are joined one to another. So, when you push one spring down, the others around it must go down, too. This is the age-old principle of "sag" support. The whole mattress must slope toward the spot where your greatest weight lies.

Now see how the Beautyrest operates: why it is the only mattress that offers you *luxury comfort*.

**3. But the Beautyrest cradles you**

The Beautyrest is different from other mattresses. Its 837 coils are *separate*—not joined together. Set in its own muslin pocket, each coil acts independently. That's why the Beautyrest gives you that blissful sensation of *floating* . . . of *buoyant* support. Your body is gently, evenly cradled from head to toe—in its *natural* position.

That's the secret of Beautyrest's *luxury* comfort. Other mattresses just don't give it!



**4. Can such luxurious sleeping comfo ast?**

Let a famous independent laboratory swer t question. The U. S. Testing Co. test seven makes from all popular-price lines o heir M tress Endurance Machines (Cert. T #117,6 *Beautyrest lasted three times longer th ana oth*

So our staunch guarantee to rebuil our Bea tyrest free of charge if any structur defect o curs within ten full years—is really *nservati* With care, it will probably last *much* nger.

**5. Here's why it stays firm and "fres**

The Beautyrest has eight ventilator round i deep sides. Ventilators that really w . Sit on Beautyrest and feel the air breathe t. As y rise, fresh air is drawn back in, to k the ma tress fresh and clean and sanitary al ys.

Thanks to a patented "sag-proof" order, t edges of a Beautyrest stay firm and n and eve Lumps and hollows won't form, ei r. So y need turn your Beautyrest only 4 or 5 nes a yea

THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY

*This is the Beautyrest label.*

**6. Yet it costs only a penny a night!**

Based on our conservative 10-yea guarant alone, Beautyrest—world's most lux us slee ing comfort—figures out to only *a p y a nig*

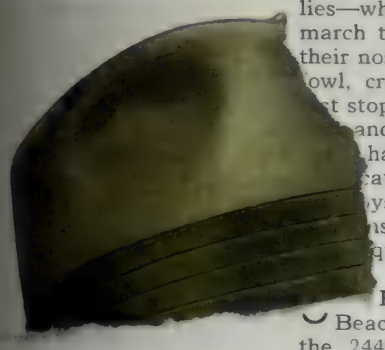
Why, many mattresses priced f *less* th Beautyrest's $39.50 (slightly more in nada) a tually cost far *more*—over the years emembe no mattress tested stood up one-thir s long. get the *most* for your mattress money eautyre

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil ring, $19.

# Our New Army

Continued from page 40

length and standard design, and p spans handy to the bridges; n we get a flat (in a manner ng) we can easily replace the part. A swell idea, chorused ral Roads Administration and e and New Hampshire High- ts. Other officials please copy.



th Infantry's Pvt. Ben Sufrin, known as Sufferin' Ben be- began his Army career as a the post hospital, is still suf- vt. Sufrin, who fancies him- hing of a comic, has done his veral camp shows, each time his satirization of the medical it. The medicos took it as long uld, then decided to become oges. The last time Ben there a doctor in the house?" e medical detachment lads the stage with bandages and and liberally applied both to man.

N a ot, sultry day Co. H, 104th Me al Regiment, on its way to l m euvers in Caroline County, com a brief halt near a country e. e proprietress paled as a ple hundred men tried to crowd her hop, but seven fast-thinking iers me to her rescue. Six of them into rons and went to work mak- san iches and doling out soft ks; seventh took charge of the ekee r's infant while she super- d a collected.

## VIRGINIA

FORT BELVOIR. One of the most colorful units at this engineers replacement center is Co. B, 3d Training Btn. Two of its platoons are made up of Yankees; the other two of Smoky Mountain hillbillies. The latter have come to be known as The Wailing Willies—whenever the company is on the march the mountain lads give vent to their nostalgia by realistic imitations of owl, crow and catbird calls. At any t stop the 'billies hit for the tall tim- and on several occasions the of- have had to resort to somewhat cate persuasion to bring some of ys down out of the trees so the s could maintain some sort of quo. It takes all kinds. . . .

P PENDLETON, Virginia Beach. Come what may, the boys of the 244th C.A. claim they'll stop it. Sample of their work: When the regiment rumbled out in 275 trucks on ■ 600-mile jaunt to the Blue Ridge Mountains, Pvt. Joseph L. Sterbenz was sent out as an M.P. ahead of a truck column to see that nothing halted the convoy. Nothing, you understand? Yes, sir. Pvt. Sterbenz and his motorcycle reached a rail crossing some seconds before a long freight did, so the unflagging M.P. leaped from his machine and flagged the train to a grinding stop. As Army trucks lumbered by for half an hour Pvt. Sterbenz explained to the fuming, choking red-faced train crew that orders is orders.

## NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG, Fayetteville. When the German High Command held its maneuvers some years ago the soldiers were told that sham battles would be made "more interesting" by the process of slipping an occasional loaded cartridge among the blanks. It was ■ good way to impress the men with the necessity of taking cover and proceeding in all attacks with caution, but our new Army hasn't reached that stage yet. To ascertain casualties, the umpires (Collier's, Aug. 30th) use a percentage basis for determining the number of men "killed or wounded." Every so often a soldier will be approached by a medico who says, "You're hurt," and has him carted off to a dressing station. Other lucky lads play dead. The taking of prisoners, though, is based upon the actual capture of "enemy" soldiers, and here's where plenty of gold-bricking takes place, because ■ prisoner doesn't have to lug his pack and rifle through the brush and sand. Like Ferdinand, he just sits and smells the flowers, if he can find any. So the technique of the tired soldier is to "fight" for ■ spell and then get himself captured.

ONE of the boys at Bragg has been amusing himself by studding his speech with pure unadulterated Broadway double talk. If you haven't heard any, it sounds like this: "Yes, sir, I'll do it right after I've fernicrantzed this resartus hook, sir." The officer or noncom on the other end of this kind of jargon usually walks away feeling vaguely that something is sort of vague, or something. The double-talking lad met his Waterloo the other day, however, when ■ fresh importation of New York officers included one who speaks the language. Our man tried his stuff on a new captain and got an answer in kind, with an extra "sansafran on the boosterbilt" tossed in. Now the soldier says, "Yes, *sir!*"

## GEORGIA

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Pvt. Albert Becker has passed on to another post but the boys won't forget him in a hurry, for it was he who caused much unseemly laughter during basic instruction in the care and feeding of the heavy machine gun. When it came Pvt. Becker's turn to dismount the gun and name each piece as it was removed he got along very well until he had the hammer lock in his hand. It was then that an expression of bewilderment came over his pan and an officer asked him if he knew what the gadget was. "Yes, sir," said Albert. "Well, go ahead and name it, then," the officer prodded. Becker fumbled for ■ minute. "I'm sorry, sir," he finally said, "but you see, it's ■ military secret."

## RECOIL

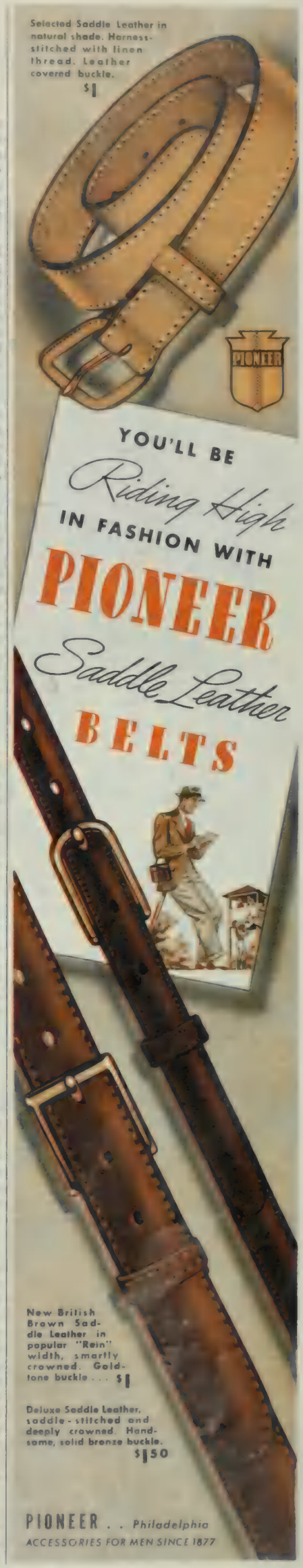
A COUPLE of sergeants writing independently but in what seems to be some collusion, from Camp San Luis Obispo's 40th Division, say we've been misinformed about certain items. We have—and often. What they didn't like was our report in this department for July 26th that (1) soldiers and their partners can't sneak out during intermissions at service-club dances and (2) week-end passes are limited to one a month. "Nobody ever stopped me or anyone I know from leaving between dances," states Sgt. Frederick M. Cranston, Co. F, 159th Infantry. "At the present time," writes First Sgt. Charles F. Atkinson, of the same company, "twenty per cent of the organization is required to be in camp on Saturdays or Sundays or both, but men not on duty may obtain good conduct passes at any time, including week ends. Your source of information was biased. Newcomers do not grouse about camp regulations."

WE APOLOGIZE for that fernicrantz report. Everything's resartus. Comma?

G. W.

**worked out a budget today—I took the amount of money ppropriated by Congress and divided by 130,000,000!"**

GEORGE WOLFE



# BLASTS BULLS-EYE 99 OUT OF 100!

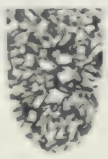
**but couldn't knock the "bite zone" out of his pipe!**

## 5 Different Tobaccos Cut 5 Different Ways_

**means no "bite-zone" with Revelation!**

**Perique** (champagne of tobaccos)
+
**Burley** (cool burning)
+
**Carolina** (adds sparkle)
+
**Virginia** (rich flavor)
+
**Latakia** (spicily aromatic)

**Ordinary mixture:** Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down—retain heat—often cause soggy heel.



**Revelation:** Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes"—burns more evenly, coolly.

NO "straight" or near-straight pipe mixture *can possibly* give you this sweet, cool flavor that lasts right down to the bottom of your pipe bowl!

*Five finer tobaccos*—a real, balanced blend—make REVELATION sensationally *different . . . finer!* Each tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each tobacco is cut separately to the size and shape that makes *ALL FIVE blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

*Try* a tin of REVELATION and see for yourself—it's *milder, cooler, more richly gratifying* than anything you ever smoked!

15¢ POCKET TIN

REVELATION

# REVELATION
PIPE MIXTURE

*A Product of PHILIP MORRIS*


## Hitler's Peace Map

Continued from page 20

Poland, the present central government, will be shrunk to a small nation around the capital of Warsaw.

As to Russia in Europe, that is, west of the Ural Mountains, the Germans plan an array of separate nations. The Ukraine and White Russia will be probably the largest of these. Governors have already been picked out, including the renowned Dr. Rosenberg for the Ukraine. The present German Volga Republic of the U.S.S.R.—settled b Germans under the auspices of Catha ine the Great—will be expanded known as Eastland. It will b Reich's outermost buffer agains Moscow will be the center of political state—as yet, in Germ grams, undefined and unnamed.

Of Asia, German map maker speak only in vague terms of sp influence, not of precise boundaries. You get the impression they have not thought much about it; and that, certainly, no responsible German, at this stage of the war and its prospects, contemplates partitioning the British Empire. For Africa, they plan an interesting and unique future:

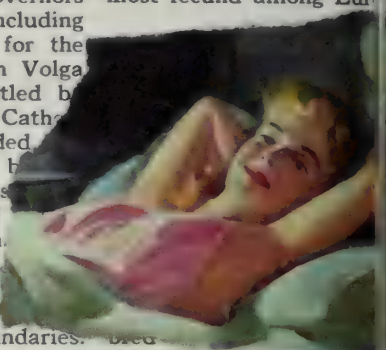
Africa, they declare, is the "South America of Europe"—a more needful relationship, indeed, than that which exists between North and South America, because habitable Europe lies in more northerly latitudes and thus has a lesser variety of resources. Therefore, while present South Africa will be an independent Boer ("Germanic") state, all the rest of Africa will be thrown into the pot as a sort of colonial raw-materials factory for the pro-rated benefit of all Europe. It will be administered jointly by Germany-France-Italy, with token representation of smaller European nations on the commission.

Such an enterprise would have to be inaugurated if Germany is to be consistent with the theory behind her new map of Europe. That theory is: "Continental economy." And the United States is "the perfect model of continental economy" which German propagandists hold forth to the German people in support of their new map.

### America Sets the Pattern

The United States is great, they say, because it embraces all of earth's good things—from wheat in the Dakotas to oil in Texas, from pasturage and timber in the North, to citrus fruits and cotton in the South; with the whole nation contributing to the vital needs of New England and Middle Atlantic industry; with only a few necessities imported—and even those either feasible of growth within our own soil and climate, or production in "ersatz" by the ingenuity of our chemists. If, however, they go on, Pennsylvania and Texas and the rest of our states were independent nations with different currencies, engaged in neck-slitting competition, then North America would have a tradition of war as bloody and unreasonable as Europe's.

As the German map makers see it, the resources of the earth—food and the critical and strategic raw materials necessary for any nation's industrial, economic and commercial greatness—are scattered all over the globe, in every belt of latitude and longitude, climate and soil. No single nation, however densely populated, can be a great nation unless it has a measure of control in all latitudes, enabling it to tap a variety of resources. In fact, density of population becomes a detriment to a latitudinally bound nation. Germany, stuck in north central Europe, between latitudes 47 and 55, has only tho sources which such lat Coal is virtually her only source. Even her land is ing largely glacial plain. few minerals, in an age tion. Yet her population is most fecund among Eur



sidered her continued exp their interests.

3. Wrest England's emp her—or France's, or Holl

4. Create a new order.

Conversely, if England economists see only two to the British if this figh cur every generation. T many into small pieces w they maintain, because peace has settled, federat gin again. She must:

1. Exterminate Germar

2. Arrange a new order many's one hundred milli an equal chance with En five million.

Neither of those points able, the German people Fuehrer chose the fourth open to him: A new or words, a new map. And this are deep-laid and They consider world co the war. "Commerce use one German economist sa *Blitz*—lightning. That is, with the goods. The *Bli* lated into commerce—or Former economies were l and rail transportation. secondary in our sche motor trucks come first bahnen, or national auto l be extended all over E will be only one currency we hope, in the world. we will be most emphatic. and sharp dealing in exchange by internatio swindlers has been one of chievous forces in the m

It is known that Dr. F nowned designer of the S and now Reich minister of highways, has concei and completed the preli neering details of a systen from Berlin to Shanghai.

But aside and above all ing, those arguments, toge comprehensive new map, out to the German people of abiding peace in Eurc German high command k only thing that sustains a war is not the hope of even the promise of fanta ity, but only the hope of curity, for the little peop nations.

One German declared such great faith in the work new order in Europe that immigration, especially of ers and technicians in sea and security, from the so World to the so-called Olc

# KNOX

## *Announces the Leading Hat Styles for Fall*

These are only four of the many new hats for Autumn and Winter, master-styled by Knox. Men who want hats that contribute most to their appearance and give most of service, prefer those that bear the Crest of Knox.

$7.50

**IFTH AVENUE***

e famous hat of the Avenue. th rart folded band and istinctive Crestwelt edge.

$7.50

**TRIPLE THREAT**

New flare-brim for younger men, with triple-tone grosgrain brim-binding.

$7.50

**UNSET FELTS**

utstanding new ease-ight felts for season-ound wear in town and ountry.

$6.50

**THE VAGABOND***

Famous Knox casual light-weight hat, exceptionally adaptable for country and travel.

*Other Knox Hats $5 to $20*

# KNOX HATS

KNOX THE HATTER · 452 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

**NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR KNOX DEALER**

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to rate a clean-cut "first"

PERMAPOINT

FOR school, for business, or use at home, a "first" in Quality, at a budget price. Tipped with precious metals as are pens at three, five or ten times its cost. Smooth-gliding and flexible; a pen to write with and enjoy. No ink corrosion can mar its efficiency, or shorten its life. A pen to carry without fear of loss. Styled in beautiful colors. Your choice of a point to fit your writing.

RENEWABLE POINTS! *You can change or replace the point at any time. A complete new unit with ink reservoir costs only . .* 25¢

*Trade Name—Over 40% Platinum and Osmium Content.

EBERHARD FABER

*Leadership*

IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

# China Can't Lose

Continued from page 22

The strategy of the war was Chinese in design and performance. That is why China did not collapse when the Germans were sent home upon the insistence of Japan.

Japanese publicists shouted with delight when the Germans departed late in 1938. Now that what they regarded as the pillars of the house had been removed, surely the edifice would tumble. It did not. Strangely enough, no change took place, except that the Chinese suddenly became more successful.

This ignorance of the existence, in its true colors, of the national army, or appreciation of it, as a fighting force, was Japan's second serious error. A third, and a greater, was her wish to believe that China could not change in any way from her historical habits. The Japanese jeered at possibilities of political unity, for their agents had successfully engineered civil wars in the past. They laughed at the New Life movement and similar developments as child's play.

### Fourth and Worst Error

In reality, however, the old war lords had been swept away, and these new movements worked like lightning, cleaning up villages, stimulating towns, giving the people spiritual impetus and a new view of life and responsibilities. Education developed; highways were built until every province could be reached from every other province by motor, and provincial jealousies were obliterated. Then the Japanese pounced like barbarians. Their orders were to "beat China to her knees" in three months. That was the fourth error. The world watched with amazement. With great masses of tanks, mechanized units, and airplanes, the Japanese struck ruthlessly. Artillery blazed. Cities were ruined, towns and villages razed. Airplanes swept over cities burdened with aged, defenseless and helpless, and bombed and burned them. Over distant, smiling valleys flew the engines of death and destruction and laid the land in ruin. The vast population fled before the advancing armies. Airplanes machine-gunned them; artillery shattered them. The survivors fled for hundreds of miles.

Japanese soldiers wallowed in crimes as disgusting as they were common. They raped, robbed, killed, burned. Trucks carried off the loot. Behind them they left the broken bodies of raped girls and women, and the slain masses of men. Wherever they went they sowed a blight. They were out completely to destroy the means of livelihood of the people, and to terrorize the survivors.

All respect for the noncombatant was abandoned. His possessions were destroyed or looted; if he protested he was slain offhand. Every opponent who could be caught was killed. The small factories, the handicraft workshops, the big mills were all purposefully attacked and destroyed. Every piece of metal was taken to Japan. Good machinery was dismantled for use elsewhere. Chinese businesses were taken over by Japanese, who tried to operate them. Steamerloads of loot were taken to Japan. Vast has been the demolition of historical monuments; so devastating the ravage that people abroad would not believe the appalling stories that came out of China.

All this the Chinese people have taken. The belief that they could not, or would not, take it is the fifth mistake of the Japanese and it is a vital one. They forgot the mass deaths through famine or floods of the Yangtze, the Yellow and the Hwai rivers, which involved deaths from a few hundred thousand up to two million. They forgot the twenty years of civil wars, many fomented by Japanese agents, which had blown or burned the Chinese people out of their homes time and again as if in training for this terrible calamity. The Japanese are learning, but too late, that the Chinese are too familiar with gigantic calamities and death en masse to be frightened into subservience by more of it. What the attempt to terrorize them did was to make them stand up and fight as they never had before.

To these various errors has to be added the most startling result of the war. Demoralization of the Japanese army by the barbaric nature of the campaign, and by the very character of the orgies in which officers and men have been able to indulge. The maxim that "he who commands the sea commands the land" does not apply in China. What the Japanese navy does in blockading the coast is undone by the Japanese military officers who are making huge fortunes out of robbery and corruption.

China has no fleet, mercantile marine or great industrial centers. She has not been able to strike one blow at Japan's sea power. Her coast is shut tightly by an unchallenged navy, yet materials and munitions and all manner of trade articles, have passed, for a price, into Free China. This war has been reduced to the greatest racket the world has seen or heard of. From the highest ranking Japanese officer to the lowest private, graft is an order of the day. China has been freely looted of its treasures and art owned by the people. Money is squeezed from every available source by officers or stolen from the common people by privates. The gigantic octopus of graft has its tentacles into the tills of the customs, opening ways for materials to get through the lines and closed ports, and penalizing the people wherever the Japanese prevail. Shanghai and other ports are bonanzas.

### The Graft Piles Up

Only last March and April—after three and a half years of war—the Japanese navy made a sudden, much advertised sweep down the South China coast and announced that it had been gloriously engaged closing up smuggling holes through which arms and munitions and war materials had been seeping from Hong Kong to the Chinese army. The navy did not announce that those ports had been under control of envied Japanese military officers for a couple of years at least, nor did it state whether naval officers intended to take their share of the graft the Chinese were ready to pay to get goods through.

Look at the blockade of the British Concession at Tientsin. The Japanese ran barbed wire round it; prevented foodstuffs from entering on the plea that they were trying to persuade the British to release to them a large quantity of Chinese dollars held by one of the banks. They collected squeeze on every vehicle and parcel that entered. The blockade was sustained for many months. Japanese officers collected personally some $60,000, Chinese currency, a day. Only when the situation became intolerable did the Japanese take down the wire, but the Chinese dollars remain in the British Concession except for a portion which it was said was paid out for "flood relief" purposes.

This piling of the Ossa of corruption upon the Pelion of loot has assumed enormous proportions th
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### Things That Make M

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German-built national ar
into a vast force. Men v
were conscripted to its r
little mechanized equipme
one hundred airplanes, an
transportation to get ma
artillery and antiaircraft
scarce and were outclasse
the Japanese. But it
weapons and machine gun
high spirit and confidence.
for its country, for its bl
for its burned homes. And
Soon it learned that it cou
Japanese man for man;
dodge the hail of shells an
the weight of Japanese e
inadequacy of the Chin
caused city after city to fa
hai, in full view of foreign
servers and people in
Chinese fought for three
the tremendous and mis
of Japanese might could s
ing through the paddy fie
to other lines.

"You're beaten, now
yelled the Japanese, but to
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did not know they were
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erations the Chinese o
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duced near chaos. Never
nese able to destroy a Chi
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where for escape. They tr
their lines, to lessen their
They tried vainly eight or
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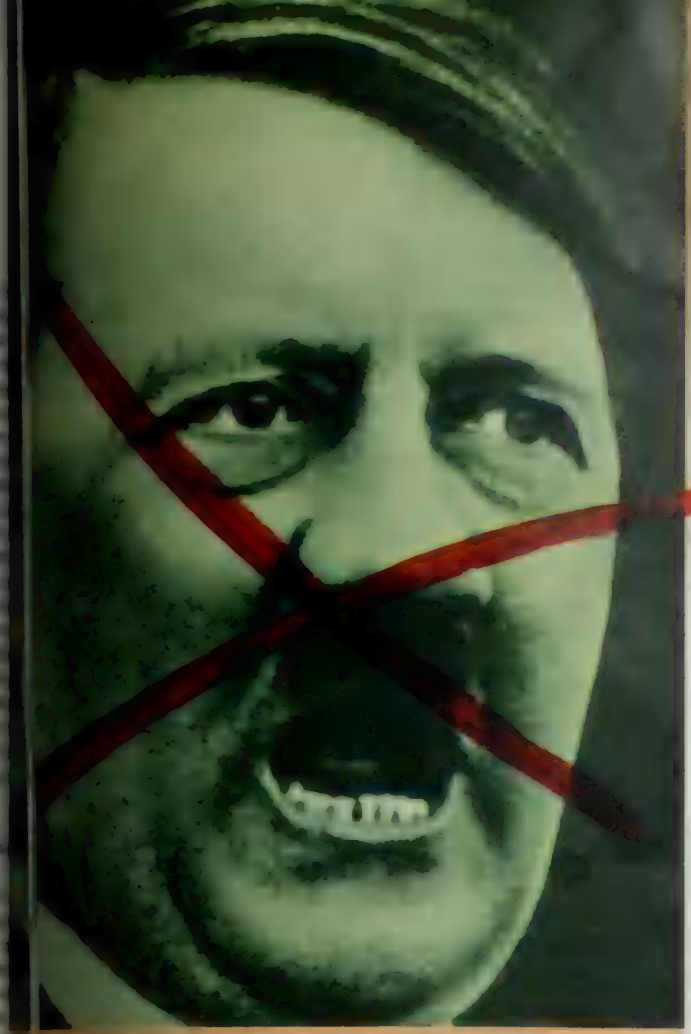
of China and harvest more
where. They were stoppe
nese mud which clung to t
the promise of help to Ch
ica and Britain.

Today they find them
broken in China. Only a
nese lute can give them h
Chiang Kai-shek always
"There can be no peace w
nese soldier remains on
That is the only answer
given to proffers of peace.



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nemy, keep him always with e Peruvian adage. But when my's sister was the most beau- at Mil Vetas, what then Senor?

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omen, toughened to blood and houlder to shoulder with the the defense of their island

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# Mercator Island

Continued from page 16

voices," Bob remarked to Mrs. Kingman.

"What you want ah please?" the Japanese was saying.

"Lounging pajamas, beach pajamas," Bob said. "Missy wants them," and he turned to Mrs. Kingman.

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman said, "an embroidered coat and trousers—Chinese embroidery, like that one over there."

The storekeeper gave a polite and happy hiss. "If don't fit we fix in ah one hour for missy," he said. "Beautiful silk, lovely sewing. Everything very lovely."

"Haven't you got a man here," Bob asked, "named—what's his name?" And he drew the card from his inside pocket. "Oh, yes, Moto."

The bony shopkeeper glanced sideways from the shelves.

"Mr. Moto," he said, "oh, yes, Mr. Moto busy now. So sorry."

MRS. KINGMAN had been looking through a heap of embroidered Chinese jackets and now she lifted one up—blue silk, richly embroidered with blues and black and white. She held it up in front of her.

"How does this look?" she asked, and it looked very well with her black hair and her dark eyes and her red lips.

"It looks fine," Bob said, "but then I say—you can wear anything."

"I wish there were a mirror," Mrs. Kingman said. "It's rather large, isn't it, and the trousers are perfectly enormous."

The shopkeeper hissed politely: "We fix, we fix for missy in one hour," he said. "If lady would like to go in back, very nice ladies' dressing room upstairs—looking glass—everything for ladies."

"All right," Mrs. Kingman said. "I'd like to try it on. You don't mind waiting, do you?"

The shopkeeper opened the door in back and called out something in Japanese and a slight, pale boy appeared.

"He show you," the shopkeeper said. "Very nice ladies' room, up one flight," and Mrs. Kingman followed the boy through the black shadows of the doorway, and the shopkeeper closed the door carefully.

"You say you want shirts?" he said. "Very nice shirts," and he began lifting them down from the shelves, talking in the same loud voice.

"All sewed right here. Everything here we make."

"Yes," Bob said, "I suppose there's a whole nest of you working upstairs in back. Have you got a silk coat to fit me and some ties?"

"Oh, yes," said the Japanese, "very nice coats, very nice ties."

He was reaching for the rack of ties when a sound from behind the closed door made Bob Bolles look up.

"What's that?" he asked, and the shopkeeper moved toward the rear door.

"Nothing," the man said, "I hear nothing."

"I thought—" Bob said, and then he listened and he heard it again. He was sure of it this time. Behind the closed door he heard a woman scream.

There was something so completely unexpected about it that he must have stood there frozen for a moment, and then he plunged toward the rear door. The shopkeeper stood in front of it.

"Please," he said, "against orders to go up there."

Then Bob grabbed him by the shoulder and flung him away so hard that the man crashed against the shelves of silks. Then he snatched the door open and found himself runn narrow flight of stairs.

"What is it?" he calle Mrs. Kingman?"

The whole place had smell that he at once Japanese trains and ra He heard a scuffling of voices above him, and a landing, turning the k little door. It opened lighted by two windows, ting room with a mirror a table. And there was Her shoulders were bare ing her dress in front of chattering Japanese.

"Look here," Bob sai matter? Did you screar must have happened. I it, because her eyes were ing and her face was a pushed his way throug boys and walked towar

"Why, Mrs. Kingman, is it?" She opened her m it. Something had fright thing had frightened he

"I never thought—" s voice was hardly more

"It's all right," Bob t happened? Did any of t

Then her voice was lou out of here," she said,

"Why, yes," Bob told I will. It's all right. Ju happened."

She drew a deep breat was steadier. "They al said. "I think they we She stopped and stared

"Going to what?" Bob all right, Mrs. Kingman

"Going to kill me," sh and then her words wer it's all right now. Just t

"Oh, come now," Bob thing just startled you," to the boys and scowled boys get out of here. W you mean breaking in None of them answer stood staring at him wi cant faces, and he heard draw in her breath shar

"It's all right now," "Just take me out."

THEN Bob Bolles hea footsteps on the landi the man he had seen ea ing. It was Mr. Moto.

"Oh," said Mr. Mot please?" And he spok sharply in Japanese. " wrong, please?" Mr. M

"Look here," Bob sa happened to this lady trying on a dress. I w shop and she screamed.

"Oh," said Mr. Moto I know now. A mi please. These boys the They came to fit the cl stupid of them. So sorr understand the foreign and Mr. Moto rubbed his and bobbed his head. sorry for the lady. Excu very sorry."

"I tell you something Bolles said. "What was man?"

"It's all right now," said. Her dress was on color was back in her want to leave this plac

"Come on," Bob sa down the stairs with Mr through the shop, with lowing.

o rry," Mr. Moto kept saying. ll ıdam please excuse?"
'm wfully sorry you had a fright th " Bob said. "Of course I can u here all alone—"
rt could not be sure that some- g e had not happened, for out in tr she clung to his arm. Some- g l l frightened her, and she did se like a person who was easily te l.
et go away," she said. "You'll m won't you? Please help me."
Vh of course," Bob said. "I guess et take you back to Mr. King- "
er ısp on his arm grew tighter. " said, "not that, no. Please, n me, Mr. Bolles. There isn't h t e. I—you'll have to help me."
Vh es," said Bob, "of course. Just t at happened up there. It was y ı ıisunderstanding. No one can y here possibly."

E e her head an impatient shake nd en she dropped his arm. His ls r st have reassured her some- A ıny rate she seemed to have ver
ou been awfully nice," she said. v was suddenly warm and dly "When you came running up e st s—I should have known that d b nice."
Vhy ıat's all right," Bob answered. vas anything."
ou ıay just that, of course," she "t ause you're nice. I'm afraid thi I'm an awful fool, going to s l that."
's over now," Bob said. "We'll Mı Kingman and then you can t a ıt it."
ut y are you in such a hurry to him she asked, and she smiled at in ıay that made him feel very liar 'Girls aren't always tied to and I think he's going to be busy quit while. There's no hurry, is st suppose that he weren't at ."
Vha Bob asked her.
e lc ed up at him, half-question- , ha laughingly, so that he could ell ether she was serious or not. ast ıpose he weren't here at all," said 'Just suppose that you and I m somewhere and that neither ca much about convention or ing I don't and I don't believe do."
en b looked back at her he knew it w true—he did not care much t co ention. "All right," he said, som ow her eyes made his voice ady "Suppose he weren't. He's bly till down there talking at y's.'
ıst s pose we'd known each other little hile longer," she said. "Sup- we' alked about a lot of things sup se we'd danced together. ose old you that I was sick and of e rything."
e bı told that before," Bob said, e w thinking about the times he een ld, but no one who had told ook like Mrs. Kingman.
appo we liked each other. We yo know," she said.
hat's ue," Bob answered, and he ot nd at all dealing with the ıstic "We might have once— I w in the Service, maybe—but an e naval officer now and I'm ne ly on the beach," and he ed.
know she said. "We heard about rom ınry. You see, I'm not very anc ou're not very happy, don't ee? ıd I suppose there are times you ın't care much what people That why I say—just suppose—"
ppos what?" Bob asked.
hat I ld you I was in a great deal uble. Her eyes were on him, half-serious and half-questioning. "And that I wanted you to take me away on your boat—anywhere to get away from here. I wonder if you'd do it?"

"You'd have to be in an awful lot of trouble to ask me that," Bob said.

"I suppose so," she answered, "but I'm not so sure—if we'd only known each other longer. I wonder if you would. Would you?"

The strange thing about it was that she spoke as though the question were serious, as though there were actually something between them, and he could almost wish there might have been.

"If you put it that way, I might," he said, and Mrs. Kingman laughed, but somehow she was still half serious.

"Suppose we went right now, right down to the water, and rowed out to your boat, me with nothing but what I have—just this handbag and this dress—and suppose you just pulled up the anchor and hoisted up a sail. We'd be a long way off before anyone knew, wouldn't we?"

"Yes," Bob said, "we might be," and then he laughed. "But you see, there's Mr. Kingman. That's the trouble with supposing."

"Oh," said Mrs. Kingman, "but just suppose—I have plenty of money. I'm quite rich, really."

Bob Bolles felt his face grow red again. That talk of money was the first thing that put him in his place.

"You don't do things like that for money," he said. "At least, I don't," and then he laughed again. "We'd better go and find Mr. Kingman. It's getting late. I imagine he's still down at Henry's. He had to see someone there."

Then he heard Mrs. Kingman catch her breath sharply. "He had to see someone?" she repeated. "Who?" And Bob's mind went back to noon at Henry's when he had been sitting in the shady barroom and all the make-believe was gone.

"A new arrival," Bob said, "just off the plane, nice-looking, rather tall, rather young. He said that he particularly wanted to see Mr. Kingman. It was the first time I heard your name and Henry gave him a room upstairs."

Mrs. Kingman grasped his arm again and her voice was very sharp. "Did you hear his name?" she asked.

"Why, yes, I did," Bob answered. "He said he came from Portugal. His name was Durant. Why, what's the matter?"

A spasm of sickness seemed to have struck her. For a second her eyes were half closed and her body swayed against him, and then she steadied herself and stood quite still.

"It's nothing," she said. "It's so hot—the sun—Mr. Bolles—"

"Yes?" he said.

"Will you take me on your boat? Will you right away?"

THEY had come to a standstill on the corner, near one of the white banks on the square, and all the slow life of Kingston was moving past them unheeded.

"Do you really know what you're talking about?" he asked.

And he could almost believe she knew. She stood there—lithe and straight and tall. The curve of her lips, the curve of her chin, the steadiness of her eyes all told him something. It was more than an impulse with her. It was more considered than that. She half smiled at him, making him look at her, making him see that she was desirable, and all the time she was trying to read everything about him, because something must have made her desperate.

"Yes," she said, "I really know."

She might regret it later, but she was telling the truth. Something had made her desperate—not afraid, but desperate.

"You'd better tell me what it's all


"The Boss comes to dinner!"

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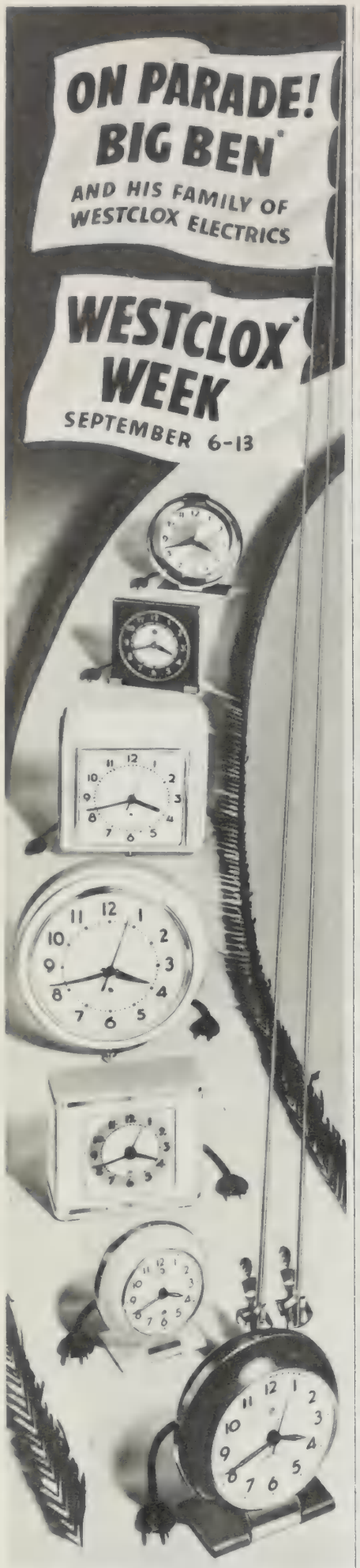


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about," Bob said, and her answer came promptly, almost breathlessly:

"There isn't any time to talk now. It's just you and me—you and me. I'll tell you when we get aboard your boat."

"Well—" Bob Bolles began, but he never finished. Mr. Kingman came around the corner by the bank, walking very fast. He saw them and waved his hand and hurried toward them. She must have seen him at the same instant and her whole manner changed.

"Why, Mac," Bob heard her say, "there you are!"

Although Bob could not define it, there was something a little ugly about it, something surgical and cruel in Mr. Kingman's smile, something very wary in his eyes.

"Hello," he said to her, and his glance never left her face. "I thought you were shopping, Helen."

"We were," Mrs. Kingman said. "I was just going to get a—a taxi to go back to the hotel."

"No, you weren't," Mr. Kingman said. "You were talking. I've told you, my dear, it isn't good for you to excite yourself by talking."

"I think Mrs. Kingman is a little upset," Bob Bolles said. From their faces it seemed to him necessary to make some sort of explanation. Mr. Kingman's eyes were icily cool. He was giving every word a complete and flattering attention.

"Upset?" he asked briskly. "How?"

"It was just a little matter in the Japanese store," Bob said. "She will tell you. It wasn't anything, really."

"The Japanese store?" Mr. Kingman said. His voice was light and humorous, but there was no humor in his eyes. "You shouldn't have gone without me, my dear. Don't be afraid. I'll see it doesn't happen again. Nothing will trouble you again, because I'll be with you—always."

"Yes, Mac," Mrs. Kingman said. "Don't be silly."

"I shall not be, my dear," Mr. Kingman said, and his eyes were back on Bob Bolles. "I should have told you, Skipper, that Mrs. Kingman isn't very well. I hope there wasn't anything that puzzled you. She didn't possibly suggest that you might run away with her?"

"Why, no," Bob said, "of course not, Mr. Kingman."

"Because if she ever does," Mr. Kingman said, "don't take it seriously. Helen's a charming girl, but she's here for a little rest." His arm shot out suddenly and his fingers grasped Mrs. Kingman's elbow. "We really have a—a jolly time together, don't we, dear? We'll get one of those cars over there and go back to the hotel."

BUT Mrs. Kingman did not move. "Mac," she said, "you've seen Charles?" Mr. Kingman's fingers were still on her elbow, gripping her very hard.

"What?" he began. "What the devil do you know about Charles?"

"Don't lie to me, Mac," Mrs. Kingman said. "Charles called to see you at that saloon and you've been talking to him. Where is he now? What have you done to him?"

Mr. Kingman beckoned to a driver in a car across the square. "My dear," he said, "we will talk about it quietly in just a minute. And no emotion now, please. You must excuse her, Mr. Bolles. She'll be better at five. You'll see. Say goodby to Mr. Bolles, dear."

"Don't," Mrs. Kingman said. "You hurt me, Mac." Mr. Kingman's hand dropped from her elbow. "Oh," he said, "so sorry, dear. See you later, Skipper." And then Mrs. Kingman smiled at Bob Bolles as though nothing had happened at all.

"Goodby, Mr. Bolles," she said. "Thank you very much."

The touring car and the driver were at the curb and Mr. Kingman helped her in.

"Careful," Bob heard him say, "careful, Helen." And then they were gone and Bob Bolles was left standing at the corner.

"Now, what do you know about that!" Bob Bolles said.

Perhaps Mr. Kingman had been right. Perhaps she was upset and tired. He had seen other married couples— He shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"Maybe it's just as well," he said softly, "that I never married, but it's certainly taken me out of myself."

He must have stood there for quite a while, thinking of everything that had happened, and it had certainly taken him out of himself. Mrs. Kingman had made him forget his own problems almost entirely. He had almost forgotten that he was standing on the corner by the bank, when he heard a voice behind him calling, "Bob—Bob Bolles!" It was like a voice in his own thoughts when he heard it, for no one in Kingston knew him well enough to call his name, but he understood when he turned—and all his old life was back. He had forgotten the destroyer that he had seen entering the harbor, and now he saw a young officer in starched, fresh whites. It was a long jump from Mrs. Kingman when he saw him. It was Bill Howe, whom he remembered very well at Hampton Roads. He was a junior lieutenant now and of course he would be assigned to the Smedley.

"Hello. How are you, Bob?" he said. "Captain Burke's at the hotel. He sent me to find you."

Bob Bolles felt his face flush. "What's the captain doing on the Smedley?" he asked.

"Flagship of the division," the lieutenant answered. "Captain Burke wants to see you."

"How the devil did he know I was here?" Bob asked.

"You know, we talk about you quite a lot," the lieutenant said. "They said at Key West that you'd bought the Thistlewood and the captain picked her out when we came in this morning. He sent me to find you, Bob. It's orders."

"Well, that was damned thoughtful of him," Bob Bolles said. He paused and looked up and down the street at the coffee-colored policemen, at the fat old women with their shells and baskets, at the tropical trees in the square and at the automobiles and th "You can give Captain gards and tell him I'm that he sat on the board over."

The lieutenant looked "It wasn't the captain' on the board," he said. got to see you. You're ju ish, Bob."

That last remark mac angry. "I'll act the w please," he said. "All rig

They began walking past the shops again.

"Bob," Bill Howe shouldn't take it this way thinks a lot of you. He s

"For Pete's sake," Bo "shut up!"

The boy was hurt, but was all a good deal wo thought it would be. Eve was trying to forget came exactly as he had when him he had been passed the same anger and the s Burke had not been his officer, but Burke had selection board.

HARRY BURKE was on the third floor of t coat was off and he was armchair with a tall lime front of him. He looked a as he had when Bob B him last—forty-five wit hair, thin and acid and stood up and held out hi

"So you found him, di he said. "Bob, it's nice t

Bob Bolles did not ans not shake hands.

"You'd better go, How said, and neither of the the door closed. "I neve couldn't take it, Bob," h

Bob drew in his breath skip how I act," he said. that with charts and n you?"

"All right," the captain he had got mad it wou better, but he did not ge about a drink?"

"I don't rank enough," drink with you. What di for?"

Captain Burke sat do waved to another chair. he said. "I wish you w

**"I think we're going to have trouble with him —his check comes to twenty-two dollars"**

# "No woman ever said what I said to Jim..."

**ANN:** What was it?

**SUE:** Here's what I said...I said, "Jim, I'm spending too much money on my clothes. From now on, I'm spending *less*, and you are spending *more*!"

**ANN:** Was he unconscious long?

He as blacked out for about a minute...but I on h disgusting old hat...like this. He got the nt, al ght!

It rtainly is a nerve-shattering hat! And my band being ruined by one just like it.

**SUE:** See, there's his new hat...the Stetson "Playboy" ...a honey, hey? Comes in all the new, good-looking colors, too...and see that Stetson label? How men enjoy showing *that* off!

**ANN:** Yes, I've noticed that too.

**ANN:** Jim, you look wonderful...very handsome hat you have there. It gives me ideas about my own hero.

**JIM:** Sue has good hunches sometimes. And from now on, no wife of mine is going to be ashamed of my looks, if I have to break every bone in her budget!

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"Good morning! I'm from Hawaii, the land of lovely flowers and gorgeous sunshine. This glass of Dole Pineapple Juice reminded me of home. I'd like to tell you something about it . . . May I?"

"Well, first of all, Dole Pineapple Juice is the true juice of big, ripe, Hawaiian pineapples. When you drink it at breakfast —or *any* time—it certainly tastes good!"

"Here's something else—Dole Pineapple Juice is a good source of Vitamins $B_1$ and C, and contains Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus. It's high in quickly available food energy, too."

"And you'll find Dole Pineapple Juice is so convenient. Just shake a chilled can—punch—pour—and drink . . . So now I hope you'll enjoy your breakfast . . . Aloha!"

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Pineapple Juice from Hawaii


personally. Everybody's name comes up. I couldn't help being on the selection board. You didn't seem to make much of a hit with one of your last C.O.'s and we couldn't disregard the way he rated you."

"Look here," Bob said. "I won the Schiff Trophy. Didn't that make any difference? It was personal prejudice and you know it."

"Maybe it was," Burke answered. "They couldn't select you on your record, but you needn't have got mad. You should have waited. The next selection board might have been entirely different. You knew it would consist of an entirely new group of officers. Look what happened to Spike Jones last year. He was selected after a 'pass-over.' Plenty are, you know."

"It was personal prejudice," Bob said again. "I've been trying to forget it. Let's skip it."

HE SAW Harry Burke still looking cool and friendly, and what was worse, he knew that Burke felt sorry for him.

"You don't look as though you had done much of a job forgetting it," Burke said.

"If this is all you want to see me about," Bob said, "I'm going."

But he knew he was not going to go. Now that he was there he would have to go through with it.

"That isn't why I wanted to see you," Captain Burke said. "What good has it done, spending all that money on a schooner and bumming around in it? Now, wait a minute. Sit down. Don't take it personally, Bob. A lot of other good boys missed out on their half stripe. One of your commanding officers gave you a two-point five in co-operation, but he thought you were a damned good flier. If you hadn't written out your resignation—"

"If I were a 'yes man' I'd have got a four," Bob said. "Is there any good reason why I should sit here—"

"The reason is it will do you good to hear some common sense," Captain Burke told him. "That particular commanding officer had some reasons for what he gave you. There was the time when you took that plane to call on that girl in Baltimore. And there was the time at Kelly's in Panama during the maneuvers."

"My C.O. didn't give me a chance," Bob said.

"You could have a chance now," the captain answered. "If you went up to Washington—"

"Thanks," Bob told him. "Why should I go to Washington? I was perfectly right and you know it."

There was a moment's silence and Captain Burke sat looking at him, and Bob Bolles looked out the window toward the harbor.

"Bob," Harry Burke said, "you shouldn't have thrown it all away, without waiting for another selection board."

Perhaps he was right, but it was finished.

"I'm glad to be out of it," Bob said.

"Listen, Bob," Captain Burke asked. "How would you like it if you were with me? On the Smedley for a couple of weeks?"

He thought he had put it all away from him, but he knew he hadn't as soon as Harry Burke asked him that question.

He had tried to tell himself a good many times that it had not been as bad as a court-martial. Yet in a way it was worse than that, because being passed over for promotion had been a reflection on his personality. It made him doubt himself and it made him hate to see anyone whom he had ever known.

"Do you know what the C.O. said?" Bob asked. "In his opinion my attitude made me unfitted to carry out any mission. How would you like to ve th
stamped on you?"

"Listen, Bob," Captain B te sa
"That's water over the dam. He h
the same look that other fr uds h
worn when Bob Bolles had lked
them—the embarrassed look peop
who do not want to listen.

Bob Bolles did not answer.

"Well," he said finally, "dor be so
for me. I can't take that, H y."

"How about coming aboard Capta
Burke asked again. "A coupl f we
on the Smedley?"

"What's the idea?" Bob Bo ask
"How does a civilian rate tha

"They say you've been cruis arou
the Caribbean quite a bit." Ha Bur
said. "That's so, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's so," Bob Bolles sw
"Since I bought the schooner re be
aboard her nearly all the tim I ke
every rum joint in the Ca bean
Guiana, Trinidad, La Guayra ve p
the Thistlewood into a lot fro
places—just to get away fro mysse
It doesn't work. You can't."

Harry Burke's manner was dden
brisk and cheerful. "Well, y re
what we want," he said. "I'll ke ve
on as a pilot. I have Naval Ir lia-n
authorization. It's just what e
telling Welles."

"Who's Welles?" Bob Bolles ked

Captain Burke looked up a ie
ing. "Intelligence," he said. s wi
us on this trip. We're on a so f wil
goose chase, looking for som ina
told Welles you might have so ideas

"What are you looking f Bo
Bolles asked. "Or is it conf ntial

"It's confidential," Harry B ke a
swered, "but I can tell you s of
While you've been out here ve y
ever heard of the Aquitane, Fren
merchant vessel, five thous tor
Captain LeBoeuf commander?

BOB BOLLES remembered Aqu
tane and it made him for abo
himself. "If you're looking e
Harry," he said, "you'd bet lea
deep diving. She was down he taki
on cargo at Guadeloupe, but y sar
her last June off the Bay of Bis r. Yo
don't mean to say they don't k w th
in Washington?"

"They're not as bad as that here
Harry Burke said, and he mile
"There's a rumor—it may n mer
anything, but it's important e ugh
have Intelligence down here n us
there's a rumor that two of cre
were picked up and brought Bre
Intelligence got their story th gh th
British. LeBoeuf was carryi som
thing—something he had take abou
in New York."

"You know," Bob Bolles sa "car
ships usually do."

"Not always something tha worri
Washington." Harry Burke were
"This was for the French go imed
LeBoeuf was down here when got th
news that the whole business Fran
had collapsed. The story is th he ie
what he was carrying down he some
where, because he didn't want Naz
to get it. Now the word is t Naz
know it too and they're lookir or th
crate."

"Crate?" Bob Bolles repeate

Harry Burke pursed his lips geth
as though he had tasted somet g sou
He was clearly trying to decid ow f
he could go in explaining a co lenti
mission.

"Suppose it was a knocl -dow
plane," he said. The captain's ce w
wrinkled and careful.

"I didn't know," Bob Bolles d hir
"you were so short of pla bac
home."

He sat there wondering wha e ca
tain would answer.

"It isn't the plane as much a pa
of it," Harry Burke said. "If at th

m the sea that's all right. It's
get e don't want used by anybody
J t one was turned out as a
le. France had an interest. It
't tter what it is, except that it's
rta "
ot e bomb sight?" Bob Bolles
l.
e c ain shook his head.
eve nind what it is, as long as you
it important. I'd like you to
al ."
hy Bob Bolles asked.
ell. Harry Burke looked at his
bu e did not touch it, and then
oke back at Bob Bolles. "If the
an dropped that plane off it
t a one of the regular ports, or
hav known about it. If it's any-
it' een left at some out-of-the-
lac some old harbor."

B LES did not answer. The
pta sitting there in his clean
ur rm, reminded him of what
d lc and he was filled again with
d r ntment.
ll di ou good," Burke was saying.
ome ou got hold of yourself."
wly ob Bolles pushed himself out
ch and stood up. "So you're
to ve me a hand, are you?" he
"anks. I don't need it."
ow it a minute, Bob," Harry
e be n.
s ni of you," Bob said, "think-
is u or me, but I can worry along
ysel You can get along without
l rig and you know you can." He
is h ds in his pockets and smiled.
des, e got business. The Thistle-
wa hartered for a month this
ing. e're leaving this afternoon."
ptai Burke loosened his coat col-
nth forefinger and pushed his
forw d.
ou n n right this morning some-
wan l to charter that schooner of
?"
es," ob answered, "right this
ing. t was quite a lucky break.
cops d just asked me to leave."
es," rry Burke said, "I'd heard
t that
ell, u needn't worry about it,"
said. 'I'm all right. Don't have
n yo mind."
hat t of a party is it?" Harry
e as d. "What did they want
you?
b B es laughed. "Nothing to
y yo r your Mr. Welles of the
agenc he said. "A couple from New York, a lawyer and his wife, both a little nervous, just down here for a rest."

The sharpness left the captain's face and he looked at Bob again as he had before, in an embarrassed, friendly way, and then he stood up too.

"Whoever they are, I wish you'd walk out on them. Let them relax with someone else. You could be a big help to us. It's time you saw some friends."

Bob felt hot and uncomfortable. He had never realized how through he was, how definitely everything was finished.

"Captain," he said, "it doesn't work. I wouldn't ship with you as an outsider for a million dollars. Just get it into your head that it's goodby to all that. Incidentally, there's quite a lot in the world besides the Navy. Well, so long."

"Bob," Harry Burke said, "haven't you got any sense? What's the use of your making a mess of your life? It's about time you straightened out, Bob. I wish you could look at yourself in a mirror."

"I did," Bob Bolles answered, "right this morning." Then he lost control of his voice: "Say—are you trying to put me on the carpet?"

"Quite a picture, isn't it?" said Harry Burke. "You taking out a sailing party?"

Bob Bolles turned on his heel and opened the door.

"Wait a minute," Harry Burke called. "Come back, Bob."

BOB closed the door behind him and walked down the hall toward the stairs. If you started out in one direction you had to keep right on. Yet when he closed the door he had a feeling that he had closed it on the last chance he would ever know. He had the feeling of being completely without a country, entirely by himself. His familiar feeling of doubt was eating at him again and what he needed was a drink.

He walked past the desk, hoping that the clerk was not looking at him. He walked so fast that he almost ran into a small man near the door. It was the Japanese he had seen that morning.

"Why," Bob said, "I'm sorry. I didn't see you, Mr. Moto."

Mr. Moto stepped aside and bowed. "Thank you," he said. "So very careless of me too, Mr. Bolles."

"Selling shirts to the guests?" Bob Bolles asked.

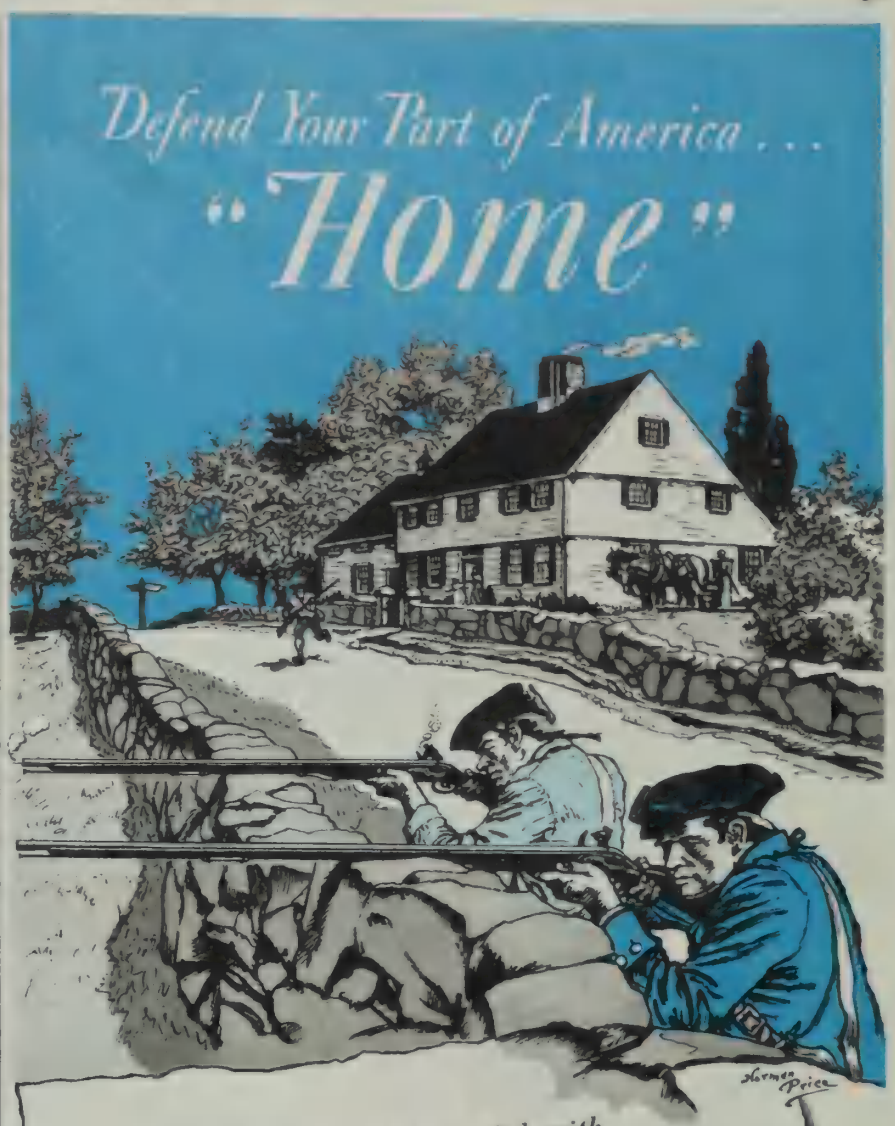
"Oh, yes," said Mr. Moto, "oh, yes, shirts."

*(To be continued next week)*

**"We're going to lay in only perishable foods. After all, in a war, those are the hardest to get!"** GARDNER REA

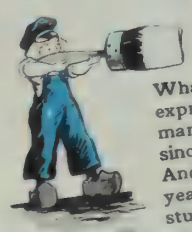

*Defend Your Part of America . . .*

# "Home"



*Protect it as your Forefathers did, with*

## PURE WHITE LEAD



What is America—what is it we defend? Isn't it all expressed in the simple word "*Home*"? Cottage or mansion, this is what our fathers have defended—since that first shot that was heard 'round the world. And fighting shoulder to shoulder with them, every year of the way, has been America's Home Guard—sturdy Pure White Lead. Stubbornly repelling every attack of hail and rain, of sun and cold—this stalwart paint has brought many a Colonial home safely through the years. Today, as it has been for generations, weather-defying White Lead is America's First Line of Home Defense.

*Now, a New Form . . .*

*Ready for the Brush!*

Today a new home defender—the new Dutch Boy Pure White Lead *Paint*—steps into line beside the Dutch Boy's famous *Paste* White Lead. Bringing you, in ready-to-use paint form, all the proven protection of white lead. It hugs tight, hugs long...wears down slowly, *smoothly*, instead of cracking and scaling. Thus, like the original Dutch Boy, it keeps houses young in appearance, and saves you the expense of burning and scraping off the old paint when you finally do repaint. Yet the new Dutch Boy gives you the extra quality of White Lead at a cost no greater than that of regular quality paint.

Remember, when you buy a paint job—it pays to hire a good painter. And whichever form of Dutch Boy goes on your home—the new *paint* or the famous *paste*—"You're money ahead when you paint with white lead."

Make yourself an expert at buying a paint job... write for the Dutch Boy's new, color-illustrated booklet, "Styling with Paint the Dutch Boy Way." Address Dept. 365, care of the nearest branch office listed at the right.

**2 COAT WORK:** *The new Dutch Boy comes in two forms—Exterior Primer and Outside White—specially designed to do a real white lead job on new or old wood in 2 coats.*

**NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY:** 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 1376 River Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

*New* DUTCH BOY PURE WHITE LEAD *Paint*

I get a gander at Myrt once in a while. You can see she's loving it, just like everybody loves to be kidded by Jimmy

# MORE THAN THIS LIFE

BY OCTAVUS ROY C

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H

**Explaining Jimmy Carson, stepped the women—all**

THIS Jimmy Carson was a panic. Always cracking wise. Like when maybe I'd say, "Now you take Manny, for instance . . ." and he'd snap me right up and say, "You take him, Chuck. Him and his bicycle, both." Never serious, that guy wasn't. Always laughing and making jokes out of whatever come along. I guess that's why he was such a wow in the Inferno.

Never heard of the Inferno? That makes you unanimous with about seven million other New Yorkers. Me, I own the Inferno, and I haven't ever figured out am I smart. It's lost somewhere on 52d Street, and nobody you ever heard of did the interior decorating. Our hooch packs a low-down wallop and we live on suckers, plus drunks who overflow from the class spots along the sizzle stem. We got a four-piece band that don't play good but does play loud, and there's a dame who peddles ditties. Also we got Jimmy Carson.

We call Jimmy our master of ceremonies, which sounds nifty enough. The guy is not very couth, but he is funny as a crutch. He's slim and blond and he's got a smile that sinks in deep. He's got an instinct for kidding, which is important when you're all the time dealing with ladies and gents who've had plenty. You got to know how far to go and when to stop, what I mean. That is, if you don't crave to get a punch in the nose.

Well, Jimmy's that kind of a lad. You could tell by just looking at him that he didn't have a care in the world, and that sort of made you feel good, too, provided you was looking for a lively evening. He'd go into his routine and grin at you and pretty soon you'd get a wot-the-hell feeling, which was plenty good for business.

Jimmy M.C.'d for the Inferno, mixed with the cash customers as much as they seemed to want, and also did two or three tap routines. But good. Maybe he hadn't quite mastered McGuffey's First Reader in school, but what that tomato didn't know about plain and fancy hoofing wasn't ever thought about. Easy and graceful, and those taps came out perfect, just like castanets. It was a treat to watch him because you'd get the idea that he was doing it for fun and not for money.

I PAID him all I could afford, which was forty bucks a week. Sometimes he got tips, so you'd maybe say that he averaged fifty, but when you've said that, you've said it all.

I always knew the guy was worth more, but a feller can't pay more than he's got. Jimmy used to rib me about how the Inferno would fold up in my face if he ever took a powder, and he wasn't kidding, although he figured he was. Everybody liked him and was all the time asking him to have one, and the dames . . . Mister, I'm
young and old, they went f

But there's the pay-off.
could dope it out, Jimmy
ing any. He talked sweet
was seeking honey, and
ones who sort of felt like
Pretty or not made no differ
He played the field, and kid
off them.

He M.C.'d the same way.
the customers so that
laughing at themselves. T
we had customers. So I
to him . . . which didn't h
to do with the fact that
too.

I didn't really know muc
He'd show up at ten and
we'd poured the last lush
Then he'd slip out to so
jernt for a slug of java an
see him again until the ne

The dame angle, I unders

# *Head*lines for Fall

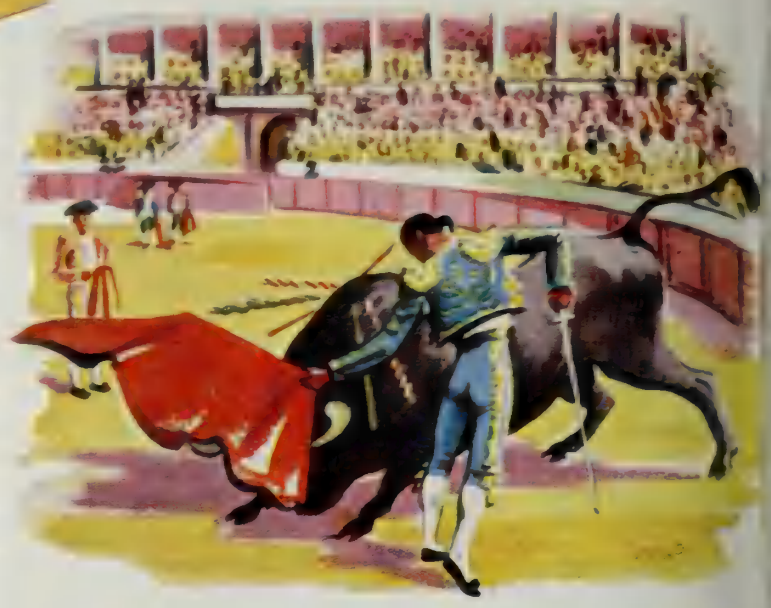
**YOUNG MAN GETS HEAD START!** He's off for new horizons of higher education—with a good head on his shoulders, and a good hat on his head. He'll be in the company of his classmates who also value taste in hats as well as in books. From the very first he feels at home in this casual Mallory STOWAWAY—sleek snap-brim . . . comfortable, head-soothing new Pliafelt process . . . choice of dashing autumnal shades—all for Six Dollars!

**PLIAFELT** is the revolutionary new Mallory process that makes a hat as soft as a wind in Indian Summer, yet as shape-retaining as the sturdy models. Result—Miracle in comfort, by Mallory!

*MALLORY HATS ARE PRICED FROM $5 TO $10 AT LEADING MEN'S SHOPS*

# WHY YOU'LL NEVER OUT-TRAVEL THE BLACK LABEL

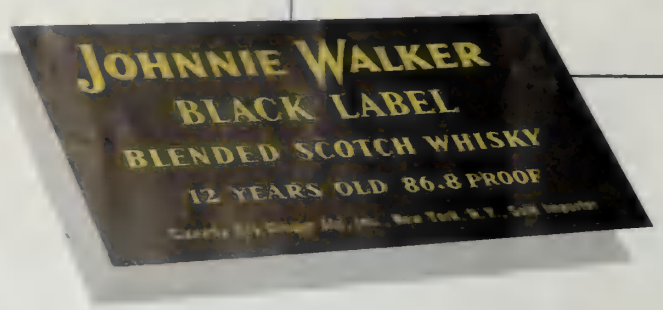
**GO TO GUATEMALA** where volcanos build pillars of fire in the sky and mysterious temples mark a civilization that's beyond the reach of history. Even here you'll find that old Scottish mark—the Black Label of Johnnie Walker.



**GO TO CARACAS,** mountain city of bull-fights and fine living, where streets are lined with mahogany trees and orchids. In this rich land, too, the symbol of richness in whisky is the Black Label of Johnnie Walker.

**GO TO PANAMA**—"The Crossroads Of The World." To this cosmopolitan city, men from the far corners of the earth have brought many pleasant customs, among them the enjoyment of mellow Johnnie Walker Black Label.

**WHEREVER YOU MAY TRAVEL** you'll come upon this famous mark of Scotland's treasured whisky. It is a mark of good taste, a sign that you appreciate perfection in flavour and smoothness, to name Johnnie Walker Black Label.



s m ried—some babe he used to ce h, and I figured she must have eth g on the ball because passing fem e invitations was a habit with . course, being Jimmy, he'd ab it. He kidded about every-

ng.
I dc t dare to step outa line," he'd . yrt has got three Pinkertons in' all the time. She's got so ny s se it adds up to a dollar. You hta eet her once . . ."
figu d that, too. But Jimmy keeps wif out of circulation. Way up-
n. sleeper jump on the subway.
zy out her, too; about her and ebal to hear him talk. But not e h she ever poked a nose into Infe o.
I k her under lock and key, ck, Jimmy tells me. "Am I a sap, houl expose her to three million ? at they don't see ain't gonna re 'e wild."
Oka Jimmy," I says. "If you ain't na b serious—"
But m serious. And also we like play use, see. But you wouldn't erst d."

) I y off Jimmy. I always do. Wha hat lad doesn't want you to w. h ain't telling you . . . but you er g sore. Nobody ever gets sore im. e's got what they call person-
y. w h is why I wasn't surprised n so thing happened one night.
did seem like nothing at first: thr men and two dames drifting t th e-thirty ayem to add more ts to e snootfuls they already had. ve 'e a double take and tell Jimmy I bet r sling another show on ac-
t th 'd need a lotta noise and en-
ainm t.
o th band rides it loud, the babe got deling for us sells a couple h nu bers and Jimmy goes into his Yo d think from the way he ked at he was playing the Music l inst d of a forgotten spot to a col-
ion o five drunks and another guy in th corner who was so far gone didn know was it Tuesday or ober.
Welc e to the Penguin Club," he ts o naming the most expensive zery the street. "We got every-
g th got except a cover charge, d ser e and decent licker. So make rselv at home."
le's g a knack of sizing up folks, so h goes into a snappy tap rou-
, bac d up by just the piano. It's d, an every once in a while, they ch. 's all the time kidding along n the and when he's finished that one, he delivers another—trickier and fancier. They invite him over for a drink, one of the dames begins to paw him as usual and as usual he laughs her off, and when they ask for more dancing he obliges.

They pay their check and walk out in the middle of a number. Jimmy nods toward the drunk in the back and says that if I don't want to put on another show for him he'll be drifting. "Got to get plenty shut-eye. Big ball game tomorrow."

"Who's playin' where?" I ask.

"Giants," he says. "Or maybe the Yanks. Anything but Brooklyn. The game starts promptly at."

The next night at nine when I'm sitting at the bar swapping lies with Louie, who walks in but one of the gents who had been with us the night before. He's cold sober, and that usually spells trouble.

But this time it doesn't. He gives me the sign and we go to a table. He comes right to the point.

"Who is this Jimmy Carson?" he wants to know.

I'm cagey. "Just a guy," I tell him.

"Been here long?"

"It's a good hide-out. Nobody ever comes here."

"The boy can hoof."

"So what?"

"And he's got personality." You'd think this feller was sittin' alone, the way he's talking to himself. "Yes—a rather amazing personality. That low-down line of his, like he'd never read a book . . . It'd be a novelty. . . . I think they'd like it." Then he suddenly remembers I'm alive. "Look," he says, "I'm Max Hanfer. Maybe you've heard of me."

"And how," I says. "You book bands and unit shows."

"Yeah. And I'm sending out the hottest band in the world for sixteen weeks. One-week stands. No name now, but they'll have one soon. Everything about the outfit sizzles. I was thinking that this Carson might fit in for M.C. and a couple fast-moving tap routines."

"How much?" I want to know.

"Not enough to get him excited, unless he's willing to gamble on a click. Hundred and fifty a week."

Just then Jimmy comes in. He gets the eye from me and breezes up to the table. Gives Hanfer a tumble and says, "It ain't true, Mister. We didn't pad your check. Not much."

"Siddown," says Hanfer. "We got things to talk about." He turns to me and says, "Glad to've met you." So I take the hint and scram.

They stay in a huddle for about half

**"That's right; we demand no co-signers and no security. We trust you implicitly"**

A. JOHN KAUNUS

*"Illukiaratha! Feels like North Pole here, since*
(ESKIMO FOR "OH BOY!")
*I discover Icy MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED Shave!"*

*Crave Coo-o-ol Comfort?* Man, start each morn with an icy Mennen Menthol-iced shave! How that cool, bubbly lather refreshes your face. And wow, how whiskers wilt! No yank or pull. Want to start each day *bright?* Say to your druggist, "Mennen Menthol-iced for mine!"

*Mennen also makes a plain Lather Shave, and a swell Brushless, too!*

THE 3-STEP SHAVE OF GENTLE-MENNEN:—1 SHAVE CREAM, 2 SKIN BRACER, 3 TALCUM FOR MEN

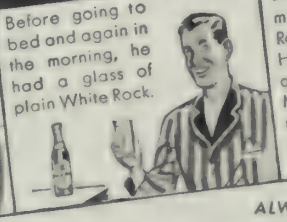
BIG PARTY LAST NIGHT

*Fit as a fiddle this morning!*

HOW HE DID IT

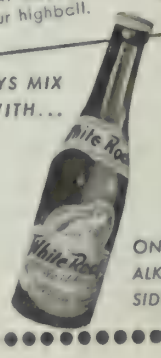
Last night he saw to it that his highballs were mixed with White Rock

Before going to bed and again in the morning, he had a glass of plain White Rock.



Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

ALWAYS MIX WITH...

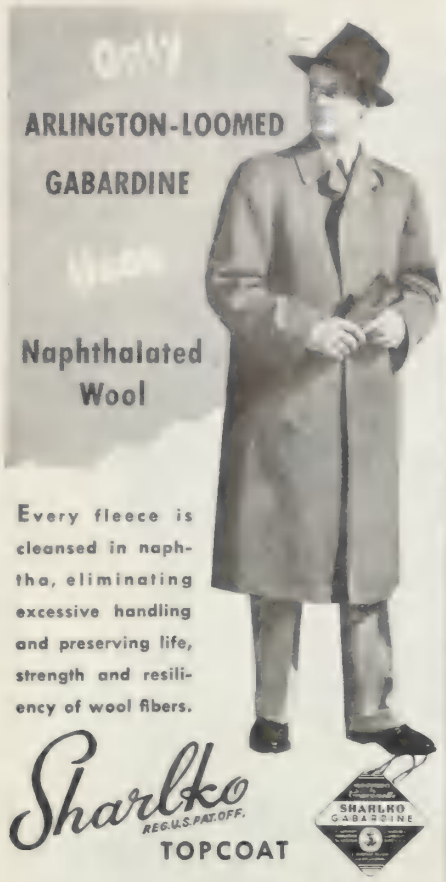



FEELING FINE THANKS TO

White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

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an hour, and then this Hanfer lams. I stick around waiting for Jimmy to pop, but there's nothing stirring. Finally I sit down with him.

"When's the take-off?" I want to know.

"The what?" he asks, innocentlike.

"The take-off. The walkout. The vamos."

"Double talk the guy gives me."

I says, "Now look, Jimmy: I know what that egg wanted, and I know what that dough means when it's stacked up against what I'm paying you. So it's a day."

Jimmy grins wide. "Chuck," he says, "I ain't havin' any."

"Are you crazy?"

"Nope. I know which side my bread is buttered on. Sixteen weeks is sixteen weeks. Here it's salad every Saturday night. I'm sticking."

"But it doesn't make sense—"

"Lets hear no more about it, Chuck," he says. There ain't no use throwing good breath after bad."

I'M WORRIED. Making a bit of gravy out of Jimmy Carson is one thing. Slapping him down when he's got a real chance is something else again. No use trying to argue with him: Nobody can't make that guy talk serious. So I decide to step in where I ain't got no right. I don't know this wife of his, but I figure if Myrt is half the dame he says she is—she'll shove him out on the road with that Hanfer unit. I got all the dope on where he lives because of tax forms I gotta make out for him, so the next afternoon, knowing he's at the ball game, I invest a nickel in a subway slot.

It's a nice neighborhood just this side of the North Pole. I press the buzzer in a neat, new walk-up and the door-latch clicks. I climb up to 4-C. The door is opened by a colored gal, she can't be more than fifteen, and she asks me what I want, so I say, "Mister Carson works for me, and can I see Mrs. Carson?" She disappears and then comes back and says I should come in.

The foyer is tiny. The living room is about the same size, but neat: just what you'd expect from a forty-dollar hoofer, only maybe less. The colored girl thumbs me on, and I walk into the bedroom. There's a dame on the bed.

It's Myrt.

Don't ask me how I know it's Myrt because she doesn't check with anything Jimmy ever told me. But I know it is, and I know a lot more than that, too.

I take one gander and wonder whether they got the sheets pinned down, because it seems like a good breeze would blow this Myrt away. I didn't know what was the matter with her, but whatever it was, you could bet your last ash can she'd had it a long time and wasn't expecting to lose it soon, either. She looked like she weighed ten pounds less than a feather. Her eyes were big and blue, with a sort of peaceful look in them like life hadn't treated her so bad after all. She nods me to a chair and gives me the office. After we've said we're glad to meet each other, she wants to know what gives.

So now I'm backed in a corner. I ain't no dope, and I know two and two makes four if somebody tells me the answer. The whole thing fits now: this build-up of Jimmy's, the way he never brought her downtown, his turning down of a hundred and a half per week because you could see right away that she'd never stand the road . . . and he wasn't leaving her.

This was a brand-new angle on Jimmy. Him: kidding all the time, and making out that life was one big laugh; Jimmy ribbing the suckers that stray into my jernt. . . . Jimmy passing up a big break to take care of an invalid wife.

I do the only thing I can, which is to act like a stumblebum. Can I spill it to this Myrt that Jimmy has got a good chance if he'll ditch her for sixteen weeks? Can I mention Hanfer at all? Can I do anything but talk like a sap?

So I make out like I was just roamin' in the neighborhood and dropped in to say hello. She takes it—or pretends like she does. And then she starts talking about Jimmy, on account she figures I'm his buddy.

She's got me reeling in twenty seconds. She doesn't lay it on thick; she doesn't build nothing up. She just tells me things, plain and simple.

Sure, she was a dancer once; sure, they once planned an act . . . Jimmy still kids about it, she says, like he kids about everything. He keeps her laughing all the time when he's home. He makes her think that he's the luckiest guy in the world on account of her being an invalid, because what chance would a mug like him have if she was walking around loose. The same smoosh he tells me, but this time I ain't smiling.

About that time the door busts open and Jimmy breezes in. He's got an armful of groceries and he's kidding before he gets halfway through the living room. "Hi, Sugarfoots," he's calling. "I just doped out a new routine. Nifty . . ." Then he sees me. A few words show him that I haven't spilled any dope, and so he goes right on with his act.

"You're welcome, Chuck," he says. "You ain't pretty, so I ain't jealous. Myrt been talkin' your ear off?"

I says, "Yes, she has . . ." and he keeps right on chattering. I get a gander at Myrt once in a while. She's not only smiling, but you can see she's loving it, just like everybody loves to be kidded by Jimmy. I'm still piecing things, from what I see and from what she told me. I know now that Jimmy ain't seen a ball game in years—not since she got slapped down by whatever it is she's got. The colored maid: She fits in at a few bucks a week to keep Myrt company from late afternoon until Jimmy comes home from work at five-six in the morning. And I can see from Myrt's face that he ain't playing up for me. This is the way things go. This is the McCoy.

He nicks off a couple of new steps for her, and says it's time to cook supper. A cheap, Fifty-second Street hoofer playing nursie to my cookstove. He's still kidding when I grab for my hat and state that I gotta scram.

JIMMY follows me to the door. I brace myself because I know I've stepped out of line and I'm about to get took to the cleaners. I got my guard down and my chin out. I asked for it and I'm gonna get it, which is okay by me because if there is a sign in front of the gates of Heaven which says "No Trespassing," why, a guy ain't got no right going contrary to it.

So we stand at the door, kind of awkward and quiet. Then Jimmy Carson starts to talk.

He says, "Get this, Chuck—and get it right, because this time little Jimmy ain't cracking wise." He jerks his head toward the bedroom back yonder:

"This setup suits me fine, see. It suits me better than any lousy out-of-town job. It suits me better than anything you could dream up which would be different. And one more thing, Chuck. Maybe this'll be hard for you to believe . . . but I'm tellin' you straight . . . I'm happy."

And, walking down the street toward the subway a few minutes later, I give Jimmy's last remark a heap of thought.

All his life Jimmy Carson has kidded. In all the years I've known him, I always felt like I'd be a sucker to believe anything he said.

But this time . . . when he cracked about being happy . . . well, this time I really did believe him.

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## Onward, Christian Sailors

Continued from page 17

song and testimony. It was Mr. Trotman's homely quarters in a Long Beach boardinghouse. But Mr. Trotman took to religion with the same headlong vigor that had characterized his unregenerate life.

Today, from Bremerton, Washington, to San Diego, California, and on to Honolulu and Manila, the Navigators wage an all-out war on Beelzebub, and the Lord has blessed their passion, measure for measure. They have no real estate to call their own but scores of churches and missions, all of them dedicated to vociferous evangelism and uncompromising fundamentalism, call them brother.

### Courted By the Big-Timers

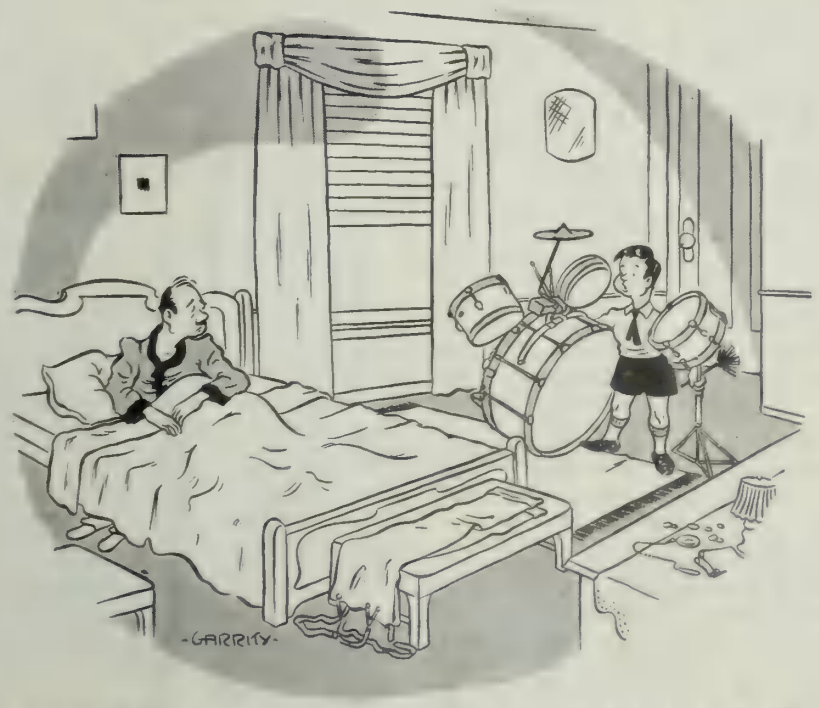
When it started, Navigators hiked or took streetcars or busses to their meeting places. Today they have their own motorbusses awaiting them at base and Navy-yard gates. Unknown a few years back, today a dozen big-time evangelists, including Aimee Semple McPherson, court them—a tribute to their increasing numbers. But their hearts belong to Mr. Trotman. They have written no articles of faith, no formulae, no tenets, no catechism, contending that to have such would be a presumptuous attempt to better the Bible. There are no formal prohibitions, proscriptions nor regulations of conduct, but no Navigator will dance, play cards, attend a theatrical performance—movie or stage—sing secular songs (patriotic anthems excepted), attend social functions or parties that are not held under church auspices, read novels, visit art museums where the nude human figure may be exhibited. Because there are certain Navy regulations which they can do nothing about, and chief petty officers like John Emmett Murphy to see that nothing unconstructive happens to said regulations, Navigators will work on Sunday, Deuteronomy 5:13-14 notwithstanding. Mr. Bell told us that Colossians 3:22-23 took care of that. And it is scarcely worth mentioning that a Navigator will not smoke, chew, curse, drink beer or liquor, play billiards, pool or games of chance.

The Navigators are still overwhelmingly a West Coast and Pacific Fleet organization although they have small but vigorous roots in the East. Mr. Bell said that when the fleet was in New York a dozen churches and missions sent delegations to escort them to worship. Also a considerable number of Christian men and women entertained them in their homes, one lawyer coming down to the docks with six motorcars in which he carried thirty Navigators to his estate in Westchester to participate in a solid week end of Bible-reading, hymn-singing, prayer and testimony, interrupted only for food and sleep. Mr. Bell said that he'd never had a better time in his life, nor expected to. It was a modern Pentecost.

Naturally it is scarcely possible to be a Navigator on a warship without occasionally having one's patience sorely tried. The Navy's new personnel may be all that Mr. Murphy says, gentlemen almost all; but the non-Navigators and others who find it difficult to curb the heathen spirit at all times badger Mr. Bell and his fellows now and then. As we've said, they are a bit wary of Mr. Bell himself, because when he lashes out it can be extremely painful indeed. Then, too, many of the officers, including those whose duty it is to see that nothing subversive to Navy discipline be tolerated, have been darkly suspicious that the Navigators may be the unwitting agency of un-American interests. Probably nothing naval or otherwise could have as little factual foundation. But there are plenty of officers who haven't got used to the Navy's new personnel, who are still thinking in gobs.

The suspicion took form when Mr. Bell and other leading Navigators requested that Navigators be permitted to hold their own religious services on Sundays instead of attending the conventional ship services. Some officers were pretty sure that there was something unhealthy afoot when the Navigators said that they'd like to worship by themselves in private. Anyway, they weren't allowed to.

So while it is becoming accepted that the Navigators have no desire to lend

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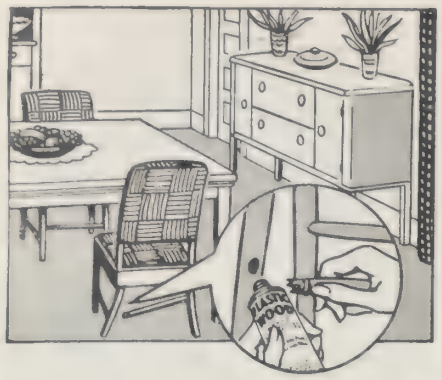

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aid and comfort to any political racket other than our own beloved American brand, there are still some in authority who look with suspicion upon anybody desirous of a little privacy.

Some of the duties to which Navigators were detailed became tests of their spiritual sturdiness. Because he's no mushroom with his dukes and because it appealed to a certain sense of humor, Mr. Bell was assigned to a season of shore-patrol duty in Bremerton and Seattle. Moreover, he was assigned to patrol certain sailor-favored districts wherein houses of ill fame flourished in spite of the higher moral standard of the Navy's new personnel. Mr. Bell conducted himself with distinction although some of the lads did their best to pierce his armor.

### The Wages of Sin

On Mr. Bell's beat there was a hotel famed as a fleshpot. One evening as Mr. Bell was passing, night stick in hand, a couple of shipmates ran out to inform him that a third shipmate was inside drunk and in immediate danger of being rolled for his dough. Mr. Bell did not hesitate. He entered. Before he had time to push his investigations farther than the foot of the stairs, a large woman named Goldie threw her arms around him, announcing in full cry that Mr. Bell was hers, that he was a dweat, big, bootiful mans and, let her sisters in sin have their prejudices, she for one doted on cops, particularly shore patrolmen. Mr. Bell thrust her aside.

But she was not trained in the Paul Bunyan tradition for nought. She collared Mr. Bell with a flying tackle that sent him staggering against the wall. Again Mr. Bell thrust her aside and attempted to be off about his duty. Twice repulsed, the lady became vexed and took a strangle hold. Furthermore, she addressed him in terms remote from the truth while the shipmates who had lured him into the place urged her on to greater and greater efforts. It was then that Mr. Bell's patience gave out. So did his left hand.

With a tear in his eye and a prayer on his lips he slapped the lady down. And while someone ran for a pail of water, Mr. Bell took his Testament from his breast pocket and read aloud the first eleven verses of the eighth chapter of Saint John. Then, while they were reviving Madam Goldie, he cleaned out the joint, dragging several very rough characters off to the brig. On the following day the lady was standing in the doorway waiting for him to pass by—a battered Thais on the lurk for an uncompromising Athanael.

"Listen, baby," she peeped, "I didn't know you was such a good man."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Bell. "I ain't. I'm just a-tryin'."

And he handed her a tract. It started with: "The wages of sin is death."

Mr. Bell is an honest man, the possessor of a conscience that is no still, small voice. Furthermore, he has shrewd powers of appraisal. It was not more than two minutes after Mr. Murphy had introduced us to him that Mr. Bell leveled his fingers at us and told us that we were a child of sin. This was not news and we hastened to admit it.

"So are we all," he added, taking his Testament out of his pocket. "We're born in it and to it. But original sin is not as great as ignoring repentance."

"Is there anything in what you Navigators believe that would prevent your complete participation in war?" we asked. "Some of the Navy officials think you're pacifists at heart. A number of divinity students have preferred to go to jail rather than be drafted into the Army."

"A Christian must fight," said Mr. Bell. "Joshua, David, Peter, Cornelius the Centurion—they fought. Brother, consider. Hell's on the loose. The Devil walks the highway. I don't know any of these fellows who gave up studying to be preachers to go to jail, but I do know you can't fight the Devil sitting in the county dungeon. Nobody yet put the Devil where he can't reach out and snatch him a sinner. When pacifists say they won't fight they're lying. They're fighting authority. They're fighting themselves. They know no peace. Their souls are in turmoil. God is authority and authority is the will of God. To me the policeman is a minister of God. Sometimes sheriffs too. God bids us obey. Read the first three verses of the thirteenth chapter of Romans."

Mr. Bell played a high-tailin', grandstand bustin' halfback at high school in Cooper, Texas. In so doing he had his jaw broken and his back badly wrenched. Nevertheless, he recovered enough to take up boxing and wrestling. The latter did his back no good, but he was making quite a lot of progress as a boxer when, one day while boxing with a heavyweight named Pickles Heinz, he allowed his thoughts to wander beyond the ropes into the realm of metaphysics. Mr. Bell does not say so, but other members of the California's crew told us that Mr. Bell's thoughts had roamed so far away from Mr. Heinz's left hand that it was plumb disastrous. Upon reviving, Mr. Bell hung up the gloves. A highly likely light heavyweight had retired. He worked at bicycle repairing, farming, carpentering, blacksmithing and tried his hand at cows. On Sundays he preached some, having given himself to God at the age of nine in the First Baptist Church in Cooper. And then five years ago, aged eighteen, he joined the Navy.

And one afternoon he, like others after him, was somewhat astonished to see several sailors marching off with Bibles under their arms. He hailed them. They led him rejoicing to Mr. Trotman.

When next we saw Mr. Murphy he was sitting in his quarters fanning himself although the weather was far from warm. Mr. Murphy had just come from a losing battle with one of Mr. Bell's fellow Navigators.

### Prayer Won't Hurt Anyone

This Navigator was supposed to be shining—in other words, polishing brass. The lad was not shining brightwork when Mr. Murphy sauntered by on inspection. He was praying silently, one eye resolutely shut and the other focused upon the horizon.

"What is the matter, my boy?" asked Mr. Murphy. No answer.

"What's the matter, sailor?" demanded Mr. Murphy with a dash of spirit. No answer.

"Listen, you," said Mr. Murphy. "Are you going to tell me what's the matter or do I have to find out all by myself."

"Let me alone," said the lad. "I'm a-prayin'."

"Ah," said Mr. Murphy, his vast shoulders relaxing. "How about finishing your work like a good boy? Or what do you say to shining and praying at the same time. The good Lord knows a bit of prayer won't hurt any of us and it's lots better than what many a sailor says when he's shining brightwork. Who might you be praying for now?"

"For myself," said the lad, "and for you. I was praying for the executive officer, supply officer, the engineer officer, the communications officer, for the captain of marines."

"Ah," said Mr. Murphy. "And do you pray for all the officers while shining brightwork?"

"I do," said the Navigator. "I pray even for the captain."

"That's fine," said Mr. Murphy. "The captain has the lives of all of us in the hollow of his hand."

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ot," retorted the Navigator.

ssion stopped there. The ator fell to shining bright- to silence. His lips were r. Murphy started to say ut he thought better of it n. Back aft he spoke of his h the Navigator.

ou," said the man who was paint on everything within as you I'd give them Navi- in the puss—or somethin'."

ep your hands to yourself," Murphy, who doesn't like to ughts publicized like that. nett Murphy is a famous ined up in 1911 and sailed he armored cruiser South was a holy terror to look her four eight-inch guns, and twelve threes. "She's now," says Mr. Murphy. his thirty years have been policing sailors ashore and naking them like it. He ches and bullets with boot- n Diego, broke up the loan- dit-jeweler rackets at Long he lightweight and welter- ionships of the battle fleet, legs would carry him to no s he turned trainer.

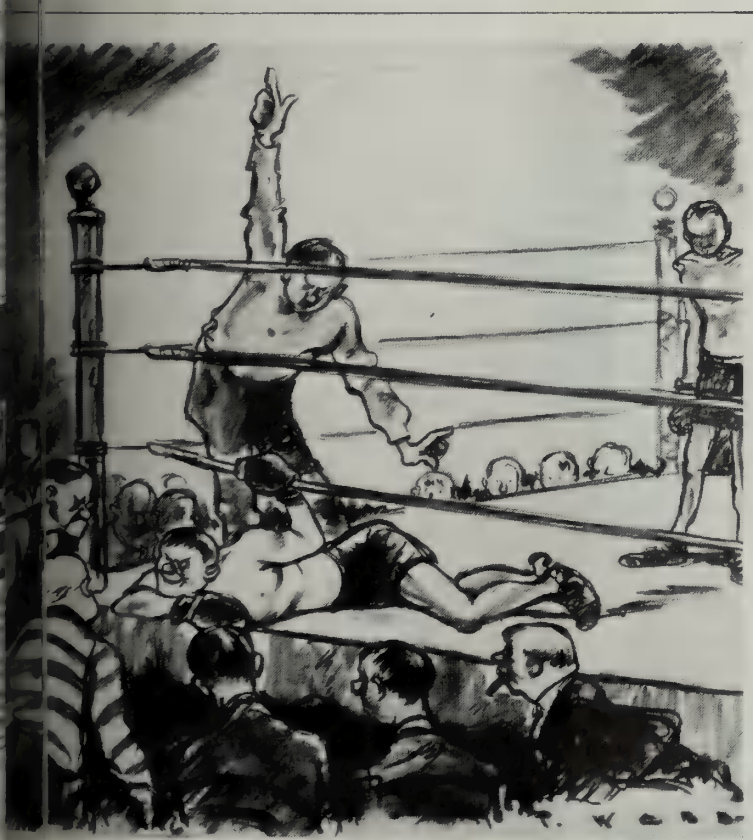
**Better Navy Now**

g methods developed such Hotfoot Biff Bailey, All- on lightweight; Joe Brown- f Jim, the wrestler; Harry eatherweight; Buck Bryant, and Bill Greble, the heavy. y is no bewailer of bygones. man. He measures the personnel, not its guns and a better Navy today than day and it's going to be ow. Mr. Murphy takes you o prove it. The boys are ger, wiser than they used educational average is sec- n school. They drink less an the old gobs did. The and reading rooms are al- d—and look what they're n Kampf, Marx's Capital, Why, if anybody read at in the dear, dead gob days the government would have had him up on suspicion of sedition and would have had him in a concentration camp just to make sure. They read Joseph Conrad, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Harold Lasky, John Marquand, H. G. Wells, Walter Lippmann, A. P. Herbert—stuff like that. The librarian is a college graduate reading for a Ph.D. Two third-class seamen and four petty officers are college graduates. And several more have had one, two, three years in college. See?

"Of course," said Mr. Murphy, "we got quite a handful of mugs too—guys who'd be gobs in any man's navy, any time. But wiser, wiser. Why, in the old days on the beach, if one gob got into a fight he'd have a hundred gobs helping him just for the hell of it. Nobody but the first gob would know what it was all about—just a fight. But today—n-o-o-o-o. Today they're bluejackets. If a bluejacket gets into a fight it's his fight—private. If he's in the right, okay. If he's in the wrong, he's a sucker. If he wins, that's okay too and everybody but the other guy's happy. But if he loses—well, he's a sucker. But don't get me wrong; these boys can fight. The big difference is, they ain't out there looking for it. Smarter. They've got to be smarter to get anywhere in the Navy today—to win promotion. Science has taken the place of pull and haul. To get anywhere, today's bluejacket has to know trigonometry. In the old days they called you professor if you knew the multiplication tables. Sure, you can see the difference watching them eat. Why, I've seen the day when a gob thought it was sissy to use a fork at mess. A knife was all he needed—shovel the food with the blade and stir your coffee with the handle. Things have changed," said Mr. Murphy. "And they've changed for the better."

When we left Mr. Murphy he had stopped fanning himself—completely recovered from his losing battle with the brightwork-polishing Navigator. But just outside his quarters we ran into Second Class Ship-fitter Bell. Mr. Bell told us he was glad to have met us. He smiled serenely, shook hands.

" 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' " he bade us, " 'and thou shalt be saved.' Good luck, mister."



"That secret-punch stuff was all newspaper hooey, Boss—I kin see every one of 'em comin' " PAUL WEBB

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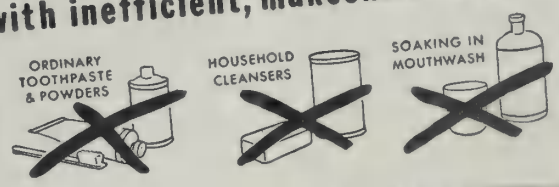


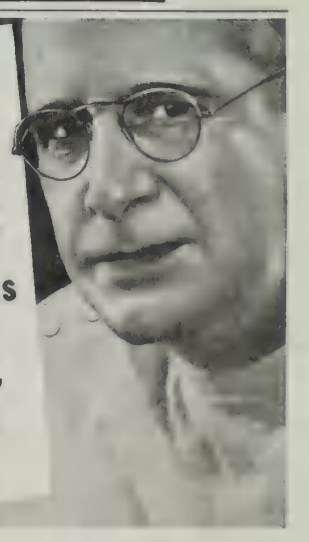

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# LET'S SIT TIGHT

WE'VE just read, somewhat belatedly, William L. Shirer's striking Berlin Diary (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1941, 605 pp., $3.00). All the compliments that have been showered on the book are all right with us. We think it's a masterpiece of day-to-day historical reporting.

The sharpest single memory we bring away from the book is of the tragic mistake made by the poor little people in Belgium, Holland and northern France who tried to run from the war. We're not reproaching them with wisdom born of hindsight. Maybe we'd have highballed down the nearest road, too.

But if those people had sat tight, taking their chances on being hit by bombs or plowed under by tanks or machine guns, and thus had left the roads free for their own soldiers, Hitler's soldiers might have had a much tougher and costlier time stabbing out to the Channel ports and down to the Loire.

That fatal civilian error of May and June, 1940, can't be undone. But the lesson of it can be taken to heart in countries still unconquered. It has been taken to heart in Great Britain, where the key instruction dinned into civilians' heads is not to run in case of invasion, but to stay put, let the soldiers have the roads, take your chances on death and destruction. Those chances will be no greater in your own home, in all likelihood, than out on the broad highway.

It doesn't seem likely that many of us in the United States will soon be challenged to put this plan physically into practice. The worst that appears to threaten us in this war is a possible "token bombing" of New York or Washington or both—in which case we hope civilians in the attacked areas will [illegible] heads rather than their feet.

We can, however, sit tight mental[illegible] war roars along. And we believe that [illegible] the wisest things we can do.

We can, and should, refuse to be s[illegible] or driven to hysteria by politicians [illegible] gandists, by crazy rumors, by the [illegible] either our friends or our enemies t[illegible] mass emotions for their own purpose[illegible]

In peace or war, there are few pers[illegible] valuable than the citizen who doesn't [illegible] easily; who holds his fire for the tim[illegible] is needed, meanwhile keeping his [illegible] sense tuned up and his reasoning p[illegible] the job.

If, as a people, we can hold that [illegible] mind until this storm is over, we ough[illegible] out of it in reasonably good shape.

# Two Reforms for the Army

AS ALARMING a note as we've read in some time appeared recently in Collier's Our New Army department:

> Selectees in some Southern camps are being issued the old, broad-brimmed campaign hat, but most of the rest of the Army wear the overseas field cap—and don't like it. "We're developing crows' feet in the corners of our eyes and a perpetual squint," writes a Camp Edwards private. "As ex-Guardsmen we miss the old headgear, which made a swell sunshade, rain protector, water bucket and a pillow on bivouac."

It's the wear and tear on the men's eyes that worries us the most. Some people can take brilliant sunshine without suffering; others can't, though they may have normal vision. Some can get used to it, but, again, others can't. Those who can't are bound to incur temporary or permanent eyesight impairment from daily exposure to direct sunlight.

A modern army needs to be utilitarian above all things; so how about issuing both types of headgear throughout the Army, the campaign hat for regular use and the cap for Sunday best, reviews, parades, etc.?

Another Army reform which we thought was long under way now appears to be only under discussion. Col. Ralph C. Tobin, commanding the 107th Coast Artillery Antiaircraft Regiment, the other day told his men at Camp Stewart, Ga.:

> It's not beneath your dignity to do all th[illegible] sary details [kitchen police, housecleani[illegible] Ed.], but much time needed for military [illegible] wasted when you could better be learning [illegible] nique of fighting and the handling of [illegible] which necessitates technical training. . . [illegible] lieve a soldier should have to clean a dit[illegible]

Neither do we. What's more, it w[illegible] bandied about when the draft first [illegible] take hold that few soldiers in this A[illegible] going to have to do any housemaidin[illegible] as things got organized. Labor battal[illegible] going to take over the Army's housek[illegible] large part.

When do we get going on this refor[illegible] all, the draft is nearly a year old now.

# Saluting Charles Edison

HEREWITH our first cheer, but we have a hunch not our last, for Governor Charles Edison of New Jersey. Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City has long been that unfortunate burg's nationally famous Lord of Misrule. Hague is an old-time boss of the Charley Murphy, Boies Penrose, Bill Vare school, who makes a loud show of standing up for the Peepul's rights while the Peepul's taxes keep going higher and higher.

Governor Edison recently called Hague on one phase of this game. Edison claims that Hague-inspired taxes are bankrupting various railroads serving New Jersey, whereas a sound scheme of taxation can easily keep these geese laying their annual golden eggs.

Edison addressed the citizenry of New Jersey with some talk that was loaded with common sense and realism, in brutal contrast to the rabble-rousing malarkey which has always served Hague well up to now. And to the general surprise, Edison got an enthusiastic response from those same New Jersey [illegible]

The fight is still going on at the [illegible] What encourages us about it is the [illegible] Edison got to first base with an app[illegible] public's intelligence instead of to its [illegible] Can it be that a new tide is setting [illegible] political life, and that men of the Ed[illegible] are riding that tide, and will engulf th[illegible] in due time?

We don't know; but we expect to fol[illegible] ernor Edison's career with our best w[illegible]

# Collier's

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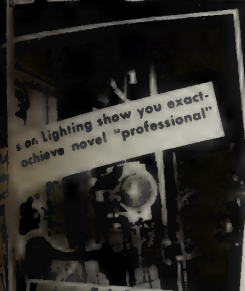

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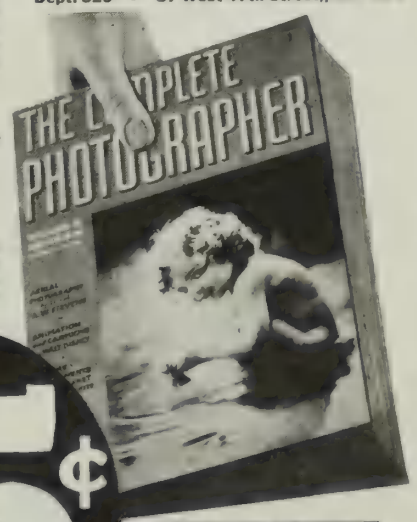


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SEPTEMBER 20, 1941


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COVER HENRY SUTTER

# ANY WEEK

TODAY'S demands upon one's ability to think are much too vast for the average mind—which is to say ninety-nine point nine per cent of the world's brains. So we, for one, are going to take on subjects our size and leave such skull-crushers as The Aftermath to our betters. For example, we saw a sign in New Hampshire that stopped us so fast that we're having our brakes relined. It read: "Henniker, New Hampshire. You Are Now In the Only Henniker On Earth." A group of solid citizens were standing that way in front of the General Taylor Fire House. As solidly as we could, we joined them. It was quite an argument. A tourist was telling the natives (who were listening rather grimly) that the sign was misleading—that there was a Henniker in Austria. Or there used to be. He said too that he understood that there was a Henniker somewhere in Canada. Somebody recalled a fellow who had stopped by claiming that he had been in a Henniker in Germany and that it had a very superior brass band. Our passion for truth presently overcame us and we asked an extra solid citizen how Henniker, New Hampshire, knew that it was the only Henniker on earth. "Read the sign, you dern' fool," he replied. And this finished us. We departed quietly, not quite daring to ask how Henniker got its name anyway.

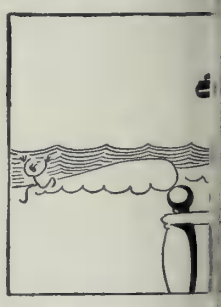
WHICH gives you a hint of our method of cerebration—we think with our mouth. Of course there's a reason for that. We've been associating so long with politicians and have listened to so many candidates for office that we've picked up the habit. Our idea of something to think about comes from Mr. Ernest Nickhauss of Superior, Wisconsin. Mr. Nickhauss was about to be inducted into the Army when writing to us. "I hear," writes he, "that there is a lot of confusion in Washington and that it is feared that the Army might catch it. I will settle that for you. The top general in the Army ought to be an isolationist. If none of our generals is an isolationist let's pick a good isolationist and make him a general. Like Senator Wheeler. If Wheeler was general all the enlisted personnel would be able to decide for themselves where they'd go to fight or if they'd fight at all. The soldier would drill part of the time, do fatigue part of the time and spend the rest writing letters to his officers and General Wheeler and arguing it out face to face on a nation-wide hookup. I will close now as I hear the bugle calling."

QUITE a number of aspirants to literature have written to us from time to time asking our advice. As far as we can see, they want to know how to write something that will sell. We've delayed answering them, thinking that sooner or later we'd get a letter which we might quote from, at once pleasing the writer and providing the information sought. It has just arrived. "The reason i am writing you is i notice you carry horse raceing stories often. my ambition is to write horseracing for you giveing it all my time as i find it is a very fascinating sport and racket. i am 25-year-old and have studded horseracing for ten years without losing a lousy dime. It is like going to college. As a writer i am really lousy but that is merely my opinion so far but when it comes to handicapping i can safley say i don't run behind nobody. Horseracing is expanding with leaps and bounds and is in one hell of a muddle believe me. From writeing for you i could easley be the judge Landis of the ponies. The fans would buy Colliers or maybe they would find out why. In my opinion Colliers is tops. Write soon as this offer ain't hanging around forever."

WE HAVE, also, a limited-time opportunity to purchase a serial which, according to the author, "will run more than a year for the same price." He doesn't go into much detail, confining his scenario to: "The reader will find it comedy, farce, tragedy or extra-dramatic according to his mood as many of my friends who have read it agree that they cannot decide. After constant references to the American Flag, the American Eagle, the American Way of Life and other popular American methods, the story will end with a grand display of guns, torpedoes, aircraft, naval vessels and submarines surrounded by President Roosevelt shaking hands with Senator Wheeler who is introduced by Secretary Knox and Stimson under the auspices of The Star-Spangled Banner. I would even work it up on a royalty basis."

NOW we might tell you of a suggestion that's just come to us from Mrs. Delphine Mimms of Springfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Mimms is a brave, patriotic woman. She wishes us to assist in starting a Talk to The Soldi movement. "Let us all spea to our brave boys as w on the road," writes M "Who knows what th through their heads—tho mother, daddy, their c commanding officer are homesick. A cl make all the differe Perhaps there's a sw thought left with ou the waiting more e they have doubts. solve the problem goes on like that and we're here roo and her new mover bit too busy—perh get into it actively. the lads have saved speaking first. We sure Mrs. Mimms lads are thinking ab and their officers— their officers. Som what they think C Mimms is not to b that part of their thi forget that she's a tell her.

ONE lad told us a who, having brough halt at attention, a them a communica headquarters, gav REST. Instantly t and scattered in gre racks. The lieuter moment in bewilder soldiers and then t who had stood his transfixed with a said: "Maybe we ga mand, Sergeant." ( eptitudes of that so time from our new if Senator Pepper about the length of remain in uniform. tion this minor inc Mimms that speak random may prod



WE'VE just heard spent the summer neighbor of hers w the populace to in man not far awa evenings in nude b much could be don low moved far do cottage quite re Cape Cod seemed and our correspon sading neighbor right now. "Not neighbor. "You ca glasses."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# "I NEVER SAW A WOMAN GET SO MAD"

ut of the driveway a little faster than usual g. There was a squeal of brakes. Then a nded bad. Actually the only damage to the as a crumpled fender. But when the girl be- heel caught her breath, you might have committed murder.

that," she yelled. "You've ruined my new you for every penny if it's the last thing

," I said,—and my ears were red,—"I don't for being mad. And I'm terribly sorry." ched into my pocket, got out the Liberty tification card and showed it to her. It was oil on a raging sea. "Well," she said, "at d the sense to pick a good company."

later I reported the accident to Liberty that's all there was to it. There was no o bills for me to pay. And I was saved an g delay on the road because of Liberty putation for prompt payment of claims. am usually a careful driver, the thought of —especially a serious one—has always been to me. That's why I've insured my car with Liberty Mutual. I know I can count on protection which really protects whenever and wherever I need help. Skilled investigators and adjusters are always nearby to safeguard my home and savings, and to protect me from fraudulent and exaggerated claims—to act as my "Friend on the Highway," anywhere, anytime.

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# WING TALI

**Parachutes must be unpacked, aired and repacked every sixty**

FIVE years or more ago when James G. (Jim) Ray, the dean of autogiro fliers in the United States, was demonstrating the Pitcairn autogiro about the country by landing on rooftops, in city parks, the White House lawn and people's back yards, that highly influential individual known as The Man in the Street was quick to declare: "That's the plane for me; it can stand still in the air." That it could, and furthermore, in the hands of Old Master Ray, it could come down like an elevator, a most terrifying experience for one used to coming in for horizontal landings at 60 to 90 miles per hour. In fact, when Jim would haul the giro up to a dead stop in midair the average airplane pilot would start reaching for the door to bail out, because pulling up short in the air with the conventional airplane meant a stall, which was usually the beginning of your day's troubles.

The giro, however, has had competitors in the form of the German Fieseler Storch which toured this country three years ago and did a convincing job of standing still in the air, landing on a dime and giving eight cents change. Then came other still-flying jobs like the Bellanca, Stinson and Ryan. The Storch reputedly did yeoman service for the German artillery in the Polish campaign, but meanwhile we got going over here on similar designs and now have them in service. But it is good news to that man who first applauded the autogiro that the Army has bought 13 of the new and improved Pitcairn-Larsen models and is going to give them a thorough test with the artillery as flying observation posts, using them to spot artillery fire, lines and progress of attack and disposition of troops. In the last war much of this was done with balloons, but they were hard to handle. With the giro, as with some of the other slow-flying planes, you can hover or, if you have to run, just pour on the coal and get going.

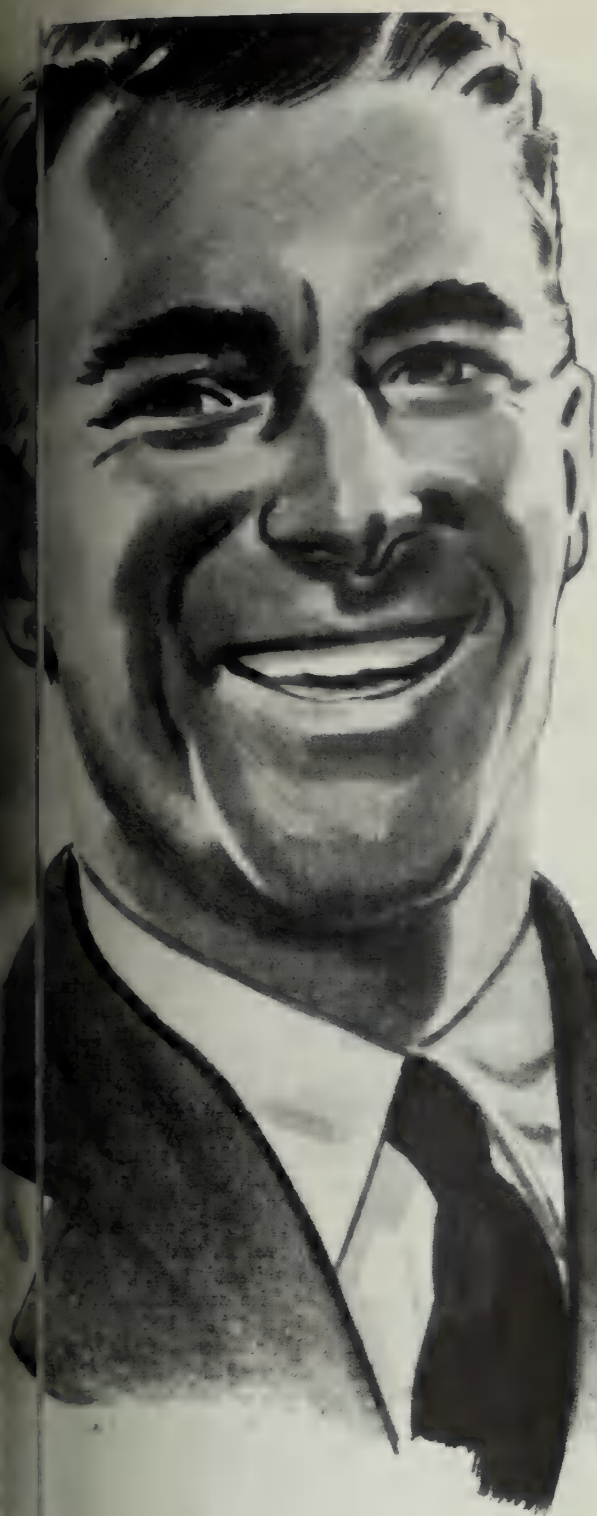
SINCE the U. S. Army Ferry Command was created not long ago, under the direction of Col. Bob Olds, who has proved to everyone's satisfaction that he knows how to handle and operate bombers, the time f West Coast big ships to the has been reduced from eight As commanding officer of Flying Fortresses at Langley ginia, Col. Olds and his bo group distinguished them 1938 by their formation Miami, Florida, to Buenos A tina, with but one intermedi

THE other day the C.A.A. license of a parachute rig specting, repacking and certi worthy a parachute when it unairworthy." Will do no go tion his name because through with him and throug one who is careless. Parac preserved so many lives th entitled to the best of treatm why the regulations require t unpacked, aired and repacke days. There was a time wh timers would wear parachute intended using them. One colonel, after banging aroun try in a single-seater fighter a parachute with him for a ye he'd see what was inside. hole big enough for a gree jump through.

HERE are a few kind wo boys in the Defense Pla tion of the RFC who work f night putting through leases plant expansions and other aid to the airplane industry. organization and nobody kn them. They only smile whe all about the wonderful new aircraft companies are buil in reality the government is the funds in most cases. B objective of RFC is more an planes; talk about who gets the credit can come later.

THE flight engineer on a P can clipper plying between and Lisbon never gets bored sees the scenery. For on a he has to make 7,412 indivi notations for his log on the

(Continued on page



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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# KEEP UP WITH THE WO LI

## By Freling Foster

*Women* are able to sing at a much higher pitch than men because their vocal cords, five twelfths of an inch in length, vibrate from 200 to 800 times a second, or twice as fast as men's cords, which are seven twelfths of an inch in length.

*Twenty-five* years ago, most college diplomas were made of sheepskin and measured about 19 x 24 inches. Now the majority of them are made of parchmentlike paper and are only 6 x 8 inches.

*Although* the highest-priced American postage stamp now in use costs $5, the United States has issued stamps in denominations of $6, $9, $12, $20, $24, $36, $48, $50, $60 and $100.

*A* hot and waterless region in North Africa has a fountain that collects its water from the air, not from rain or a well. It is forty feet high and contains 3,000 interior plates, on which the moisture condenses as a result of the great change of temperature between the hot days and the cold nights.

*Experiments* on rodents show that constant noise retards the growth of rats, after several generations as much as ten per cent; that cancerous tissue inoculated into mice causes cancer in some and not in others; and that minute bits of copper added to the diet of rats prevents their hair from turning gray.

*The* rocky cliffs of the Dog River near Beirut, Syria, probably contain more names, dates and records of achievement than any other spot. For more than 3,000 years this gorge has been a favorite pass for armies marching between Africa and the East and few of them have failed to leave inscriptions on its rocks.

*In* shipping coal from mine to powerhouse in the Middle West, a carload can be transported nine hundred miles as cheaply as the electric power it produces can be transmitted two hundred miles.—*By Floyd W. McKee, Salem, Ohio.*

*Each* year the motio industry determines its popular stars by an box-office receipts throu United States. During six years, with the ex 1938, 62 per cent of the have been men. In 1940 per cent, women rankin the ninth and tenth place

*In* 1914, whalers, stop small, uninhabited island Zealand, found an old according to documents covered, had spent ten by itself, having been by its owners when they home just before the War.

*As* field mice are twenty-five days and producing a litter of fro nine young every twenty- one pair are the potenti tors of a million animal Fortunately, the mice are other animals at about rate at which they breed.—*Wirt, St. Louis, Missouri*

*The* War Department large sums of money to guards at the graves dents and ex-Presidents mausoleums were compl civilian watchmen prov memorial association. T tary guard, consisting of and twenty-five enlisted watched over the tempor of the late President Ha almost five years, cost th ment nearly $135,000.

*On* Rossel Island in t Pacific, a man arrested fo even murder, has a ban tached to one of his wris set free until his trial. W handcuff, the natives beli him with the law and pre escape.

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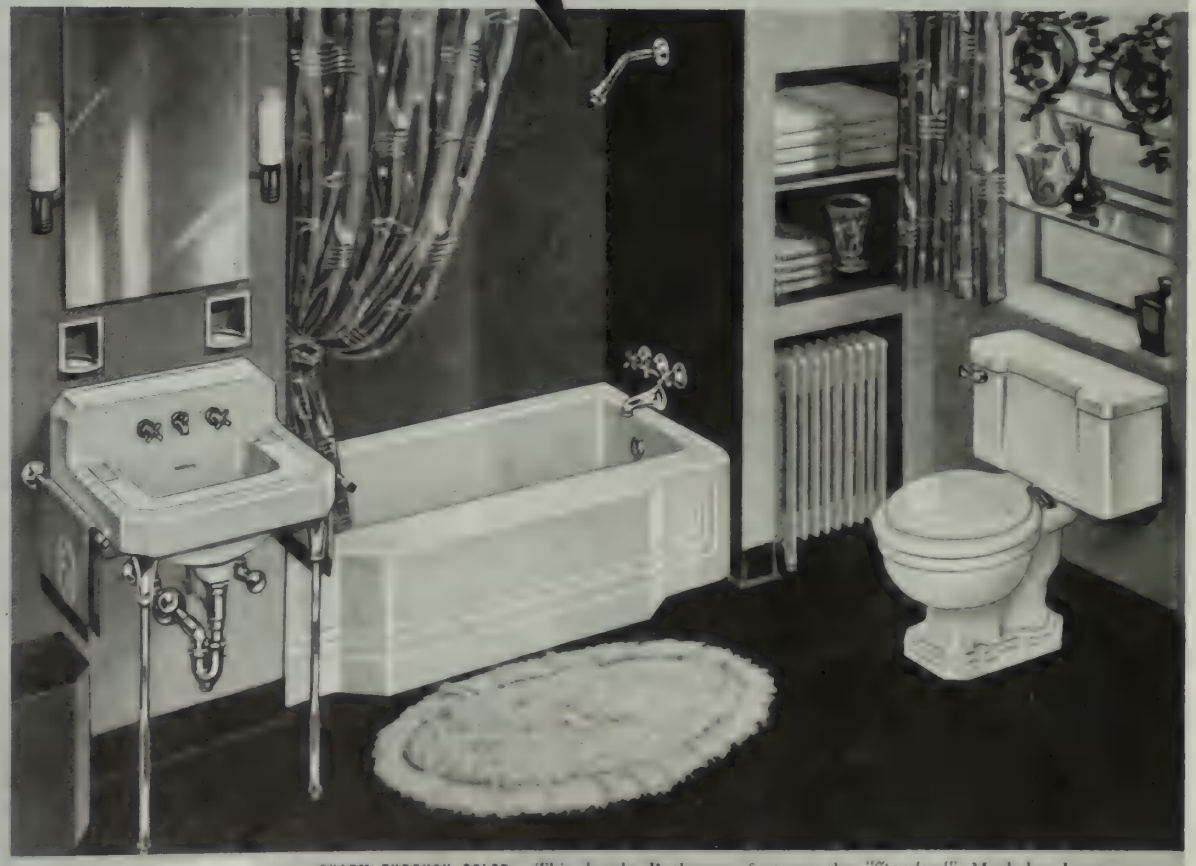

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 20, 1941

# Dinner with Churchill

By
Quentin Reynolds
CABLE FROM LONDON

THE man from Scotland Yard had his watch out. The train was waiting patiently enough. In three minutes it would be nine o'clock. The stationmaster stood there nervously. His job was to see that trains left Paddington Station on time, even special trains.

"He'll be late," the stationmaster mumble "He always is. And the train all ready and the tracks cleared all the way down."

"He'll make it," the man from Scotland Yard said complacently. "You can go to sleep on that, laddie. He's always late for dinners and for appointments, but never for trains."

Paddington Station was almost deserted. The brilliant morning sunlight filtered through the open spaces of a roof that had once been glass. We stood there beside the train, and then silently, almost stealthily, two large black cars drove up. Averell Harriman, the American minister, climbed out of one. Winston Churchill, prime minister of England, climbed out of the other. He was smiling, and when Churchill smiles he smiles with his eyes as well as with his lips. When he saw the Scotland Yard man standing there with his watch in his hand, the smile broke into a laugh. He glanced up at the big station clock. It had eight-fifty-nine. Churchill shook his hands around. He has the same phenomenal memory for names that the Yard has.

"Get in," he said. "We'll get going right away. In with you."

He ushered us all into the train. He hopped in last of all. As he boarded the train the clock struck nine. Churchill had made it on time. There were only nine of us—Harriman; Commander Thompson, the prime minister's aide camp; General Sir Hastings Ismey; Major John Churchill, the prime minister's brother; two American generals London as observers; Churchill's two secretaries, Mr. Martin and Mrs. Hill; and myself. This special train that was taking us to some tank maneuvers some two hundred miles from London was very comfortable. The prime minister

England's great prime minister—a man who is fast becoming obscured by the legends that are growing up about him

BRITISH COMBINE

BRITISH COMBINE

**The prime minister visits a Plymouth naval establishment after a German air raid and is cheered by workers. Such spontaneous demonstrations for "Winston," who is everybody's hero, have been common throughout England**

BRITISH COMBINE

**At Portsmouth with Admiral Sir William James after a bombing. Ship in background is Nelson's famous Victory. Below, with high-ranking army officials, Churchill inspects England's first-line coastal defenses**

BRITISH COMBINE

is the perfect host. If he is in his office, in his home or on a train he must play the host. He enjoys seeing that everyone is comfortable; that everyone has a cigar or a cool drink.

"It's awfully hot today. Let's take off our coats," he said, and then he retired to the farther end of the car with his two secretaries, who had the morning mail with them.

Churchill the statesman is well known to the world. Churchill the writer, Churchill the war leader of Britain, Churchill the orator—these Churchills are familiar wherever newsprint is made, wherever men read and write. I speak of another Churchill who is not so well known. I speak of Winston Churchill the man.

Winston Churchill has kept a nation of forty-four million in fighting mood now for nearly two years. Churchill, who is called "Winston" by three quarters of Britain, is worshiped in every army encampment, in every R.A.F. mess, in every wardroom of his majesty's navy, and in every pub in Britain. In his own time he is becoming a legend; a legend that threatens to obscure the human, flesh and blood man who bears the name; a legend that threatens to obscure one of the most fascinating personalities of our time. This, then, is a record of that personality. It is not an "interview" with the prime minister. He is too busy to give interviews, and his sense of fairness long ago forced him to make the rule of "no interviews." If he couldn't give an interview to all, he wouldn't give it to one. But I spent two days with him, and this story is of the Winston Churchill I got to know well in forty-eight hours.

It was a pleasant trip, and the luncheon on the train was good. It wasn't as good as one would get on any decent train in America, but even the prime minister and his guests are rationed in England. And, of course, the cigars were excellent. Averell Harriman and I sat and talked of our friends in New York; and the train slipped through the lovely countryside that was wearing its brilliant summer dress, and then finally the train stopped. The prime minister had been talking about tanks to the two American Army officers. It was hot when the train stopped.

"Where are we, Tommy?" the prime minister called to his aide, who is "Tommy" to all of us in London.

"Three minutes from the station, sir," Tommy said, disconsolately. "The heat has swollen the switch points and there's something wrong. They'll have things fixed in two minutes."

Churchill looked at Commander Thompson as though it were all his fault.

"Ah, Tommy, Tommy," he said reproachfully, "it's very hot in here."

Happily the train moved on, and a major crisis in the Churchill official family was averted.

### A Soldier's Big Moment

The visit of the prime minister to any army encampment is an event. This was an extra-special event. New tanks had just been delivered to this camp. Today the men were to show off their prowess in mimic warfare—a warfare that may emerge from mimic to reality before these lines appear. Five thousand uniformed men were drawn up at the station when we stepped off the train. They wore the black berets of the tank men—a beret is well adapted to the limited confines of a tank. Cars were drawn up on the station platform. The general and his staff were at attention and they saluted sharply as Churchill left the train. The rest of us were hot, but his light blue summer-weight suit wasn't even wrinkled and his smile was eager as he shook hands with the officers. Each one of us had to intro- duced. For the moment we re his family. Churchill oozes friend ess. It is awfully difficult not to sta calling him "Winston" after knowing im for two hours. This implies no d espect. It is merely the amazing cap: y and power he has of making you l that here is a friend you have know a long time.

"I suppose they've been stan g here a long time," he said, pointir to the lines of soldiers standing rigic at ar- tention. "Let's walk along d say hello to them."

The general could hardly re: in his delight. The rest of us groar We had to trail along, walking up down the lines. The prime ministe appar- ently unaware of the heat, sm d and chatted with the men as he walked along, and you knew that eac one of them would treasure this mom each felt that Winston had come do from London just to see him. Final it was over, and we climbed into ca The "battlefield" was five mile away Everything was ready when we rived We were given maps and the eneral explained the problem. The ( mans in strong numbers, held a hill s e four miles away. This division had e job of capturing it. The mock batt began Real shells and bullets were us The shells tore huge holes in the ins ir front of the hill. And the smok id th hill entirely. Then, far to the ght, a group of light tanks emerged. other came from the left. They firec they advanced. Infantry followed m.

### The Warrior Loves a Bat

We had seats on a hill comm ling a view of the entire proceedi ou Churchill didn't use his seat. s wa action. This was his dish. eye sparkled, and he chortled w gle while one shell after another loder on "enemy" territory. He bit ciga savagely; he blew huge coll hs o smoke into the summer air, n acri with the smell of gunpowder, a onc when a shell fell short only s e 20 yards from us, he laughed out l . H was away from his desk. He w awa from the stuffy confines of Pa men and cabinet meetings. Once n h was a young war correspon t i Africa, smelling gunpowder, be pa of the show. There was more nfu this afternoon than I'd heard i ranc during a month at the front. finally over, and Churchill loo consolate. He could have wat for hours. Then we inspected t

Now, I can take a tank or alone. Not Churchill or H Harriman has become a great a on tanks. Several of these were can-made, and Harriman had to the inner workings of the ugly to us. Churchill discussed t nical details of the tanks on ev with the experts. I just wante back to the train, where I hope find a cold glass of beer. Fi headed for it. We drove thro miles of cheering troops. Thei were not the conventional "thre for the prime minister." Th full-throated, spontaneous ch welcome and of friendship to th mander in chief. Churchill smi then at the station, when a band played "For He's a Jol Fellow," he took off his hat an it, and you could see that for ment the cares of being prime had slipped away.

On the train once more, he a luctantly became the prime mi England: He went into a hud his secretaries; he dictated let letter; he worked on a speech h make in the house four day

*(Continued on page 44)*

**e b adcast Prime Minister Church-
wri s about in this note to Quentin
yno ls was made from London on
nd evening June 29th. It was
the form of a personal message to
G bbels. Excerpts from it follow:**

DO pe the good Doctor is listening. Early to-
day ent him a cable to Berlin telling him I was
goin o send him this message. Are you there,
tor? Doctor, if anyone else happens to be eaves-
pping t is purely sheer coincidence. I am send-
this ssage, Doctor, to you. I want to give you a
rt a ut London. I think your agents here and
mer have done a very bad job, Doctor.
'I kr that you and your boss, Mr. Hitler, are
ous about the Hess case. I'd like to clear that up
you, ctor. I think I know the truth about Hess.
don have any secrets here; this isn't Berlin,
tor.

The 'd like to tell you what effect your very
er p e proposal campaign had last week. We
en't d much cause for laughter lately here in
don. The sinking of the Hood was a shot that
Do or. Then came the bad news of Crete,
ethel sad because it was expected. I am a neu-
repo er, but Crete hit me hard, as it hit every
r rep ter here. You see, Doctor, a lot of news-
er re rters happened to be in the New Zealand
ment hat was defending Crete. They were
nds ours. We had a lot of anxious hours here
ondo wondering how our pals were doing.
Then fter that we got another blow. Cigarettes
low. t seems silly, doesn't it, Doctor, to make
ssue t of that. But, Doctor, you smoke ciga-
s. I emember interviewing you once in Berlin
in 34, and I remember how you smoked one
rette ter another. You'd be glad to know, Doc-
that an't buy a pack of cigarettes in my hotel.
re's a more victory for your side, Doctor.

NOT ER annoyance is the rationing of clothing.
If w vant to buy a pair of socks we have to use
garin coupons. No, Doctor, we haven't had
y lau s here lately. And then you finally gave
omet g to laugh about. I mean, of course, your
alled eace proposal here last week, which re-
ed so uch publicity in America. It was a clever
t, Do or, but it just didn't come off. You had
ythin in your favor, too.

To b in with, there was Hess. Hess came over
and had the good sense to land in the most
utiful art of Scotland. And our American am-
ador, Mr. Winant, went home not so very long
rward You very cleverly made capital of that.
said your broadcast that Hess had come here
a pe proposal and that Mr. Winant had taken
Mr. oosevelt.

Reall Dr. Goebbels, we Americans here in Lon-
were bit annoyed when you coupled the name
Rudol Hess with that of John Winant. Hess is
t and left the sinking ship. John Winant, Doc-
here London we are beginning to think that
n Win t is a great man. He didn't go back to
erica th any peace proposal, he merely went
to ake a report to his boss, the President of
Unite States.

Let tell you why Hess came here. Don't
k too rshly of Hess, Doctor. I think he's still a
t repu ble Nazi and still a member of your gang.
tned play God. I'll bet he did come here with
e pro sals. He was furious because he was
ted a ust another prisoner of war. Maybe he
ght h could remain here a few days and then be
back I might add, Doctor, that he is being
ted ve well. So are his fellow prisoners. There
sever thousands of them here, Doctor. I must
the Bi ish treat your visiting German pilots very
. inde A lot of us here in London think they're
ting H s too well.

I'd bet er get back to your peace proposal, Doc-
Of co se England wants peace, that's what Eng-
is fig ing for. The aim of every war is peace.
Doct, England wants the kind of peace that
peop don't seem to understand. There are
y-four million people here on Churchill's Island,
tor. lize one thing, these forty-four million
ple wi die rather than submit to the kind of
e you want to impose. That's how they feel
, Doct. They're quite willing to die. We real-
here in London, Doctor, that death isn't very im-
ant af all. We've seen too many of our friends
ed, Do or. No one on the island is afraid to die.

10, Downing Street,
Whitehall.

5 July, 1941.

My dear Sir,

I should like you to know how admirable I thought your broadcast last Sunday. I know that I was far from being alone in my enjoyment of it and that your words have given real pleasure and encouragement to a great many people in this Island.

Yours very faithfully,

Winston S. Churchill

## Mr. Quentin Reynolds.

I think you'll have to kill the whole forty-four million of them, Doctor, before you can make peace on your terms.

"I suppose you've read the speech Mr. Churchill made two days ago. It was a good speech, Doctor. I wish you could have been in the House and heard him. I was there, Doctor, and it was quite an experience. One member after another got to his feet to criticize the conduct of the war and to criticize Mr. Churchill. They hurled questions at Winston. The Old Man—we call him the Old Man on Fleet Street—answered everyone. Can you imagine anyone getting up in the Reichstag and criticizing your government, demanding explanations from Mr. Hitler? It happens here every day, Doctor.

"Do you know the Savoy Hotel here in London, Doctor? You ought to, your airmen have had a crack at it. Tonight I had dinner at the Savoy with a group of London newspaper editors. We had a wonderful time, Doctor, criticizing the government. We reshuffled the Cabinet, fired a few members, put other men in their places. While our discussion was at its height, I couldn't help but laugh. Each man at our table outside of myself was an Englishman and each man was full of criticism. Could that happen at the Adlon Hotel in Berlin, Doctor? Do you allow your editors to sit around criticizing the government? It happens here every night, Doctor, and the right to do it is what England is fighting for.

"By the way, whatever happened to your air force, Doctor? You haven't sent the boys through to London much lately. Why, Doctor? London is easy to find and we have had a full moon, a real bombers' moon. The last time your boys came over was on a Saturday night, remember, Doctor? It was May 10th. That was a bad one, Doctor, you gave old London hell that night. Those that were still in London will never forget it.

"You know how many airplanes you lost that night, don't you, Doctor? I know, too. I've been spending some time lately with the pilots who fight at night, the boys with the cat's eyes. It was announced officially that they had shot down thirty-three German planes that bad Saturday night, Doctor. You and I know better than that. You and I know that a lot more than thirty-three didn't get home that night. Of course, that's off the record, Doctor, it hasn't been announced, but then, this talk is just between you and me. Is that why you haven't sent Hermann's cute kids over, Doctor? You promised that you were going to destroy London. Here we are, old London is still standing, Doctor. There are six million of us here in London, a pretty good target, Doctor, and Doctor, forgive me, but all six million of us are laughing at your great air force. The night fighters are waiting for them. The civilians of London are ready.

"Well, that's all, Doctor. Take good care of yourself. Take very good care of yourself. We'll be seeing you some day and when we do see you we want you to be in very good health. Good night, Doctor."

WHEN *Quentin returned to his hotel after the broadcast, there were sixty phone calls waiting for him and in the next ten days 7,000 fan letters came from English listeners. Messages from the empire are still coming in. The talk was delivered in the measured tones, in the low register, which make Mr. Reynolds our favorite elocutionist. "Since that broadcast," he says, "my voice has become so sinister that I can't order a cup of coffee without the waiter turning pale."*

# Time Exposure

## By William E. Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

**They both thought their lives were wrecked beyond repair. It turned out that there wasn't anything the matter with either of them that the other couldn't cure**

HIS name was Gordon McGrath. He was a lieutenant in the United States Army Air Corps and he had a deep, abiding case of the blues. He sat in his hotel room in Denver with an illustrated weekly magazine open on his lap and looked at the bottle of Scotch which stood, unopened, upon the dresser. The magazine displayed a full-page picture of a beautiful airline stewardess with long eyelashes; the label on the bottle displayed the portrait of a Scotchman with whiskers.

Seven miles east of the hotel was Lowry Field: a vast, sprawling mill of the Air Corps which was absorbing great masses of raw human material and creating out of that material a streamlined organization of technicians. Men were not learning to fly at Lowry, but they were learning to bomb and to take photographs from the air, to knock down and assemble machine guns and air cannon, to co-ordinate all the vast machinery of air smooth-functioning units.

Gordon McGrath wanted it. He was a peashooter and A peashooter was the ari the air, a pursuit pilot qualifie hot ships without being cu the responsibility of any crew his solitary self. Gordon Mc earned his spot behind the lo a high-powered single-seate dolph Field and at Kelly in old days before the new Arm a regular and he belonged, bu pulled his name out of a ha slapped him into the cockpit tographic ship.

He was in full rebellion. he was due to report for acti Lowry. Active duty, in this meant taking up a slow, lum scow loaded with beardless ca shotters, who would have to

(Continued on page 5

"I gotta have help," the man said. "My wife, she's in the truck ar

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL PETERS

**ten riple pitching tornado reduced the 1941 Texas League race to a shambles. They're WI fred Martin—Army, take notice—and Howard Pollet, now with the Cardinals**

# Three for the Money

**By Arthur Mann**

**rdinals' farm produced a bumper crop of pitchers this season— sations who won 60 games for Houston. They'll bear watching**

ONSIDERING all the trouble they have stirred up Texas this year, you get the idea that Pollet, Martin and Wilks are a firm of lawyers. they happen to be three amazing young base-pitchers, if not the greatest ever found on one or-league club, then good enough to have re-ed the 1941 Texas League race to a shambles by y August when they had rolled up 60 victories ten defeats.

t was brutal, like a triple tornado. Repeatedly broke records in eight cities and hearts of the in seven. They pitched the Houston Buffaloes, . Louis Cardinals' farm, by the way, into a lead wenty-five games over second-place Tulsa and ed attendance by midsummer, at which point nch Rickey went down and carried away the lone hpaw of the trio, Howard Pollet, to help the oling Cardinals in the National League pennant . Pollet had won twenty games and lost only e.

But Martin and Wilks kept right on winning and, he close of the Texas League season, the public asked to support a ridiculous set of play-offs rein Houston had to "qualify" by playing a team had finished thirty games behind them.

All this happened because of the three pitching digies who differ as much as the assorted sections he country which spawned them. One spends his ters as a truck driver in Oklahoma, another as a k in an oil company at New Orleans, and the d, a New Yorker, as a laborer on WPA projects Texas. Somehow all wound up under that all-bracing banner of the St. Louis Cardinals' chain-e system, which already reeks with pitching ent. However, it may hearten Brooklyn Dodger s to learn that one of the three positively will not with St. Louis next year. Big Fred Martin has been drafted and by now is probably up to here in potato peelings.

The New York Yankees, barnstorming blithely through Texas last March, were the first to feel the combined jolt of Houston's great triple threat in the pitcher's box. Undefeated in exhibition games, the Yankees marched head on into this pitching twister and the result was not only a mess, but McCarthy's men had the unique distinction of suffering their first defeat while taking a shower.

Pollet started the game and pitched four hitless innings, fanned Joe DiMaggio and was nicked for three hits and a run in the fifth. Ted Wilks followed, wabbled for a pair of runs in the sixth but horse-collared the Yanks in the seventh. Martin pitched one-hit shutout ball in the eighth and ninth innings and the score was 3-2.

### Screwy but Thrilling

At the "end" of the game the Yankees raced from the field in high glee at escaping this triple buzz saw with a slim victory. But it developed that Bill Dickey had failed to touch a runner at the plate for the final out. It also developed that the runner had failed to touch the plate. The facts dawned upon Houston a few minutes later and, with the Yankees racing for shower baths, the untagged runner touched the plate to tie the score, and the batter who had driven him across raced around the bases with the winning run.

That screwy ball game was prophetic, for it seemed to set a standard on which these three pitchers operated from the start of the season. A weak-hitting line-up behind them forced low-score games and Houston set some kind of record for pulling ball games out of the fire with belated, thrill-packed rallies.

Pollet, for example, opened the season at Houston with a 2-0 shutout of Beaumont, followed this with a no-hit, no-run game against Shreveport, and then kicked in with a third shutout against Fort Worth. He wasn't beaten until he had rolled up seven wins in a row, and then in the tenth inning by 4-3. His second loss came a month later, 1-0, in ten innings. His third and last defeat was a nine-inning "shellacking" by 3-2. Six of his twenty victories were shutouts. In six games he allowed only one run.

By the time Pollet had been defeated, big Fred Martin was rolling up the triumphs. On June 21st he had twelve in a row, which, made by a first-year pitcher, tied the league record set by Pollet in his first season with Houston in 1940. Martin went after the thirteenth on his home grounds against Dallas and the hair-raiser that followed is a rough idea of how the kids wreak their havoc.

Martin was doing all right, but the strain was heavy. Wags in the grandstand kept reminding him of the unlucky thirteenth, and mounting Dallas base hits were reminding him of his vulnerability. Midway in the game he had a 7-0 lead, but weakened in the sixth and foundered in the seventh. Dallas had the tying and winning runs on base with none out in the eighth. Weary and disgusted, Martin was willing to settle for twelve in a row.

At that point, Eddie Dyer, astute manager of Houston, happened to see a St. Vitus victim down the bench and the jittery player turned out to be young Pollet. He was motioning frantically with a ball, slapping his glove and pointing to the box.

"Skipper, I can stop 'em!" he called.

Dyer had two relief pitchers in the bull pen, but this was too good to pass up. Here was the holder of the league record for *(Continued on page 49)*

# THE FIGHT GOES ON

## By Franklin Delano Roosevelt

This is the second half of the President's own story of the fight for Supreme Court reform. It is part of the introduction to a forthcoming volume of his State Papers

## The Constitution Prevails

PART TWO

IN NOVEMBER, 1936, came the presidential and congressional elections. It was a hard-fought campaign, in which the issue was joined without reserve, in which no punches were pulled. The issue was a single one—the New Deal, its objectives, its methods, its future proposals. The opposition pointed to the Court as the only obstacle which had stood in our way. On the other hand, I made it clear that, if re-elected, I intended to continue to press harder and harder for our objectives, in order to carry out the will of the people. The spirit of the Democratic campaign was expressed in my speech at Madison Square Garden in New York City, on October 31, 1936: that for all our objectives—many of which had already been blocked by the Supreme Court—we had "only just begun to fight."

The election returns of 1936 left little room for doubt as to whether the people of the United States wanted that fight to continue. Forty-six states out of the forty-eight voted for the New Deal. The popular vote for the New Deal was 27,500,000 votes—or a plurality of over ten million votes out of the forty-five million cast.

As I returned to Washington after Election Day, I knew that the great interests and the great newspapers which had opposed my re-election in 1936 by violently attacking the policies and objectives of the last four years were all ready and set again to transfer the scene of battle from the legislative halls to the courtroom. Defeat at the polls would never deter them from seeking ultimate victory from the courts. That has been the traditional refuge of those who fight social progress at the ballot box.

In fact, many of the later New Deal measures were already even then working their way up to the Supreme Court: the Social Security Act, the National Labor Relations Act, the Public Utility Holding Company Act.

The problem was a simple one to state; but an almost impossible one to solve. Was the majority of the Court to remain what Mr. Justice Brandeis had characterized as a "super-legislature," passing upon the wisdom of legislation on the basis of their own personal political and economic philosophy? Was the electorate to be powerless to insist upon solution of its national problems through its Congress, without having to risk judgments of unconstitutionality based not on constitutional limitations but on personal predilections of five justices not elected by it? Or was this nation to retain its full powers to serve its own citizens, and to use those powers in a steady drive to meet the modern needs of humanity?

To stand still was to invite disaster. Across the seas, democracies had even then been yielding place to dictatorships, because they had proven too weak or too slow to fulfill the wants of their citizens. Social forces in our day gather headway with ever-increasing speed. It would have been dangerous to block too long the just and irresistible pressure of human needs. Democracy here simply could not be permitted to fail to function.

"The spirit of the Democratic campaign was expressed at Madison Square Garden on October 1936: that for all our objectives—many of which had already been blocked by the Supreme Court we had 'only just begun to fight.'" With the President are Governor Lehman and Senator

Yet it was hard to read the opinion of the Court on the Agricultural Adjustment Act and say what we were going to be able to do for the farmer. Or the opinions outlawing the Railroad Retirement Act, the Bituminous Coal Act, the National Industrial Recovery Act, the New York Minimum Wage Act, and decide just what we could do in the future for the exploited laboring man and woman; or what we could do in the way of flood control and drought control; or what we could do in all the other fields where we had promised progress—help for the blind and crippled, unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, total abolition of child labor, protection against monopolies, building decent housing for the lowest income groups, slum eradication, cheaper electricity, intelligent handling of industrial disputes through collective bargaining, minimum wages and maximum hours.

The challenge of a third of a nation ill-clad, ill-housed, ill-nourished, was still with us; and we seemed to be without the necessary weapons to meet the challenge.

Ever since the adverse decisions of 1935, I had, of course, begun to think of what should be tain in our democracy the functional tool Court seemed bent on taking away. Man gan to come in to the White House from zens and from many sections of the count with scores of people on the subject, and days and nights in studies and conferenc the summer and fall of 1936 these studies b sume definite shape.

After the overwhelming mandate of the tions had been delivered by the people down to a process of elimination of the suggested. I discussed the objectives and with many people; but in the final determ details I was joined by the Attorney G Solicitor General of the United States, a body else.

Of course I gave no consideration at suggestion which came from some quarte do nothing about it. The policy of doing what had brought us to the brink of disast That has always been the policy which have opposed progressive legislation offer

Mr. Justice Roberts' change of opinion from an earlier decision produced the Supreme Court's remarkable 1937 about-face on minimum-wage legislation for women

Severe blow to Administration p of Supreme Court reform was th Senator Joseph Robinson, the D Senate leader, in the middle of

and economic evils. It has always been f those who mistrust democratic govern- democratic processes. Of course these not advocate "do-nothingism" frankly on the ground that they feared the will le as expressed on Election Day. The used was a name-calling barrage of propa- ing that whatever the duly elected execu- islative representatives tried to do was ion" or "Communism" or "dictatorship." suggestion for delay was based on the the hand of fate or the wish for retire- remove some of the justices from the provide the opportunity for the appoint- w men more sensitive to modern con- course was also soon rejected. It should at this suggestion recognized that there wrong with our Constitution, but that with those who were giving it a "tortured " It was rejected because we realized as no time left for that kind of inaction

ionary members of the Court had appar- ined to remain on the bench as long as d—for the sole purpose of blocking any eform. This was nothing new in our na- The same thing had happened in earlier istory; it had happened during President ninistration. It was happening again. eemed to have a definite mission in life our social and economic progress; and, that mission, they clung to their places. had become, on the average, the most n our history; although six justices had ge of seventy, not a single vacancy had ing my first term in office. The bench ated almost entirely by appointments by Presidents; and it was now continually omic and political judgments, almost onth, on a liberal program of recovery

would not allow us to wait for vacancies. happening, NOW!

**No Time for Amendment**

e element of time was also most impor- dering the question of passing a con- nendment to meet the Court crisis. I at remedy very carefully—and rejected ram of the New Deal involved the most social questions in the last seventy- our history. Tremendous interests were erests which would hesitate at nothing ends. It would only be necessary to pre- ion in thirteen states in order to block d amendment to the Constitution. I ng it would take to get the approval of tes. I had seen the long year-after-year proposed child labor amendment, which osition which was only picayune in com- the intrenched antagonism to the new m. No! It would take years and years itutional amendment which would meet s. Time was too pressing for that.

recisely what amendment would be sub- e people? A dozen different ones had d. How long would it take to get an mong the proponents of constitutional to unite on one amendment which could the Congress, even before it began to go ong process of ratification by the states? amendment had its own passionate fol- e of them were so radical that they made t proposal seem practically reactionary. ple, one senator proposed an amend- would permit any decision of the Court w unconstitutional to be overridden by vote of the Congress elected after the handed down. This meant that no at ground the Court decided a statute ollowing Congress could recall the de- t from the fact that it did not touch upon of state legislation at all, this proposed was an attack upon the very function of d upon the legitimate exercise of that vas not prepared, nor did I deem it ad- to undermine one of the foundations racy.

m this great division of opinion as to onstitutional amendment to be adopted, ways the danger that the same justices nto any amendment finally passed the mic predilections" which they had read stitution itself. Could human language ed to meet all contingencies without f judicial *(Continued on page 37)*

"We had promised . . . intelligent handling of industrial disputes through collective bargaining. . . ." International Harvester employees are shown here voting to name a bargaining agent to negotiate fu- ture disputes with their employer

"It was hard to read the opinions of the Court and say what we could do . . . in the way of flood control and drought control. . . ." The upper picture shows the rampaging Los Angeles River after destroying a bridge and taking six lives. Below, one of the dust storms that ravaged thousands of Western farms in 1935

# Fritter-Minded

## By Kermit Shelby

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

**Love triangle in the Ozarks, with honors to Doany Sheer, a girl who doesn't seem to know her own strength**

AS THE pine shadows on the ridge began to lengthen, throwing their black searchlights out over the valley, and down, Doany reckoned he wasn't a-coming, and for a moment the thought left her pure infidel. Yet, blindly, she continued to pray. Maybe even if there wasn't ary God, and you prayed, and you prayed, and you kept on a-praying—*Let me see him once more before I go, Lord. Let his medicine wagon overtake me on this mounting trail. Then name your pick for me to do, and I'll do hit.* Doany's cardboard suitcase bumped her bare legs as she walked. They were shapely legs, slender and golden-brown—like Doany.

The trail was narrow and winding and not much traveled. Sunlight lingered, a last touch, across the ridges. But in the Ozark hollows autumn night was settling in soft blue swirls—like rows of hens' nests. Doany wouldn't look at the blue. Her throat ached hard enough already from having to leave them; her hills. It ached harder at the thought of leaving Rondo Kane.

He hadn't wrote ary letter, like he promised. 'Twas a sin and a shame, the way he neglected his medicine-wagon route. Two weeks late, and over. Four nights ago he'd been seen by Doany's cousins at that carnival in Blue Eye, a-spending his money on flimflams, riding some gold-tooth girl on a Fairy's Wheel. Just plain fritter-minded, that's what he was; and the sooner her fool heart forgot him the better off 'twould be. So argued Doany's reason—while Doany herself choked back scalding tears and kept right on praying. *Just to know he's all right, Lord. Just to know his fritter-mindedness ain't got him into no trouble.*

When she heard the rumble of wagon wheels behind her, it made sweat spring from Doany's hand against the suitcase handle. But even then she wouldn't look back. If she looked back, and it turned out to be somebody else—Doany's breath came hard. *Make it a medicine wagon, Lord. Ramsey's Products on the*

As the wagon wheels Doany's steps quickened, terrific surging drumbeat Hill pride, stubborn-fierc young shoulders, her poin dependence swished in th cotton dress.

"Whoa!" The wagon stc my way, Miss?" Two c dark blue, twinkled down a a grave, sun-tanned face. in Piney Ridge a-been bo black hair like that, she'd it combed. But Rondo Ka had a crooked eyebrow th ing up like a buzzard's win lipped boyish mouth of h Doany none. A body with c know all them little lines meant devil-may-care.

Doany reached him her her fingers touched his, on made pure pain to breat cut capers so.

"I reckoned it was yo quietly. She climbed upor side him. The medicine bered on.

"Couldn't be you saw a-coming over Dewey Ba moseyed along, figuring you?"

His smug complacency w flags of anger in Doany's tered instantly all the rainb ing had brought. Replacec fur-rubbed-wrong-way fee Always his man-sureness so, telling her reason he her, that his ways and her never mix. Yet what good when your fool heart egg Pure misery it was, loving whose eyes ladled out k words were a lash sting acr

Doany heard her own vo proud, scornful. "You sh yourself, figuring I got noth do than lug a suitcase up mountings."

"Your folks told me you' Cedar Gap." No regret Rather, cheerful indifferer amiableness. *Was it too* Doany wondered—while he took the count.

DOANY'S "folks" were th —eleven of them—a shi of tomato growers, cousins cousins, where she'd bee since her ma died last sp ways were not the Sheer Doany Sheer, who'd been r the Crabtrees' shiftlessness ment. The only reason sh with it this long was the hop Rondo Kane came, a-drivin cine wagon . . . But hearing that gold-tooth girl had knoc in the head. After hearing Fairy's Wheel business, Doa she was just a fool for wai then she'd waited four mor wishing and the longing a sickness inside her. When i couldn't stand it no more, sl her suitcase and lit out.

Rondo slapped the mu gently with the reins. "Wh ure doing for yourself ove Gap?"

"Figure to make something a-working."

"What sort of work?"

"Cooking work. My Au she could use me a-helping them section hands."

"Look out you don't be m of them hands."

"A lot you'd care!" The w themselves out before she c stop to them. His pesteri whistling—as though he had

(Continued on page

**Edna's pa pushed his chair back and looked at Edna and Rondo. "Reckon you uns will want to court," he said to them. "I'm a-going to bed"**

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

# Murder in Retrospect

## By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

**Our world-famous detective begins an exciting search for the long-buried truth that Scotland Yard wasn't able to find. A new novel of mystery and romance, starring Hercule Poirot**

HERCULE POIROT looked with interest and appreciation at the young woman who was being ushered into the room.

There had been nothing distinctive in the letter she had written. It had been a mere request for an appointment, with no hint of what lay behind that request. It had been brief and businesslike. Only the firmness of the handwriting had indicated that Carla Lemarchant was a young woman.

And now here she was in the flesh—a tall, slender young woman in the early twenties. The kind of young woman that one definitely looked at twice. Her clothes were good: an expensive, well-cut coat and skirt and luxurious furs. Her head was well poised on her shoulders, she had a square brow, a sensitively cut nose and a determined chin. She looked very much alive. It was her aliveness, more than her beauty, that struck the predominant note.

Before her entrance, Hercule Poirot had been feeling old—now he felt rejuvenated, alive—keen!

As he came forward to greet her, he was aware of her dark gray eyes studying him attentively. She was very earnest in that scrutiny.

She sat down and accepted the cigarette that he offered her. After it was lit she sat for a minute or two smoking, still looking at him with that earnest, thoughtful scrutiny.

Poirot said gently, "Yes, it has to be decided, does it not?"

She started. "I beg your pardon?" Her voice was attractive, with a faint, agreeable huskiness in it.

"You are making up your mind—are you not?—whether I am a mere mountebank or the man you need."

She smiled. She said, "Well, yes—something of that kind. You see, M. Poirot, you—you don't look exactly the way I pictured you."

**She looked at him—such a pretty creature—and she said, "Oh, no—no, I didn't." It was the flattest thing you ever heard, the most unconvincing**

"And I am old, am I not? Older than you imagined?"

"Yes, that too." She hesitated. "I'm being frank, you see. I want—I've got to have—the best."

"Rest assured," said Hercule Poirot, "I *am* the best!"

Carla said, "You're not modest. . . . All the same, I'm inclined to take you at your word."

Poirot said placidly, "One does not, you know, employ merely the muscles. I do not need to bend and measure the footprints and pick up the cigarette ends and examine the bent blades of grass. It is enough for me to sit back in my chair and *think*. It is this"—he tapped his egg-shaped head—"*this*, that functions!"

"I know," said Carla Lemarchant. "That's why I've come to you. I want you, you see, to do something fantastic!"

"That," said Hercule Poirot, "promises well!"

He looked at her in encouragement.

CARLA LEMARCHANT drew a deep breath. "My name," she said, "isn't Carla. It's Caroline. The same as my mother's. I was called after her." She paused. "And though I've always gone by the name of Lemarchant—ever since I can remember almost—that isn't my real name. My real name is Crale."

Hercule Poirot's forehead creased a moment perplexedly. He murmured, "Crale—I seem to remember . . ."

She said, "My father was a painter—rather a well-known painter. Some people say he was a great painter. *I* think he was."

"Amyas Crale?"

"Yes."

She paused, then she went on: "And my mother, Caroline Crale, was tried for murdering him!"

"Aha," said Poirot. "I remember now—but only vaguely. I was abroad at the time. It was a long time ago."

"Sixteen years," said the girl. Her face was very white now and her eyes were two burning lights. "Do you understand? *She was tried and convicted*. . . . She wasn't hanged because they felt that there were extenuating circumstances, so the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. But she died only a year after the trial. You see? It's all over—done—finished with."

Poirot said quietly, "And so?"

The girl called Carla Lemarchant pressed her hands together. She spoke slowly and haltingly but with an odd, pointed emphasis:

"You've got to understand—exactly—where I come in. I was five years old at the time it—happened. Too young to know anything about it. I remember my mother and my father, of course, and I remember leaving home suddenly—being taken to the country. I remember the pigs and a nice fat farmer's wife—and everybody being very kind—and I remember, quite clearly, the funny way they used to look at me—everybody—a sort of furtive look. I knew, of course, children do, that there was something wrong—but I didn't know what.

"And then I went on a ship—it was exciting—it went on for days and then I was in Canada and Uncle Simon met me, and I lived in Montreal with him and with Aunt Louise, and when I asked about Mummy and Daddy they said they'd be coming soon. And then—and then I think I forgot—only I sort of knew that they were dead without remembering anyone actually telling me so. Because by that time, you see, I didn't think about them any more. I was very happy, you know. Uncle Simon and Aunt Louise were sweet to me, and I went to school and had a lot of friends, and I'd quite forgotten that I'd ever had another name, not Lemarchant. Aunt Louise, you see, told me that that was my name in Canada and that seemed quite sensible to me at the time—it was just my Canadian name—but as I say I forgot in the end that I'd ever had any other."

She flung up her defiant chin. She said:

"Look at me. You'd say—wouldn't you?—if you met me: 'There goes a girl who's got nothing to worry about!' I'm well off, I've got splendid health, I'm sufficiently good to look at, I can enjoy life. At twenty, there wasn't a girl anywhere I'd have changed places with.

"But already, you know, I'd begun to ask questions. About my own mother and father. Who they were and what

they did. I'd have been bound to find out in the end.

"As it was, they told me the truth. When I was twenty-one. They had to then, because for one thing I came into my own money. And then, you see, there was the letter. The letter my mother left for me when she died."

HER expression changed, dimmed. Her eyes were no longer two burning points—they were dark, dim pools. She said, "That's when I learned the truth. That my mother had been convicted of murder. It was—rather horrible."

She paused.

"There's something else I must tell you. I was engaged to be married. They said we must wait—that we couldn't be married until I was twenty-one. When I knew, I understood why."

Poirot stirred and spoke for the first time. He said, "And what was your fiancé's reaction?"

"John? John didn't care. He said it made no difference—not to him. He and I were John and Carla—and the past didn't matter."

She leaned forward.

"We're still engaged. But all the same, you know, it *does* matter. It matters to me. And it matters to John too. . . . It isn't the past that matters to us—it's the future." She clenched her hands. "We want children, you see. We both want children. And we don't want to watch our children growing up and be afraid."

"Do you not realize," Poirot said, "that among everyone's ancestors there has been violence and evil?"

"You don't understand. That's so, of course. But, then, one doesn't usually know about it. We do. It's very near to us. And—sometimes—I've seen John just—look at me. Such a quick glance—just a flash. Supposing we were married and we'd quarreled—and I saw him look at me and—and *wonder?*"

Hercule Poirot said, "How was your father killed?"

Carla's voice came clear and firm: "He was poisoned."

Hercule Poirot said, "I see."

There was a silence.

Then the girl said in a calm, matter-of-fact voice, "Thank goodness you're sensible. You see that it does matter—and what it involves. You don't try to patch it up and trot out consoling phrases."

"I understand very well," said Poirot. "What I do *not* understand is what you want of *me?*"

"I want to marry John!" Carla Lemarchant said simply. "And I mean to marry John! And I want to have at least two girls and two boys. And you're going to make that possible!"

"You mean—you want me to talk to your fiancé? Ah, no, it is idiocy what I say there! It is something quite different that you are suggesting. Tell me what is in your mind."

"Listen, M. Poirot. Get this—and get it clearly. I'm hiring you to investigate a case of murder."

"Do you mean—"

"Do you understand?" she said. "She was tried and convicted. She wasn't hanged because they felt that there were extenuating circumstances, so the sentence was commuted to penal servitude"

"Yes, I do mean. A cas is a case of murder whe pened yesterday or sixteen

"But my dear young lad

"Wait, M. Poirot. You it all yet. There's a ver point."

"Yes?"

"My mother was inno Carla Lemarchant.

Hercule Poirot rubbed h murmured, "Well, naturally hend that—"

"It isn't sentiment. Ther ter. She left it for me befo It was to be given to me twenty-one. She left it for th son—that I should be quite all that was in it. That she it—that she was innocent—be sure of that always."

Hercule Poirot looked t at the young, vital face sta nestly at him. He said slowl *même*—"

Carla smiled. "No, mot like that! You're thinking th be a lie—a sentimental lie." forward earnestly: "Listen, there are some things th know quite well. I can rem mother—a patchy remem course, but I remember qui *sort* of person she was. She lies—kind lies. If a thing w hurt she always told you so or thorns in your finger—al of thing. Truth was a—a n pulse to her. I wasn't, I d specially fond of her—but I t I *still* trust her! If she says kill my father, then she didn She wasn't the sort of person solemnly write down a lie knew she was dying."

Slowly, almost reluctantly Poirot bowed his head.

CARLA went on: "That's right for *me* to marry Joh it's all right. *But he doesn't.* that naturally I would think was innocent. It's got to be M. Poirot. And *you're* going

Hercule Poirot said slowly, that what you say is true, mad sixteen years have gone by!"

Carla Lemarchant said, "Oh it's going to be *difficult!* N *you* could do it!"

Hercule Poirot's eyes twinkle "You give me the best butte he said.

"I've heard about you," C "The things you've done. Th have done them. It's psych interests you, isn't it? Well, th change with time. The tangi are gone—the cigarette end footprints and the bent blade You can't look for those any you can go over all the facts o and perhaps talk to the people there at the time—they're all —and then—and then, as you now, you can lie back in your *think. And you'll know what pened. . . .*"

Hercule Poirot rose to his hand caressed his mustache. "Mademoiselle, I am honore justify your faith in me. I wi gate your case of murder. I w back into the events of sixte ago and I will find out the tr

Carla got up. Her eyes wer But she only said, "Good."

Hercule Poirot shook an forefinger. "One little momen said I will find out the truth you understand, have the bias accept your assurance of your innocence. If she was guilty—what then?"

Carla's head went back. daughter," she said. "I want th

*(Continued on page 6*

# ft Stuff

## Henry L. Jackson

Comfort is what makes the Shetland sports jacket an excellent choice for country, campus and week-end wear. You'll see plenty of striped Shetland jackets among spectators at Westbury, Long Island, center of high-goal polo in the East

A topcoat for early fall days in a single-breasted, natural-color Shetland-type wool with fly front. This is a good all-around coat you can wear for town, country and travel, in a neutral color that goes with everything in your wardrobe

Single-breasted overcoat for cold-weather wear, made in a blue Shetland-type tweed. This one is right where you'll be seeing it this winter in New York—on Wall Street

Perfect for traveling, informal business and country wear is a Shetland-type tweed suit, single-breasted style. The popular O.D. color reflects the Army influence

HE y place where Shetland is not thought of as a all horse is around the garment district. Seth d in that setting is a sheep. And that little nal plies a tweed that is extremely uptown.

The dierence between Shetland and other tweeds nat Setland doesn't scratch. A very friendly ed. Sland. In the trade they say it has a "soft de." hat means it feels good when you touch it. Nobo knows how the pretty little sheep got to Shetl d Islands off the northwestern coast of land. ome say they were brought by the Vikings, conowned the islands; others maintain they wa d up from the wreckage of the Spanish nada, ing a combination of the goats from Spain the ive sheep. At any rate, they are the only ma ship with different colorings—cream, mouse- and own. Yet from these runty little bleaters es on of the world's finest wools.

There only one trouble about the 100% hand-en, hal-spun fabric that comes out of the islands: too gd. It's so soft that only a master tailor can e up suit that won't stretch and pull out at the ns. Ad its silky surface becomes very shaggy mod with wear. That's where the smart erican nanufacturers came in. They kept the nal Setland material for mufflers, sweaters and s and roduced a new melange—Shetland mixed h other wools—that feels like Shetland and looks Shetl d and wears like the toughest tweed.

It s so and comfortable, long-wearing, has an ex-tively asual look. If you like tweeds, this is a eal f you; if you're not a tweedy guy, take it at etland. You might change your mind.

Note: Write us and we'll tell you where to get of the lothing illustrated.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM LARROUSSE

# I Want to Do Something

**By Ruth Carson**

**Women throughout the country, spurred on by the urge to aid in our defense program, are swelling the ranks of a million Red Cross workers**

**Red Cross Motor Corps members own and repair their own cars, and transport patients, supplies, etc. There are 5,000 of them in the U. S.**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

IT'S graduation day for nine hundred women in uniform. White uniforms, with red veils floating back from white caps. Gray uniforms with gray veils. Blue, pink, yellow and more white uniforms. The Stars and Stripes hang above the platform, and the banner of the Red Cross. It's a dramatic and unexpected sight in the silver-and-gold ballroom.

Children are in the audience to see their mothers graduate; for plenty of these women have families as well as classes to mind. Mothers and fathers are there, too, proud of their young daughters. The certificates the graduates will receive today indicate the satisfactory passing of certain examinations and probationary periods. But the badges they will pin on are not awards of merit. They are pledges of future service. These women are joining the ranks of the 1,000,000 women through the country, who, since war flamed up in Europe and we awoke to our own defense needs, have volunteered their services to the American Red Cross.

Urged on by their desire to "do something," they flocked to the Red Cross as a symbol of relief in a battered world. And they discovered an amazing organization of volunteer workers, not nobly preparing to be heroines of future disasters, but busy doing everyday, scrub-the-floor kind of useful, undramatic jobs. Jobs that had been going on for years of peacetime. And such a variety of jobs that each could select the one she was especially fitted to do.

The colors of their veils and uniforms show you.

Yellow veils: Staff Assistants, women who are volunteering to keep the office records, sit at information desks, type, do all kinds of clerical jobs.

Purple veils: Home Service Volunteers, who will work with the families of veterans and of men in the present Army training camps, helping to straighten out money and other worries.

Dark blue veils with white uniforms: Production Service, which will make millions of surgical dressings for civilian hospitals and for the Army and Navy, air-raid-shelter suits for London children, thousands of garments for relief.

Light blue veils: Disaster Canteen Corps, ready to feed you by the hundreds in case of flood, fire or bombs. As an everyday job they run the Red Cross cafeteria for its workers, and the cafeteria in the Veterans' Club next door.

Pink and white caps and pink uniforms: Nurses' Aides, who will go into the hospitals to run errands, make beds, take temperatures, do the odd, nonprofessional jobs.

Gray veils: the Gray Ladies, so named by the soldiers in Walter Reed Hospital where they first served as hostesses and recreation directors.

Navy blue veils with blue uniforms: Braille, women who will painstakingly transcribe books for the blind to read with their fingers.

Dark gray uniforms with overseas caps: the Motor Corps, whose cars and time are at the service of the Red Cross.

Such highly organized groups exist all over the country, directed from headquarters in Washington. At least a dozen of the 3,700 chapters have all the nine possible volunteer services. Some keep themselves busy with only one, especially since that one is sure to be Production Corps. Knitting, sewing—in their homes, churches and Red Cross headquarters. Out of all this stitch-by-stitch work has come since the beginning of war more than 20,000,000 surgical dressings, and nearly 4,000,000 garments shipped abroad to war victims.

### Hard Work and No Drama

If you think of volunteer work as a dillydally business, inefficient because it's free, that you could fit in here and there to suit yourself, you'd better meet the Motor Corps girls right away. You'll find 5,000 of them in 421 of the chapters, and more coming up. They are a snappy, good-looking lot of young women in trim uniforms, who can tell you a few facts.

First, if you want to join the Motor Corps you fill out an application. You give references, take a physi nation, and get vaccinated f and smallpox. You take cou Aid, so that you will know h that first-aid kit you will ca mechanics, so that you can ch and spark plugs. . . . You cou that efficient-looking uniform stand around being a helple You are instructed in black-o Finally, you put in a two mo bation period.

If you have now proved you ing, dependable, efficient an way satisfactory, you are pe pledge yourself to 240 hours' duty a year, and to buy you All volunteers, of course, pa own uniforms, and for the p they wear as pledges of ser

*(Continued on page 6*

MODERN WAR is a battle for materials. To check the life-giving flow of materials, British warships ring the European continent while man ombers and submarines encircle Britain. ever comparison, the most vital of mate- s is od. Unlike steel or copper, aluminum ubbe food has no substitutes. We have it or do n have it. With it, all things are possible. hout, tanks and planes can give no security. the efense of America is to be certain, d for 0,000,000 Americans, and those who d wi us, must come regularly to market.

Today, as always, the production of that food is the task of American farmers. Today, more than ever, American farmers are relying on the farm equipment industry to provide them with the mechanized tools of agriculture. For, while the need for farm products rises, the supply of farm labor constantly dwindles as men are diverted to the Armed Services and the factories.

This Company and the industry of which it is a part have the factories, the trained employes, the engineering skill, and the distributing organizations to get these vital tools to the farmers of America where they need them and when they need them — *subject only to the allocation of materials.*

Swords are beaten into plowshares when peace follows war. Today, throughout the world, plowshares are beaten into swords . . . In America, the greatest food-producing country in the world, it is well to consider that ***Plowshares Are Swords!***

Fowler McCormick
*President*
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY · CHICAGO

International Harvester Company

NTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

# Mercator Island

## By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*The Story Thus Far:*

THE owner of a sixty-foot schooner, in which he cruises aimlessly about, Bob Bolles finds himself almost "on the beach" in Kingston, Jamaica. The Kingmans of New York City—Malcolm and his wife, Helen—save him: they engage him to take them on a month's cruise.

Accompanied by Bob, Mrs. Kingman goes to a little shop that is owned by a Japanese: Mr. Moto. There, in the ladies' dressing-room, she is mysteriously frightened by Moto's employees. Bob goes to the rescue; and a few minutes later Mrs. Kingman (who seemingly does not care to discuss the episode) leaves the shop with him. As they walk along the street, Bob receives the surprise of his life: the woman—tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful—says that she is unhappy; she suggests that they go away together, on Bob's schooner!

Bob listens. Then: "I think," he says, "we'd better go and find Mr. Kingman." Hardly has he spoken than Mr. Kingman rounds a corner and greets them. He is in a far from pleasant mood; and when he has listened to Bob's account of the trouble at Mr. Moto's, he sneers: "She didn't possibly suggest that you might run away with her?"

A few minutes later, Bob receives another surprise. He talks with Captain Burke, in command of the U. S. fleet's flagship, the Smedley. Bob has a grudge against Burke who, it appears, had been on a selection board that had passed Bob over for promotion when he had been in the Navy.

The captain tells Bob an interesting story, of which this is a summary: Th French merchant vessel, had left port carrying a knocked-down crate. The Aquitane had gone according to Washington Int plane had been left at some Ca

The plane, the captain says, r —on it is an apparatus—a secr mendously important war mecha one of its kind in existence. T captain adds, are searching for t he says, is he; and he asks Bob i a job, as pilot, on the Smedley.

Bob says that he has a better and goes out. Near the hotel de runs into Mr. Moto. "Selling guests?" he asks maliciously. "( Moto replies. "Oh, yes, shirts."

### III

THERE had often been moments when Bob Bolles had wondered exactly why he had bought the Thistlewood, but he had never regretted the impulse. He had bought her in Florida, from her former owner after a hurricane had ripped her from her moorings and smashed her on a breakwater. With the help of a yard owner he had towed her ashore and had made a great many of the repairs himself. Even so, nearly all his savings had been consumed in making the Thistlewood fit for sea again. Five minutes after he had bought her and had passed through the first excitement of ownership he realized that she was too big for him. She had been built for ocean races with a skipper and a crew of three or four, and she had carried a lot of sail. Since he could never have afforded such a luxury as man power he had used all his ingenuity to fix her so that two men might handle her, and the job on the whole had been satisfactory. It was true that her new rigging looked clumsy and her masts too short, but even in rough weather it was possible to manage with the assistance of one other able hand. For almost two years he had lived upon the Thistlewood, and he was proud that she was shipshape, no matter how she might look.

When a boatman from the public pier rowed him out to her that afternoon Bob Bolles felt as he often did—that he might have gone clean to pieces if it had not been for the Thistlewood.

Her hull, as she lay there in the blue water, was light and graceful. Tom had already got the sails up without his help. They looked small for her size as they slatted idly in the gentle breeze. He paid the boatman and climbed into the roomy, comfortable cockpit and looked forward over the cabin skylight to the open hatch of what had been the crew's quarters.

The cabin doors were open and he walked down the steps into the cabin's musty shadow. Mattresses and pillows had grown dingy like all the other furnishings so that the cabin had assumed the air of an apartment occupied by a decayed gentleman, but it was all neat and shipshape.

The galley with its little stove near the stateroom was stocked with canned goods. All his belongings had been removed from the stateroom so that it was fresh and neat, with its berth newly made and its little porthole half open. Tom must have worked hard to have got everything ready. Tom was busy forward, arranging a bunk opposite his own. Bob's clothes were still in disorder on the vacant bunk above it, his oilskins, rubber boots and rifles. He told Tom to leave it, that they could fix it later, and they went up into the bows and took a few turns on the capstan and got the cover off the jib. They stowed away a tarpaulin and looked at the sail locker.

"We'll check the provisions," Bob said.

He had left with Henry a standard list of necessities, but Mr. Kingman had evidently elaborated on it. He had added whisky, four cases of wine and all sorts of expensive canned goods.

"They're not taking any chances," Bob said, "in case they want to cross the ocean."

HE WAS busy for almost an hour going over everything, which was not such a difficult job, since he always prided himself on keeping the Thistlewood ready for sea.

"Tom," he asked, "why did you take my guns forward?"

"I just thought you might like them, sar," Tom said, "with strange

Tom was always suspicio never liked strangers on t wood.

"Now, listen," Bob told hi just a lady and a gentleman York and their valet. Oh, we Leave the guns there."

Five minutes later Tom ca boat was coming and Bob ca the cabin to watch it. A launch was moving across t He could see a pile of boxe cases and the boatman and f in the stern. One of them w He saw Mrs. Kingman with a around her hat and Mr. King short, squat man who wou valet. They were alongside later, climbing up the little l the cockpit. Henry came firs Kingman, then Mrs. Kingma

"Greetings, Skipper," Mr. said. He looked at the sails boom moving lazily above "Here we are. Are you ready shove off?"

Clearly he was unfamilia sea.

"We can get under way an

(Continued on page 2

"If anything should happen about Mac and me," she said, "you mustn't interfere. You mustn't ask questions"

# "to the world's smartest wife, with love—Dick"

en a funny! Little things often make them sentimental. Give a husband ragt cup of coffee—richly flavorful A&P Coffee—well, he's likely to fall lovel over again and boast that you're the world's smartest wife.

Co tless wives know that A&P *Custom Ground* Coffee is the freshest, est cfee there is. And no wonder! The quality is guarded *from source to* . T's equally true of scores of fine foods sold exclusively by A&P. Those mous good Ann Page Foods, for example . . . oven-fresh Marvel Bread . . . e Ker Donuts and Cakes . . . and many other good things.

Ahere's a welcome surprise: These fine A&P brands bring you substantial savings. That's because they are brought direct from the source to you, unburdened by those extra handling charges and middlemen's profits that usually increase retail prices. The savings thus made are shared with you in high quality foods at lower prices.

Don't let another precious day go by. Drop into your A&P—take home delicious *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee—enjoy coffee at its best.

*Many A&P brands bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our Marvel White Bread and Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts—The 33 Ann Page Foods —A&P Teas and Coffees — White House Evaporated Milk — 26 A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables — Sunnyfield Hams and Smoked Meats, and many others.

**SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P**

**CUSTOM GROUND A&P COFFEE BOUGHT BY EVERY 7th FAMILY IN AMERICA**

**CONSUMER FACTS:** Each type of coffee pot brings boiling water into contact with ground coffee for a different length of time. Hence coffee should be ground a different degree of fineness — *Custom Ground* — for each type of pot. That's why "any grind for every pot" is wrong. That's why you get more flavor, better flavor from *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee.

*THE COFFEE OF MAGNIFICENT FLAVOR*

© 1941—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

# There'll Come a Day!

## By Pat Frank

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARREN BAUMGARTNER

A SHORT SHORT STO
COMPLETE ON THIS P

**"Heil Hitler!" Otto screeci**
**you are listening to the ly**
**lish broadcasts again! T**
**I will certainly tell th**

DR. HEINRICH GERHARDT sat down to breakfast punctually at 8:15, tipped up his tomato juice, and laid the morning paper on his right knee. "More planes for England," he remarked. "It is a good thing. It will keep that maniac on the other side."

"Shhh!" warned Elsa, his wife.

"Why should I shhh?" inquired Dr. Gerhardt. "Are we not Americans?"

Then he fell silent, for Otto marched into the dining room, swung up his right arm stiffly, and said, "Heil Hitler! Morning, Ma, Pop."

"Otto, please don't do that," begged Mrs. Gerhardt. "You know how it annoys your father."

Otto jumped to his feet, pumped his arm up and down like a semaphore on the loose, and shouted, "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!"

"There'll come a day," said Dr. Gerhardt grimly, his neat, gray-sprinkled beard quivering. This was all he said, because in the person of Otto, who had just turned eleven and joined the Hitler Jugend, the long arm of the Reich extended to West 85th Street, and into the Gerhardt household.

"In the Fatherland," Otto asserted, reaching for the toast, "Pop would be shot."

Dr. Gerhardt closed his eyes and held on to the edge of the table.

"He would be shot," continued Otto, spreading the toast with fat gobs of marmalade, "for calling the Fuehrer a maniac, among other things."

Dr. Gerhardt pretended not to listen, and stared down at his newspaper. Otto put down the toast, peered shrewdly at his father, smiled, and said in a different voice, "Pop, can I have two dollars?"

"What for?" Dr. Gerhardt asked.

"For the Winter Relief. My leader says each of us should bring two dollars for the Winter Relief."

"No!" Dr. Gerhardt said. "In that little band of yours it is something new each week. Here is where we make our money, and here we should spend it!"

"Is that what I should tell my leader?" Otto asked.

"I don't care what—" Dr. Gerhardt began.

"And should I tell him," Otto interrupted, "how you listen to all the verboten broadcasts? How you use your short-wave set to sit up all night listening to the lies from London?"

"In my own home!" Dr. Gerhardt groaned.

"If I tell my leader, no doubt he will tell von Bitten, because my leader works at the consulate, too."

The title of von Bitten was only vice-consul, but he was a Gauleiter in the party, and he had visited Dr. Gerhardt before, and of him Dr. Gerhardt was afraid. "Here, take the two dollars and get out," he surrendered. "You only want it for candy anyway. You begin to resemble Goering."

When he was gone, Dr. Gerhardt fired his pipe, and relaxed, but Elsa began to cry. "Heinrich," she said, daubing at her eyes with a napkin, "let us get out of this neighborhood. Ever since he joined that secret Hitler Jugend he has been unbearable."

"Twelve years," Dr. Gerhardt said, "I have been building a practice."

"We can start again. We can go to another city. Perhaps a small city where there are no organizations."

"No," Dr. Gerhardt decided. "This thing will not go on forever."

IT WAS a slack day at the office, with no patients until 11, when Herr Krause came in for his anemia shot. Herr Krause had lived on 85th Street since 1912, and they were of a mind, but what they had to discuss they discussed in the inner office. Miss Flette, the doctor's attendant, was not to be trusted.

It was early afternoon when th
Gerhardt's office Hans von Bitten, t
and self-assured as a baron in his o
in! Come in!" said Dr. Gerhardt, t
feeling numb with apprehension.

"Thank you," said von Bitten
pulled up a chair to Dr. Gerhardt's
here for any treatment. This is an o

"Yes?" When von Bitten was in
hard to convince oneself that this wa

"We have been getting more c
you, Gerhardt. You forget that you

The fear had not gone from Dr.
said simply, "No, I am an American

Von Bitten shrugged. "All those
are Germans. Your politics do not
can take care of that in time. But
diate concern is that you have a la
from others of German blood, and y
tributed nothing to the Reich. You
savings certificates but invested in A

"How do you know what bonds I

"I know your income," von Bitt
penny, and I know what you do with

Dr. Gerhardt rose from his chair.
I please," he said. "You can do n
have no more relatives left in Germ

"That I know, too," von Bitten
physician's appointment book. "But
your patients, they have relatives in

Dr. Gerhardt was silent, because
boycotts, and what they could do to a
that a decision must be made. It w
would have to discuss with Elsa.

"I expect to hear from you," s
"Doubtless you will change your mi

IT WAS dark when Dr. Gerhardt retu
row, brownstone front, and he was
hand held to the iron rail as he forced
steps. It weights a man to have a go
an interesting one, wiped away so.

Elsa met him at the doorway, an
He could not tell her immediately.
until after dinner. He made his w
library, and turned on the radio. T
warm and comfortable before him, an
short-wave dial as expertly as he used

Usually the European short-wave
in fine at this hour, but it was seven
night, before he tuned in a clear cha
marching music, and then the ann
clipped Oxford English. "In a momen
an important news bulletin."

Dr. Gerhardt heard the shuffle of f
and turned, and it was Otto, his leg
and his hands on his hips. On his che
medal Dr. Gerhardt recognized. It w
Cross, awarded in 1915.

"Heil Hitler!" Otto screeched. "So
ing to the lying English broadcasts ag
I will certainly tell the leader."

Dr. Gerhardt didn't answer. "A
radio said. "Here is a bulletin from W
American government has ordered all C
and their staffs to leave the United St

"Lies!" Otto shouted, hopping up
rage. "All lies! Do you believe those l

"That," said Dr. Gerhardt slowly,
syllable, "was not London. That was
Berlin!"

He moved with amazing speed ac
and grabbed Otto by an ear. "Elsa!"
stairs. "Elsa, fetch me my razor stra

*"I'm watching for that sign..."*

*You're Welcome* AT TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN: "Treasury Hour—Millions For Defense" All Star Radio Program Every Wed. Night—C.B.S.—9:00 E.D.T. 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.D.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

## Patty flunks a quiz

**Patty needs a laxative.** But an important examination starts in an hour. She's already in a tense anticipation.

So she starts off to school in no condition to take a quiz.

Patty tries to concentrate on her examination. But an aching head and general discomfort make it impossible.

Again and again poor, unhappy Patty has to answer, "I don't know."

## Sally knows the answers

**Sally needs a laxative.** Her semester examination begins in an hour, too.

But Sally's mother says: "Never put off till tomorrow the laxative you should take this morning." She gives Sally

speedy Sal Hepatica. By the time school starts, Sal Hepatica has worked effectively and gently.

Sally is now to put her best efforts on classwork—with good results!

# Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEXT TIME you need a laxative, don't delay. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica usually acts within an hour. Acts in a natural way, by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. Acts gently, thoroughly—without discomfort or griping.

Small wonder a recent survey shows 8 out of 9 doctors prescribed, recommend this speedy, sparkling saline!

More than a laxative, Sal Hepatica helps eliminate excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again!

Whenever you need a laxative, take the speedy, gentle saline recommended by so many doctors—Sal Hepatica!

# SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Thursday at 8 P. M., E. D. S. T.


## Mercator Island

Continued from page 24

want," Bob said, "as soon as we get your gear aboard. Hello, Mrs. Kingman."

He held out his hand to her to help her aboard. She laid her hand in his and gripped his hand firmly but not too firmly. All he could see in her was a pleased anticipation of a new adventure, nothing more, and she seemed to have forgotten everything else. She seemed to have forgotten what she had asked him, or at any rate she did not want to bring it up. Still holding his hand, she jumped lightly into the cockpit with a quick little laugh, but he saw her look at Mr. Kingman before she spoke.

"Oh," Mrs. Kingman said, "what a lovely little ship!"

It was obvious that she did not know much about the water either, but it was different with Oscar.

"This is Oscar," Mr. Kingman said, "from Sweden."

A SHORT, stocky man in a badly fitting brownish suit stepped into the cockpit. He was carrying two suitcases which must have been very heavy, because his shoulders bent under the weight. He set them down carefully and straightened his broad back and stood with his stocky legs apart looking up at Bob.

"Hello, Oscar," Bob said. "Glad to see you."

Oscar bobbed his head and raised a stubby forefinger to the brim of his cap. His thick right wrist showed a blue tattooed rope twisted into a lovers' knot. He certainly did not look like a valet. His eyes were a muddy, slaty color. His eyebrows and his stubby hair were a pale, bleached yellow. His jaw was square, his mouth was large and his lips were heavy, and the bridge of his nose was broken.

"You look handy on a boat," Bob said.

"Yes," Oscar said, "that is right." His voice was rumbling and guttural.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Kingman said. "Oscar's been with us for years. Oscar knows about everything, don't you, Oscar?" Oscar grinned and showed a set of teeth too symmetrical to be real, and as an afterthought touched the brim of his hat again.

"I tank so," Oscar said. "Yes, madam."

"Get those bags into the cabin," Mr. Kingman said. "Step—step on it, Oscar."

"Here," Bob called, "Tom, give him a hand."

"Oh," said Mr. Kingman, "no, no, not that. Oscar understands the baggage." He stopped and watched Oscar move slowly into the cabin. "Oscar's quite a character. He can help you. We all want to lend—lend a hand."

"Oh," Bob said, "that's fine."

Oscar was back in a second, pulling out more bags from the launch. The Kingmans had a lot of baggage—bulky canvas cases, steamer trunks and the kind of cases that could contain the tripods for a motion-picture outfit.

"It's all right," Mr. Kingman said, as he saw Bob watching the growing pile in the cockpit. "Oscar knows where it all goes—camping supplies, guns and whatnot."

"There won't be any big game," Bob said.

"Sometimes," Mr. Kingman answered, "I shoot at bottles. Let Mr. Bolles take you down, dear, and show you your quarters."

Bob took her below while they continued getting the luggage aboard.

"How wonderfully it all fits together," she said after he had shown her the stateroom and the galley and the folding table. "It's perfect," [illegible] looking at him and not th[illegible] Bolles—"

"Yes," he said.

He thought she was goin[illegible] thing more, but a footste[illegible] way stopped her. It was [illegible]

"Here we are," Mr. K[illegible] "and we're going to take [illegible] Skipper. You call me Ma[illegible] you Bob. It's easier, what [illegible] to tell you, Oscar can hav[illegible] ing."

"That's fine," Bob said. [illegible] more comfortable if Osca[illegible] ward with Tom and me."

"Oh, no, no," Mr. King[illegible] "Oscar's nervous if he's a[illegible]

Bob left them in the [illegible] stood in the cockpit, look[illegible] shore. Oscar was in th[illegible] wrestling with the last of t[illegible]

But for some reason, h[illegible] look entirely happy. Hi[illegible] yellowish and pale, look[illegible] usual. He kept moving h[illegible] out of his pockets. He seem[illegible] ious to be back on the lau[illegible] ing.

"What's the matter?" [illegible] "Have you eaten somet[illegible]

Henry's smile was rathe[illegible] no," he answered. "It is on[illegible] a good deal of business [illegible] like the Kingmans. The[illegible] splendid people."

"Where did they get [illegible] asked.

"Oscar!" Henry said. "[illegible] Mr. Kingman is so lovely [illegible] Oh, there you are, Mr. Kin[illegible]

Mr. Kingman was out [illegible] again. It seemed to Bob t[illegible] man was very restless an[illegible] at once.

"We won't keep you an[illegible] said to Henry. "Every[illegible] straight, isn't it?"

Before Henry spoke h[illegible] swallow a lump in his thr[illegible] so, yes," he said.

"It can't go wrong, you [illegible] Kingman said. "Just do [illegible] you."

"Yes," Henry said.

"Well, don't be so dam[illegible] Mr. Kingman said. "It's [illegible] ple."

"I'm not fidgety," Henry [illegible] by, sir. Pleasant trip."

THE launch drew away f[illegible] dewood's side, and M[illegible] glanced astern at the shore [illegible] Kingston shimmered in th[illegible] high green mountains towe[illegible] The natives were still loa[illegible] You could hear them call[illegible] water.

"Let's go," Mr. Ki[illegible] "There's nothing to keep [illegible]

"Come on, Tom," Bob [illegible] get the hook up."

"I help him," Oscar sa[illegible] the wheel, sir."

Oscar climbed out of th[illegible] scuttled forward over the [illegible]

"Well," Bob said, "it's [illegible] another hand." He trimme[illegible] sheet.

"All clear, sar," he hea[illegible] The jib was filling. Tom [illegible] to the foresheet. The Tin[illegible] moving. Mr. and Mrs. K[illegible] beside Bob, looking aster[illegible] to him from the tense look [illegible] that they almost expected [illegible] would call to them from th[illegible]

"Well," Bob said, "you [illegible] gotten anything have you?"

"No," Mr. Kingman an[illegible]

# Know your M's

his is a M____

2. This is a M_____

3. This is a M_____

This is a M____

5. This is a M_____

6. This is M_____ & M____
The whiskey that's Mild, Mellow, Moderate-priced.

**ANSWERS**: 1, *Moose;* 2, *Marimba;* 3, *Mastiff;* 4, *Maple;* 5, *Mantis;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored 6 right, you're a genius; 5, terribly bright; 4, superior; 3, good; 2, fair; 1, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you guessed right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

## —Know Mattingly & Moore

*Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

The Best of 'em is

**M&M**

**Three things for gals** to take along on dates: house key, mad money, pleasant breath. The last part is easy with delightful, breath-taking PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.

**Questing for a quick quencher?** Quite qualifying are CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. That's your "Q" to get a pack of this dandy candy today.

**Hamburger and onion?** Okay, so long as you kayo the afterglow with a delicious PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVER to sweeten your breath and aid digestion.

**Everybody's breath** offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Save yours with LIFE SAVERS. Choice of 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

tainly not. What makes you ask that?"

"I just saw you looking ashore," Bob answered. "It is a pretty harbor."

Mr. Kingman put his hand above his eyes and still stared at the shore. "My dear," he said, "we'd better go and set things to rights, I think."

Mr. Kingman, Mrs. Kingman and Oscar were down in the cabin for a long while with the doors closed, putting things to rights. Standing by the wheel, in the light, fair breeze, Bob Bolles could hear their voices, gentle and muffled, but they did not disturb his own thoughts. Leaving a port made him feel that he might be breaking into something new. The sense of anticipation was milder, but it was the same sort which he had always felt just before taking off in a plane, whenever he waited, listening to the roar of the motors. That feeling of moving away from land, that sound of the water on the bow were not bad substitutes. He was going out again, off where no one could help him much but himself.

THEY were out of the harbor now and the sun was getting low.

Tom stepped into the cockpit noiselessly on his broad bare feet and began coiling the halyards. Now they were at sea Tom looked graceful, almost beautiful. He said it was lovely weather. Then he grinned.

"What's the joke?" Bob asked.

"Just thinking, sar," Tom answered. "Japanese are comical."

"Who?" Bob asked. "What Japanese?"

"That man you speak with this morning, sar. He was out this afternoon in a little rowboat. He come alongside and said everything was so nice—asking where we were going."

"Well," Bob said, "you couldn't tell him, because you didn't know."

Then there was a noise astern. It was the hum of an airplane motor coming toward them and he could see the ship a thousand feet up perhaps. He could see the gray spread of wings and the pontoons underneath. From the sound he could even tell the make of the motor. It was one of those passenger planes which had done a good trade with tourists a year ago. The roar of the motor grew louder.

"Damn' fools," Bob said.

Then just as he spoke the cabin door burst open.

Mr. Kingman bounded into the cockpit with Oscar at his heels.

"Here," Mr. Kingman shouted, "what's that?" From the way both he and Oscar looked you might have thought they had never seen a plane before.

"Here," Mr. Kingman shouted again. He had to shout because the plane was swooping over them. "What plane is that?"

"Just some fool tourist," Bob shouted, "out to see the sunset. Look! She's turning now."

He was right. The plane was banking at about five hundred feet, and now she was going back toward land. The sound of her motor was already dying out.

"Oh," Mr. Kingman asked, "do they do that often?"

"Yes," Bob said. "Two pounds for twenty minutes. They dive down over boats to please the customers."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "just a tourist plane."

"Naturally," Bob said, and he laughed. "You didn't think it was a bill collector, did you, Mr. Kingman?"

Mr. Kingman laughed, too, and put his hands in his trousers pockets.

"The last touch of land," he said. "Oscar, you mix a—a cocktail for Mr. Bolles and me, and you'd better start with supper. You'll mess with us in the cabin, Mr. Bolles, and Oscar will bring your man something forward."

"Thanks," Bob answered, "venient."

"We'll have some Rüdesh unless you've a feeling ag wine on account of the unp Look at the sun how it drop

The sky was already a and it would soon be black. came up with a tray and shaker and two glasses it hard to see Mr. Kingman's

"A wonderful moment," M said. "Will you have anothe

"No, thanks," Bob answer drink much when I'm sailir raised his voice: "Tom, t lights."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, have lights?"

"Even a small boat carri night," Bob said, and he le to light the little lamp in th

Anything that morning disturbed him about the anything odd in the overton conversation, anything that seemed like a strained relati entirely gone at dinner. Mrs seemed to be perfectly happy content, and all the hardnes out of Mr. Kingman's eyes w glanced at her across the ta was a clean white tablecloth napkins were folded to look ships. There was turtle soup chicken and a soufflé afterwa amazing that anyone who l Oscar could cook so well, Kingman explained that Osc the table and had folded th too. They talked mostly ab things, such as their trip York. They both seemed pl everything and that made E pleased.

"We might play three-han Kingman said, "if you pla Nothing like cards to keep off your troubles, is there, Let's get the cards—for just o By jove, isn't it peaceful? I fe ing to sleep tonight, and dream islands in the sea."

Mrs. Kingman found a pac and shuffled them. "Cutthroa she said. "I love it," and she Mr. Kingman.

THAT was the only mom there was the slightest dis Bob Bolles never thought of it later. It was only later that h bered that Mrs. Kingman's w come a little slowly and that man had raised his head q though he were listening for s

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, you love it, but be careful Helen. I always hold the card don't"—Mr. Kingman picke hand and laughed—"I always from the dummy. Dummy— funny word, isn't it, Skipper?"

"How do you mean?" Bob never thought of it."

"So dead," said Mr. King completely dead."

Mrs. Kingman sighed. "Do gruesome, Mac," she said. "W dying some time."

There was something acid passage, but not enough to not enjoyed playing bridge with t mans, because neither of the mistakes.

Tom woke him at two in the for his watch. "A fine, clear ni he said, "a steady breeze."

The stars were out. The runni and the binnacle light were su by a yellow glow which ebbed the darkness. The sea was rolling and the breeze so stead would have been safe to lash t and to have left her on her c was a time when you could not from yourself—standing by th

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

t B Bolles thought of home, and
wa uite a distance away, and then
hou t of Bill Howe and of the de-
yer the harbor.
Oh, ll," he said, "oh, well."
here as one thing he was proud of.
was le to look at what he had been
whe e was without much emotion.
cou stand there at the wheel of
Thi ewood and bring back names
fac and events without any par-
lar ret, just as though they be-
ed the life of someone else. He
d re ember when he played foot-
. H was a good athlete in those
s an ot a bad sort of person. They
d h in the service. There had
er b n any trouble about too few
ids.
t wa ll too easy," he said out loud,
ot to easy."

HER was no answer except the
und f the wind. There was never
ans r for anything, except inside
rself rhaps. Now if he had gone
with gineering and design, it might
e be better, but it still might have
n tod sy. He thought of other men
knew ho had started out well and
just rned out.
le co d see it all as though it had
pene years and years before, be-
se e ything smoothed out when
This wood put to sea. He remem-
d th vay the sun beat down on the
n by e officers' quarters and the
the tors sounded on the field that
ning hen he heard how the board
pas l on him.
'm ry you take it that way,"
C. O ad said.
f cou e he wasn't sorry, really, and
e ha been no other way to take it.
You' etter think it over and recon-
r," th C. O. had said.
No, I getting out, sir," Bob Bolles
told m, and, of course, the C. O.
the t word. The superior officers
ays d in the service.
Com n," Bob said. "Stop think-
"
ll of m was back in the cockpit of
This wood again. He was back
n, go g through the motions.
hen e door of the cabin opened.

There was no particular reason why it should have surprised him, except that he had thought of himself as entirely alone.

"Why, hello," he said. "Can't you sleep?"

It was Mrs. Kingman with her white coat wrapped around her. Even when she walked toward him her face was vague and blurred.

"No," she answered. "I was awake. I wanted to see the water. We're so near it, aren't we? I've never been so near."

"Yes," he said, "we're near to it." She moved near to him, so near that he could see the light from the binnacle reflected in her eyes. He was intensely, almost insistently, aware that they were alone and he knew that she had not come out to see the water, and he suddenly knew that he had been hoping that she might come out and speak to him. All the time that he had been thinking about himself he had been thinking about her, too.

She sat down near the wheel, so near that she could speak very softly, and he saw her glance toward the closed door of the cabin.

"I think he's asleep," she said, "but I'm not sure. You don't mind my being here?"

"No," Bob answered, "only—"

"Never mind about Mac just now," she said. "Do you know what I'm thinking?"

"No," he said.

"I'm thinking I wish I'd known you long ago. I was thinking about it in the cabin tonight. When two people meet they feel that way sometimes. You know what I mean, don't you?"

BOB BOLLES did not answer.

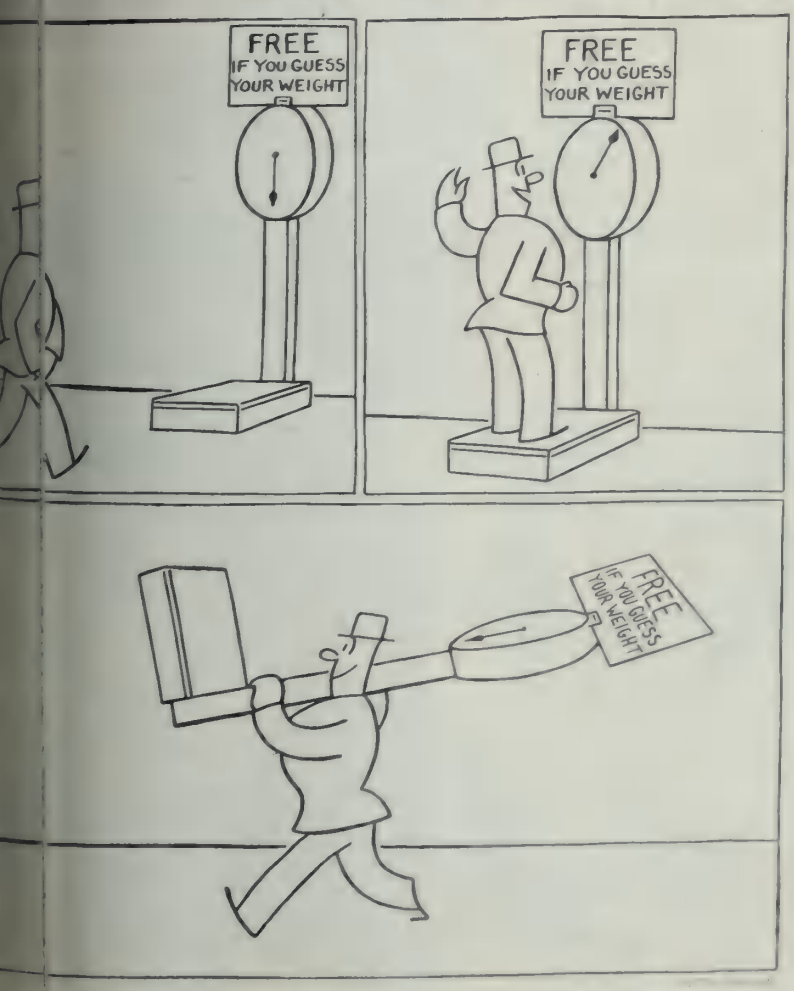
"You don't answer," she said, "because I'm someone else's wife. That's it, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it," he said.

"But you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "but it doesn't do any good. It would be much better—"

"That's it," she said. "You're awfully nice. But I'm glad you know what I mean. I've heard about things like this happening. If we'd only known each other long ago before the war, before


## Bringing Up Gran'ma

**YOU SHOULD KNOW MY GRAN'MA!** She's really a sweetheart! And just busting with personality. But don't ever try to change some of her strong-minded ways. "Puss," she says to me, "nothing, absolutely nothing in the world, can do you as much good as a real *old-fashioned purge!*"

**"BUT, GRAN'MA,"** says I, "we're not living in the Covered Wagon days. Things have changed a lot. Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? You come down to breakfast; I have something swell to show you."

**"ALL RIGHT, MISS SMARTER-THAN-I,"** says Gran'ma, "what's this modern marvel?" "Just a delicious breakfast cereal," says I. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause of it. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water."

**"HOLD YOUR HOSSES!"** says Gran'ma. "This is downright delicious! Young woman, if a cereal as tasty as this can do the trick you spoke of, I'll put you down for another thousand in my will!" And, bless her heart, *she did!*

## Join the "Regulars" with
## *Kellogg's All-Bran*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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# Barrage Balloons *and* Bomber Wings

## *Gas Masks and Gunpowder... Rubber Boats and Tank Tracks*

***— all these and hundreds of other defense needs, too, come from Goodyear***

You naturally think of tires as Goodyear's chief contribution to national defense, since for years we have been the world's largest tire builders.

Well, we are molding endless regiments of tires for America's vast new motorized legions, as well as bullet-puncture-sealing inner tubes to make them immune from battle fire.

But beyond this we are now in mass production on all manner of military equipment that comes within the wide range of our skills and facilities—as a quick reader's tour of our bustling plants will show you.

Let us start with what we are building for aviation, newest and mightiest arm of defense.

In one huge shop you'll see skilled workers lining gasoline and oil tanks for America's battle planes with bullet-puncture-sealing rubber—a safeguard against loss of fuel in action.

Here are men shaping rubber motor mounts for aircraft engines — vibration cushions that reduce their mighty throb to a mere quiver.

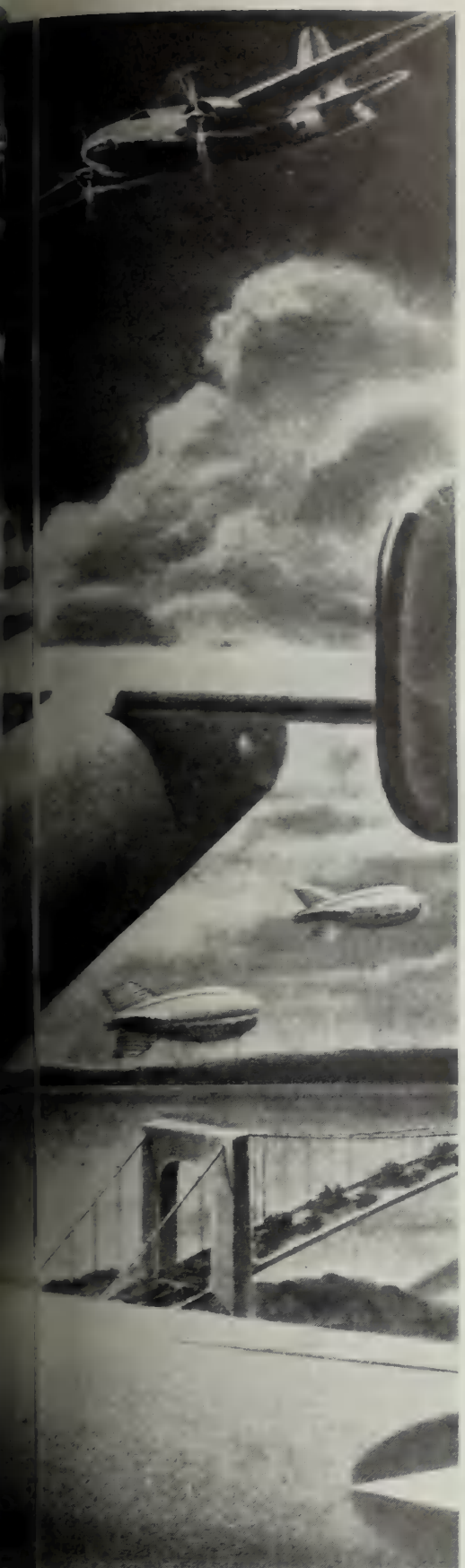
There are deft girls giving the finishing touches to inflatable rubber lifeboats that will save the lives of pilots forced down at sea.

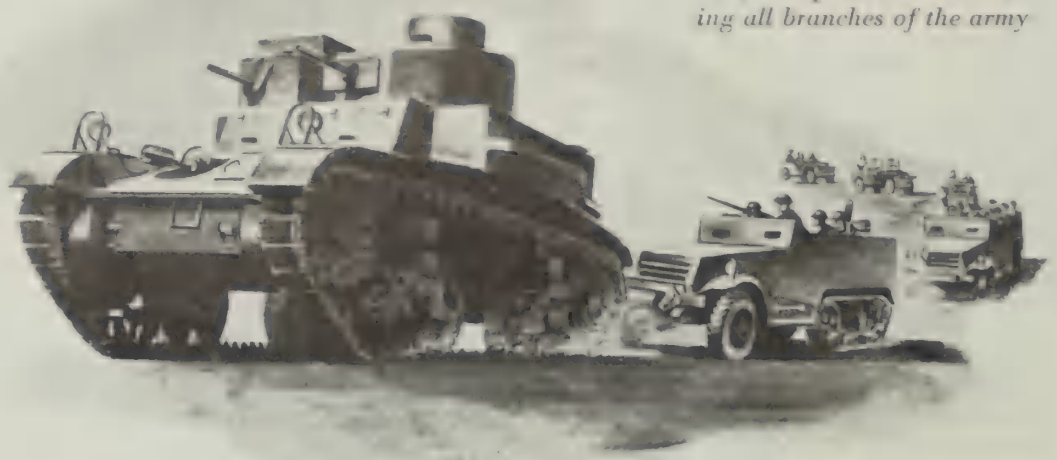
Elsewhere you will find us building more than fifty other rubber accessories for aircraft. From rubberized fabric pontoons for seaplanes to the mammoth Goodyear airplane tires used on giant bombers.

In another section huge barrage balloons are taking shape to guard military objectives against aerial attack. And alongside we are building lighter-than-air craft—Navy blimps for coast patrol.

Next door you'll see our skill in light metal alloy aircraft fabrication being utilized to produce wings, tails, ailerons and other surfaces for the nation's new air fleets—a production that is being increased as fast as facilities can be enlarged.

Now we pass through long aisles where batteries of presses are stamping out millions of rubber heels for infantrymen's





*In this year's great maneuvers, Goodyear rubber is serving all branches of the army*

boots—no more iron heels for this man's army.

And over there is another type of "shoe" equipment—combat tank track treads of toughest rubber that long outlast metal treads and give U. S. tanks greater speed, longer range and vastly increased mobility.

What's this thin transparent stuff? It's Pliofilm, Goodyear's inherently moisture-proof packaging material used to seal emergency rations, protect airplane motors and spare parts when shipped overseas; also as a protective covering for gas masks when not in service.

Here we come to a new division where women are assembling gas masks by thousands against a day we hope may never come. And those big reels are fire hose—the same type of Goodyear hose that is fighting aerial arson over Britain.

See this soft, cushiony material that feels like a marshmallow. It's Airfoam. It's used in combat tanks to protect crews from crash-bumps, in parachute seats to soften landings, and in ambulance and hospital mattresses, too.

All this is but a brief picture of rubber's many contributions to national preparedness, to say nothing of countless Goodyear mechanical rubber goods products used by other defense industries.

But you say, suppose war cuts off our rubber supply, where will America turn for all these vital needs? Right across the way is the beginning of the answer, a new plant producing Chemigum—Goodyear's new synthetic rubber made from a common gas.

And because we have handled all these new activities with dispatch and enterprise, the government has asked our subsidiary, Goodyear Engineering Corporation, to operate a great new powder-bagging plant for the nation's largest guns.

Gladly and willingly we contribute our part to the great program for the impregnable defense of the American way of life, that liberty may always have a continent to live in.

Pliofilm, Airfoam, Chemigum—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

everything was all in pieces, we might—"

She stopped as though she wanted him to finish, and he did so, almost before he thought.

"We might have fallen in love," he said.

"Yes," she said. "I'm awfully glad you said it, my dear. We might have—if we'd only met some other time, somewhere else."

"Where?" he asked.

"Oh, anywhere," she said, "anywhere, but here. When I could be myself and you could be yourself. Let's talk about what we once were. You used to be in the Navy, didn't you?"

"I'm out of it," he said. "I resigned. I was passed over for promotion."

"But why?" she asked. "Did you do something wrong?"

"My personality and my temperament," he said.

"Oh," she said. "What were you in the Navy?"

"Aviation," he said.

"Oh!" It seemed to him that her voice had changed again, "I didn't know that."

"Does it matter?" he asked her.

"No," she said quickly, "of course not. I just like to know about you. Why were you in the Navy?"

Her questions had been kind and gentle, but her insistence made him restless.

"I wanted to do something for my country," he told her.

Then he wished he had not said it, because it was too naïve to say out loud, too much like the pledge you took when you saluted the flag at school.

"It doesn't sound right, does it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, it does," she answered. "I think you're very nice, my dear. I feel a good deal the same way about my country."

She was quiet for a while after that, and he was glad that she was.

"You're not happy, are you?" she asked.

"You mentioned that before," he told her. "You said you weren't. Is anyone?"

"It's silly not to be happy," she answered, "as long as you're alive."

BOB BOLLES was thinking that they had covered a lot of ground in that random talk of theirs, and the more she talked the less he could understand her.

"Yes," she said again, "I wish we'd known each other long ago."

"How long ago?" he asked her. "Where did you used to live?"

"Oh," she answered, "nearly everywhere. When I was four or five we lived in one of those big apartment houses on Gracie Square in New York."

"Wait a minute," Bob said. "There weren't any apartment houses on Gracie Square when you were four or five years old."

She laughed. She seemed to be very much amused. "I was just trying to see how well you knew New York. Where should I have lived?"

"In the East Sixties," Bob said, "and you should have played in Central Park."

"Well, that's exactly where we did live," she said. "In the East Sixties, near Columbus Circle. The circus used to be near there at the Garden."

Bob Bolles faced her squarely and tried to read her face in the dark.

"Look here," he said. "Why are you lying to me?"

"Why," she asked, "what do you mean, lying?"

"What I say," he answered. "The Garden was on Madison Square then. Who are you? What's the matter? You'd better tell me."

"Why—" she began, but he stopped her.

"Who are you?" he asked her again. "You've come up here to try to find out who I am. What was the matter today? What are you frightened of?"

"Stop!" she said, and her voice was very low. "I'm getting cold. I'm going now."

"WHO are you?" he asked her again. "You'd better tell me."

"No," she answered, "please, my dear, don't ask me. But I want to tell you something and it's the truth." She paused and glanced at the cabin door, and then she put her hand over his.

"I didn't come here to get anything out of you. Don't think that, please. I'm worried about you, very worried."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I like you. I really do. Everything I said was true. It wasn't a lie. You must promise me something."

"What?" he asked her.

"If anything should happen—" her voice was very low and insistent—"about Mac or me—don't ask me what I mean—you mustn't interfere. You mustn't ask questions and you must keep out of it. Do you understand?"

"Why, for heaven's sake," Bob asked her, "what might happen?"

"It hasn't anything to do with you," she answered. "Don't ask. Just keep out of it."

"Now, wait a minute—" Bob Bolles began, and then she snatched her hand away from his. The cabin door was opening.

"Oh," she said, "is that you, Mac?" And Bob saw Mr. Kingman's head and shoulders in the cabin doorway and Mr. Kingman climbed quickly up to the cockpit.

"My dear," he asked her, "how long have you been here?"

"Not long," she answered, "just for a few minutes."

Mr. Kingman put his hand on her shoulder and she stood up.

"Not exchanging confidences with the skipper, were you?" He spoke gently, but there was something icy in his question.

"Not exactly confidences," Bob Bolles said easily. "We were just talking about when Mrs. Kingman was a little girl."

Mr. Kingman laughed and pushed her gently toward the open cabin door.

"You mustn't mind her, Skipper," he said. "Helen's a great one for talking. I hope she didn't disturb you. It's bad for you to be out in the night air, my dear. You mustn't do it again."

"Mac," said Mrs. Kingman, "I just wanted to find out—"

"There is nothing found out," Mr. Kingman said. "Come down to the cabin, dear. Good night, Bob."

It was a long while later—the sky was growing a little lighter than the water—when he saw Tom walking over the deck to relieve him at the wheel. He could always count on Tom to wake up without assistance when his watch came around.

"Keep her as she is," he said, and Tom took the wheel.

"Yes, sar," Tom said, "as she is," and he pointed toward the cabin. "Are they all sleeping down there, sar?"

"Yes," Bob said. "Why shouldn't they be?"

"Sar," Tom said, "I think they do act queer."

"LISTEN, boy," Bob said. "All rich people act queer."

"Someone go on tippy-toe," Tom said, "tippy-toe. Someone try the door up forward."

"What?" Bob asked. "In the forward bulkhead?"

"Yes, sar."

"You've got great ears," Bob said. "Forget it, boy. Maybe it was Oscar being lonely."

"Yes, sar," Tom said. "I think they want to kill us, sar."

**"I'd like to take a course in French—Free French, of course"**

MICHAEL BERRY

For a moment Bob Bolle
surprised that he did not ans
he gave Tom a sharp cuff.

"Don't be a crazy nigger,'
"Call me if you want me."

He went forward, crawlec
bunk and lay staring at the be
him, listening to the sound of
close to his ear. That last idea
made an odd climax to the w
He would have thought it a
it had not exasperated him.
thinking that no white man c
tell just what went through
mind. . . .

A SHARP, unfamiliar sound
Bob Bolles and pushed h
sitting posture so suddenly th
struck his head smartly upon
above him. The sun was comin
the open hatch. His oilskins w
ing on the hook by his bunk.
tell from the sun that it was
in the morning. Tom must hav
sleep through a watch, as
sometimes. Then he heard t
again—the sharp report of a l
ered rifle—and he was on his
most without thinking, runnir
ladder.

The sweetish salt air of the C
struck his face and he saw To
ing at the wheel grinning. Mr. I
dressed in orange-colored sl
a striped shirt, was standing ba
rifle, looking out to windward.
faded dungarees with his shirt
the throat was holding an em
tle and Mrs. Kingman in gra
and an olive-green shirt with l
sailboats on it, bareheaded
sunglasses, stood just behind
he watched, Oscar's heavy arr
in an arc and he threw the em
tle. It fell splashing on a bl
far out, and Mr. Kingman raise
and fired. Crack, it went, crac

"Ah," Mr. Kingman said.
another, Oscar," and then he
Bolles climbing down into the

It was not an easy thing to h
tle from a small boat with a r
Kingman certainly knew how
The whole scene was careless ar
ant. Mrs. Kingman smiled at
he could not see what her ey
like behind the glasses.

"It's Mac's hobby," she said.

Mr. Kingman handed the rifl
car. "Take it away and bring
Bolles' breakfast. By jove, thi
—the life, isn't it?"

OSCAR brought up folding ch
set up a table. All their clo
the equipment were like numb
sporting catalogue. Tom went
and Bob took the wheel agai
Oscar brought him orange ju
bacon and toast.

"You'd think that with th
hands of his that Oscar m
clumsy," Mrs. Kingman said,
isn't. Do you know what he's d
ready? He's making a little shi
in a whisky bottle."

Oscar grinned, but he made r
ment.

"When you get it finished,
Kingman said, "you'll give it
Bolles, won't you, Oscar?"

Oscar's mild blue eyes move
from the luff of the mainsail, st
Bob for a moment and turned
Kingman. "Huh?" he said.

For some reason it seemed
that Oscar's monosyllable was c
ing. He saw Mr. Kingman gla
ward Mrs. Kingman sharply, as
he wanted to stop her, but Mrs.
man went right on:

"You will give it to him, won
Oscar?"

Oscar gave the wheel a little t
something working his mind see
amuse him. "Ay tank so," he s

# HICKOK BAR-H

Ridin' the range rides into style ... North, East, South *and* West ... since Hickok developed Bar-H! Authentic tooled Western designs ... soft, flexible saddle leather specially tanned ... add a smart breath o' the open spaces. Lasso yourself a couple ... when you round up your Fall wardrobe.

*(from top down)*

Fine tooled Bar-H Belt ... with chased design buckle, loop and tip, $1.50. Other designs $1 to $10.

Fine tooled Bar-H Brace ... with tooled leather buckle, $1.50.

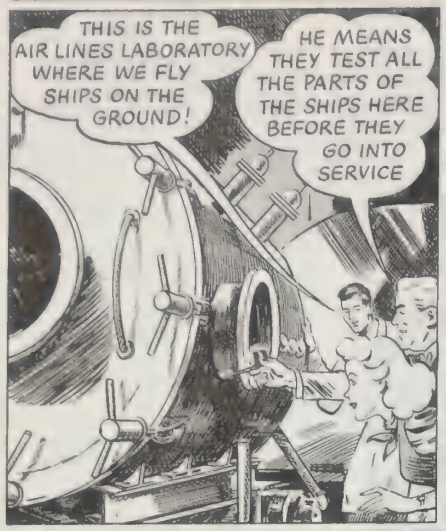
Bar-H Belt ... with chased design buckle, $1.

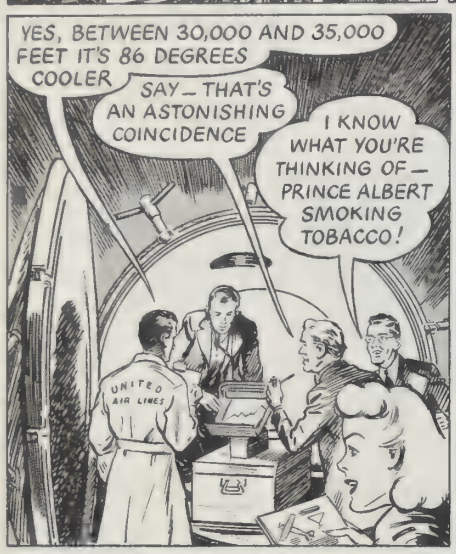
Hickok Bar-H Brace ... with chased design buckle, $1 ... with sterling silver buckle, $3.50 to $5.

Hickok Bar-H Wallet ... fine tooled leather, $2.50 ... other $5.

Hickok Bar-H Tie Bars ... great variety ... tooled leathers, $1 ... with Western symbols in metal, $1.50.

# WONDERS OF AMERICA
## *Wingless Flight*

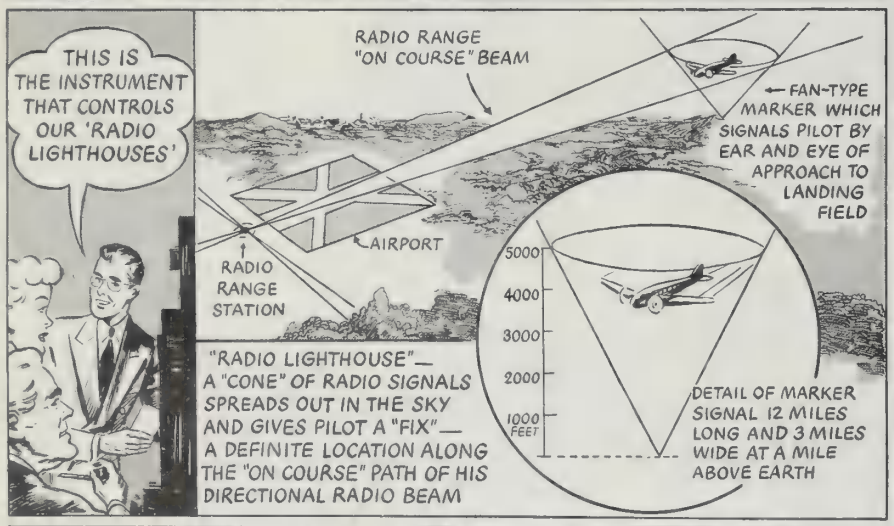


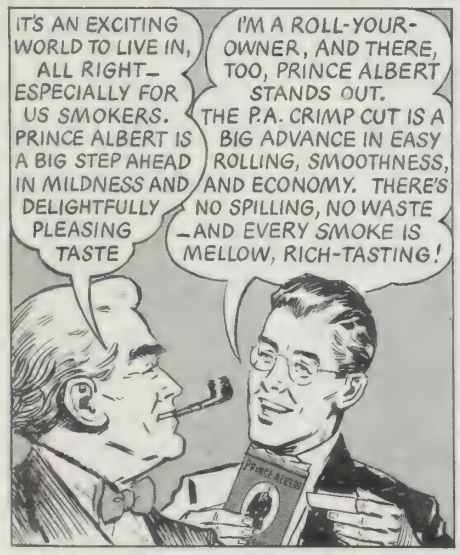



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

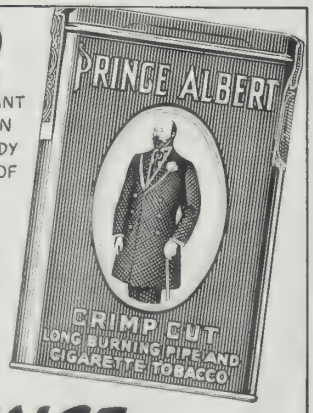
**86 DEGREES COOLER**

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*




**50** PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

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**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE


he should need a little ship in a bottle."

Mr. Kingman moved impatiently. "That is about enough from you, Oscar," he said.

"If Oscar's such an old sea dog," Bob asked, "why didn't you charter a boat without a master?"

Mr. Kingman had been gripping the arms of his chair, half leaning forward to listen, but now he relaxed.

"Oscar can't navigate," he answered. "And speaking of navigating, how about getting up the chart?"

"I'll fetch the instrument up too," Bob said. "I'm going to shoot the sun at noon."

"Oh," said Mrs. Kingman, "shoot the sun."

The cabin was more spick-and-span than he had ever seen it. When he opened the locker and took out his chart book and instruments, he could hear their voices outside.

"From now on," he heard Mr. Kingman say, "you keep your face shut, Oscar."

WHEN he was up on deck again and had opened the chart on the folding table Mr. Kingman rose and leaned over, looking at it eagerly.

"Where are we now?" he asked.

"About here," Bob said. "I'll tell you accurately at noon."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "I see our line. We're already quite a way from everything."

"Yes," Bob said. "It's a pretty lonely sea."

Mr. Kingman pointed farther down the page. "And those dots—those are the islands there?"

Bob Bolles nodded.

"Those islands, have you anything that shows them larger?"

Bob turned the pages of the big book until he came to the place marked "Winderly Group" and there they were.

"The big one is Mercator," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingman cro to the table.

"That looks like a har Kingman's voice soundec "Could a ship, an ocean li there?"

"Not enough water," Bob much reef. You can see th

"Those other two islands their names?" Mr. Kingman was pointing at two other b which lay perhaps forty mi westward.

"Jacks Island," Bob Bolles St. Edith."

"Could an ocean liner touc of them?" Mr. Kingman ask

Bob Bolles looked up from

"Not enough water," he much reef. But a ship wi draught like this one can ancl bay at Mercator, though it a tricky passage."

But Mr. Kingman's mind back with the ocean liner. "I he said slowly, "a big ves stand off shore and send in a s couldn't she?"

"Why, yes," Bob said, "of c you know of a boat's calling Kingman?"

"Know of some boat?" Mr. said slowly.

"Mac," Mrs. Kingman sai

Her voice made Bob look the chart. Something had face strained and white. Osca holding the wheel, but he had front of it.

"No," Mr. Kingman said, bother, Oscar. What do you m I should know of some boat?

"What's the matter?" Bob didn't mean anything." That first time his mind had move things together. Mr. Kingman

"Of course you didn't, Bob, "I've a sharp way of asking qu

*(To be continued next w*

**"The boss' new idea is certainly a money-maker!"** FRITZ WILK

# The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 17

ruction? We had seen how it was to do this in the past. tly it was not possible to do it, ple, with respect to the income we all know the artificial re- , limitations and interpreta- ich have been placed by the on the simple phrase in the six- nendment permitting the Con- o lay and collect taxes on from whatever source derived." istice Hughes once remarked Constitution is what the judges ;—so is an amendment to the tion.

rmore, I was convinced that dment was wholly unnecessary the situation. I knew that the ion was not to blame, and that eme Court as an institution was ime. The only trouble was with the human beings then on the eed I add here, parenthetically, r judicial history has proven these assumptions were abso- rrect?

### e Differences of Opinion

emocratic national platform n 1936 said that we would seek of the nation's ills by legisla- that an amendment would be ly if all legislation had failed. ving eliminated the idea of a onal amendment, the problem at kind of legislation? Here, re even more types of sugges- n there were for constitutional ents. Some called for requiring us opinions of the Court to de- atute unconstitutional; or eight inions, or seven to two. Others outright addition of new mem- he Court.

f these had its own difficulties. anybody know, for example, se same justices would look legislation requiring a unani- inion, or more than a simple for a valid decision? They ry well have decided that the ion meant that the Court's de- uld be rendered only by the al majority.

adding justices outright to the at would have been an expedi- rrect the Court in 1937 only. dient was not a new one; the of justices had taken place imes before in our history— s in order to change decisions. ble was, however, that as the nt by, the new members of the d their successors might like- into the conservative mold, often takes shape when there nure of position and complete ouch with swiftly moving so- economic forces. It would not a continuous, reinvigorating merely to add some additional

an which I finally proposed pro- r a continuous and recurrent of new blood, new vigor, new e, and new outlook. For, under as soon as a judge reached the eventy, a new judge would be d. The old judge could retire alary for life, if he wished. If red not to retire, he might con- remain on the bench; but he counterbalanced there by the who had had an active contact about him. There were other es in this plan. It was of un- onstitutionality; and it seemed have the best chance of pass- Houses of the Congress most And speed was so essential.

Along with this plan for the Supreme Court itself, I included in my message on the judiciary many other recommendations for necessary reforms in the federal administration of justice, covering all the courts from the lowest to the highest. Practically all of these other recommendations have been adopted.

I made one major mistake when I first presented the plan. I did not place enough emphasis upon the real mischief—the kind of decisions which, as a studied and continued policy, had been coming down from the Supreme Court. I soon corrected that mistake—in the speeches which I later made about the plan.

There followed a most bitter fight—in the Congress and out of the Congress. I had expected it, of course. That fight is now a matter of history. It is interesting to note, however, that during all the long struggle, and in spite of the abuse and vilification of the plan from many quarters, nobody of any importance or prestige could be found who was willing publicly to indorse or justify the trend of the recent decisions of the Court.

Time and again during the fight I made it clear that my chief concern was with the objective—namely, a modernized judiciary that would look at modern problems through modern glasses. The exact kind of legislative method to accomplish the objective was not important. I was willing to accept any method proposed which would accomplish that ultimate objective—constitutionally and quickly. I received, however, no reasonable guarantee or assurance that some other definite method would obtain congressional approval. Rumors of compromise were plenty; but never a definite agreement or offer. Furthermore, it was clear that the opponents of the plan suggested by me would never be able to agree among themselves on a plan of their own. And the best legislative advice which I could get from the congressional leaders was that my own suggestion would ultimately be approved.

That is the reason why no so-called compromise was ever submitted by me to the Congress; that is why it was necessary to persist in the plan originally proposed. Had any satisfactory compromise been definitely offered which would have been effective in attaining the objective, and which would have been capable of quick passage, it would have been accepted by me.

### The Court Begins to Change

Events happened in the midst of the fight to becloud the chief issue. There was, first, the retirement of Justice Van Devanter in June, 1937. Some have said that it was strategically timed; but of course that is incapable of proof at the present time. There came, then, the death of Senator Robinson, the Senate Democratic leader of the members in favor of the plan.

But the startling fact which did more than anything else to bring about the defeat of the plan in the halls of the Congress was a clear-cut victory on the bench of the Court for the objectives of the fight. The Court yielded. The Court changed. The Court began to interpret the Constitution instead of torturing it. It was still the same Court, with the same justices. No new appointments had been made. And yet, beginning shortly after the message of February 5, 1937, what a change!

Whether this change came as a result of the election returns of 1936, whether

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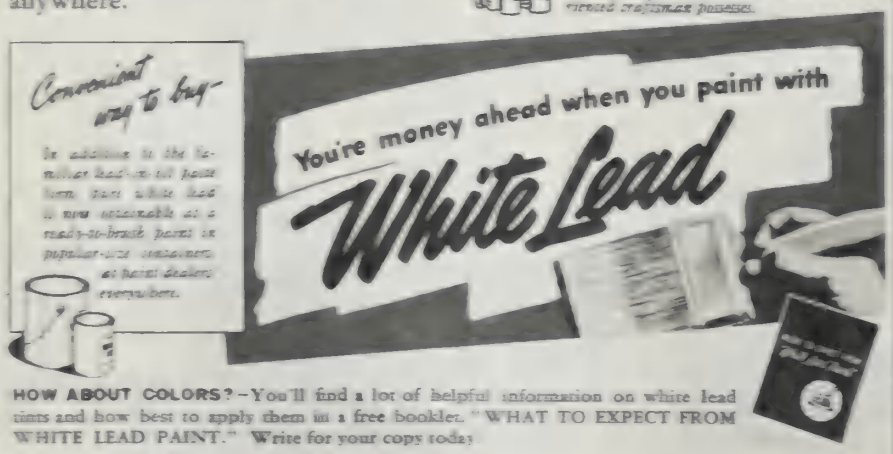


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it came as a result of my message, whether it came as a result of public discussion during the course of the fight, or a combination of all these—those are important questions for the later historians of the period. These need not be discussed here.

I feel convinced, however, that the change would never have come unless this frontal attack had been made upon the philosophy of the majority of the Court. That is why I regard the message of February 5, 1937, as one of the most important and significant events of my administration on the domestic scene. That is why I regard it as a turning point in our modern history. For unless the Court had changed, or unless some quick means had been found to give our democracy the power to work out its needs, there is grave doubt whether it could have survived the crisis which was bearing down upon it from within, to say nothing of the present 1941 threat against it from abroad.

The change began very soon after the message was delivered.

### A Surprising About-Face

On March 29, 1937, the Court completely reversed itself on the constitutional power of a state to pass a minimum wage law for women. Just nine months after denying this power to the states, the Court unequivocally decided, five to four, to uphold the power; and, in so many words, it expressly overruled its earlier contrary decisions.[1]

A new interpretation was thus placed on the doctrine of freedom of contract under which the old minimum wage law and other social legislation had been struck down by the Supreme Court. It was no longer to be given its old unrealistic meaning. It was now to mean, in the language of the Court, "liberty in a social organization which requires the protection of law against the evils which menace the health, safety, morals, and welfare of the people."

This remarkable about-face came because one justice decided to change his vote of nine months earlier. Here was one man—not elected by the people—who by a nod of the head could apparently nullify or uphold the will of the overwhelming majority of a nation of 130,000,000 people.

On the same day the Court sustained the new Railway Labor Act providing for collective bargaining and mediation in railroad labor disputes;[2] and upheld a revised Frazier-Lemke Act which was only slightly different from the one they had previously set aside.[3]

Next month, April, 1937, there came further evidence that the Court was in full retreat, as it sustained the constitutionality of the National Labor Relations Act. This statute was designed to insure the right of collective bargaining to labor unions, and to prevent unfair labor practices on the part of employers. It was, of course, applicable only to products which went into interstate commerce.

Remember that in the earlier decisions involving child labor[4] and NRA and bituminous coal, these labor issues had all been considered purely local questions which had no relationship to interstate commerce, even though the products themselves later went into interstate commerce.

Three of the five cases under the National Labor Relations Act then before the Court involved employers who manufactured goods for the interstate market—steel,[5] trailers,[6] and men's clothing.[7]

In each of these cases the Court, five to four, was able to find that labor disputes and strikes and stoppages of work did directly affect interstate commerce in the products manufactured.

In vain did four of the justices ex-

claim in a dissenting opin (pp. 7 78): "The Court, as we th decis from well-established pri plies f lowed in Schechter Corp. U.S. 2 U.S. 495 [NRA decision] had Ca vs Carter Coal Co. 298 U 238 tuminous coal decision]. . . very co sideration brought forwar o upon the Act before us was applic le to port the Acts held uncons effect causes decided within two years [The Act] puts into the Board power of control ove cal industry beyond anythin deemed permissible."

The minority was right cism of the majority. The of 1935 and 1936 had beco jority of 1937—without a appointment of a justice! had decided to give inter merce a meaning and a scop surate with the realities of situation. It had decided th stitution meant what it said vided that the "Congress power . . . to regulate com among the several states."

It would be a little naive recognize some connectio these decisions and the Sup fight.

And as the fight went on, Court term was drawing to constitutionality of the Soci Act came before the Court. was still unchanged in pers statute in question dealt w pensions and unemployment It was based on the power Congress thought it had unde stitution to "lay and collect t . . . provide for the general the United States." The employment insurance was employers' pay rolls; and the vided to carry out the purpo statute was joint action by t Government in conjunction w spective states. The system pensions was, on the other ha a federal one. The taxes f pensions were to be collected ployers and employees by t Government alone, and disbu alone. The federal law was its entirety on the ground t ployment and old-age depend matters of general welfare.[8] tax for unemployment insu also upheld.[9]

### The Fight is Won

This was a radical departu philosophy which had previo mining and agriculture to be local concern. If there is any this, an examination of the opinions in the social security will show how well-founded our fears that like the "no m for minimum wages in 1936, th come to be a "no man's land old-age pensions and for unem insurance, into which neither eral government nor the sta step to meet the modern co social security.

And here again, it wo naive to refuse to recognize s nection between these decision Supreme Court fight.

By the time the Court term in June of 1937, it was very the entire approach of the Co many problems confronting us

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[1] West Coast Hotel Co. vs Parrish 300 U.S.
[2] Virginia Railway Co. vs System Federation U.S. 515.
[3] Wright vs Vinton Branch of the Mountain of Roanoke. 300 U.S. 440.
[4] Hammer vs Dagenhart. 247 U.S. 251.
[5] National Labor Relations Board vs Jones Steel Corp. 301 U.S. 1.
[6] National Labor Relations Board vs Fru Co. 301 U.S. 49.
[7] National Labor Relations Board vs Fri Mills Clothing Co. 301 U.S. 58.
[8] Steward Machine Co. vs Davis 301 U.S. ing vs Davis 301 U.S. 619.
[9] Carmichael vs Southern Coal and Coke 495.

etely changed. The views of the eral inority of 1935 and 1936 were ing f dually adopted by the one or o ju es on the other side necessary mal them the views of the mar ity.

The unt fact, therefore, is that by is tin the Supreme Court fight had tuall been won, so far as its immeate e ectives were concerned.

The gislative fight was not discon ued mediately, however, because was t certain whether this victory s pe anent or temporary. Furthere, en with a liberal Court, the sic p ciple of insuring a steady flow new igor and new intellectual apoach to the personnel of the Court ould ll be a sound one. For only th tl continuing process could we er be ure that the Court would conuall e kept personally abreast of angi social conditions by the addion o new men, brought up and oldec n such conditions.

The ult of the Supreme Court fight the litical halls of the Congress is w -known. Owing to many facs, th most important of which was is re sal of the Court's attitude itlf, th ortion of the bill dealing with e Su me Court itself was defeated althc h many other provisions of the ll we adopted in 1937 and later.

It w not until after the end of the dicia erm in June, 1937, that a sine vac cy on the Court actually ocrred. he about-face in the decisions the urt had come from the very me p sonnel that had been on the ourt ce my first inauguration. The ctory herefore, cannot be attributed the ew justices. It was rather a aliza n by one or two members of e Co that the Court had exceeded s pov s, that it had strayed away om th Constitution itself, and that the eral inority of the Court had been rrect its conclusions.

In th ucceeding terms of the Court, mme ing in October, 1937, and runng th ugh to date, it has given conuous nd consistent approval to the licies of government action which ave ativated most of the reform easu of the New Deal. It has laid own nciples of federal control of terst commerce which have peritted e government to proceed in a rect d forthright manner to meet e soci problems and conditions which eset i Also with respect to federal owers f taxation, the Securities and xchan Commission regulation of ublic lities and public utility holding companies, fair labor standards legislation, stabilization of the bituminous coal industry, and the power of the federal government to develop the water power resources of the nation—in all these fields, and in others, the contentions of the federal government have been sustained.

Whatever doubts were created by the old Court before the elections of 1936 have been practically all removed. There has been a reaffirmation of the ancient principle that the power to legislate resides in the Congress and not in the Court; and that the Court has no power or right to impose its own ideas of legislative policy, or its own social and economic views, upon the law.

The result has been that the federal government now has the undisputed powers which had always been intended for it by the framers of the Constitution. These powers were clearly implied or expressed in the Constitution and the recognition now at last given to them is in no sense indicative of any change in the Constitution itself. In fact, nearly every time that the Court in 1935 and 1936 proceeded to circumscribe these powers, it was acting beyond the Constitution itself, and seeking to grasp authority for itself which it did not possess. The change which came after the elections of 1936, and after the message on the reform of the judiciary, has been characterized by former Attorney General Jackson (now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States), as a "retreat to the Constitution." The phrase, to my mind, aptly describes the conduct of those justices of the Court who before 1937 had stood in the way of government progress. In the new approach which has come since those days, it can truly be said that the Constitution has prevailed over those men who sought to submerge it.

Democracy proved again that it had within it the power to function—the ability to furnish to its citizens the strength, the courage, the assistance, the instruments with which to meet their problems in an American way, in their continued effort to preserve and raise their American standard of living.

White House,
Washington, D. C.,
June 1, 1941. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

**In next week's article, "The Continuing Struggle for Liberalism," the President gives his own explanation of the purge and of his activities in the 1938 primary campaign.**

**"Twenty-two, Pop. We're still three cars short of old man Bradway's record"**

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# NEW 1942 HUD

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The facilities and organization of the automotive industry can be used to great advantage in the nation's defense program. We at Hudson recognize this obligation and have enlisted our services extensively in defense manufacturing.

We have been entrusted in the present national emergency with a large and steadily increasing amount of defense work. These assignments occupy positions of major importance on the list of defense needs and call for the highest degree of manufacturing skill and accuracy.

We are glad to announce that, along with the performance of this national service, we are able to present to the American public new 1942 models. These new motor cars, while necessarily restricted as to the number we may be able to build, strictly maintain the high standards established during 22 years of engineering leadership.

**NEW FOR '42 . . . HUDSON SAFETY RUNNING BOARDS**

Wide, full-length running boards are standard on all 1942 Hudsons, *concealed and protected against snow, ice and slippery mud* by the graceful outward sweep of these new Hudson bodies. The beauty of "no running boards," with the extra protection that only a good big running board can provide!

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## DRIVE-MASTER ...Easiest of All Ways to Drive

**NO CLUTCH-PUSHING . . . NO GEAR-SHIFTING . . . NOTHING NEW TO LEARN**

You just start the motor, step on the accelerator and GO. *From then on, there's no need to touch either gear lever or clutch to meet any ordinary driving situation.* No other way of driving is so easy, so smooth, or does so much to make motoring safer. Nothing new to learn.

The new Hudson Drive-Master is one of the foremost advancements in a 32-year record of engineering leadership! No other car can offer it. By all means, try it soon!

**Available at low extra cost on all 1942 Hudsons (and worth many times what it costs)*

e question has been asked on every l the new 1942 cars be like?" *Now yourself, at any Hudson dealer's*

n it is important to look not only ance and performance but solid g value — Hudson, we believe, has u than ever. You'll see great new gned and engineered to meet today's nents — cars built to serve better, cost less to run.

ok at these new Hudsons, think ook for the fine engineering and at mean thousands of *extra* miles; features that will keep these cars nes for years to come. Here are cars ve proved their ability to stand up as no others have ever done, but p in *value*, too.

*tures responsible for the fine performance, long life and exceptional economy of past Hudsons have been carried forward into these 1942 models.* Along with them, you will find much that's new for '42, including the new Hudson Drive-Master, easiest of all ways to drive.

The minute you touch the starter button, you'll realize that here is the same smoothly brilliant motor performance for which Hudsons are famous — and (take our word for it) the same lasting dependability and surprisingly low cost per mile are here, too. Frame, axles, body are of the same extra-sturdy type. Here are Hudson's great Double-Safe Brakes and Patented Auto-Poise Control, widely recognized as two of the greatest safety features ever placed on any car.

You will be delighted at the striking appearance of these new Hudsons with their longer, lower lines, trimly tailored sleekness and sparkling new colors. Typical of the fine quality which, so long as obtainable you can look for and find in every 1942 Hudson are the new upholstery fabrics—richer, more beautiful and longer wearing than ever.

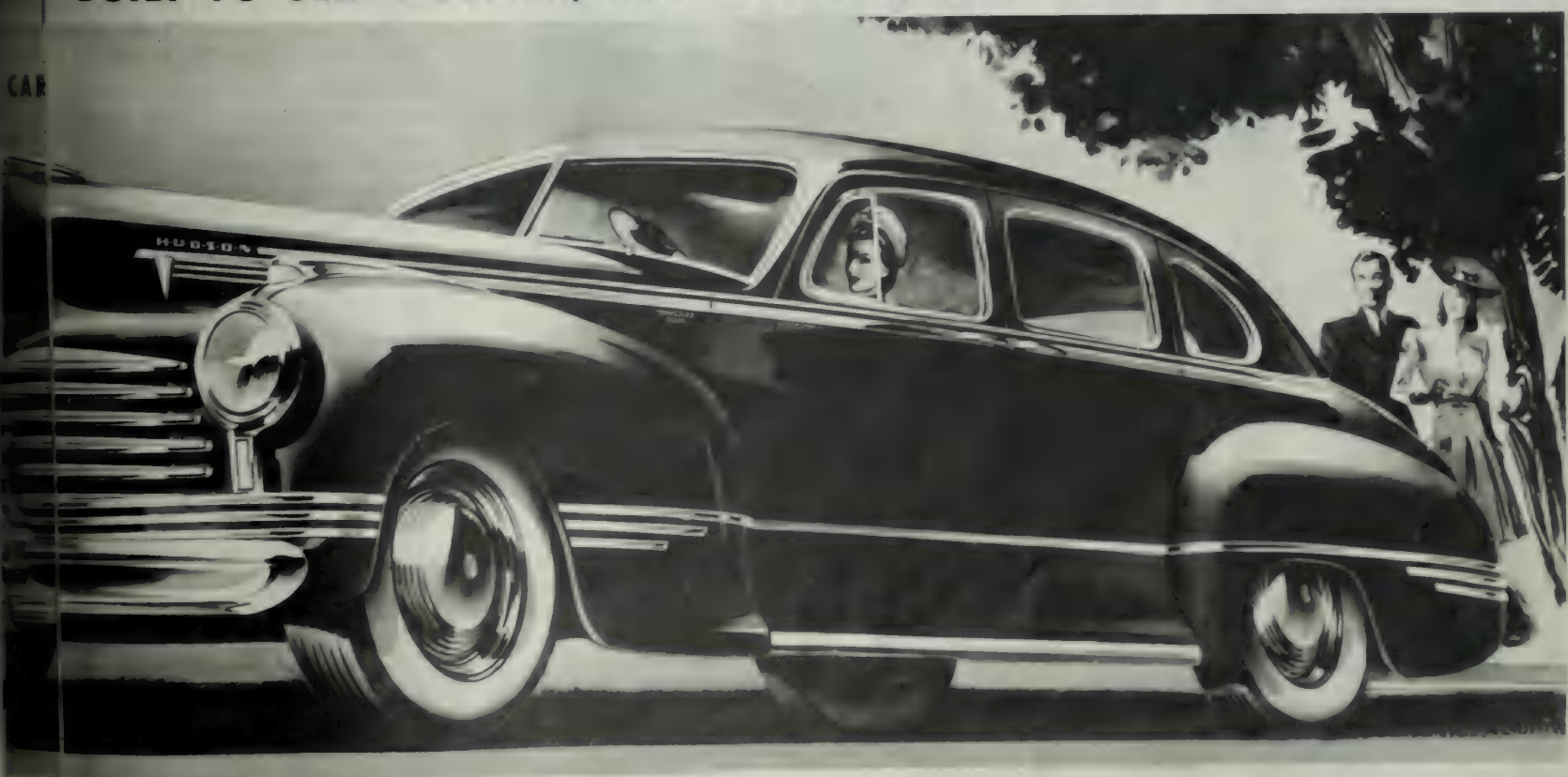
Inside, you will also see new instrument panels, steering wheels and body equipment more tastefully designed than ever before. And, in number of harmonizing interior-exterior color combinations from which to choose, these new cars surpass those in which Hudson, last year, brought the new idea now known as Symphonic Styling to the automobile.

Hudson presents these new cars with pride, but with this word of caution: *At Hudson, as elsewhere, defense needs come first. We will continue to build as many of these cars as we can, but strictly within the requirements of defense production.*

This year, therefore, it will pay you even more than ever to visit your Hudson dealer *without delay*. And be sure to *drive* one of the new cars. Remember, when you compare *prices*, you'll find a Hudson at or near the *bottom* in every popular price class; when you compare *values*, you'll find a Hudson at the *top!*

**On Display . . . New 1942 Hudson Six • Hudson Super-Six • Hudson Commodore Series *(Sixes and Eights)***

**BUILT TO SERVE BETTER, LAST LONGER, COST LESS TO RUN**



WALL-KERLEE

# A Ray of Hope

By
J. D. Ratcliff

**Ernest O. Lawrence (right) who invented the cyclotron, shows one of the early models to his brother John, who has done extensive research in its application to medical science. Below, the 225-ton medical cyclotron at the University of California. With it, far-reaching experiments in atom-smashing have been conducted. A new 4,900-ton atom smasher is now under construction at the university**

**What good is a cyclotron? One ... the answers is that cyclo ns a ... beginning to make medica histor ... Here's the story of the a ck o ... leukemia, that cruel disea some ... times called cancer of th bloo ...**

EVERYONE has heard of atom-smashing. And ... Sunday-paper pictures of the machines t ... job. But this new work hasn't caused an e ... sleeplessness or an epidemic of nightmares. E ... fact, has been wonderfully apathetic. We have ... an atom; and we don't care particularly wh ... smashed or not.

This is about to be changed.

Tremendously important medical applicat ... the horizon—things that will touch all of us. ... possible that recent events in the atom-smas ... may one day outrank in importance the Curies ... of radium, or Professor Wilhelm Roentgen's d ... X-rays.

Since this story has life-saving importance ... tial that we get it straight. The story begins in ... of 1932. Few of us noted its beginnings in our n ... We were too busy with other things: the Linc ... naping and the suicide of Ivar Kreuger. For ... thinking we had the growing tension in the Orie ... brawlings of an upstart German politician. W ... heady dish of news, no one had a great deal of t ... a bushy-haired young scientist working at the ... of California in Berkeley. But Ernest Orlando ... was making Grade-A history. He had an ide ...

His idea ran something like this: If a child ... is given a series of little pushes they have a ... effect. Pretty soon the child is going as high ... push would have sent it in the first place. ... wanted to apply the same principle to atom ... He wanted to take a minute chunk of matter— ... pieces that go to make up atoms—and give it ... pushes. Such a procedure, he hoped, would ... viously undreamed-of velocities.

He began building the gun to do this job. It ... per vacuum tank about the size of an 11-inch ... He added plumbing and wiring until it looked li ... version of the lab equipment beloved by Holly ...

When the machine was completed Dr. La ... troduced his chip of matter. He gave it a 5,00 ... which started it revolving. Every time aroun ... fetch it another 5,000-volt smack. Two hundre ... added up to a million volts. Pretty soon the fle ... ter was traveling at an incredible velocity. It s ... the edge of the pan—a powerful bullet to be use ... smashing.

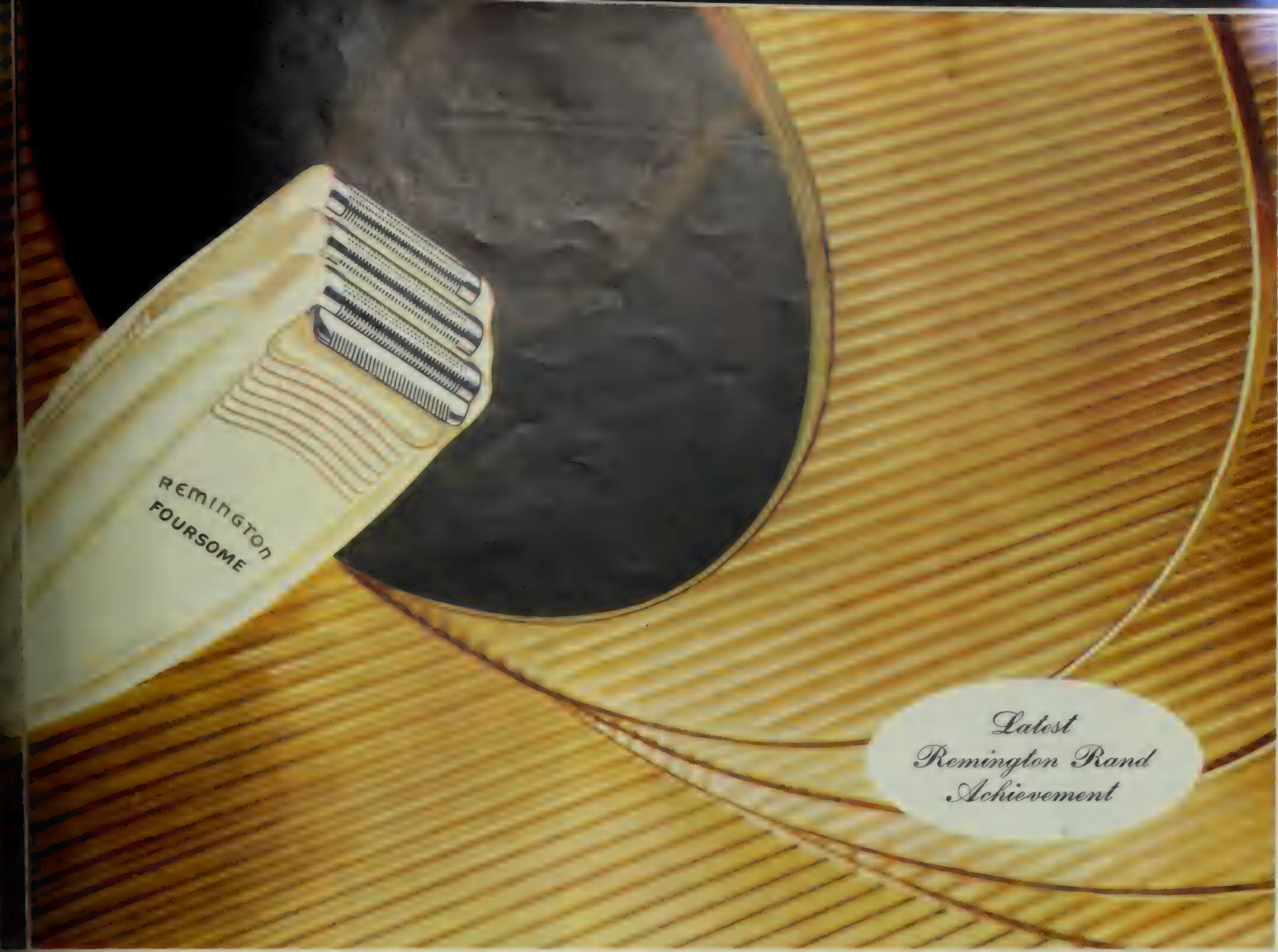
Lawrence was pleased with his idea; a very ... you will admit, for a young man of thirty. Fr ... inch frying pan he dreamed his way into mons ... traptions which would apply 50 kicks of 2,00 ... each—thereby creating energies previously un ... the earth.

If you still have doubts about the worthin ... idea there is ample evidence to prove you w ... Nobel Prize Committee liked it enough to give ... science's highest honor—worth $37,000. The R ... thought enough of it to back Lawrence with ... with which he is building a 100,000,000-volt mac ...

Medical value of Lawrence's cyclotron is ju ... coming apparent. Its potentialities rest on one f ... bombardment from the atom smasher 87 of the ... cal elements become radioactive. This means ... shower off radiation just as radium does—but ... shorter periods. It takes radium 1,500 years t ... its rays; whereas elements which have been m ... active artificially have a half-life ranging fro ... to months. The importance of this short life i ... It means that they can be introduced into the b ... they will do a healing job, then sputter out harm ...

Possibilities stretch in all directions. At t ... time this is conjecture, but it appears likely ... more facts are collected it may be possible to ... dioactive table salt directly into tumors. Inside ... mass the salt would give a steady, easily tolerat ... of cell-destroying radiation. Or it might be p ... treat a too-active thyroid—goiter—with r ... iodine. At the moment these things are merel ... ing speculations.

To date, most clinical work has been done w ... active phosphorus—used in the treatment of ... This fright of a disease kills with the mechanica ... of a guillotine. Although "cures" are recorde ... them stand up to cold medical (*Continued on* ...

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*lator and was quick to apply the value of photographic accuracy to business through e devising of photographic records*

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# "Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts,

## *So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"*

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Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it *is* tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

*(Signed)* G. T. Fleming Roberts

**NOTE:** Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

**SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)**

LARUS & BRO. CO.
209 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, *at your expense*, a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

*Name* _____
(Please print your name and address clearly)
*Address* _____
*City or Town* _____
*State* _____ 209

# Dinner with Churchill

Continued from page 12

He worked in his shirt sleeves, and one cigar after another died under vigorous puffing. And then we pulled into Waterloo Station.

"Come to lunch tomorrow," he said unexpectedly. "A friend of yours will be down—Harry Hopkins. Can you make it?"

"I can make it," I said gravely. Reporters can usually make it when asked to lunch by prime ministers.

He was spending this week end at his ancient, ivy-covered country home. August had come to England, and roses, carnations and marigolds blossomed in her tumbling hair. This rural section of England seemed literally alive with flowers.

I was twenty minutes late for luncheon, which is hardly the way to win the friendship of a prime minister. But he didn't seem to mind. Neither did lovely, white-haired Mrs. Churchill. Mrs. Churchill is one of the world's loveliest-looking women. Her hair is white and her cheeks are ivory-tinted, and she looks as though she had just stepped out of a cameo. Pretty eighteen-year-old daughter Mary, vivacious and eager-eyed, didn't mind either. Only Sukie seemed annoyed. He barked and leaped and in general just behaved as any young puppy would behave at the intrusion of a stranger into the family circle. "He's a Free French poodle," Mary explained proudly. "Have you a dog?"

I told her that the Savoy Hotel where I lived took a very dim view of guests who kept dogs.

"Have you a cat?" she asked. I told her that my secretary took a very dim view of cats, and I had to choose between her and a cat. And after all, I explained, a cat can't take dictation.

"I have goldfish, though," I told Mary.

"I shouldn't think they'd be much fun," Mary said thoughtfully.

### Mr. Churchill Agrees, But—

Winston and Harry Hopkins were talking production. It is hardly the prerogative of a guest to report the conversation of his host. But then, this story is not concerned with what Churchill said; it is concerned with the man himself. What manner of man is he? He and Harry argued happily.

When Harry made a statement, Winston would lean back and say thoughtfully, "You know, friend Hopkins, you could make a good case against that. Now for instance . . . " Then, having made a good case against Harry's statement, he would add mischievously, "Of course, I don't believe a word of what I've been saying. I agree with you entirely. I just wanted to see if I could make a case against it." After lunch, Mary had to rush to the hospital where she works. The Churchills all work. Sister Sarah, an actress, gives troops' concerts. Brother Randolph is in Egypt with his regiment. Mrs. Churchill heads a dozen committees doing war work; she works in a canteen and she is on duty as a fire-watcher near Downing Street two nights a week.

Churchill, Hopkins, Thompson and I walked out of the house. It was difficult to believe that this wasn't Long Island, or Connecticut or even Beverly Hills. There was a badminton court and a lawn studded with croquet wickets.

"Harriman would go crazy about this court," I said. "He loves croquet. He and Bob Sherwood play it by the hour."

"Mary gave him a beating here the other day," Winston chuckled.

Light rain began to fall. Churchill doesn't notice minor things like the weather. He was dressed for it. He was wearing what his staff call his "rompers." This is what we usually call a "shelter suit." It is a one-piece all-over garment with a zipper. He always wears it in the country. He also wears it because he is a great one for prowling around at night. Especially on blitz nights. More than once, a fireman has looked up and seen the bulky figure of the prime minister standing there in the glare of the flames watching.

In the afternoon the prime minister worked with his secretaries, who go everywhere with him. Mrs. Hill, Martin and "Tommy" are indispensable to him. Always one of them is within shouting distance.

I wandered about the house with Tommy and Harry Hopkins. We went into one enormous room where Winston keeps his toys. Here is the largest globe of the world I've ever seen. Churchill loves to twirl it around, finding places where his armies are fighting, and when he does this, you can tell by the look in his eyes that he wishes he were there. Then there is a refined mechanical edition of the old-fashioned stereopticon. Here pictures of bombed German cities are shown. On his desk was a book, one book. It was the history of the Washington family in England: Churchill reads everything, including the comic strips in the papers, but most of all he prefers biographies.

"The PM wants you to stay for dinner," Thompson said.

"I have no dinner clothes with me," I protested.

Tommy laugned. "Do you think that will worry the PM? And you know Mrs. Churchill. She doesn't worry about what people wear."

We assembled in the big high-ceilinged hall before dinner. This room was probably 500 years old. Portraits of great figures of the past crowded the walls. You seldom have cocktails in England. There are no lemons, no limes, and practically no vermouth left. We had our choice of sherry or whisky. Hopkins had double-crossed me and had put on a dinner coat. So had Thompson and Martin, who were dining with us. The prime minister wore a new set of "rompers." Mrs. Churchill had a slight cold and she was resting. Mary was the hostess tonight, and she played her part beautifully.

"I feel like a French refu
clothes," I said to Mary.

"How about Pa?" she lau
at his clothes!"

"It's easy to see," Winst
looking at our dinner-jacke
ions, "which two men i
worked all afternoon. M
Nelson?"

Mary didn't have to a
from out of the dark recesse
there strode a cat—Nelson
a huge, baleful-eyed bla
ignores everyone else but
prime minister. He take
patronizing view of him, b
ally allows Churchill to stro
when there are no dogs arou
Nelson even listens to the F
to draw him into conversat

"Bravest cat you ever sa
laughed. "Once chased a b
out of the admiralty. He sl
bombings and doesn't min
Come here, Nelson, old bo

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Lady Astor (right) visit raided Ply

Nelson yawned, and the
the prime minister to the e
lowing himself to be patted
Then he stalked majestical
dining room.

"Nelson knows we're hav
for dinner," Mary said. "I
that Pa will feed him."

It was fun at dinner. We
much about the war. We t
Mary, who had just enlisted
She is to go on active serv
antiaircraft battery—and
active service.

"Did you have any trou
permission from your fathe
her.

"No," she said proudly.
mind."

It was a cozy family di
Churchills all have the kna
ing you feel at home, maki
a member of the family.
of many things—of food
topic Number One all ove
and of the cigarette shortage
chuckled, "Thank goodness
"I smoke only cigars." W
moving pictures (both Ch
Beaverbrook are fans) and,
of the war.

After dinner Mary left us
and the cigars. She kissed
goodby. "Don't be long," s
"I so want to see the pictur
wonderful Target for To

nt g picture. If you love me, you'll

ry

I n very fond of you," he said

ve and Mary, satisfied that he

ul e there, left.

Th 's the greatest example of un-

st ment I ever heard," I told him.

I understatement very effective

tir ;," he laughed, "very effective

ee

. ort came about the sinking

a Italian destroyer. Churchill

ck happily. He has made no se-

o is contempt for the Italians.

To ny," he said, "have you got that

er out the Italians? Good, good.

m ead it. It is a letter to Charles

eb h, managing editor of Collier's

ekl It is from W. B. Courtney, his

es ident who was then with the

an n Ethiopia. Best letter I ever

l."

e ad the letter, and Hopkins

he Thompson roared; Churchill

sel ad to stop several times to re-

li he liked especially. The letter

al one of the all-time classics of

cti

la some copies of that made,

m Churchill grinned. "We'll

er ound."

ver ar cigars and port, which no-

y d nk because there was also

dy nd brandy gets scarcer every

in gland, we talked of the war,

of fter the war, and Churchill

ed d overnmental problems of the

ent d of the future. He talked

ty. one who knows and trusts his

ts. or did he ever preface what

aid th the usual, "This is off the

rd. course," which we reporters

so en. But a guest at the prime

has the same self-imposed

ost ity which a guest at the

H se has. But one can quote a

or o.

### n Optimist at Heart

hin have been looking up a bit

," e prime minister said. His

is e same in conversation as it

his eches. It has the same slight

-if at word can be applied to

ne virile as Winston Churchill;

ame ng, beautifully rounded sen-

s; t occasional armchair phrase;

by n perhaps unconscious use of

erati as an aid to description.

alke of the dark days after Dun-

and is face clouded at the re-

ibrar .

Oh. w have a long way to go," he

thou tfully. "But with the help

r gr friends across the sea, we'll

there I expect that we'll get it

y in ondon again and again, but,

I you every time they come over,

night ighters will be taking huge

out them. I am not overopti-

ic. I pe. But then, I am at heart

pumi c person."

s co ersation was like a chame-

on a ck. It darted back into an-

ity; it touched on Greece and that

nded m of a canto in Don Juan

he ted of Byron; it somehow

nked lfway across the world to

a, and hat reminded him of Kip-

've gen a lot from Kipling," he

enth astically. "Ah, there was a

er of ngs. But, of course, there

only e. I mean Shakespeare. Do

remem er in Hamlet when—"

was n, it was exciting to hear

ston Churchill recite Shakespeare.

and on s sonorous voice rolled. He

acting e part now. He was Ham-

and n a word in a long passage

he mis

Not on eal poet has emerged from

war a et, do you think?" Harry

kins a ed.

hurchil shook his head. "No, and

few f m the last war. But there was one who died too soon. Rupert Brooke. Do you remember that lovely thing he wrote called The Fish?

*"'In a cool curving world he lies*
*And ripples with dark ecstasies.'*

"And further on"—Churchill's eyes were blazing with enthusiasm now; he loved this poem, "those lines—

*"'The dark fire leaps along his blood;*
*Dateless and deathless, blind and still,*
*The intricate impulse works its will;*
*His woven world drops back; and he,*
*Sans providence, sans memory,*
*Unconscious and directly driven,*
*Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.'*

"And how about these lines to apply today?" Churchill chuckled. "Can you fit them to anyone:

*"'But there the night is close, and there*
*Darkness is cold and strange and bare;*
*And the secret depths are whisperless. . . .'*

"That was a poet," Churchill said softly. "Ah, yes. And he, you'll remember," he said sharply, "was killed by the Hun."

### Surcease from the War

He went on, and something Hopkins said awakened a memory of Thomas Moore, and from the store of that incredible memory there came forth stanza after stanza of Moore. And then, amazingly, Bret Harte, and he laughed because neither Hopkins nor I could recall the passages he quoted. Outside of this quiet dining room, dominated by the resonant, insinuating voice; outside of this personality that dominated the room the way a sunrise dominates a dawn—there was bloody, murderous war going on. But for the moment we had declared a moratorium on terror and bloodshed and governmental problems. I'd even forgotten that I was a reporter. The eternal muse, who will live long beyond the memory of this war, was queen for the moment.

And then.

"But Mary will be waiting," Churchill said ruefully. In the long run, fathers, even prime ministers, are always bossed by their eighteen-year-old daughters. We went upstairs to the room where a projection booth had been installed. The picture was Target for Tonight—we all agreed that it was the best picture to come out of the war. Target for Tonight is the honest, sincere story of the bomber pilots. Churchill smoked and was as tense as any movie fan when things looked bad for the bomber that was over Germany. He chuckled when the bombs hit the Nazi target; he breathed with relief when the pilots returned safely.

Downstairs again, Thompson said that my car was ready. The prime minister walked to the door with me. It was a dark night. The rain still slanted down dismally.

"Sure now you won't have a drink before you go?" he asked solicitously. "It's a chilly night. No? It's been nice having you. You must come again. Let me know when you go to Moscow. Good night."

The car pulled away. I looked back. Just for the moment the prime minister had forgotten the black-out. He stood there in the huge Gothic doorway. He stood there and the dim light from the hall silhouetted him—sturdy, rocklike, immovable. He stuck his cigar in the corner of his mouth at a jaunty angle. His hands were dug deep into the pockets of his blue "rompers." He waved once and grinned. I, too, like a man who grins when he fights.

At Duncan Field, San Antonio, Copilot Lt. Channing Emberson inspects packed freight destined for another Air Corps depot

Purely as an experiment, members of the Ninth Infantry us port service to move 1,000-pound antitank gun to scene of th

Important depot activity is drop-testing overhauled parachut weighing 150 pounds (extreme right). Sixteen chutes are tak

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

**AIR CORPS MAINTENANCE DEPOT. Newest department of t called the Maintenance Command around whose hub at Patte ton, Ohio, revolve four repair centers located at Fairfield, O., M Sacramento, Cal. and San Antonio, Texas. Main function of d Air Corps equipment in working order, but transport squad ferry aircraft and transfer Army personnel. Depots employ thou civil-service technicians supervised by an officer known as**

# OUR NEW ARMY

THE Army has finally done something about it. For a long time there was justifiable yowling and howling from men who were called up, passed by local examining boards, shipped off to a post, then later booted back into civilian life as "defectives." In the Second Corps Area an Army Traveling Examining Board has replaced local physicians in checking potential selectees. It classifies the men as fit or unfit and gives the former a few weeks in which to wind up their affairs. Exams are given at Buffalo, N. Y., Fort Jay (Manhattan) and Newark and Camden, N. J., after which selectees are sent to reception centers at Forts Dix and Niagara and Camp Upton, where they're given a final checkup. The Army calls this system more efficient, and the boys who are tapped for service go for the extra time at home. One important elimination it makes is that of the overpatriotic local medicos who were flooding reception centers with more trouble than the Army doctors could stand.

### MISSISSIPPI

37TH DIV.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. The inspecting officer of the 112th QM regiment has informed regimental mess sergeants that he can't give any mess hall a 100 per cent grade because it's not possible, he insists, for any mess hall to get that clean. Co. D's kitchen had been getting excellent ratings right along, so Mess Sgt. Lawrence Sealey decided to challenge the officer's statement. One day he and his men worked overtime, scouring, scrubbing, sweeping, until Co. D's kitchen and mess hall showed no spots whatever. The inspecting officer peered high, stooped low, poked his fingers into corners looking for dust, ran his thumb nail around the inside of pots and pans looking for grease. He found none. He looked worried. At that precise moment one lone housefly marched across a mess-hall table in characteristic fits and starts. "Ahhhhhh," breathed the inspecting officer, obviously relieved. His report, grading Co. D at ninety-nine per cent, read: "Too many flies in the mess hall." Mess Sgt. Sealey is thinking of turning over all his pay to the association for the extermination of you know what.

ALMOST everybody in the 145th Inf. was surprised when Pfc. William Lantz, first cook of L Co., was ordered to attend cooking school. "Pop" Lantz is sixty-eight, the oldest enlisted man at Shelby, and has been cooking for a right smart spell of time. Another thing about Cook Lantz: Although he's been in and out of the Army for about forty-five years, he's never managed to see any fighting. When the Spanish-American War got going, "Pop" was ready but his father had enlisted, so son had to stay home with Mrs. Lantz. Then along came the previous World War and "Pop" was ready again, this time in the National Guard, but dependents kept him home. Well, he's in again and he intends to stay in. "The kids are grown," says he, "and they can't keep me out now."

### LOUISIANA

5TH ARMY CORPS

SOLDIERS in the four camps around Alexandria have found a way of getting off their chests a lot of things they'd like to say to their sergeants. On week ends the boys visit the monkey cages in the city park zoo, name each quadrumanous anthropoidean mammal after an unfavorite sergeant and give out with vituperations. The boys say it helps a lot. The monkeys don't seem to like it at all.

43D DIV.

WHEN the 43d Division arrived in this area from Camp Blanding they first beefed about the Pelican State brand of coffee and the scarcity of hot water in bivouac; then, being more than a little resourceful, they began to use the hot coffee for shaving water. It didn't improve the java situation any, but some of the lads claim it's giving them an artificial sun tan.

### NORTH CAROLINA

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG. Th fore Maj. Gen. Jacob left the fort to take of the Fort Knox Forces he and North Caroli ernor Broughton stood in th August sun to watch the 9th pass in review. The infantry lery got by in good shape, but division engineers hove into s unfortunate guy in one of trucks being used as troo touched the wrong lever at time and the truck body beg ing directly in front of the stand. The truck occupan mightily to maintain a mi meanor, but as the grinding n tilted the body to dizzy de engineers slowly slid into a arms, legs and equipment at end of the conveyance. The applauded and an officer rest by running out into the line short talk with the occupants

YOU never can tell how A pline works, or where it'll s For instance: Pvt. Paul Lewis to sentry duty, was caught by of the day walking his post w shoes. Now you'd expect tha Lewis would have been put duty for his breach of regulati

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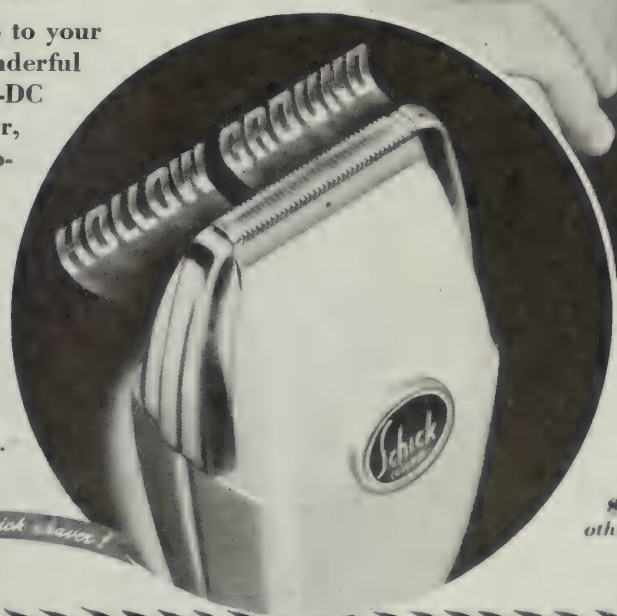


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didn't turn out that way. The corporal of the guard got the spud-peeling detail—three days of it—for failing to keep Lewis up to snuff.

DRUGSTORES in Fayetteville couldn't figure it out when soldiers from the fort started a run on nail polish, but the men had found out that nail polish is almost pure collodion and that a drop of collodion (difficult to get from the Army dispensaries) is a sure cure for chiggers. It cuts off the air supply. Sounds even better than the hotfoot method used by Camp Robinson boys, which was described in this department three weeks ago.

### ILLINOIS

SCOTT FIELD, Belleville. The Medical Detachment's Corporal Edward D. Guthrie was idly wandering around the field when a detail of prisoners, destined for the cooler, marched by. The corporal, with much on his mind, joined the group, but when it reached the guardhouse, Guthrie kept right on walking. "Hey!" shouted the guard. Suddenly aware of his situation, the corporal argued violently but vainly. Into the hoosegow he went and there he languished for some time before things got straightened out.

### MISSOURI

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. After the Louisiana wars are over the 15,000 men of the 6th Division will find a few things changed at this Ozark forest post. Football squads will be working out, a new service club will be open, and a lot of workmen will be setting up bowling alleys and putting down tennis courts and swimming pools. Some of the brass hats said that there wasn't enough room for all this stuff, but Recreation Officer Lt. Col. Leo B. Crabbs said shucks, there's plenty—and he's proving it. The new beverage garden (beer garden to the local papers in dry areas) was opened before the division left. Most dreaded enemies of the 18,000 men in units remaining at the post are dust and chiggers. The latter are being fought with various individual strategies; the former is a problem for the Army command, which says it's just a matter of a few months—if enough WPA men can be rallied around to build some hard roads.

### COLORADO

LOWRY FIELD, Denver. Couple of weeks ago the lads here went on a round-the-clock schedule that was tried out last summer and found to be pretty successful. The first shift of students has reveille at 1 A. M., eats a light breakfast and starts classes at 3 A. M. Breakfast-dinner comes between 6 and 7 A. M., and classes last until noon. Study and sleep take up the afternoon and lights-out sounds at 8 P. M. The second division attends its first class at noon, eats "dinnupper" between 5 and 6 and adjourns at 9 P. M. What the early classes think of the idea hasn't been recorded but it's all for the expansion of Lowry to a 13,000-pupil school for the training of more and more Air Corps armorers, bombardiers and photographers. The faculty comprises 300 officers and 200 civilian instructors who find the double schedule pretty tough going inasmuch as many of them are required to work night and day, or at least parts thereof.

### UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. The fireworks over the fort aren't caused by war games; they're the result of a letter published in a Sal newspaper's reader forum f who as much as said that no-good bums and imphe trust her eighteen-year-c with Hitler before she'd le draftee or any other kin Men in uniform were gra avalanche of replies from bystanders who told the c where to get off. The incr a Fort Douglas soldier to r poem. This is just about i

*When on his way to bat*
*You cheer him on his*
*You say he is a hero*
*When in his grave he*
*The hardest battle of a*
*Is in the time of peace*
*When people mock and*
*And treat him like a b*
*And with these few lines*
*And hope I don't offe*
*The next time you see a*
*Treat him like a frien*

### CALIFORNIA

FORT ROSECRANS, I HQ Btry., 1st Btn., says mascots—988 of them—th Army unit, and it's indu They comprise an entire su led by Queen Hilma, whic of their time fabricating ammunition box. The bu are watched over by non a Corporal Honeyman, wh are 988 because he counted

### GENERAL

"I," WRITES Lois Curre homa City, "think th Happy Club (Collier's, Au marvelous idea, but the want the gals back home t doesn't make sense. Listen first two pledges we make to refrain from mentioni with other men when I write boy in camp); (2) I agree with my boy friend in the not, therefore, lead him to being true to him when I a

"Now how, I ask you, can from mentioning dates wit and still be honest with camp? Or, the other way can she be honest with h mention she's having date boys?" The problem is K. E. H. C.

FURTHER (and final, we on the Tacoma-Seattle f fanned by our accidental m Lewis from Tacoma to S William P. Nicklason Woodbury, N. J., as a forme DuPont, Washington, that may be closer to Tacoma th but that the fort actually Pont (pop. 400). "But wh "has Tacoma that DuP have?"

And a former resident Mr. A. C. de Soucy, now nette Island Air Base at Alaska, read with deep regr apology to the good people "Had you but consulted roa advises us, "you would h that Fort Lewis is equidista coma and Olympia, the sta appeal to all good Olympia Tacoma steal your thunder I'll settle for Fort Lewis' entity in its own right. Af almost as large as Tacom self-sufficient."

MISS TERWILLIGER, i ing any packages fro Seattle, Olympia or DuPont in a bucket of oil.

## Three for the Money

Continued from page 15

ns ttive victories anxious to go out d ve a game that would erase his vn oud mark. Dyer gave him the d. ne southpaw took a dozen warm- p hes, and then burned fast balls st e Dallas Steers for two innings w 8-6. Martin got his thirteenth a v and the league record.

Sel acrifice is old stuff for Pollet, un it and tops of the three pitchers. e b an it five years ago at the age fif n when his French-Irish father ed New Orleans. Oldest of four ild , he got a job in a Texas Oil mp y gas station before and after hoo ours to support his mother and e k . How he managed to squeeze seb into his already crowded life a p nomenon of physics. He pitched d p ved first base for Fortier High hoo pitched the American Legion ys' am to sectional championships d 1 two years operated on the oun or a Texaco team in the Busi- ss en's League without losing a me.

"On " he confesses, "my schedule t th best of me when I had to pitch the il company on a Sunday morn- af mass and pitch an important gior ame in the afternoon. I tried duc the oil game, but my boss and onsc Hugh McConaughey, claimed nee d me. So I pitched my head off fou innings and, with a 2-0 lead, I velo d a headache. Mac broke down d ex sed me, and I raced across town my il uniform, ate a quick meal d go nto a Legion uniform.

"Un rtunately, McConaughey oute hat afternoon game for talent. d yo should've heard him cuss and ve as pitched a nine-inning shutout the egion team!"

McC aughey personifies the long n of incidence, because he too was poor d who needed a financial lift teen ears ago. He received it from e lat Robbie Robinson, then owner of the Houston club, who selected him as one of three boys to be helped through school. McConaughey wasn't a great player, but he has never passed up a chance to help a kid with baseball talent. Pollet, of course, was overflowing with ability, even as a string-bean youngster in high school. He pitches with a fluid, effortless motion reminiscent of Herb Pennock, and he has developed a wrist-snap that sneaks a fast ball to a batter before the take-off can be timed. He throws a hook and a knuckle ball with equal effectiveness.

McConaughey tipped off the Houston club and Branch Rickey sent Eddie Dyer, then the Cardinals' field man, to inspect the prospect. Suddenly Dyer found himself in a wild scramble for a sand-lotter named Pollet. Eight or ten big-league teams were bidding, but it was McConaughey who paved the way for the Cardinals. Dyer handed the boy's mother a check for $3,500 and personal assurance that (1) he would get his high-school diploma and (2) no harm would befall her pride and joy.

Pollet reported to Houston in the spring of 1939, pitched a couple of games, and went to New Iberia, of the Evangeline League. There he fanned 212 batters while winning fourteen and losing five. Last year he paced Houston with 20 victories against seven defeats, and when he left for the big leagues a few weeks ago he had set a new Texas League record for low earned-run average, 1.08 runs per nine innings, which displaced the mark of 1.53 hung up by Dizzy Dean and Whitlow Wyatt in 1931. Pollet hadn't made a single fielding error in twenty-five games this year. His big-league hero, of course, is a fellow citizen of New Orleans, Mel Ott of the Giants.

Fred Martin is wholly unlike Pollet, beginning with right-handedness. Loquacious, carefree, big, gangling and a power pitcher specializing in fast ball.

"And I have on my best La Petite Enchantress at ten dollars an ounce"

*More money! Doesn't it feel great when something new is added? Something* **new's** *been added to Old Golds, too . . . rare Latakia tobacco to give a* **new** *dividend in pleasure.*

# Something NEW* has been added!

***It's Latakia!** (Pronounced La-ta-kee-a), a wonderfully flavorful tobacco from the Eastern Mediterranean. Now added like a "seasoning" to Old Golds, *Latakia* creates a delightful, NEW cigarette taste! Old Gold's store of Latakia in America *assures* smokers this new flavor for years.

**"The class** of the field," says Earl Harper, sports announcer, Maplewood, New Jersey: "I'd say, in fact, that the new Old Gold blend, with Latakia, breaks all records for smoking pleasure."

**"Even better** than I expected," says Millicent Barr, fashion editor, New York. "The new Old Golds have a delightful new taste, new fragrance—new overtones of flavor."

Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds! Made by P. Lorillard Company, blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day

# CHANCES ARE...4 OUT OF 5
## EVEN YOU MAY HAVE
# GINGIVITIS

**Often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its soft shrinking gums**

DO you know that Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation—is so common today—4 out of 5 of us may have it?

Gingivitis often starts with tender gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth. So watch out! If neglected—it may lead to ravaging Pyorrhea which only your dentist can treat. See him at once. Then do this:

**For "Every-Day" Help To Guard Against Gingivitis**

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the toothpaste known FIRST for both massaging gums to be firmer and for cleaning dull, dingy teeth to their natural sparkling luster.

Forhan's—original formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—not only does a thorough cleansing job—but even helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. No wonder *so many* dentists have used and recommended Forhan's for over 20 years!

Forhan's costs no more than ordinary toothpastes. Why not enjoy its advantages—change to Forhan's *tonight!* All drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

**SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS**

Nowadays thousands of sensible people visit their dentists every 3 months. Thus he can keep a close watch for signs of Gingivitis and help keep gums and teeth in good condition.

**FOR FIRMER GUMS—"NATURALLY" SPARKLING TEETH**


sinker and slider, he reminds you of Dizzy Dean, especially when he turns on that Oklahoma speech. Upon learning that Collier's was interested in the deeds of Houston's pitching trinity, he said:

"Then, shucks, you want somethin' t'write home about!"

Whereupon he strode to the mound for the night game and pitched a shutout against San Antonio. Sweat-soaked, panting and grimacing from a painful groin injury that is aggravated when he pitches, he said, "Ah'm sorry about that looper-dooper. The fella was swingin' late, so Ah figured Ah could sneak in an inside pitch on him. Well, he crossed me an' swung early, an' pulled it into right."

The apology was for a single, San Antonio's *only* base hit!

Martin got his baseball start in and around his native Cameron, Oklahoma.

Six years ago, when he was twenty, Martin hooked on with the Siloam Springs Club of the Missouri-Arkansas League. Then came two years in Duluth and a sore-arm nightmare which he explained as follows:

"Ah went along right fine at Duluth to win six or seven, an' then mah arm got sore. Ah tol' the manager, Ah says Ah got a sore arm, an' he says how kin he tell, an' Ah says you got t'take mah word on it, an' he says he's no sucker t'take mah word an' fo me t'git in there an' pitch!

"So Ah keep a-goin' in there an' Ah cain't th'ow th' ball with any speed, but that don't convince this fella, an' Ah don't guess Ah win any more, but lose about nine, which is the first an' only time Ah ever lose more'n Ah win."

The arm came around next year and remained strong. He was bumped around, though, with two years at Portsmouth, Ohio, and last year to Columbus, Ga. Twenty-one wins there brought him to Houston.

In the winter, Martin trucks between warehouses and stores in and around Cameron. He isn't married, and says, "But, shucks, Ah've seen worse things happen to a man."

Late last winter he underwent a minor groin operation, which he promptly strained in the game against the Yankees. Though it has improved, he suffered considerable torture during every game he pitched last season, and the pain didn't subside until well in the second day. The injury was serious enough to have his draft-call deferred, but when the season closed, the board decided that if a pitcher could towrope a league, he could do Uncle Sam some good, with or without a groin.

Ted Wilks, third of the pitching trio, resembles neither of the others. He is short, stocky, stolid, unimaginative and stoical, a duplicate of his Polish-born parents who have worked in the woolen-weaving mills of Fulton, I thirty-five years. He has n flair, just a dependable fast b ball and sinker, which he c with enough results to ma standout. His distinction thi a low record of bases on ball inning game. He is an i pitcher, imperturbable, a g work and strong.

His entire professional ba has been spent in the Cardi system. He went from Fu School diamonds in 1938 to nal baseball school held at Two days later he was signe tract and dispatched to the sn in the baseball chain.

"But what a brother I go claimed, dismissing his ow "Raymond's only fourteen, b he's pitched two no-hit g year!"

Wilks is 24, married an small children. Instead of r long trip back to New York S fall, he winters in Houston takes jobs on WPA projects compact physique from ge webby.

During the summer a w treated the Houston team to and Wilks eyed the entree suspicion.

"What's this?" he asked.

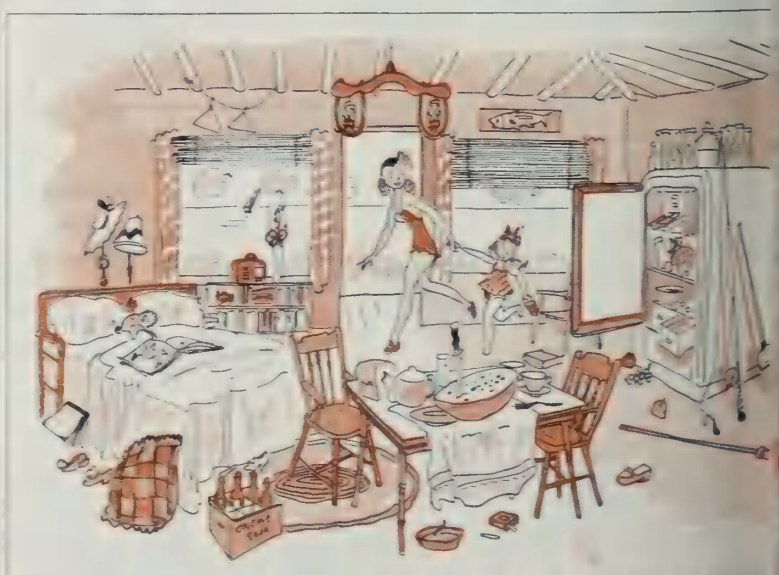
"Red snapper," the player replied.

"Red snapper!" Wilks mu thought we was invited up fish dinner!"

Houston is still singing the Pollet, Martin and Wilks, again they have paid monet to their heroes beyond the admissions. Last year it w cash to each player. This fans made up a purse and g defense bond to each memb team, and to the guiding geni sible for their success, Ed former baseball and footba Rice Institute.

Here is a true worker in store vineyard, for next year in vain for pitchers. His big be gone. Erazle and Doyl shipped to Rochester. Pintar to the Cardinals. Dyer will Gardner and a lot of guys n But they're all guys named Jo gets them and begins teachin of team results rather than performance. This team sp with a high flame, as indicate ard Pollet's firm resolve when join the Cardinals.

"A player on one of the League teams owes a Houst ten bucks. I'm going to collec for him if it's the last thing I



"Daddy's coming up this week end to clean up"

"PLUG-CHEK" Service
Spot Plug Performance 5 Ways!
CORRECT HEAT RANGE
PROPER INSTALLATION
EFFICIENT OPERATION
POSITIVE CLEANING
ACCURATE REGAPPING

# NEW AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" HELPS REVEAL INSIDE STORY OF MOTOR PERFORMANCE!

WHAT'S going on in the motor of your car? Why are some cars sluggish, hard to start, slow on pick-up? "Plug-Chek," new service for car owners, helps reveal the inside story!"

The new scientific Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" indicator helps show you whether your spark plugs are operating efficiently—or whether they are wasting gas, robbing your car of power. Here's an easy way to make sure your plugs are getting peak economy from the gas you use.

Stop for an Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" today—at any Auto-Lite Spark Plug dealer's. Check your spark plugs against the Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" Indicator. Note the "symptoms" shown by the firing tips of your plugs. The color and condition are revealing indications of what's happening *inside* the motor.

An Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" will also show you, clearly, whether any of your spark plugs need changing. If they do, replace with ignition-engineered Auto-Lites, and see the amazing difference they make!

*One out of every four new cars is now factory-equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.*

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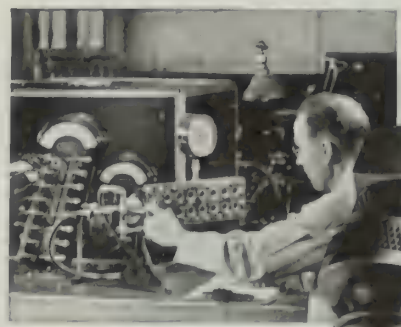


Auto-Lite Engineers, through countless tests and experiments, have developed the amazing Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek"—a new, money-saving service for motorists.

# AUTO-LITE *Ignition Engineered* SPARK PLUGS

Colston stood not far from wher been last night and saw how an thing could happen. He wondered had traveled over there too, b couldn't feel anything hanging to h

# Moment of Destiny

**By Holmes Alexander**

**A real champion, Lefty Sickle said, is never so hot as when he's hurt. Young Colston had occasion to be reminded of those words late one afternoon**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

THERE had been a prize fight in the park last night. When Ned Colston came through the players' gate next afternoon, he saw that ground keepers were still raking the outfield grass for cigarette butts and ticket stubs. Colston hoped they wouldn't neglect his area around second base.

He went down through the dugout and came to the locker room. Lefty Sickle and Red Harding, today's battery against the Tigers, were the only ones there ahead of him. They were not talking baseball though, because they were trying to relax. They were desultorily playing seven-up and discussing last night's fight. Red Harding was playing manager of the Hornets.

"It was a fake," said Harding. "Look at this. He gets cuffed all over for five rounds. In the sixth he's slammed through the ropes—and what? He gets up off the floor and lays the other fella cold. Well, I ask you—does that make sense?"

"He's the champ," said Lefty Sickle.

"So what?"

"Just it wasn't a fake," said Sickle. "He's a real champ and the best of 'em are like that. They're never so hot as when they're hurt."

"Maybe," said Harding, only half convinced. "Hello, Handsome," he said to Ned Colston. "You saw the fight. Was it on the level?"

"How do I know?" Colston answered vaguely.

But he knew all right. He'd been standing not ten feet away when the champion came hurtling through the air and pancaked on the apron of the ring. Colston had seen the muscles twitching in the naked thighs and seen a glaze crawling over the distended eyeballs, and it wasn't any part of a fake. You couldn't tell how the fellow ever got back into the ring, much less went on to win. It was pretty wonderful.

"Handsome's been reading the papers," said Manager Harding accusingly. "He's got no time for small talk."

Colston shrugged as his shirt came off. He had plenty of power through the bunched chest muscles, and long arms with big, strong-fingered hands. One reason they called him Handsome was because he really was if you liked brick-red hair and a square chin with a cleft in it. But there was another reason, and a better one. People said he smothered half hops as Beauty Bancroft used to do, and handsome was the name for that.

"Sure I read the papers," he grinned. "Detroit's on the prowl for a second baseman. Am I supposed to wear crape if Mr. Diff sells me to the Tigers? All I get is a Briggs salary and a chance to play in the first division for a change."

"WE'RE not so far away," said Lefty Sickle. "Sixth place." He was a big, seamy man who had been through the baseball wars and everybody respected him. He looked earnestly at Ned Colston and added. "We might even finish in the money this year, kid, if nothin' happens to you."

"Somethin' always does," the manager grunted.

Colston ignored this last remark although there was provocation in it. Some other players drifted in and commenced undressing. Colsto into his uniform and went field. He walked out to ma spection of the ground arou He thought that Mr. Diffenb owned the Hornets, was too go ball man to go renting out th prize fights. There were som tions on the infield grass w had been set to support the ston scuffed at these places spikes. He didn't want any b jumping over his head today what he'd been reading in sheet.

"The Tigers hit town tod gage our problematical Hor writer had put it. "Del Bake infielder and Mr. Diffenba money. This brings up the Ned Colston's durability—b we shouldn't have mentione

Colston snorted as he k grass. There it was again—t All right. He'd been three the Hornets and not one of t season. In his rookie year h ing great guns when his back hurt. As a sophomore he'd b tioned for the All Star game. thing happened to his knee.

"Can I help it if I get laid ston once demanded.

"Now then, son," said M baugh, "no one except you c that question."

This conversation had take Florida, in March. Mr. Diff enty-five years old, which three times as aged as Ned People said the Old Beaver h ten more baseball than most and maybe (they said) that

(Continued on page 7

PUBLIC LIBRARY

# *How should an intelligent woman feel about beer & ale?*

*Every modern-minded wife and mother should know the truth about beer and form an honest and unbiased judgment as to the place it should hold in her life.*

***A g! who uses face-powder is fast!". . ."A lady who doesn't wear petticoats is no lady at ll!" ."A dress that reveals the ankles is immodest!" Such out-dated opinions are nonsense the modern-minded woman. Yet the same sort of nonsense is still put forth on the subject be by those who would ban it from the thoughtful consideration of women.***

EER hould neither be praised nor blamed r qu ities other than its own.

Br ed from rich, wholesome grains and agra hops, beer is a product of Nature. hrou h the centuries, philosophers have rated one f Nature's blessings to mankind. They ave lled it "the beverage of moderation."

To y, that definition is approved by sci- nce elf. Tests made in the laboratories of grea research institution indicate that beer, sed th normal good sense, is ***not*** an in- oxica ng beverage.

## Beer and young people

Wher hildren grow up and reach manhood nd w nanhood, their interests broaden, they egin o explore and appraise the outside world. If a mother is truly wise, she will make home so attractive to her young people during those critical years, that they will enjoy entertaining friends in their home . . . instead of seeking less wholesome entertainment elsewhere.

Kindly, mellow beer can be of great help. Served with a mother's approval and understanding, it becomes an asset in normal, pleasant, friendly gatherings of young people.

Ban this beverage of moderation from your home and you must face this fact:

Your children . . . no longer children now, but budding men and women . . . will make the decision of when and what to drink, outside your home, outside your influence, outside your help.

Then, there is the hospitable place beer can hold in your own life, your woman's world of entertaining, bridge, and friendships.

## Beer and YOU

When you entertain, nothing is easier to serve than beer . . . nothing is more economical. Just a step to the icebox and the cool, fragrant brew is ready to serve to your guests.

Contrary to the belief of many, beer is not a fattening food. An eight-ounce glass of beer contains 108 calories. Few beverages, suitable for entertainment, contain fewer. Remember that fact, and you will no longer need to discipline your natural liking for beer.

Served with tempting snacks, cool mellow beer will enhance your reputation as a skilful charming hostess.

* * *

And so, in relation to your family, your friends, and yourself . . . beer should have a pleasant place in your life . . . and can do much to make life saner, sweeter, more worth living.

***The brewers of America are eager to have beer win the place it deserves in the confidence of forward-looking women: a beverage of moderation for the nation.*** As a tolerant and modern-minded woman, won't you help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program . . . to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. It is described in a booklet sent free on request. **Address:** United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B9, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

# "Why, it's just like home!" fluttered Elsie "—not blue at all!"

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, turned from admiring the attractive Canadian countryside to look questioningly at Elmer, the Bull.

Elmer was embarrassed. "Harrumph!" he spluttered. "There must be some mistake. Canada certainly is blue on this map."

"Don't worry," soothed Elsie, as they neared a handsome, flag-topped city. "I'm sure we're really *on* the map, for this looks like the Canadian National Exhibition we're coming to. My feminine instinct tells me we're right."

"Sure, sure," sulked Elmer. "You're *always* right."

"No—but my *Borden's Milk* always is," retorted Elsie. "It *has* to be, to get by Borden's eagle-eyed experts and

scientists. And to rate having a host of pure, wholesome Borden products made from it, too."

"Did you come all the way to Canada to tell me *that?*" Elmer complained.

"This trip is part of my *good neighbor* policy," reminded Elsie. "After all, we have our good neighbor Canada to thank for one of the tastiest things made from my milk—*Borden's Chateau*. It's the mellow, golden cheese-food no one's been able to copy, a credit to the whole distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*."

"Family! Bah!" snorted Elmer. "A lot *you* care about family life—forever gallivanting all over the continent!"

"Please, Elmer!" begged Elsie. "Don't start a rumpus just as we're pulling up to the Exhibition. As a matter of fact, family life is one of my biggest interests. *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* is approved by doctors for babies because it's so digestible and rich in

Vitamin D. And it pleases the rest of the family by helping to make the fluffiest mashed potatoes and creamiest cream soups."

"For self-confidence," snarled Elmer, "you certainly take the cake."

"For confidence," Elsie replied, "good cooks everywhere rely on *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*—to make the most luscious cake frostings, candies, and cookies . . . Isn't this where we turn in?"

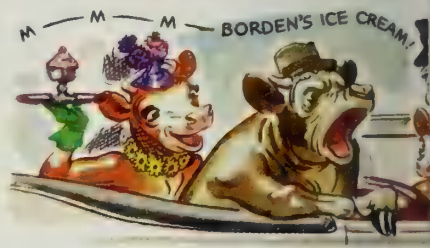
"I'll take care of everything," stated car stopped and a uniformed guard stepp

delay us, my good man," said Elmer. "W little late."

"Oh, you are?" replied the guard, frown. "Maybe you're going to be even l

"What!" bellowed Elmer. "Do you reali talking to?"

"Elmer, Elmer," sighed Elsie. "Don't perature boil over. Cool down. Lots of with *Borden's Ice Cream*—the smoothest,




ing cooler-downer there is. It's made fr milk and cream, you know."

"Listen, beefy," the guard was saying to you going to move on—or am I going to m

Elmer almost exploded. "T-talk to me t you! I'll show you!" he roared.

Elsie warned him: "Careful, Elmer— yourself out. Lots of people who need a bracer find it in that delicious energy dri

*Chocolate Malted Milk*. Please, Mr. Gu you told to expect me?"

"Elsie!" cried the delighted guard. "Of expecting *you!*" he added, with a chilly glan "Drive right in!"

"Bah!" fumed Elmer. "You must need a get into this place."

"If you do," smiled Elsie, "I bet it's the one there is . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to*

***More than 27,000 Borden employees wo nership with 47,000 owner-stockholders, the best of dairy products, to guard the all Borden foods, and to bring them to you***

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# Time Exposure

Continued from page 14

lines through great immen-
y in which even birds flipped
ked. Tonight was tonight;
an era.

ed again at the magazine.
of the stewardess was Gail
he looked mockingly at him
glossy page, a half-smile on
His eyes moved over the cap-
h the photograph:

Nelson, airline stewardess,
ne a heroine on the air as
it when Maurice Kelton, ace
nentator, dramatized for his
ence her coolness during a
ling emergency near Salt
Kelton, a passenger in the
h was forced down by snow
vinds, calls her 'the bravest
met.'"

grunted. He was interested
duly impressed. He looked
e portrait of the dour Scot
abel of a bottle. In a pinch,
as a fit companion for a man
es; still, it was a large world.

McGRATH fished a quar-
of his pocket and spun it
n the air, calling "Heads"
did so. He made all of his
at way, but the falling of the
influenced him. If it fell as
he accepted the blessing of
usly; if it fell against him,
his right, as a free soul, to
pleased.

The coin fell "heads" and McGrath went down to the lobby. He knew a lot about airlines, and Denver, he knew, was a terminal town. Pilots on this run lived in Denver and went on expense account at other terminals; stewardesses lived elsewhere and went on expense account in Denver. That meant that the company would have a suite for them in some hotel. It took McGrath about ninety seconds to bluff the name of the hotel out of the clerk downstairs. He went back to his own room and picked up the receiver.

It did not occur to him that Gail Nelson might be out on a run, that she might have a date if she was in town or that there would be any difficulties in his way. He had flipped a coin with Fate, so he had practically won the girl in a raffle. The gods paid off on invincible ego. Gail Nelson, herself, answered the phone.

"This is the Army Air Corps, Gail," he said. "How about convoying you in about twenty minutes?"

There was an almost imperceptible hesitation on the other end of the line, then a cool, young voice was saying, "General Marshall, I presume?"

"No. He couldn't come. Lieutenant Gordon McGrath commanding on this mission."

"Humph! Irish, with a dash of Scotch."

"Not yet. The Scotch is on the bureau. I haven't opened it—yet."

"That sounds like a threat."

"It is. Right now it is you or suicide or the Scotch."

"And you don't care which?"

"Frankly, I don't."

She laughed suddenly. "In that case you can come over. The lobby in twenty minutes. Do I have to wear a rose or something?"

"Not for me. I've been memorizing your picture. Stand to!"

McGrath hung up and looked briefly at the bottle on the bureau. Very solemnly, he turned the portrait of Old Jock to the wall and went out.

GAIL NELSON was smaller than she appeared in the photograph; a light-haired girl, not quite blond. McGrath, medium tall himself, sat across the table from her in the cocktail lounge. He was wearing a dark blue sports coat and white flannel trousers as an off-duty declaration of independence from drab regulations and drabber garb. There were reddish high lights in his dark hair, a survival from the day when red had been its dominating color. His chin was rounded, but firm, his nose undistinguished and his eyes a stormy blue. Life had rocked him back on his heels a few times but it had never knocked him down. He looked as he was and Gail Nelson measured him.

She had her own share of vaunting ego and she had met thousands of men; most of them parading a standard act and each of them convinced that he was unique. The hospital where she had earned her "R. N." had taught her what people were like and the airline had taught her how to handle them. The dreams that still moved in her were her own secret and she was prepared to be surprised if ever she found a man who would fit into them.

"Before we get friendly," she said, "I want you to get over any idea that you've established a port of call. I do not usually make dates this way. You caught me in a weak moment."

McGrath shrugged. "That's okay, but let us be nasty all at once and get it over with. If I wasn't having a weak moment, I wouldn't have caught you at all."

"Fair enough." She reached across the table and shook hands with him. McGrath grinned at her.

"How's your shoulder for crying on?"

"One of the best. It's been cried on as often as a bartender's."

"Swell." He half closed his eyes and launched into the tale of his troubles. It seemed a small matter in the telling but it eased something deep inside of him to get it into words and Gail Nelson was not essentially hard-boiled inside. A person who was nursing a blazing disappointment was never funny to her.

"And so," McGrath concluded, "I am out here in this prairie village to train with the snapshotters, and a lot of raw kids will be doing the job that I do best."

She smiled gently. "Piloting a photographic mission is a lot like piloting an airliner, I imagine. If it is, it takes a darn' good man to do it. Maybe piloting a shooting skyrocket doesn't take as much, and maybe the Army knows it."

McGrath snorted. "Nuts!" he said.

"All right. Nuts! Somebody won your pet marble and you don't want to play any more. Suppose you *couldn't* play any more?"

McGrath's eyes widened. "How do you mean that?"

"Any number of ways. Mostly per-

"Look, Morrie—the tune is cute, see? I like it. It's cute, see what I mean? But, Morrie-kid, look around. It's 1941. Okay? The world is in flames! The forces of evil are unleashed on one an all. Bombs, Morrie! Bombs falling on women and children. Do you get it, kid? Here's the way I see the lyrics—a pretty girl is sitting by the Thames. In her eyes—tears . . ."

JOHN RUGE

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MOTORISTS WISE

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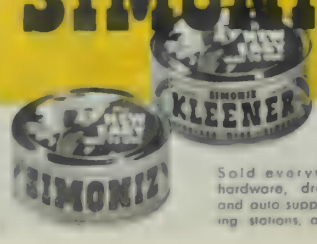


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sonal. I've got something I like. I am washed up. So? So, there is nowhere to go but out."

McGrath looked at her levelly. "My shoulder has been cried on, too," he said. "Let's have it."

For a long moment, Gail Nelson looked out beyond him, her eyes thoughtful and her lips drawn tight. "You saw that rot in the magazine?" she said.

"About Gail Nelson, the girl hero? Sure."

"Well, that did it. It happened months ago and I wasn't a heroine. It was just a dirty, snowy night and we were going into Salt Lake. There was a lot of snow static and icing conditions in the valley, so Phil Corbin, being a mighty swell pilot, started hunting for an alternate landing. It was a jinx night, so one motor cut out. He had to come down in a snowstorm and land in an emergency field. He did it and none of the passengers were even bruised. I didn't do a darned thing except keep them amused and serve them coffee."

McGrath looked thoughtful. "How does that make you all washed up?"

"I've lost my nerve," she said, "I know that I am a fake. Every time I go out on a trip, I tell myself that this is the time that something will really happen: that in a real emergency I'll fizzle out and the world will know that I am a phony."

Gordon McGrath looked at his glass and clinked the ice around thoughtfully. "Look," he said, "you're just a nerve case. Besides, you're superstitious. Do you fly a ship yourself?"

"No. Some of the girls do, though."

"Ever take any lessons?"

"No."

McGrath took a quarter from his pocket and spun it. He looked at it thoughtfully when it fell and put it away. "What you need," he said, "is the feel of a ship under your own hands. You'll get over being afraid that there will be an emergency and that you can't handle it. You're going to get lessons."

She smiled indulgently, a trifle amused. She looked for a moment startlingly like her picture in the magazine. "When?" she asked.

"Right now."

McGrath's emphatic answer jarred her equanimity. Her eyes widened and her lips parted. "Now? It's night and . . ."

"Sure. Night flying is tougher. The tougher the better, for you. I've got a fly-it-yourself card with all ratings. There will be a place here where I can get a ship as easily as I can rent a car."

FOR a moment she stared at him and the dead seriousness of his expression did something to her. She moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue and shrugged.

"Okay," she said, "now it is."

McGrath rose. He would, he told himself, get this girl straightened out even if he could do nothing about Gordon McGrath.

Gail Nelson looked up at his craggy profile out of the corners of her eyes and told herself that he was a pretty good human. Taking a flying lesson from him, she decided, would not help her problem a bit, but it might help him if he got a legitimate chance for some honest masculine showing off.

There is a magic about night flight that is a blend of beauty, mystery and a sense of the eternal. Even veteran fliers feel it and are awed by it. For a half-hour, Gordon McGrath was the instructor and Gail Nelson the pupil: at the end of that time they gave it up and became merely a man and a woman in an airplane. Gail returned the controls to McGrath and leaned comfortably back in the seat beside him.

"That was swell," she said, "but I'll never make a pilot. Ho riding?"

McGrath was enjoying ship was a mass-productio with a sixty-five-horse r wing span out of all pro length. It was almost i stall it or to spin it, but a n use horsepower to get ou on this little kite he had t

"Okay," he said. "How

He flipped over and dive brown ribbon of road that the lonely prairie. There truck on the road with i burning. He lined up o pulled out of his dive a fe it and zoomed back into t ing out of the top of the and heading back the way The girl nodded.

"Nice amusement-park said, "but let's just sit an

McGRATH flushed. H feeling exuberant and with ships just to express This girl made him feel lik riding a bike with his hand dle bars.

"I like the mixture of Irish," she said; "it is so

"Yeah? I never found Scotch and Irish fought a in our family."

The girl smiled. "I'm p guess. My father was bos our family. I've never let me since."

"You'll get over that."

"I don't think so."

A sudden coughing sno engine blocked McGrath' spat viciously twice and di turned swiftly in her seat pulled up slightly and the bled. It fell off on one wi Grath seemed to be tryin out of a spin.

"Brace yourself," he said

They nosed down swiftly wide, rolling prairie and the up again with the parked road. McGrath's face look the ground rushed up at th most at the last moment, h nose up, fishtailed to kill speed and landed with o bounce upon a field as flat age airport. He wiped one his forehead.

"Whew!" he said.

The girl snorted impati had that one pulled on me biles," she said, "but pul plane is something new."

McGrath glared at her a the girl laughed. She pu on his tense bicep. "Your right," she said, "but this silly. If you were trying to emergency so that I would g back, it was sweet of you impractical. . . ."

"You've been going t movies."

She laughed again, the suddenly. "Look!" she s body's coming. From the

A man was coming on th the field from the direction He had nearly reached the time that McGrath and Gai out. He was a young man, cessively thin. His faded stained and wet with pers frayed trousers flapped aro He was pale and panting.

"I gotta have help," he wife, she's in the truck and

"Hurt?" Gail was instan

"She's going to have a b

The man gulped on the there was stark fear in his did not wait for detailed e She was running toward the Grath fell in behind he

MAYBE he is your son — who smiled so cheerfully when he arded the troop train. Or maybe is that serious young fellow who orked next to you. Or that happy-lucky boy of your neighbors.

hoever he is, he's working hard d cheerfully, putting up with some al hardships to keep America the ay it always has been and the way e want it to stay.

t he can't do his job unless the rest us do ours. And for our part, we n say—we won't let him down.

e'll step up to our part in moving se vast quantities of food and plies—yes, and the vaster quantities of raw materials from which they are made. The railroads are equipped and organized to do this and at the same time take care of the other mass transportation needs of the nation.

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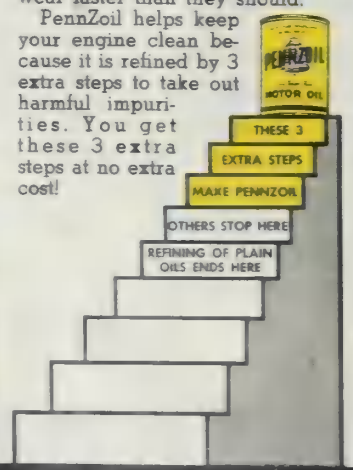


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stranger, drawing air into his lungs in a gasping inhalation came awkwardly after them.

"Truck won't run," he gasped.

"Okay. We'll fix things."

McGrath called back over his shoulder without looking around. He did not know what they would have to fix but he had the Army habit of charging into a surprise tactical situation confident that the answer was somewhere in the book.

They distanced the tired and gasping husband easily and Gail vaulted into the truck with a light spring. It was a venerable old-timer of the light-delivery breed but time and weather had destroyed its paint and its contours. The raised hood gave mute testimony to the fact that the man had been trying to do something about it, but an aura of depressed exhaustion surrounded it. Gail was bent above a woman who lay upon a heap of blankets in the package compartment.

"Gordon," she said, "see what you can do about this truck. She lives only a few miles away. We've got to get her there—quickly."

"Right!"

McGRATH stripped off his coat. The woman's husband come limping up, his mouth wide open with fatigue, his eyes still mirroring a mortal fear. McGrath threw a quick look at him. "What's the matter with this truck, Bud," he said.

"It just won't go."

That helped a lot. McGrath grunted and slid under the wheel. He turned off the lights and pressed the starter. The battery, too, was weary and would barely turn the motor over. The motor did not spit, but McGrath primed it and climbed out again. He worked swiftly, conscious of that note of urgency in Gail's voice. She had called him "Gordon."

The carburetor was flooded, but that wasn't the answer. The engine was getting gas.

McGrath lighted matches cautiously. One of the sparkplugs had a cracked porcelain bandaged with friction tape. A voice from behind him said:

"I cleaned them plugs this afternoon. Had to patch up some tubes, too, and change a couple tires. Then I had to clean out the back. Hauled a calf in it last week. . . ."

"Yeah! How far is it to your place?"

"About two and a half miles down the road. I didn't get far 'fore it quit. Was trying to get to a hospital. She was feeling pretty bad, Sally, that is, my wife, you know. My name's Donner, Herb Donner."

"Yeah!" McGrath was unimpressed. "Your trouble's in the timer."

He took his handkerchief and wiped a heavy coating of dirt-caked grease from the timer's running track, bent the spring of the brush and tightened a loose screw on one of the three wires with his fingers. He got the shell back in place and put the hood cover down with a gesture of confidence that he did not feel.

"Let's go!" he said.

Herb Donner clambered into the truck beside him and McGrath stepped on the starter. The motor stuttered for a moment, then burst into song. McGrath relaxed and Gail called to him:

"Take it gently, will you?"

"Sure." He looked at Donner, who was gripping one knee hard with thin, nervous hands. "Where is your place?"

"Straight back the way I came. About two and a half miles."

McGrath turned the truck with gingerly care on the rutted road and drove carefully back toward the south for more than two miles. There was a shack off to the left about an eighth of a mile, a square, boxlike creation of unmatched boards reinforced in places by tar paper and flanked or he east what were obviously two l houses

"This is it," Donner sai

They lifted Sally Dor made a stretcher of blan to get her back into the Grath had a glimpse of a was chalk-white under large brown eyes that four ner and then looked at not felt uneasy and embarr the girl was safely in the in a bare, poverty-stricke Donner dropped on his her and McGrath had a Gail Nelson.

"Can I help any?" he sa

"Maybe you'd better s can do with the truck," Ga "and leave this job to me.

She was already heatin smoky little oil stove. S carded the jacket of her looked briskly competent feminine. The impression dinarily gave of still weari after she had laid it asic McGrath stared at her fc and then went out with lief. In a few moments l came out and sat beside running board of the truck

"Do you reckon it will g with her?" he said.

McGrath stared straigh don't know much about it.

Donner shifted uneasily. I. Sure was glad to see th

McGrath lighted a ciga fered the pack mecha squinted through a cloud the man beside him. Herb probably no older than twe -four, a couple of years y McGrath himself; but grin bitter defeat were written He handled a cigarette, t vious of luxuries, as thoug know quite what to do with was puzzled.

"How is it you live out country and don't know an how things are born," he sai a truck without knowing an it?"

The other man shrugge ders. "Nothing to practice had the truck long. First owned. Ain't never owned but chickens."

"I see."

McGRATH nodded, but h at all. He was city ra and he knew very little abc tical aspects of birth, but imagine a man who did not thing about engines. Donne ing his cigarette, his should wearily.

"I ain't done right by Sal

"No?"

"No. I didn't have noth her. Her folks were right a place out east of here ne line, a couple of cows of th a hired man to help with Raises wheat and corn, t does, and does right well s gets a little moisture."

McGrath felt uncomfort was painfully aware of the ing played out in the dingy the clearing and it seemec keep the man talking.

"How about you?" he sa

Donner shrugged. "I'm bred. I don't get the hang good. My pa just travel railroad shops mostly. He South and I got a job in a You don't learn nothing in tory." He took a deep brea cared about knowing how thing till I met Sally. I be learn. She's been mighty me and her folks is just fir

th cleared his throat: "Maybe ld be better with her mother v."

s how I figured. She wouldn't . She wouldn't leave me when doing well. Besides, her folks for us." He brushed his hand s eyes. "The old man knowed at owned this place and we got hare of what we made. Gave zen laying hens, too, the old And both of her folks together venty dollars to get us started." th's throat felt dry and aching. d curiously at the other man elt that he could not bear to more. He fished in his pocket ght out a quarter.

" he said. "Want to know t will be a boy or a girl?"

looked startled. "Sure

th spun the coin. He stared at ly for a moment when it fell, it back into his pocket.

re going to have a girl," he conviction. Herb Donner's tened and doubt did not seem o him.

will like that fine," he said. ould be company for her and with the house chores. Sally e than middling strong."

h threw a worried look toward and the other man gripped m with sudden strength.

be all right, won't she, Mister? going to die."

was naked and unashamed in McGrath took a deep breath. the care she's getting," he at girl with her is one of the s in the United States." He head. Gail Nelson was standdoorway of the shack.

girl," she said.

ew back through a sky that d in blue velvet and there was a strange reticence between them. Gail fumbled with a small bag.

"We've got to send an ambulance out for her," she said. "She needs care for a while. I've got twenty bucks."

McGrath's voice was gruff. "That's my party," he said, "for whatever it takes."

She looked up at his craggy features set now in an expression more of bewilderment than of arrogant assurance.

"Okay," she said, "I can buy things for her with my twenty that you would not dare buy."

He nodded. "You're cured, too," he said. "You'll never be afraid again that any pilot will take you someplace where you can't run the show."

HER eyes were just a trifle wet when she looked at him. She knew something that he would never put in words himself. Gordon McGrath, too, was cured. His expression showed the bafflement within him at a world in which there were Herb Donners. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he had met a man who was neither an equal nor an inferior. He would never quite figure him out.

"Gordon," she said, "I am afraid that I am going to like you."

McGrath did not immediately look at her. Lowry Field was beneath him off his port wing. Down there, thousands of men were living—men who were clean and healthy, well clothed and well fed. There would be immaculate quarters and an officers' club where he could sit around with something tall and cold, talking with men whom he respected, men who respected him. There would be work to do and a cause to serve and "the things to do with." And he had been thinking of it as the end of the world.

He turned slowly in the seat. "Look," he said. "How about my coming over some day and taking your picture?"

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

ce of his engines and of that goes into producing the ship.

ERE an amazing story of an ex- ce of the R.A.F. which should he Wilhelmstrasse that they'll ble to beat those guys. Also te to the performance of our four-engined bombers. A started across and hadn't got- r out before he concluded he ave gas enough. He didn't just shut down two of the es, and went across on the He had a reserve supply of in the bomb bay of the ship, o many other things on his he completely forgot he had

TY e poor military pilots of ala. By presidential order orbidden to make extended try flights alone or indulge in This means that the dashant not only cannot make ary training flight to a distant see his señorita, but he en put on a show at the air- were there to meet him.

VIATN people are always need- nething, and one such thing ed now is an accurate indica- the pilot of his approach to he stall, if involuntary, is e beginning of an accident, if close to the ground. has been done on such a device that would light a light, blow a horn or wave a flag in front of the pilot to tell him he was approaching this dangerous condition, but none has been given a practical, satisfactory official test under rapid icing conditions. Whatever form the devices take they will have to be tied in with the flow of air over the wings and, as long as they are attached to or built into the wings, they suffer the chance of giving false indications or none at all as ice piles up. And it is the piling up of ice that changes the lift of the wing and can produce stalls. However, a stall-warning device for the thousands of students and newly licensed pilots who are not likely to be operating under icing conditions is recognized and both the C.A.A. and the N.A.C.A. have initiated a program of study with funds recently appropriated.

HANG around the R.A.F. pilots who are frequently visiting our country and you'll never cease to be amazed at the things they do and get away with. The other day a young R.A.F. squadron leader made some inquiries of the Air Corps about the performance, handling qualities, engines and other items pilots usually look into when about to take up a strange ship. Asked if he contemplated flying over one of the big four-engined American bombers, the R.A.F. man replied that in truth he had already piloted one over but all he knew about it was the take-off from this side and the landing over there. Hadn't been in one before and could use a little information.

F. R. N.

HE TALKS AQUAPLANING LIKE A MASTER . . . . *But he's dunked oftener than a doughnut*

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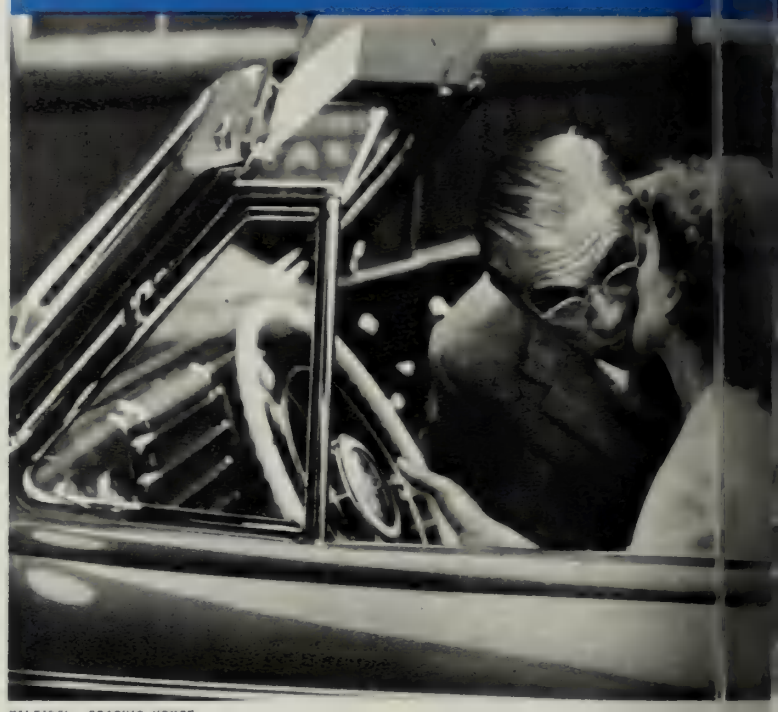
# Gentle Monster

**By Henry F. Pringle**

**Boris Karloff, horror man of pictures, is a very gentle man who was trained for the consular service. He reversed the usual Hollywood attitude by wondering whether he was good enough to make the grade on Broadway**



YALEJOEL—GRAPHIC HOUSE

**Mrs. Karloff enjoys being the wife of the movies' most sinister man and suffers no chills as she gets a kiss from him**

THE worst shock ever administered by Boris Karloff was not while playing Frankenstein nor any of the other blood-curdling roles which have sent movie audiences everywhere into pleasant hysterics. He delivered the shock while eating lunch in Hollywood last summer.

Those present at the luncheon were Mr. Karloff, Russel Crouse the playwright, and an actor's agent who was all poised to say, "No, that's not enough," when the subject of salary came up.

"We've got a play in New York we'd like you to do," said Mr. Crouse as the coffee was being served.

"No, I won't do it," said Karloff. "I think it's presumptuous for motion-picture actors to try to star on Broadway."

The agent nearly fainted. Crouse scalded his throat by gulping his coffee. Such a reply had never been made before in the history of either Hollywood or Broadway. For some reason which makes no sense at all every movie actor or actress talks incessantly about "doing a play on Broadway." They sigh that the screen, although lucrative, is no true test of an actor's art.

"I wouldn't do a play," Karloff continued at this historic luncheon, "unless it had three or four parts in it more important than my own."

After some minutes Crouse recovered his wits sufficiently to assure Karloff that the play was just that kind. He outlined the story of Arsenic and Old Lace, due to become one of the funniest shows in years. He told about the two dear but insane old sist who about murdering gentle n out kindliest of motives. M of the lines would be spoken by e old said Crouse, in an effort pleas loff.

"Good!" said Karloff. ell me the part."

"Well, in a manner of eakin play yourself. You're y, to you've had a facial o ation makes you look just lik oris and you murder just a any as your aunts do—I for to se were your aunts."

Karloff was delighted. Why, burlesquing myself, wo n't I said. "If the play is rea as g you say I'll take the pa

Six months later, afte nishi other monster picture, h lew to York for the rehearsals. was mentous occasion. Karl had stock in most of the tank ns o ada and the United St s, bu never been in a Broad play read the part for Russ Crous Howard Lindsay, his co duce afternoon and was far m frig than any of Frankenstein victim

"I was terrible," he t phon wife, still in Hollywood, l r that "I couldn't read the lines all. I mered and stuttered. I taks plane back tonight."

Mrs. Karloff soothed mon spouse and suggested th he tr more rehearsal. Boris d so. and Lindsay told him he as w ful; they had known so o he pr day but had forgotten to y any In due course, Arsenic Old opened. The critics rav abou show and the cast. A atine scheduled for the next ernoo producers Crouse and Li ay st in Karloff's dressing room

Surprise for frightened moviegoers is the sight of fearsome Frankenstein prosaically mowing the lawn at his Beverly Hills home

. T y knew, from sad experi- at st actors would demand blic or beef about some re- nyw , complain about some-

t a l ak for me!" said Karloff. of A broken-down movie a Bidway hit."

allys that kind of person— and telligent. What surprised histites of New York most arlo last winter was the high l his ntelligence and the wide of hi nowledge, which came to en h was a guest expert on In- on P se.

f st ped even so brainy a lit- an Franklin P. Adams in ing a Mother Goose rhyme. He ucks John Kieran in thinking s be nning with the words, "It ." H showed familiarity with is o Joseph Conrad. He did the der hand, know the differ- twee urglary and robbery.

### lo Ki ws His Audience

ugh is over fifty years old, is A from broken-down as Ho wood or a stage actor. get $ ,000 a week on the coast ny ti e he wants it. One of the s con nting him now is a con- do a l rror picture this summer; s to , it may be necessary to wn A nic and Old Lace for six a wee .

the s w had opened he devel- sensit e perception of the audi- reacti . It is unfair to reveal , but can be said that in one Karlof s about to perform an ion" ich would scare the day- ut of wooden Indian. It was r the udience to become ner- to a nt. Beyond that, though, somebody might laugh hysterically or scream and the scene would collapse. Karloff plays it differently almost every night. He can sense when the audience is getting too jumpy. Then he terminates the action abruptly.

All of which is doubtless derived from his long, bitter, poverty-stricken years in provincial stock when an audience, getting out of hand, might start shooting at the actors. Boris Karloff is not the name he was born with, of course, but it is now his legal one. Traces of his English birth linger in his natural (as distinct from his Frankenstein) voice. It is modulated and his diction is very clear. The boy born at Dulwich on November 23, 1887, and christened William Henry Pratt, was supposed to become a British civil servant. His father, Edward Pratt, was in the Indian civil service and eight other sons—William Henry was the youngest of nine children—followed his career. The future Boris Karloff had a mind of his own, however. He wanted to be an actor.

The genesis of this seems to have been one or two performances in a Christmas church pageant when William Henry was nine. Prophetically, he played the demon in Cinderella. Two of his brothers clamped down on such nonsense, however, and training for government service began in earnest. He went to school in London until he was fourteen, to public schools in the provinces for five more years and then to the University of London, where he

(Continued on page 73)


# You'll like yeast this new way

**PETE:** Lady, you're sure up to the minute! I just read a headline that said "YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX."

**MARIE:** Pooh! Everybody knows that. Here's something even better . . . Yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, *natural* sources of the marvelous Vitamin B Complex . . . a group of the very vitamins that lots of us don't get enough of, and all of us need.

**PETE:** Maybe I don't get enough of them either. Could be. I remember when I was eating yeast I felt absolutely tops. But I quit . . . didn't like the taste.

**MARIE:** Well, here's a taste you'll go for. My vitamin cocktail tastes like oven-fresh bread. Get these vitamins this *natural* way. Twice a day, and stick with it right along to get the full benefits of yeast. Maybe even a big, brave, handsome man like you could be improved a little.

**MASH** . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

**STIR** . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

**DRINK** your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

**Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast**

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast... the household favorite of four generations.

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JUICE

● The reason youngsters go for Florida canned grapefruit juice is because it *tastes* so good. Tangy, wide-awake, refreshing.

The reason wise mothers like to give it to them is because this pure, undiluted juice is an energizing and *safe* summer drink—even for delicate stomachs.

And it's so convenient and *economical* you get *twice the vitamins for your money* as in any non-citrus juice or soda drink.

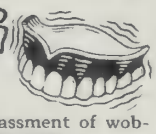
Keep Florida canned grapefruit juice always in your refrigerator—along with Florida canned *orange* juice, and canned orange-grapefruit *blended* juice. Packed under many fine labels. Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida.

FLORIDA CANNED

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

See the WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

WOBBLING FALSE TEETH



Avoid discomfort and embarrassment of wobbling false teeth. Use **DENTLOCK** *Denture Powder*. Holds plates firmly, comfortably. No unpleasant taste.

To help keep dental plates sanitarily clean, use **DENTGLO** *Brushless Cleanser*. These quality denture aids approved by thousands. Buy by name at drug & 10¢ stores. Avoid substitutes.

**FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., Albany, N. Y.**

BEWARE WHEN CONSTIPATION STRIKES

*And You're Over 35*

Yes, folks, our intestinal muscles tend to become sluggish as we grow older. That's why chronic constipation should be treated by a physician. But when bowels go on strike due to acute constipation, give your intestines a quick, gentle flushing with Pluto Water. Its mild, swift osmotic action creates fluid bulk that quickly flushes the intestines of delayed digestive wastes, usually within an hour . . . Pluto is an agreeable saline mineral water that does not disturb the normal function of the stomach. It acts only in the intestinal tract without unpleasant after-effects. Get Pluto Water now—at any drug store. New two-dose size only 10 cents. Also larger family sizes. French Lick Springs Hotel Company, French Lick, Indiana.

# I Want to Do Something

Continued from page 22

Motor Corps girls also supply their own cars, insurance, oil and gas.

Taking patients to hospital clinics and transporting Red Cross supplies are the major services of the Motor Corps. They also take war veterans on outings, and run all sorts of errands. It's a busy, workaday job, with nothing dramatic about it like driving an ambulance. But in case of disaster, man-made or natural, these girls are ready and willing to take on heavier work.

A member of the Motor Corps must necessarily have enough money to own her car, but there's no such overhead in the other volunteer groups. Plenty of the women who go into the hospitals to work order from the right-hand side of the menu when they buy their lunches in the hospital restaurant. The cost of their uniforms is a real item in their budgets. But still they come.

If you work in a hospital, you may be a Gray Lady. This means that you have completed a course of lectures on the Red Cross and your special duties, passed an examination on them, put in a satisfactory probation period, and are now privileged to wear the gray uniform and veil and the pledge pin of service. In government hospitals you will be a hostess, responsible for rays of sunshine in the form of entertainment, the arrangement of flowers, ward visits, reading, shopping. You may even make a special study of occupational therapy. In civilian hospitals and clinics you will do clerical work.

### Pink Ladies Aren't Frivolous

Or you might be a Pink Lady. Officially this title is frowned on as being too frivolous and cocktailish-sounding. Officially you'd be a Nurse's Aide. But there's nothing frivolous about the work performed by these women in pink uniforms and starched pink and white caps. It's so important that a new program is under way to train 500 of them a year in 20 large cities. Their work, in the wards of civilian hospitals, is entirely nonprofessional—making beds, carrying trays, weighing babies, taking temperatures, helping with baths, running errands, etc., etc., etc., and they work always under a registered nurse. But if and when nurses are called up for active military duty, those who remain in the civilian hospitals will be all the more in need of these extra pairs of hands and feet.

Look in at one of the classes you must take before you are entitled to wear the pink uniform: Home Nursing, which any woman is free to attend so that she may know better how to take care of her family at home. "We're building potential nursing aid," says Miss Frederika Farley, who is in charge of Home Nursing classes for the New York Chapter, "that can be useful in everyday life."

Today's class is in bedmaking, and it's astonishing how many women who have kept house for a good long time discover they didn't know how to make a bed properly. Here they learn how to square the corners for a smooth, firm job, how to make the bed with the patient in it, how to help her in and out of bed, how to turn her in bed, how to bathe her in bed.

Under the direction of a registered nurse, the class will become proficient in caring for sick people and will learn much, too, about good health measures for the prevention of sickness. Sixty-three thousand Home Nursing certificates were issued by the Red Cross last year, from seven hundred chapters.

Finally, after more advanced courses for Nurses' Aides, the big day when the pink uniform is donned and the first hospital day served. "After all the fine, important things we learn," says one knowing member of the class, "we'll not be allowed to do any of them at first. One girl put in her whole first day making beds—sixty of 'em, till her knees buckled under her." But how proud they are when they're called on to make their first poultice, and make their first "ether bed"—the covers fan-folded down the side, so that the bed can be opened completely and the patient lifted in from the stretcher.

"It's really selfishness that makes us do it," says Lois Mills, who directs the volunteer work at New York's Bellevue. "I know because I'm a volunteer myself. I work in two of the clinics, and you couldn't keep me away from them. When Susie tells you the baby has a new tooth, and that Mary's boy friend really isn't treating her quite right, and what do you think she should do about it?—you feel you're a part of their life, and they count on you. And it's a good feeling, to think you're needed. I wouldn't give it up for anything."

When there's a flood, or a war, and crowds of people have to be evacuated, the Disaster Canteen Corps is ready to go into action. Meanwhile, they're learning a lot more than how to pass out coffee and doughnuts. They're studying nutrition. Every third American, reports the National Defense Commission, is living below the safety line of a properly balanced diet. To build up a stronger nation, we need to know more about food values. The good old vitamin story, and why dark molasses is better for you, and how leaving cream out of your coffee may help to streamline your figure but also deprives your teeth of a snack of calcium.

Full of food knowledge, the ladies move out of the classroom into the cafeteria, where they must put in 80 hours of practical work before they may enlist in the Disaster Canteen Corps. (We are quoting again from the New York Chapter which, being the largest and most completely organized, has been used as the basis for this article.) They shop the markets, plan the meals, prepare all but the one hot dish, serve, wash dishes.

They are instructed in emergency feeding of large numbers of people, and the amounts of food required. And then they sign up with Mrs. John Pate Carson, director of the Disaster Canteen, a volunteer herself. "I have forty-eight women on call today," she says, consulting the notebook she carries with her.

And still they come. Volunteers do the biggest job of all, roll ing from you and you and yo ship fees, the wherewithal entire organization. Volu keep down that overhead by ices. Count them in the Chapter alone—16,000 volu paid workers. Volunteers t ing staffs. In first-aid cl than 21,000 volunteer instr tors and laymen, throughou try.

First-aid training was give people last year, and more being added to this vast p who are ready to volunte skill when it's most needed them are doing it now in stations dotted along the hi

### Blood for National D

Newest, most dramatic offering that takes no spec and only fifteen minutes blood for the blood bank th is building for national def it was blood for Britain. N own reserve, some of it tu laboratory into dried plasma a fine, creamy face powde keep indefinitely in sealed v tainers. Every ship in the N for a consignment, togethe tainers of sterile water for back into life-saving, liquid minute it's needed. And th stuff is coming from the vein like Katharine Cornell, who i and famous, and—equally from the veins of people Walsh, Irish and a factory gir Cross sent a mobile unit to tory, where three hundred w volunteered to give blood.

You stand by Katie's bed, time with her while blood tr her arm through a rubber bottle. She was kidding an ing before, and showing you ened fingers and talking ab in the factory, testing nuts. about this thing of giving bl someone else, and how fine she nods her head and oper eyes wide at you and says, " so *willing*."

That's the thing. Thousa ple willing to give blood a Cross moves from factory to shop with its mobile equipm dreds of thousands giving the work. There's no need to s and wring your hands abou of the world. There are plen you can do.

"Aubrey, do you have a sense of humor?"

**RADIO with Automatic Record**

69-M5 — The lowest priced dio with automatic record changer t. Plays twelve 10″ or ten 12″ Equipped with Admiral "Life-edle. Superhet radio has super e, beam power output, volume 'Sofglo" dial. New audio circuit tremendous power. Tunes stand-lcast band.

**abinet Complete 5 Albums →**

ır Admiral show you this record cab- can save half ır price when l with an table model dio.

**RAPH with Automatic Record**

4210-XA3—Now . . . a phono-h automatic record changer at th usual price! Just the thing for "ji rbug" as well as the lover of od n ic. Plays ten 12″ or twelve 10″ cords Multi-tube amplifier gives all e pov you want.

-M5—his new Admiral (see below) has erythg! Open the doors . . . out slides e "Sl -A-Way" phonograph with au-matic ecord changer. Plays twelve 10″ ten records. No needles to change; o rec wear . . . has Admiral "Life-me" dle. Big powerful superhet ra-io ha special Audio Circuit. Record mpar ent provides space for 8 albums.

# Exclusive! SENSATIONAL 10 TUBE RADIO WITH Slide-A-Way PHONOGRAPH AND AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER

## Exclusive with Admiral

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS

Admiral Radios Are Equipped With RCA Preferred-Type Tubes

Just look at all these features! Only Admiral...world's largest manufacturers of automatic record changers . . . offers so much in performance, convenience and styling. .for so little in cost. See and hear this sensational value at your Admiral dealer today!

**← Model 4207-A10**

- **"SLIDE-A-WAY" PHONOGRAPH**
  Open the doors . . . out slides Admiral's exclusive "Slide-A-Way" phonograph. No more stooping or peering into a dark record compartment to change records.
- **AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER**
  Plays ten 12″ or twelve 10″ records. Nothing to chip, crack or scratch valuable records. So simple a child can load and unload.
- **ADMIRAL "LIFETIME" NEEDLE**
  No needles to change. No record wear.
- **RECORD ALBUM COMPARTMENT**
  Complete with three 12″ and two 10″ Deluxe albums. Value $10.00.
- **THREE WAVE BANDS**
  Standard broadcast plus Magna-Band tuning on 25 and 31 meter short wave bands. (S-p-r-e-a-d-s stations for easier tuning and logging.) An Admiral exclusive!
- **FEATHER TOUCH ELECTRIC TUNING**
  Electrical . . . not mechanical. Foolproof, speedy.
- **TREBLE-BASS COMPENSATION**
  5 individual controls give distinct tonal variations over entire musical spectrum.
- **TRIPLE-TUNED RF CONVERTER CIRCUIT**
  Only Admiral has it! Gives higher sensitivity . . . eliminates tweets, whistles and other background noises.
- **ADJUSTABLE SUPER AEROSCOPE**
  No aerial or ground required. Adjustable for maximum signal pick-up.

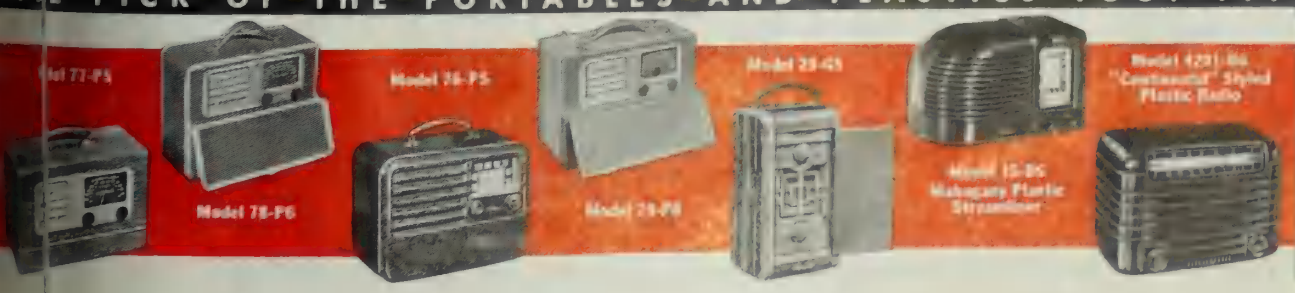
**Also** Auditorium electro dynamic speaker . . . push-pull audio system . . . airplane dial...luxury walnut console cabinet, etc.

## SEE YOUR ADMIRAL DEALER

**Admiral radios are priced from $12.95 and up. See these sensational values at your nearest Admiral dealer. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, 3800 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill. Originators of Slide-A-Way . . . Aeroscope . . . AC-DC-Battery Bantam . . . Tilt-Tuning . . . Touch-O-Matic.**

4206-C6—Here's another Admiral Radio with "Slide-A-Way' phonograph and automatic record changer. Plays ten 12″ or twelve 10″ records. No slicing . . . No chipping . . . No cracking of records. Has Admiral "Lifetime" Needle. Powerful superhet radio tunes standard broadcast plus Magna-Band S-P-R-E-A-D for short wave. Has super Aeroscope . . . electro dynamic speaker . . . bass compensation . . . airplane dial with Lucite escutcheon. →

"THE PICK OF THE PORTABLES AND PLASTICS TOO!" . . .



NEW
Stitchless
HAND
TAILORING

Smarter, Smoother
100% RAINTIGHT!

The exclusive Raynster *stitchless* way of locking seams together is news for two reasons. It eliminates leaky needle-holes, makes possible coats that are really 100% waterproof. And it gives coats finer lines, better drape—stitchless seams are smoother, never pucker out of shape. Raynster fabrics, too, are completely water-*tight* (and not just water-repellent). Smart topcoat gabardines, poplins, lawns, broadcloths, in all the popular colors. At better stores.

$5 to $11

TOPCOAT MODELS—lined with luxurious free-slipping Skinner rayon $14 to $20

United States Rubber Company
Rockefeller Center • New York

# Murder In Retrospect

Continued from page 20

Hercule Poirot said. "*En avant*, then. Though it is not that, that, I should say. On the contrary. *En arrière*. . . ."

"DO I remember the Crale case?" asked Sir Montague Depleach. "Certainly I do. Remember it very well. Most attractive woman. But unbalanced, of course. No self-control." He glanced sideways at Poirot. "What makes you ask me about it?"

"I am interested."

"Not really tactful of you, my dear man," said Depleach, showing his teeth in his sudden famous "wolf's smile," which had been reputed to have such a terrifying effect upon witnesses. "Not one of my successes, you know. I didn't get her off."

"I know that."

Sir Montague shrugged his shoulders. He said:

"Of course, I hadn't quite as much experience then as I have now. All the same, I think I did all that could humanly be done. One can't do much without *co-operation*. We *did* get it commuted to penal servitude. Provocation, you know. Lots of respectable wives and mothers got up a petition. There was a lot of sympathy for her."

He leaned back, stretching out his long legs. His face took on a judicial, appraising look.

"If she'd shot him, you know, or even knifed him—I'd have gone all out for manslaughter. But poison—no, you can't play tricks with that. It's tricky—very tricky."

"What was the defense?" asked Hercule Poirot.

He knew because he had already read the newspaper files but he saw no harm in playing completely ignorant to Sir Montague.

"Oh, suicide. Only thing you *could* go for. But it didn't go down well. Crale simply wasn't that kind of man! You never met him, I suppose? No? Well, he was a great blustering, vivid sort of chap. Great beer drinker. Went in for the lusts of the flesh and enjoyed them. You can't persuade a jury that a man like that is going to sit down and quietly do away with himself. It just doesn't fit. No, I was afraid I was up against a losing proposition from the first. And she wouldn't play up! I knew we'd lost as soon as she went into the box. No fight in her at all. But there it is—if you *don't* put your client into the box, the jury draw their own conclusions."

POIROT said. "Is that what you meant when you said just now that one cannot do much without co-operation?"

"Absolutely, my dear fellow. We're not magicians, you know. Half the battle is the impression the accused makes on the jury. I've known juries time and again bring in verdicts dead against the judge's summing up. 'E did it, all right'—that's the point of view. Or '*He* never did a thing like that—don't tell me!' Caroline Crale didn't even *try* to put up a fight."

"Why was that?"

Sir Montague shrugged his shoulders. "Don't ask me. Of course, she was fond of the fellow. Broke her all up when she came to and realized what she'd done. Don't believe she ever rallied from the shock."

"So in your opinion she was guilty?"

Depleach looked rather startled. He said. "Er—well, I thought we were taking that for granted."

"Did she ever admit to you that she was guilty?"

Depleach looked shocked. "Of course not—of course not. We have our code, you know. Innocence is always—er—assumed. If you're so interested it's a pity you can't get hold of old Mayhew. Mayhews were the solicitors who briefed me. Old Mayhew could have told you more than I can. But there—he's joined the great majority. There's young George Mayhew, of course, but he was only a boy at the time. It's a long time ago, you know."

"Yes, I know. It is fortunate for me that you remember so much. You have a remarkable memory."

Depleach looked pleased. He murmured. "Oh, well, one remembers the main headings, you know. Especially when it's a capital charge. And, of course, the Crale case got a lot of publicity from the press. Lot of sex interest and all that. The girl in the case was pretty striking. Hard-boiled piece of goods, I thought."

"You will forgive me if I seem too insistent," said Poirot, "but I repeat once more, you had no doubt of Caroline Crale's guilt?"

Depleach shrugged his shoulders.

"Frankly, as man to man," he said, "I don't think there's much doubt about it. Oh, yes, she did it all right."

"WHAT was the evidence against her?"

"Very damning indeed. First of all, there was motive. She and Crale had led a kind of cat-and-dog life for years—interminable rows. He was always getting mixed up with some woman or other. Couldn't help it. He was that kind of man. She stood it pretty well on the whole. Made allowances for him on the score of temperament—and the man really was a first-class painter, you know. His stuff's gone up enormously in price—enormously. Don't care for that style of painting myself—ugly, forceful stuff, but it's *good*—no doubt of that.

"Well, as I say, there had been trouble about women from time to time. Mrs. Crale wasn't the meek kind who suffers in silence. There were rows all right. But he always came back to her in the end. These affairs of his blew over. But this final affair was rather different. It was a girl, you see—and quite a young girl. She was only twenty.

"Elsa Greer, that was her name. She was the only daughter of some Yorkshire manufacturer. She had money and determination and she knew what she wanted. What she wanted was Amyas Crale. She got him to paint her—he didn't paint regular society portraits, 'Mrs. Blinkety Blank in pink satin and pearls,' but he painted figures. I don't know that most women would have cared to be painted by him—he didn't spare them! But he painted the Greer girl, and he ended by falling for her good and proper. He was getting on for forty, you know, and he'd been married a good many years. He was just ripe for making a fool of himself over some chit of a girl. Elsa Greer was the girl. He was crazy about her and his idea was to get a divorce from his wife and marry Elsa.

"Caroline Crale wasn't standing for that. She threatened him. She was overheard by two people to say that if he didn't give the girl up she'd kill him. And she meant it all right! The day before it happened, they'd been having tea with a neighbor. He was by way of dabbling in herbs and home-brewed medicines. Among his patent brews was one of coniine—spotted hemlock. There was some talk about it and its deadly properties.

"The next day he noticed that half the contents of the bottle were gone.

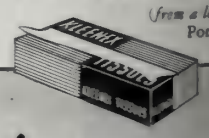
"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX* and win $5.00

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

SNEEZY TIME GIRL!
MY COLDS AND I HAVE BLOWN A LOT OF TISSUES TO PIECES BUT KLEENEX CAN TAKE IT... IT'S BOTH SOFT AND STRONG! (from a letter by O. I., Girvin, Tex.)

I HAVE A LITTLE PUPPY. YOU KNOW THEY'RE LOTS OF CA... SO I KEEP KLEENEX HANDY TO WIPE UP HERE AND THERE! (from a letter by G. K., Portland, Ore.)

KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE—AND THEN WIPE AWAY THE LIPSTICK TRACES WITH SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES... 100% PERFECT FOR REMOVING COSMETICS. (from a letter by J. B., Portland, Ore.)



DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET—Use KLEENEX
KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

wind-up about it. They found ost empty bottle of it in Mrs. room, hidden away at the bot- a drawer."

ıle Poirot moved uncomfortably. d, "Somebody else might have here."

she admitted it to the police. ıwise, of course, but she didn't solicitor to advise her at that When they asked her about it, ıitted quite frankly that she had :"

what reason?"

made out that she'd taken it with of doing herself in. She couldn't how the bottle came to be -nor how it was that there were r fingerprints on it. That part pretty damning. She contended, , that Amyas Crale had com- suicide. But if he'd taken the from the bottle she'd hidden in m, *his* fingerprints would have the bottle as well as hers."

s given him in beer, was it not?"

She got out the bottle from the ıtor and took it down herself to e was painting in the garden. ıred it out and gave it to him tched him drink it. Everyone to lunch and left him—he often ome in to meals. Afterward she governess found him there dead. y was that the beer *she* gave him right. Our theory was that he felt so worried and remorseful slipped the poison in himself. ycock—he wasn't that kind of nd the fingerprint evidence was t damning of all."

found her fingerprints on the tle?"

hey didn't—they found only *his* ey were phony ones. She was alone with the body, you see, while the governess went to call up a doctor. And what she must have done was to wipe the bottle and glass and then press his fingers on them. She wanted to pretend, you see, that she'd never even handled the stuff. Well, that didn't work. Old Rudolph, who was prosecuting, had a lot of fun with that —proved quite definitely by demonstration in court that a man *couldn't* hold a bottle with his fingers in that position! Of course *we* did our best to prove that he *could*—that his hands would take up a contorted attitude when he was dying—but frankly our stuff wasn't very convincing."

"The coniine in the beer bottle," Poirot said, "must have been put there before she took it down to the garden."

There was no coniine in the bottle at all. Only in the glass."

DEPLEACH paused—his large, handsome face suddenly altered—he turned his head sharply.

"Hullo," he said. "Now then, Poirot, *what are you driving at?*"

Poirot said, "*If* Caroline Crale was innocent, how did that coniine get into the beer? The defense said at the time that Amyas Crale himself put it there. But you say to me that that was in the highest degree unlikely—and for my part I agree with you. He was not that kind of man. Then, if Caroline Crale did not do it, *someone else did.*"

Depleach said with almost a splutter, "Oh, damn it all, man, you can't flog a dead horse. It's all over and done with years ago. Of course she did it. You'd know that well enough if you'd seen her at the time. It was written all over her! I even fancy that the verdict was a relief to her. She wasn't frightened. No

"Se something tender, Al—something I can think back on and treasure"

# Start the day *The American Way*

## with TOASTMASTER toast!

Husbands to work, youngsters to school, and housewives to housekeeping—*Toastmaster* toast gets them all off to a *good start* every morning. It's the American way to start the day!

Do you know why? Because just the fragrance of *Toastmaster* toast a-toasting sets tasters tingling and appetites soaring. Because each crisp slice calls for another and *another*. Because it's bread in its most *digestible* as well as its most appetizing form.

The *Toastmaster* automatic toaster more than keeps pace with appetites! It pops up the perfect slices two at a time, piping-hot—browned just right, light, dark, or in-between. No watching, no turning—no burnt, wasted bread and no wasted current!

Give your family *Toastmaster* toast tomorrow—and ever after. The famous 2-slice model is just $16.00; its 1-slice toastmate, $9.95. See them and other *Toastmaster** products, $7.50 to $24.95, wherever fine appliances are sold.

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Thorn
KAYWOODIE $3.50

Learning to smoke a pipe is like learning to play golf: to *enjoy* learning, to learn *happily*, start with really good instruments! Golf pros say that makes sense, and so do pipe smokers. So start happy pipe smoking on a Kaywoodie: it is made of the costlier, *old* imported briar which produces the sweetest-smoking pipes, the kind veteran pipe-smokers choose.* Then, take it easy at first: smoke a *half*-pipeful a day for a little while. Soon you'll *want* to smoke it *all* of the time.

*Kaywoodie never is drug out of the ground years in advance so the war has not interfered with our supply.

Here you see a quaint imported briar that can be cross sectioned to show the "prime cut" segment from which Kaywoodie pipes are made. Only this prime cut produces pipes with the sweet-smoking qualities of Kaywoodie pipes.

Yours for the asking: "The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac" which will help to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.

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nerves at all. Just wanted to get through the trial and have it over. A very brave woman, really. . . ."

"And yet," said Hercule Poirot, "when she died she left a letter to be given to her daughter in which she swore solemnly that she was innocent. Now her daughter wants the truth."

"H'm—I'm afraid she'll find the truth unpalatable. Honestly, Poirot, I don't think there's any doubt about it. She killed him."

"You will forgive me, my friend, but I must satisfy myself on that point."

"Well, I don't know what more you can do. You can read up the newspaper accounts of the trial. Humphrey Rudolph appeared for the Crown. He's dead—let me see, who was his junior? Young Fogg, I think. Yes, Fogg. You can have a chat with him. And then there are the people who were there at the time. Don't suppose they'll enjoy your butting in and raking the whole thing up, but I dare say you'll get what you want out of them. You're a plausible devil."

"Ah, yes, the people concerned. That is very important. You remember, perhaps, who they were?"

Depleach considered: "Let me see—it's a long time ago. There were only five people who were really in it, so to speak—I'm not counting the servants—a couple of faithful old things, scared-looking creatures—they didn't know anything about anything. No one could suspect them."

"There are five people, you say. Tell me about them."

"Well, there was Philip Blake. He was Crale's greatest friend—had known him all his life. He was staying in the house at the time. *He's* alive. I see him now and again on the links. Lives at St. George's Hill. Stockbroker. Plays the markets and gets away with it. Successful man, running to fat a bit."

"Yes. And who next?"

"Then there was Blake's elder brother. Country squire—stay-at-home sort of chap."

A jingle ran through Poirot's head. He repressed it. He must *not* always be thinking of nursery rhymes. It seemed an obsession with him lately. And yet the jingle persisted:

*"This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home . . ."*

He murmured, "He stayed at home—yes?"

"He's the fellow I was telling you about—messed about with drugs—and herbs—bit of a chemist. His hobby. What was his name now? Literary sort of name—I've got it. Meredith. Meredith Blake. Don't know whether he's alive or not."

"And who next?"

"Next? Well, there's the cause of all the trouble. The girl in the case: Elsa Greer."

*"This little pig ate roast beef,"* murmured Poirot.

DEPLEACH stared at him. "They've fed her meat all right," he said. "She's been a go-getter. She's had three husbands since then. In and out of the divorce court as easy as you please. And every time she makes a change, it's for the better. Lady Dittisham—that's who she is now. Open any Tatler and you're sure to find her."

"And the other two?"

"There was the governess woman. I don't remember her name. Nice, capable woman. Thompson—Jones—something like that. And there was the child, Caroline Crale's half sister. She must have been about fifteen. She's made rather a name for herself. Digs up things and goes trekking to the back of beyond. Warren—that's her name. Angela Warren. Rather an alarming young woman nowadays. I met her the other day."

"She is not, then, the little pig who cried 'wee-wee-wee' . . . ?"

Sir Montague Depleach looked at him rather oddly. He said dryly, "She's had something to cry wee-wee about in her life! She's disfigured, you know. Got a bad scar down one side of her face. She—oh, well, you'll hear all about it, I dare say."

Poirot stood up. He said, "I thank you. You have been very kind. If Mrs. Crale did *not* kill her husband—"

Depleach interrupted him: "But she did, old boy, she did. Take my word for it."

Poirot continued without taking any notice of the interruption: "Then it seems logical to suppose that one of these five people must have done so."

"One of them *could* have done it, I suppose," said Depleach doubtfully. "But I don't see why any of them *should*. No reason at all! In fact, I'm quite sure none of them *did* do it. Do get this bee out of your bonnet, old boy!"

But Hercule Poirot only smiled and shook his head.

"GUILTY as hell," said Mr. Fogg succinctly.

Hercule Poirot looked meditatively at the thin, clear-cut face of the barrister.

Quentin Fogg, K.C., was a very different type from Montague Depleach. Depleach had force, magnetism, an overbearing and slightly bullying personality. He got his effects by a rapid and dramatic change of manner. Handsome, urbane, charming, one minute—then an almost magical transformation, lips back, snarling smile—out for your blood.

Quentin Fogg was thin, pale, singularly lacking in what is called personality. His questions were quiet and unemotional, but they were steadily persistent.

Hercule Poirot eyed him meditatively. "So that," he said, "was how it struck you?"

Fogg nodded. He said, "You should have seen her in the box. Old Humpie Rudolph (he was leading, you know) simply made mincemeat of her. Mincemeat!" He paused and then said unexpectedly, "On the whole, you know, it was rather too much of a good thing."

"I am not sure," said Hercule Poirot, "that I quite understand you."

Fogg drew his delicately marked brows together. His sensitive hand stroked his bare upper lip. "How shall I put it?" he said. "It's a very English point of view. 'Shooting the sitting bird' describes it best. Is that intelligible to you?"

"It is, as you say, a very English point of view, but I think I understand you. In the Assize court, as on the playing fields of Eton, and in the hunting country, the Englishman likes the victim to have a sporting chance."

"That's it, exactly. Well, in this case, the accused *didn't* have a chance. Humpie Rudolph did as he liked with her. It started with her examination by Depleach. She stood up there, you know—as docile as a little girl at a party, answering Depleach's questions with the answers she'd learned off by heart. Quite docile, word-perfect—and absolutely unconvincing! She'd been told what to say, and she said it. It wasn't Depleach's fault. That old mountebank played his part perfectly—but in any scene that needs two actors, one alone can't carry it. She didn't play up to him. It made the worst possible effect on the jury. And then old Humpie got up. I expect you've seen him? He's a great loss. Hitching his gown up, swaying back on his feet, and then—straight off the mark!

"As I tell you, he made mincemeat of her! Led up to this and that—and she


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G ised a minute, then he went
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he ju e didn't like her. Old Avis,
B a bit of a rip himself when
—b he's very hot on morality
he's residing in his robes. His
ing against Caroline Crale was

mildness itself. He couldn't deny the facts but he threw out pretty strong hints as to provocation and all that."

Hercule Poirot asked, "He did not support the suicide theory of the defense?"

Fogg shook his head. "*That* never really had a leg to stand upon. Mind you, I don't say Depleach didn't do his best with it. He was magnificent. He painted a most moving picture of a greathearted, pleasure-loving, temperamental man, suddenly overtaken by a passion for a lovely young girl, conscience-stricken, yet unable to resist. Then his recoil, his disgust with himself, his remorse for the way he was treating his wife and child and his sudden decision to end it all! The honorable way out.

"I can tell you, it was a most moving performance; Depleach's voice brought tears to your eyes. You saw the poor wretch torn by his passions and his essential decency. The effect was terrific. Only—when it was all over—and the spell was broken, you couldn't quite square that mythical figure with Amyas Crale.

"Everybody knew too much about Crale. He wasn't at all that kind of man. And Depleach hadn't been able to get hold of any evidence to show that he was. I should say Crale came as near as possible to being a man without even a rudimentary conscience. He was a ruthless, selfish, good-tempered, happy egoist. Any ethics he had would have applied to painting. He wouldn't, I'm convinced, have painted a sloppy, bad picture—no matter what the inducement. But for the rest, he was a full-blooded man and he loved life—he had a zest for it. Suicide? Not he!"

"Not, perhaps, a very good defense to have chosen?"

Fogg shrugged his thin shoulders. "What else was there?" he said. "Couldn't sit back and plead that there was no case for the jury—that the prosecution had got to prove their case against

"Does it annoy you to have me looking over my shoulder while you work?"


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the accused. There was a great deal too much proof. She'd handled the poison—admitted pinching it, in fact. There were means, motive, opportunity—everything."

"One might have attempted to show that these things were artificially arranged?"

Fogg said bluntly, "She admitted most of them. And in any case, it's too farfetched. You're implying, I presume, that somebody else murdered him and fixed it up to look as though she had done it."

"You think that quite untenable?"

"I'm afraid I do." Fogg said slowly. "You're suggesting the mysterious X. Where do we look for him?"

Poirot said. "Obviously in a close circle. There were five people—were there not?—who *could* have been concerned."

"Five? Let me see. There was the old duffer who messed about with his herb brewing. A dangerous hobby—but an amiable creature. Vague sort of person. Don't see him as X. There was the girl—she might have polished off Caroline, but certainly not Amyas. Then there was the stockbroker—Crale's best friend. That's popular in detective stories, but I don't believe in it in real life. There's no one else—oh, yes, the kid sister, but one doesn't seriously consider her. That's four."

HERCULE POIROT said, "You forget the governess."

"Yes, that's true. Wretched people, governesses, one never does remember them. I do remember her dimly though: Middle-aged, plain, competent. I suppose a psychologist would say that she had a guilty passion for Crale and therefore killed him. The repressed spinster! It's no good—I just don't believe it. As far as my dim remembrance goes she wasn't the neurotic type."

"It is a long time ago."

"Fifteen or sixteen years, I suppose. Yes, quite that. You can't expect my memories of the case to be very acute."

Hercule Poirot said. "But on the contrary, you remember it amazingly well. That astounds me. You can see it, can you not? When you talk, the picture is there before your eyes."

"Yes, you're right," Fogg said slowly. "I do see it—quite plainly."

Poirot said. "It would interest me very much if you would tell me *why?*"

"Why?" Fogg considered the question. His thin, intellectual face was alert and interested. "Yes, now *why?*"

Poirot asked. "*What* do you see so plainly? The witnesses? The counsel? The judge? The accused standing in the dock?"

Fogg said quietly: "That's the reason, of course! You've put your finger on it. I shall always see *her*. . . . Funny thing, romance. She had the quality of it. I don't know if she was really beautiful. . . . She wasn't very young—tired-looking—circles under her eyes. But it all centered round her. The interest, the drama. And yet, half the time, *she wasn't there*. She'd gone away somewhere, quite far away—just left her body there, quiescent, attentive, with the little polite smile on her lips. She was all half tones—you know, lights and shades. And yet, with it all, she was more alive than the other—that girl with the perfect body, and the beautiful face, and the crude young strength.

"I admired Elsa Greer because she had guts, because she could fight, because she stood up to her tormentors and never quailed! But I admired Caroline Crale because she didn't fight, because she retreated into her world of half-lights and shadows. She was never defeated because she never gave battle."

He paused. "I'm only sure of one thing. She loved the man she killed. Loved him so much that half of her died with him. . . ."

Mr. Fogg, K.C., paused again and polished his glasses. "Dear me," he said. "I seem to be saying some very strange things! I was quite a young man at the time, you know. Just an ambitious youngster. These things make an impression. But all the same I'm sure that Caroline Crale was a very remarkable woman. I shall never forget her. No—I shall never forget her. . . ."

GEORGE MAYHEW was cautious and noncommittal. He remembered the case, of course, but not at all clearly. His father had been in charge of the case—he himself had been only nineteen at the time.

Yes, the case had made a great stir. Because of Crale's being such a well-known man. His pictures were very fine—very fine indeed. Two of them were in the Tate. Not that *that* meant anything.

M. Poirot would excuse him, but he didn't see quite what M. Poirot's interest was in the matter—Oh, the *daughter!* Really? Indeed? Canada? He had always heard it was New Zealand.

George Mayhew became less rigid. He unbent.

A shocking thing in a girl's life. He had the deepest sympathy for her. Really it would have been better if she had never learned the truth. Still, it was no use saying that *now*.

She wanted to know? Yes, but what *was* there to know? There were the reports of the trial, of course. He himself didn't really know anything.

No, he was afraid there wasn't much doubt as to Mrs. Crale's being guilty. There was a certain amount of excuse for her. These artists—difficult people to live with. With Crale, he understood, it had always been some woman or other.

And she herself had probably been the possessive type of woman. Unable to accept facts. Nowadays she'd simply have divorced him and got over it. He added cautiously: "Let me see—er—Lady Dittisham, I believe, was the girl in the case."

Poirot said he believed that that was so.

"The newspapers bring it up from time to time," said Mayhew. "She's been in the divorce court a good deal. She's a very rich woman, as I expect you know. She was married to that explorer fellow before Dittisham. She's always more or less in the public eye. The kind of woman who likes notoriety, I should imagine."

"Or possibly a hero worshiper," suggested Poirot.

THE idea was upsetting to George Mayhew. He accepted it dubiously: "Well, possibly—yes, I suppose that might be so."

Poirot said, "Had your firm acted for Mrs. Crale for a long period of years?"

George Mayhew shook his head: "On the contrary. Johnathan and Johnathan were the Crale solicitors. Under the circumstances, however, Mr. Johnathan felt that he could not very well act for Mrs. Crale and he arranged with us—with my father—to take over her case. You would do well, I think, M. Poirot, to arrange a meeting with old Mr. Johnathan. He has retired from active work—he is over seventy—but he knew the Crale family intimately, and he could tell you far more than I can. Indeed, I myself can tell you nothing at all. I was a boy at the time. I don't think I was even in court."

Poirot rose and George Mayhew, rising too, added: "You might like to have a word with Edmunds, our managing clerk. He was with the firm then and took a great interest in the case."

*(To be continued next week)*

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## Fritter-Minded

Continued from page 18

–had done it. It jerked out rds, too: "Frittering your . riding gold-tooth girls on ls."

he could a-bit her tongue -cut them words in a mil- ieces. His wide grin with wingness riled her. Dis- onged to the devil, 'twas ow that the words had e was no stopping. They unbidden, making a fool of him see how much she o wonder you never took te."

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icense. Mine and yourn." happened inside Doany, Trembly weakness, at ng she'd prayed so hard a-happening. The other idening of a sort of gulf *So shore of hisself he other to ask you before-*

"You give hit to your gold-tooth cousin," Doany said. "Maybe she'll marry you."

Ice gathered somewhere, shutting off her breath, while she waited. She waited for him to be sorry.

What he did was fold the marriage license and thrust it back inside his coat pocket. His lowered lashes, thick as cat-tail hair, hid any look inside them. His voice was brave-gay, uncaring: "Lest I find me a wife 'tween now and next month, reckon I stand to lose two dollars. Missouri license only good for thirty days." Him, that frittered his money on flimflams! He drew out his buggy whip, popped it loud. "Lots o' marriageable girls around Blue Eye, heard tell."

Doany looked smack-dab at the blue swirls then. She looked on purpose. The misery it brought was a kind of enjoyment, it helped to scatter the other hurt so. *Temper-headed,* the wagon wheels rattled. The front wheels rattled that. The hind wheels rattled *devil's own.*

Prayerfully, she hoped, *He's just a-teasing.* She thought, *More of his fritter-mindedness.* Doany tore her eyes away from the blue, back to the troublesome wagon wheels. *He'll ask me agin. Before this wagon wheel turns three times over.*

The wagon wheels turned another mile. Twilight colors smeared the sky. It hurt to breathe, a-looking. But over Doany's heart pitch-darkness settled. The air grew chill. She wouldn't borrow warmth of him, not if she froze.

Finally, "Cat got your tongue?"

Did he think she'd kowtow to him? Doany swallowed. It like to split her throat. Her words came plaintive-proud: "From the sound of them leaves, reckon we're in for a early fall."

ALTHOUGH it was less than ten miles to Cedar Gap, and they'd a-made it, certain, by little after midnight, Rondo claimed that was too far to go without feeding and watering the mules. It was three miles this side of Blue Eye where he stopped and said hello at a log cabin.

A girl in a red striped dress opened the door, holding a lamp in her hand. She had taffy hair, round pink cheeks, and a man-rough voice. "Who is it?"

"Perhaps I'd better come back at another time" DAVID B. HUFFINE

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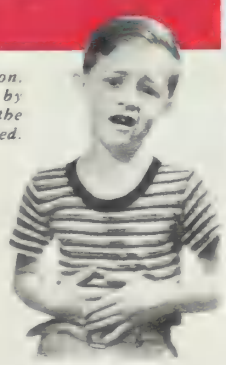

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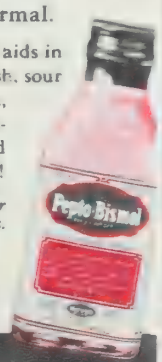


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Hound dogs sprung up from everywhere, barking fit to split your ears. She turned and set the lamp on the doorstep and threw a stick of stovewood at a hound. It hit him. He ran under the house, a-howling.

When Rondo said, "It's me," the girl smiled broadly—and two upper front gold teeth popped out of her face like fox fire. Seeing that smile, Doany reckoned flimflams and Fairy's Wheels wasn't the half of it. And she knew how worried over the mules' supper he was!

"Oh," said the girl, and her voice sweetened: "Come on in, Ron."

Ron! That showed the kind of girl she was. Doany felt a strange itching in her finger tips. Her breath came so sudden-hot it was like she breathed pure flame.

Rondo said, "We'd like to stay all night."

"We?" Suspicious, she sounded.

"Me and my cousin."

"Don't call me cousin," Doany snapped. "And you're the one that craves to do the staying."

Edna Deeps said, "I'll ask Pa." She sounded pacified.

While Edna's pa helped Rondo take out the mules and start for the barn with them, Rondo lingered behind with Edna, at the gate. From where she sat, stiffly on the medicine-wagon seat, Doany couldn't hear their words. But she could hear Edna Deep's easy-loose laughter. To Doany's ears, that laughter was more sinful than nakedness on parade. "Shore will, Ron," Edna called, the sinfulness lingering.

RONDO opened the horse-lot gate, just as three muleback riders came through it, single file. "Evenin', Teak," Rondo greeted. "Howdy, Henry. Hi, Duff."

"Wait, Teak," Edna called. She ran through the dusk after him, excited. What she said to Teak didn't take long. On her way back, Edna stopped sociably beside the medicine wagon, peering at Doany. "Come on in, if you like. Ron said you all would want supper."

"I ain't hungry." Doany's stomach protested at such heroics. *Set out here and be silly then. They won't care.* "I'd like to wash myself."

Edna led the way to the back door. The log cabin was a single great room, with loft above. Added to this was the lean-to kitchen the girls now entered, with porch across the back. The great room was darkened, and from it Doany could hear snores of various age and pitch.

"Young'uns so thick you can't walk in there," Edna apologized. "That's why I brung you in the back door."

"Air they your'n?" Doany asked, hopeful. She was remembering the man Teak.

Edna laughed at the compliment. "They're Pap's."

"Who's Teak?" Doany poured water in a basin.

"Teak's my brother. Henry's my half-brother. And Duff, he's my stepbrother. Teak's the best fighter, but it's Duff that generally runs my beaus off. All 'cept Ron. They seem to take a shine to Ron." Edna laughed, boastfully, and stuffed wood in the cookstove. "Reckon you know about me and Ron being engaged?"

Doany buried her face in the washbasin. Her heart lurched. But it was the Sheer voice, steady, that answered: "Reckon everyone knows that." It seemed almost worth the hurt, as, drying her hands, she watched bewilderment spread over Edna's stupid round face.

*So that's when he asked her, there by the gate,* Doany decided. She remembered Edna's naked laughter, her ready acceptance: "Shore will, Ron."

Doany experienced a lostness—a feeling that being just one person, by yourself, was a half thing. It was the half that didn't matter. She thought, *If I hadn't a-been so temper-headed . . .*

Anger crowded out regret. Anger at his ficklehearedness. Fritter-minded she knowed him to be. She knowed it tickled his man power to deal her misery. She'd thought he was a-joshing, about being able to use that marriage license on anybody. But for a body who still had twenty-nine days to go, it did seem he was in a powerful hurry.

"Ron allus stops here, nights." Edna's eyes searched the kitchen shelves, anxious, as if to prove a point. "On his last trip, he gimme these." From behind the clock she took down a rolled-up set of picture prints which smelled of linseed oil. "And this here." This, as she disappeared inside the great room and reappeared with a naked kewpie doll.

"Flimflams," Doany dismissed, scornful.

As Edna unrolled the pictures, however, curiosity won. Curiosity to see if they were the same kind he'd given her—the kind, supposed to come as premiums, with every jar of Ramsey's Cold Cream.

With the breathless pride of ownership, Edna held them out for inspection: *Rock of Ages.* Doany had it. *American Beauties.* And it. "What's that one?" Doany stared hard at the sky-blue motto in Old English Scroll, lettered on oil-black.

"Why, that's *God Bless Our Home.*" Edna's smile was superior. "Can't you read?"

"I can read," Doany said shortly. But she looked thoughtful.

Triumphant, Edna demonstrated: "This one's gonna hang over the bed in *our* home. Like this."

Rondo and Edna's pa came through the back door.

Edna kept a-running to the milk trough on the back porch, when Rondo was out there a-washing. "Here, Ron, take this clean towel." Ron this. Ron that. "Ain't ary speck o' soap, though, 'ceptin' this lye."

"Doany," Rondo called, through handfuls of water, "run out and bring in my medicine case, will you? I got soap in it."

"You hold your breath till I do," Doany said, without moving.

"I'll get it, Ron," Edna offered, eager. And she did. While the ham burned. To Doany, who hated to see good food spoil, 'twas a temptation not to turn it. But she sat stone-still, while the smell of it filled the kitchen. Let him find out what kind of cook she was!

Rondo dried his hands, opened the sectional-compartment suitcase that smelled of talcum, cooking spice, and liniment. "Sweets to the sweetest," Rondo said, handing Edna a cake of lavender-wrapped soap. He shut the case. Then, as if suddenly remembering his manners, he reopened it. With magnanimous gesture, he tossed a yellow-wrapped bar on the table near Doany's elbow. "Here, Doany, you can have one too."

Doany spurned the offering: "I ain't so dirty as some folks."

EDNA had rescued the ham—belatedly. Now she pounced upon the yellow soap. "I'll use hit, Ron, and save this here vi'let for our wedding day." Her blue eyes shone, greedily possessive. Holding the lavender-wrapped package tantalizingly near Doany, she inhaled elaborately. "Boy, vi'let is my fav-o-rite per-fume."

Doany said, "You shore need a perfume." Inside, she could feel a queer strangling. Doany got to her feet. Then, remembering how it was, once she got started, she walked to the back door, out upon the porch. She looked straight at Rondo. Rondo looked back. His


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*Independent Agency D The Crowell-Collier Publishi 250 Park Avenue, New Y*

was firm. No lines twitched. ing day—*he hadn't even denied*

ny felt full to bursting with a ss that turned her insides to noth- s. Her heart was all stone bruise hilblains. *That's what you git!* told it, relentless. She hated f for letting it matter so.

u set there, Doany, next to Pa. you sit here by me."

y pride helped Doany through eal.

do ate two, three helpings of ev- g and bragged on Edna's cook-

ny thought, *If he's fur-gone to eat burnt meat . . .*

a's pa pushed his chair back and at Edna and Rondo. "Reckon s will want to court. I'm a-going ." Doany heard his heavy foot- limb the stair.

left the spoons in the vittles and a quilt on the floor, just inside eat room. "You sleep here, Me and Ron's a-going to set for a while."

"I n't sleepy yet." Who did Edna think she was?—ordering her off like a two-year-old. Defiantly, sat on the front doorsteps. It elp matters. Edna guided Rondo the medicine wagon. They l upon the seat. Doany could dna's sinful-loose laughter.

OANY wouldn't go to bed. A-setting e amidst hound dogs, she watched tober moon come up over the Bigger than a washtub, it was. nist floated across it like a piece e's veil. An old turtledove kept cket, mournful, from the thicket. s eyes stung. Her heart pulled ld blind horse who had no call ing. *It's a punishment,* Doany self. *A punishment sent by the Lord, because I'm so temper-ead.*

Wh she got to where she couldn't tand no more Doany crept inside and ay u n the pallet with her clothes on. he pallet was hard. The din of many nore made a humming in her head. Throu a broken window a white star ept -winking. *Fritter-minded,* the tar sd, over and over. An oak-tree rancscraped the housetop. *Temper-eade* it said.

*Wh is worst, Lord?* Doany prayed for forgiveness. *I could forgive his fritter-mindedness, only how can I get him to notice?*

Doany sat up, wide-eyed, as man footsteps hit the porch.

"That you, Teak?" Edna's voice came, preoccupied, from the medicine wagon.

"Me and Henry, a-carrying Duff."

"Duff get too much applejack?" Edna's laugh was casual. "I seen you all, a-sneaking off Pa's jug to that carnival."

"Duff thought he was Hitler, and busted up a side show. We just got tired a-fooling with him, so knocked him out and brung him home." Then, as Rondo coughed, "Who's that man there?"

Rondo said, "It's me."

"I reckon we got a right to spark a little," Edna defended, peevish. "Us, that's a-getting married."

Teak's grunt was skeptical: "So you *git married.*"

*Married, married, married.* Through the darkness, Doany's hand groped and found her suitcase handle. Doany ran with it, barefoot, through the back door, just as the front door opened.

"Look out you all don't step on Ron's cousin, asleep there inside," Edna called. Man footsteps climbed the stairs.

Doany's bare feet moved cautiously over the back porch, exploring. If she could get out of here without waking them fool hounds, by morning, steady walking, she'd be somewhere in the neighborhood of Cedar Gap and Aunt Icy's. Doany took three more steps—and then her flesh recoiled as she stepped on the white thing.

In the moonlight Doany knelt and picked it up. That marriage license! Rondo, careless, had thrown his coat over the wash bench, where it still lay. By taking another step Doany could restore it to his pocket.

Doany clutched the paper tight against her thumping heart. *It's mine,* she told herself. *Boughten for me.* Doany thrust the folded paper deep inside of her bosom. If Rondo wanted Edna Deeps, let him spend another two dollars.

Warmed by her own heart's blood, that piece of paper made a shield over her ache as Doany hurried down the path. She closed the gate carefully, holding the chain so it wouldn't rattle. She tried not to hear the low voices in

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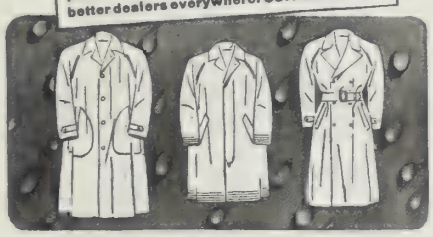

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the medicine wagon, because she didn't want anything else to remember. But she couldn't help but see the flashlight moving.

Doany stopped, aghast, forgetting her resolution not to listen. The flashlight played over the opened-up medicine case. As Rondo spoke, low, he piled contents from it to Edna Deep's heaped-up lap. What he said made Doany's face burn with a white-spreading anger.

Doany crept back and lay upon her pallet. She didn't sleep. Her mind was made up. She was still going. But not till daylight. She wanted it to be daylight when she told them, so she could see their faces.

"YOU all think you so smart," Doany told them. It was next morning, after breakfast, and Rondo's mules stood hitched to the medicine wagon at the gate. Edna's pa was out at the barn, a-milking. Everyone else was asleep. Just the three of them, like Doany had waited for. "You think you smart, letting Edna take her pick of them Ramsey Products as pay for being engaged to you, just so's to make me jealous. Well, she can have you. I wouldn't have you now if you was solid gold all over." Doany grabbed her suitcase and started down the path.

But Rondo got in her way. "Wait, Doany." Rondo held her. Doany fought him. "Maybe I did tell Edna to take herself some pretties if she'd play-act being engaged to me." For once Rondo Kane's eyes didn't have blue devils a-dancing. They reproached Doany. "But if I did, it was just to bring you around to talk marriage sense. So high and mighty you was last night, a-setting there on that wagon seat. Some folks so durn' proud a body *has* to make 'em jealous, to find out do they love you or not."

Doany ceased fighting. She looked hard into Rondo's eyes—way down underneath. No lines twitched. 'Twas truth she read. Truth, and nothing else.

Edna Deeps laughed, shaky. A fighting laugh. "Maybe you all call it play-acting, last night. Only that ain't the way I understood it." Her round blue eyes fixed themselves upon Rondo, greedy-possessive—like when she'd pounced on that cake of soap last night. "You said, 'Let on I and you are engaged.' Well, that's what I done. I told Teak to notify all the neighbors he saw at the carnival last night." Edna paused, dramatically. "So Teak notified."

"Notified?" Rondo's eyes were round. Round and unbelieving.

"Notified," Edna repeated. "About you and me. What's so odd about that? Everybody that seen us together at the carnival that night knowed you bought the marriage license, that very day." Edna's voice gained assurance: "If you all think Teak's a-going to have his own sister made a laughingstock of, after notifying folks there's to be a wedding, then you got another think a-coming. All I have to do is step to them stairs and call, and all three will come a-running. They just love to fight."

It was so still, for a moment, Doany could hear milk a-striking against tin, clear out to the barn. A rooster crowed. An old hound dog came out from under the house, sat down, and began to scratch a flea.

Rondo looked into Doany's eyes and let her hand fall. There was something about that look, befuddled, that tore at her—for the world like when that fool duck had swallered the honeybee. Doany thought, *For once his fritter-mindedness has got him into trouble shore 'nuff.*

Doany turned and walked through the gate and Rondo didn't try to stop her. During those few steps Doany's imagination pictured a quick flash of many things, whirling, blended. It pictured Rondo's future with Edna Deeps. Edna, greedy-grab. Rondo, a-eating burnt meat. Rondo, awaking to look at that *God Bless Our Home* sign.

First thing she knew, Doany was a-setting that suitcase down, fishing in her bosom for that marriage license. She unfolded it, thrust it before Edna's stupid staring eyes. Whatever Doany felt inside, she kept it from showing. After yesterday's bitter lesson, she knew now 'twas true that Disturbance belonged to the devil. Besides, 'twas a lifelong teaching with the Sheer women.

"Read for yourself," Doany said quietly. "Right here, in black and white." And thinking it over afterward, trying to figure out if she'd sinned, she reckoned the Good Lord must a-been with her, for not once did he let her tell a out-and-out lie. She didn't say, "Our marriage certificate." She said, "Holy Bond of Matrimony." Probably *was* a place where it read so, on this here marriage license. She didn't say, "We were married yesterday." She said, "In the eyes of the Good Lord, that means he's already mine." (In her heart, Doany knew 'twas true.) She didn't name the preacher. She said, "Look it up on the book, there at the courthouse. And I don't see how your brother Teak's a-going to change that."

Edna's nostrils pulsed, white-rimmed, as she glared at Rondo. "You mean, all that time—?"

"We was married," stated Rondo, who had no such scruples over half-truths as Doany did. Blue devils danced in Rondo's eyes. That crooked eyebrow went soaring up like a buzzard's wing.

Edna turned and shouted, "Teak! Henry! You all come down here."

Without seeming to hurry, both Rondo and Doany lost no time a-climbing into the medicine wagon. Lucky the mules were rested. When Rondo popped his whip, they stepped right lively.

By the time they reached the highway it began to look as though Edna's brothers weren't a-coming, leastwise not right now. Rondo began to grin. "Didn't know till while ago Edna Deeps couldn't read ary word." His man-blue eyes, a-dwelling on Doany, were admiring. "How'd *you* find it out?"

DOANY couldn't keep the pride flush out of her face. Her heart cut capers a-plenty, but she wasn't fool enough to let him see that. Doany's tone was modest, pensive-scornful: "I may not be ary graduate, but my ma learned me some things. Anybody could a-seen that. First she showed me that *God Bless Our Home* picture, bottom-side-uppards. But I knowed hit for shore when she kept a-running on how crazy she was over vi'let-smell soap, when all the time the wrapper said Lilac, big as day."

Oh, she knowed she was a fool, a-letting him off so easy. A yaller duck was a yaller duck, and you couldn't ask the Good Lord to change that. Lucky for him, though, the Sheer women weren't afraid of big undertakings. For hadn't she asked the Good Lord to take his pick of the thing he wanted of her, and hadn't He turned around and told her his pick was for her to save this yaller-duck-of-a-man from his own fritter-mindedness?

"Cat got your tongue?" Rondo asked, as the wagon wheels rattled.

Doany looked back. There wasn't ary thing but pine trees and autumn-red gum leaves. The way the sun shined through them, clear, it made a body's throat hurt clean like you was in church. She reckoned the Good Lord aimed it so. Doany's brown hands on her lap were tranquil thrushes, resting. "Reckon if Teak's a-going to have ary record to look up, we'd best stop in Blue Eye and have it writ legal, so 'twill be there."

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# Gentle Monster

Continued from page 61

›posed to study for the consular in China.

"I ew I couldn't pass the examina- Karloff says. "I never did any school, so I ran away."

›as twenty-two years old. His had died three years before. His and brothers were at the four of the earth and it wasn't much ne. Still intending to go on the ut without experience save for lla, he struck out for Canada. brief six weeks on a farm he de- › return to England, claim a nheritance of about $500 and to Vancouver. This consumed ›t $5 of the legacy. He got a job k and shovel for the utility com- This and other odd jobs con- › year and a half.

### Headed for Movie Gold

Wi m Henry finally decided to try e. He had heard of a theatrical Seattle, so he wrote enclosing all the plays he could remem- ing seen in London and saying layed in all of them. The agent attention, but some weeks later w an advertisement for "an ex- d character actor" for the Ray › Players, then appearing in ps, B. C. Pratt wired that he emely experienced and was told t at $30 a week. Kamloops was e that it was almost impossible nother actor quickly. So the ept Pratt, although his salary ediately cut to $15.

He ned some slight reputation as ■ d called himself Boris Karloff, he had discovered on a remote f his mother's family tree. He 1 in every conceivable type of arly always as the villain. He he small towns of the American West and Northwest and by nd up, broke as usual, loading ars in Vallejo, California. But s within striking distance of old.

Kar f had met a casting director or is travels and got extra work at for one week. Then came a bit 75; after that he alternated be- ock companies and the screen. he was typed as a "French- n" at the studios and worked gularly.

Nex year the influenza epidemic rastic production curtailment faced the alternative of going the list of extras, a deathblow aky reputation, or getting some . The only one he could find ving a two-ton truck. So he year and a half loading and de- casks of putty. On Saturday ns he would hang around the casting offices, but no parts were offered.

One morning the girl at the counter where he daily asked for mail said that there was ■ part in a stage version of The Criminal Code. Karloff hurried off to see the producer, got the part, opened in San Francisco and received his first critical praise. Columbia subsequently made it into a film. Having no players under contract, they let Karloff play his stage role.

This was the turn. Universal hired him for the villain in a film called Graft and then tested him for Frankenstein. In the years that followed he played in The Bride of Frankenstein and Frankenstein's Son.

Between his Frankenstein parts, Karloff played in such other gay movies as The Old Dark House, The Mummy, The Ghoul, and Bluebeard. Out of his considerable earnings, meanwhile, he had bought a house in Beverly Hills and married tall, pretty, blond Dorothy Stine. Tourists in Hollywood, gawking for a glimpse of movie stars, were sometimes disillusioned to see Frankenstein watering the lemon trees or pruning ■ bush. It was even worse to watch the monster wheeling his infant daughter in a baby carriage.

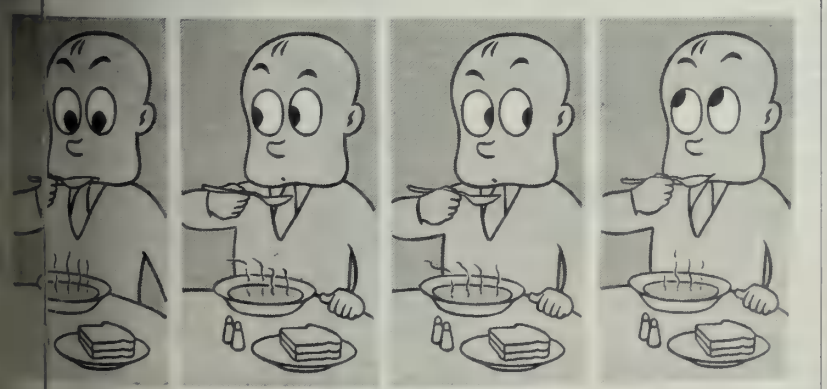
In New York one of Karloff's major troubles is that he looks like Boris Karloff. His skin has the gray tone of a cadaver. He has long, apelike arms, all the better to strangle you with. He has the six feet and the weight—170 pounds —with which to overcome any foe. He has cold brown eyes with which to spot his victims, and his hair, a final sinister touch, is threaded with gray. Thus people sometimes cringe from him in New York, to his vast amusement. What identifies him as an English gentleman trained for the consular service is his voice; that and his gentle, friendly manner.

### Tough on the Timid

Life in New York differs sharply from Hollywood. There is no garden to fuss with. Everybody in the theater sleeps late and stays up until nearly dawn. Mr. and Mrs. Karloff do the same. Mrs. Karloff is constantly asked how it feels to be a monster's wife and answers, somewhat wearily, that the monetary returns are excellent. Karloff walks from the theater nightly to his subleased apartment on East 66th Street and is often gratified by the muffled scream of some passer-by. When he returned one noon from a stroll in the park two young girls loitered near the apartment house.

"That's Frankenstein!" one squealed to the other.

William Henry Pratt smiled at them graciously and went upstairs to have lunch with his wife and their small daughter, now two years old.



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# A Ray of Hope

Continued from page 42

scrutiny. The conservative doctor puts this disease down as 100 per cent fatal.

Leukemia is marked by a dizzying increase in white blood cells. In this respect it is similar to cancer—which is nothing but a wild proliferation of cells. White blood count will shoot up from a normal of around 8,000 per cubic millimeter of blood to as much as half a million! These white cells filter into kidneys and liver. They invade the spleen and it sometimes swells to a point where it fills two thirds of the abdominal cavity. In an astonishingly large number of cases the patient first notes this sickness by prolonged bleeding after a tooth extraction. Death is usually caused by an uncontrollable hemorrhage into the brain, lung or other vital organ. In its acute form this cancer of the blood kills swiftly—sometimes in a matter of hours. In its chronic form it may require several years.

No one knows what causes leukemia; what causes bone marrow suddenly to go on a spree of producing white cells. No one knows how it is transmitted, although there have been several attempts to pass it from man to man! In one grisly experiment three human volunteers, about to die of cancer, submitted to injections of blood from a leukemic patient. They failed to get the disease. An occasional case is reported where blood from a person suffering from leukemia is accidentally used in transfusion. But there is no record of a person ever contracting leukemia by this route.

How many people it destroys each year no one knows. New York City has an estimated 800 annual deaths. On this basis the indicated toll in the nation is around 14,000.

For the better part, treatment in the past has consisted of two measures: X-ray and radium. The patient is simply peppered with radiation in the hope that it will slow production of white cells. Often it does.

After the first series of treatments—maybe daily, maybe weekly—the white cells count may drop to normal. The patient will, to all intents and purposes, be well. But at the end of a few months cell count will start climbing again. The patient must return for more radiation. This time, possibly, the cell count will refuse to drop to normal.

### A Gift of Useful Life

So it goes. Radiation treatment becomes more frequent. Finally a grim moment comes when the person becomes "radiation fast"—when X-ray or radium fails to have any effect. Radiation will not influence length of life. In one large series of chronic cases the average duration of life was almost exactly the same for both irradiated and unirradiated cases: a little over three years! Yet X-ray and radium are valuable. They prolong *useful* life. On the average the patient under irradiation treatment gets about ten extra months during which he can enjoy a more or less normal life.

And this gets us back to the cyclotron.

Almost from the start young Dr. Lawrence feared the physical damage that might result from the showers of high-voltage matter poured off by his machine. He wanted someone to study that end of the problem and had a particular person in mind.

As a boy in Canton, S. D., Ernest Lawrence was interested in medicine and had decided to be a physician. While studying at his state university, and later at Minnesota and Yale, he got sidetracked into physics. But his three-year-younger brother, John, went along with the career which Ernest had cut out for himself. He had taken an M.D. and was on the Yale faculty. He was invited to join the faculty at California, and promptly did.

Brother John peppered mice, guinea pigs and other animals with atom-smashing bullets from the cyclotron and found what he needed to know about protecting human beings from damaging effects. It was a natural swing from here to more positive ground. What could be done with these artificially radioactive materials made by the machine? Along curative lines, that is.

Research with leukemia seemed to be particularly promising. The hunch was shored up with sound reasoning.

A large percentage of all phosphorus taken into the body in diet goes into bone making. Very well. If you could make this phosphorus radioactive with the help of the cyclotron, then feed it to people, wasn't there a chance that it might go immediately to work fighting leukemia at its source? Most white blood cells, remember, are made in the bone marrow. Wouldn't you, in effect, be depositing billions of miniature X-ray machines in the very place where they could do the most good? Where they would shower off cell-killing particles with 700,000 volt energies? Perhaps. Dr. John intended to see.

### An Aid but Not a Cure

He was hopeful that this might be a means of hammering too-active bone marrow into submission. But he didn't think or hope that P-32—that is the name for radioactive phosphorus—would *cure* leukemia. It is terribly important that the reader get this fact straight at the outset. It is wicked for a writer—or anyone else—to throw out false hope to people suffering from a disease as cruel as leukemia.

But even if P-32 wouldn't *cure* the disease it might have enormous advantages. People wouldn't have to undergo the cannonading of X-rays that made them so violently ill—when those rays were aimed at their midriffs. They would simply swallow a few spoonfuls of colorless liquid containing the phosphorus. It would be quickly digested and carried to the bone marrow.

Work started on strains of mice susceptible to the disease. By dropper they were fed solutions of P-32. Checks a few days later indicated the accuracy of Lawrence's thinking. The P-32 had a selective effect. Most of it was deposited in the bone. This and other work prepared the way for treatment of human beings.

Much work with human beings has been done at Memorial Hospital in New York, oldest, largest cancer hospital in the country. Under the direction of Dr. C. P. Rhoads, head of Memorial, a crack team went to work on the problem: Drs. Lloyd Craver and John Kenney, clinicians; L. D. Marinelli, physicist; Woodward and Abels, chemists—and others.

Patient No. 1 was first treated January last year. A 41-year-old man, he came from a family with leukemic history. Profuse and continuous bleeding that followed a tooth extraction sent him to the hospital. Blood examination revealed chronic leukemia. His white blood count stood at 310,000!

In the course of ten weeks he got ten doses of P-32. After each treatment white cell count dropped! At the end of the series it was normal. Here was a

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fact. P-32 was working as Dr. awrence had indicated that it

atient responded nicely in other emorrhages which had attended cuts, tooth extractions, etc., He felt well enough—severe usually accompanies leukemia about his business. Over a year efore the white count again be- limb. In March of this year it 30,000. More doses of P-32 ove it down.

first eight treated cases of one eukemia, four are still alive and nably good health. With acute a P-32 failed completely—as y other means of treatment.

**Doctors Are Cautious**

is work is, of necessity, expen- eekly air shipments of phos- from the California cyclotron y. And each shipment must be assayed for radioactivity. The g cost of the work was straining norial research budget. Then a little incident took place.

Zinsser, Harvard's veteran fighter, was a patient at Me- He was in the final stages of a and knew it. Five days be- death he dictated a letter to a ropic organization seeking funds ort additional work with P-32. ds were forthcoming.

ther there have been dozens of so far treated with P-32 at al Hospital. Elsewhere, at least one person is living solely because of it. He had become "radiation fast." After X-rays failed to work, P-32 was used to pound the white cell count down to normal level.

So far, doctors speak of this new weapon against disease with understandable caution. To date, they say, it has proved at least as effective as X-ray. In dozens of cases it has dissipated the great, smothering blanket of white cells. But, they add, so has X-ray treatment. In its favor P-32 has one very great advantage. Patients escape the awful nausea that often accompanies X-ray. And they escape the tedium of confinement in a Heublein Unit—where they may be imprisoned as long as three days while low-voltage X-rays pepper their entire bodies. They simply take periodic spoonful doses of a colorless fluid.

If P-32 can't be regarded as a leukemia cure, it at least represents a potent and valuable weapon against this frightful disease. It is possible—this is pure speculation—that once all the facts are in, it may be used as a packaged treatment in isolated spots where X-ray treatments are not available. If so, it can give months and perhaps years of useful life in places where such rich gifts are impossible today.

This material is the first thing of practical value to come from the cyclotron. Others will surely follow—things which may revolutionize the treatment of many diseases. The work represents one of the fine, heartening things that have happened in medical research in recent years.

## Moment of Destiny

Continued from page 52

Mr. Diff did not look like a being a spare old gentleman much hair on his head and a of wrinkles in his flat, pink But a beaver is a builder, and Mr. Diff—building, he always the future. And the reply to that at least his foundations nd. The Hornets had been in r for years.

"Si place," thought Colston as he lowly to the bench. "We might a notch or two higher if I stick nd nothing happens. All right, does—so what?"

He t down on the shady end of the waiting for someone to come start a pepper game. He was of what Mr. Diff had said in It was a very strange remark, d Colston had it often in his Well, it was the sort of thing n't like to hear about yourself. e Mungo and take Monte Pear- u couldn't tell, of course, and it ice but there was a parable in e about it. "Take up thy bed k." He guessed a lot of baseball could do that, and they didn't miracle either. On the other re were fellows like Buck New- Bill Jurges whom even broken nd cracked skulls couldn't keep ction long.

"A that fighter last night," mused "He wasn't worth a nickel till slugged—and then he was the n. I wonder about myself."

He ghed and gave a shrug. It was a qu ion often asked and never an- He didn't know because he ad been hurt—not really.

An ur later he was jogging in from base with the cheers of a small y crowd tingling in his back- bone.

"A boy, Colston," they yelled. "Oh, you, ndsome."

It d been a sweet play too, he thought, jerking the visor of his cap in response. Maybe Mack was faster, and Gordon was a better hitter, but there weren't any flies on Colston either, Colston thought, dropping into the dugout. He'd gone back of the bag for a hard-hit ball and turned a sure single into a double play.

"You saved me two runs, kid," said Lefty Sickle. "It helps havin' that go on behind a pitcher's back."

Colston nodded his thanks and got his favorite stick off the bat rack. The fans gave him another hand as he came out to lead off against Newhauser, the Tigers' young southpaw. The pitcher was very fast, especially in early innings. Colston took his stance in the batter's box nearer first base. He crowded the plate and poked his head out. He hoped the Tiger pitcher would dust him off. It always helped to make a hurler do some extra throwing, and all lefthanders were a little high-strung.

NEWHAUSER dusted him off. Colston got up and grinned and crowded the plate again. He was expecting a fast ball down the outside. He strode and pulled it hard into right field. "Three-base hit: Colston." He was thinking this as he kicked the inside corner of second and churned the dust for third. The fielder's outstretched hands told him the ball was coming in, and this wasn't the place for a hook slide or fallaway. Colston extended his arms like a diver and went in head first with a mouthful of dirt.

He was safe.

"That's doin' it, Handsome. Big hit, boy!"

He stood up and knocked the dust out of his clothing. An extra base here and there was the reason the Hornets were in sixth place today, he thought. You never knew when an early-inning run was going to mean victory, and anyhow it gave a pitcher confidence. A


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*The DASH that makes the DISH*


moment later Colston slid across the plate on an infield out. It was a one-run lead for Sickle to work on.

He dusted his clothes again, starting for the bench. Mr. Diffenbaugh was in the owners' box just next to the dugout. He used a long finger to beckon Colston to him.

"You're havin' a good day, son," the old man said. "Naturally you can't believe all that's in the papers, but I reckon you'd bring fifty thousand dollars from a rich club like the Tigers."

"It's a lot more than I cost you," smiled Colston.

"It is," agreed Mr. Diff. "And, son, the bankers are gettin' tired of waitin' for me to build a team that makes money. When a fella don't win pennants he's got to sell his players to clubs that do. Well, when you did that belly-whopper into third I was a leetle worried."

Colston looked at him closely.

"I get it," he said to Mr. Diff.

Newhauser put the side out. For the next five innings it was a case of two good southpaws not giving anything away. The 1-0 lead was all the Hornets could get Lefty Sickle, though they protected it for him with dawless fielding. After each play the infield and the catcher-manager gathered at the box to cheer and exhort the hurler. They were that sort of club, thought Colston—pullers-together.

"Gosh," he reflected. "I'm going to miss this crowd when I'm gone."

He came in fast on a slow roller and whipped to first the put-out. He had thrown from a stooped position, off balance, and when he tried to straighten up he felt a slight twinge in the small of his back. He put his hand there for a moment while the ball was being flipped around the infield. Any other day he'd have called for time and given the thing some attention. But the sight of Del Baker on the coaching line deterred him. Mr. Diff was right. The Tigers wouldn't buy an injured player.

"I'll look good with Detroit," Colston murmured as he went back into position. "They win a pennant every few years out there, and pay good salaries. Not that I want to leave the Hornets, but—"

The words died in his throat just then. Rudy York had connected with Lefty Sickle's sinker and it was headed for the flagpole in dead center. York was standing on third base when the relay throw came in.

"Kind o' fooled me," Sickle panted when they convened about him at the box.

THE big fellow was soggy with sweat and his breath came hard. Now for the first time Colston noted that Sickle was tiring. A veteran can't keep at top speed the way a youngster can.

"Stay with 'em, Lefty," someone said.

"Durn tootin'," Lefty answered.

But Colston knew how the big man felt. When you got that tired every motion was a real effort. Colston knew all this because ten years ago he'd been a southpaw pitcher himself. He remembered that kid of fifteen with big hopes in his blue eyes and strength in his arm and running on his finger tips. All that Neddie Colston wanted to be in those days was a great pitcher. During the week he worked and practiced with the high-school team and often on Sundays he changed his name and picked up five dollars' worth of experience on the semipro diamonds.

And there was one hot Sunday when he'd gone twelve innings and won his game. He was changing his clothes when the manager said:

"Look here, kid, our other pitcher ain't showed up."

"No?"

"It'll be worth twenty-five bucks," said the manager, "if you'll take on the second game for us."

Well, Neddie Colston didn't know any better and it was a lot of money. That is, he didn't know any better till about the fourth inning when he commenced to feel as Lefty Sickle was feeling now. And that was a 1-0 game like this so that the aching in Neddie's throwing arm wasn't to be considered. He stayed on the mound, pouring his fast ones down there, twisting the roundhouse curves which were good enough to fool semipros. In the cooling twilight he put out the last man and collected the fee.

He never pitched another game. It had taken him five years and more to become a right-hand thrower, though he still batted from the left. But he knew he'd never make a pitcher. Infielding was the next best thing, and the lesson which Colston took from that Sunday never left him.

"The time to quit is before something goes wrong—not afterward."

Lefty Sickle got behind the batter and walked him on a three-and-two pitch. Again the Hornets crowded around. Sweat beads stood out on the hurler's cheeks. His fingers visibly trembled as he took the ball from Red Harding. A moment later Colston leaped from his tracks and raced for second.

"Get two!" he shouted. "Get two, Sid."

But Sid Hoskins, the shortstop, had been lucky to knock down the liner. He saw the tying run heading home, and a double play was the only chance to cut it off. Colston straddled the bag, still calling for the throw. The Tiger base runner was coming in fast.

"Spikes!" he bawled. "Spikes!"

Colston took the ball and leaped high. He got the throw off a split second before the steel caught him on the shins. Down he went in a tangle, but he had seen his peg reach first in time. It was Lefty Sickle who helped him up.

"Great play, Handsome. Okay?"

"For a wonder," grunted Colston. He hadn't been cut, just his stockings. But the tumble had drawn a wrenching pain from his back. He limped over the grass and saw Mr. Diff standing up in his box. As they crossed the foul line, the Detroit manager said:

"You don't scare easy, do you?"

"Nope."

And this was true. There was a difference between being afrai[d] and being leery of it. He'd a[] taken that chance except fo[r] how old Lefty Sickle felt. [] still had his one-run lead and a little rest.

"Just the same," Colston [] ing, "I was a fool to do that."

He dropped into the pit. [] right?" asked Harding gruffly.

"Sure," said Colston.

He was, and he wasn't. Two [] he'd asked to be benched wher[] felt no worse than this. Last [] his knee went loose, he'd done [] The hell with grin-and-bear-it [] pay off in the end. But tode[] to stick. He wasn't going to le[] fall through. It was a good [] town, Detroit.

"Holy smoke," one of th[] yelled. "Look at that."

HE POINTED to the sc[] where the results of oth[] games were posted. The fo[] Red Sox had dropped one ga[] A's and were losing another.

"Gosh," said Lefty Sickle. [] hold this lead—"

He did not finish the sente[] didn't have to. Everyone knew [] meant. If Boston lost again an[] were vanquished, the Hornets [] to bed in fourth place.

The first division! A sound [] lation shook the grandstand [] The fans too had sensed the [] On the bench men looked at on[] and did not speak. Some of the[] their lips and some swallowed [] It was foolish, of course, b[] place was pretty good for the H[] this part of the season. The [] sort of notions were going a[] silent bench.

"There she goes!"

A Hornet batsman had tee[] Newhauser's fast ball. It was [] base hit; nobody down. The [] the stands became a measured [] ing: Thump-thump-thump as [] tators tried to get Newhauser's [] could not field the bunt that dri[] his gloved hand. Men on first a[] nobody down.

"So long, Newhauser. . . . Tu[] shower."

Only a seventh inning could [] this. Everyone knew what he [] —a good rollicking rally to gr[]

"Oh, Hank! Hank Greenberg!"

ckl safe lead. Ned Colston got his
l went up. He was third hitter
e line. Red Harding struck out
kle did likewise while the Hor-
first stole second.

"H dsome! Come on, Colston."

He wung two bats coming to the
ate He tossed one away and knocked
of his spikes. Manager Baker
led time and gone out to con-
h his pitcher. Presently Baker
motion to the bull pen and Al
came in. This crack relief
had a speed ball, and he knew
do with it. Colston set himself
late, but he didn't crowd it this
He didn't feel so spry now that
ached. He wasn't going to in-
lusting off. He'd taken chances
for one day.

"G one, Ned."

It s Lefty Sickle's voice. Colston
nearer the plate, but he didn't
eal toe hold. Sure, he wanted to
for old Lefty. A loud base hit
core two runs and put the game
But Benton's hard high one was
g fast and you didn't get much
ithout a toe hold. The ball went
e air. It was an easy out.

"T gh luck," said Sickle.

Co on slammed the bat away and
answer. Tough luck . . . well, that
uite cover the case. He'd met
squarely, only he'd been fall-
y from the pitch. You didn't
ed that way, but you didn't get
ocks either. Two runs left to die
. They were enough to win or
all game.

He ent out and got his glove.

"W t's the difference?" he tried to
self. "The Hornets aren't going
re, and I'll be a Tiger tomor-
w.'

Bu t wasn't the way he felt about
felt rotten and he wished he'd
Harding to bench him. His back
The trick knee seemed loose
e bent for an easy hopper that
These things weren't what made
l rotten though.

Sic got the side out. So did Al Ben-
on. was still 1-0 to open the ninth.

"S 'em down, Lefty . . . three more
ll . . . break 'em in there, Sickle."

COLTON spanked his glove and gib-
bed with the other infielders. They
ere well guys, these Hornets, even
the weren't a pennant winner. They
adn a chance, but they didn't know
t. Ey belonged in the cellar—like
ell ey did!

He awed his fingers and crept in be-
ind ickle's motion. A ground ball
coot toward him over the grass. It
was oming hard and suddenly it
ump and struck him in the teeth. He
new had been deflected by one of the
ing- st dents from last night, and this
ange him as he fought to recover the
ball. He tasted blood in his mouth—a
mild urt but symbolic. You never
knew ill it happened to you how pain
mad you react. That champion last
night ad been a sight to behold as he
climb d off the resin and tore into his
oppo nt—deadly, ferocious, efficient.
Colsn's throw went past first into the
dugo . The runner made second stand-
ing u

Al ight, you didn't know until it hap-
pene You pretended you weren't
afrai of pain, just leery. You babied
your lf, and called it being smart. A
real art guy could tie up with a rich
club nd stay there for years, and it
was good way to make a living. But
one y you found out about yourself,
and wasn't very nice. Even if no one
else new, it wasn't very nice.

A iger sacrificed the runner down
to th d. They were playing for the ty-
ing n. Lefty Sickle's big shoulders
sagg with fatigue, but his head was
up d his jaw was hard. He tried to
play the corners on Rip Radcliffe, but lost him and gave a walk. Two runs on; enough to win, with only one down.

"Hold 'em, Lefty. Lookit! Boston's lost the second game. Hold 'em, Sickle."

But it seemed too late just now. Gehringer stroked a line drive toward second base. Even as he left his feet, Ned Colston knew he couldn't hold the spinning ball. He knocked it down and pounced to get it. The base runner coming from first must have sensed a chance, for he charged in like a halfback, shoulders hunched and knees pumping high. He had a perfect right to the base line, and there was one good way to break up a double killing and let the tying run go home.

COLSTON felt the crash of impact. It lifted and stunned and flung him. He only knew two things—that he had tagged one of the flying legs and that the crisp snap up under his right ear meant a fractured collarbone.

Later he realized that everything had happened very fast. At the moment all was quite distinct, quite measuredly and painfully deliberate. He was covering ground in a rotary motion, the ball still gripped in feelingless fingers, and the glaze drawing down over his eyes. And he understood quite clearly that there is all the difference between a little pain and a big pain.

He barreled over and was on his feet. Even as he cocked his arm he knew perfectly well that it was an impossible thing. You need good vision and sound bones to whip a ball sixty feet to a target no bigger than a first baseman's mitt. Colston stood not far from where he had been last night and saw how an impossible thing could happen. He wondered if his arm had traveled over there too, because he couldn't feel anything hanging to his shoulder. Not that he cared a lot. Gehringer was out by half a stride, and that was plenty.

"Oh, you Handsome!"

But he didn't care about that either. The Hornets were going to bed in the first division, and Lefty Sickle would win a lot more games this year. Ned Colston began to dogtrot in the direction of his throw. He couldn't see very well, but he knew the way to the dugout steps and down into the locker room. There he sat on the dressing stool in front of his locker, grinning in a silly way because the Hornets were behaving like lunatics. It was the pennant fever that made them yip and whoop and holler. Pennant fever—what a laugh!

"That was a sweet play, son."

Mr. Diff had come into the room. Colston stood up, holding his right elbow with his left hand.

"Thanks," said Colston.

"I was watchin' that play," Mr. Diff continued above the hubbub. "What's the matter with your arm?"

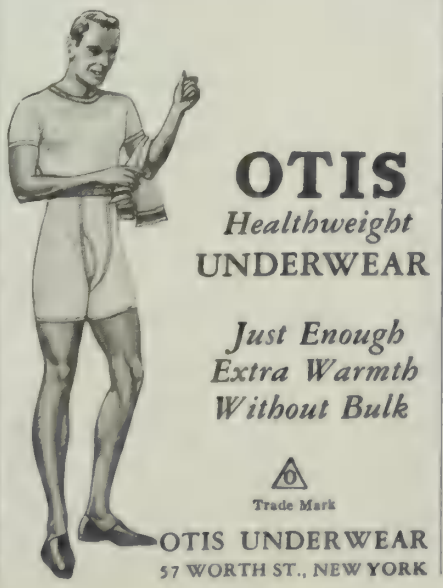
"It'll be all right," said Colston. "The bone's cracked. Maybe Detroit will take me anyhow."

"Sure they will," the old man shouted hoarsely. "They'll put you on ice for next year. D'you want to be sold?"

"Oh, no—please. You know I don't."

"Hell," said Mr. Diffenbaugh. "They ain't got money enough to buy your glove, son. When did I ever sell a man who could make a play like that? Look, I've been years buildin' a pennant winner, ain't I? Well, then!"

Colston was suddenly aware that the room was quiet. The players were standing in their sweaty clothes around him. No one said anything, but Lefty Sickle was cussing under his breath and young Sid Hoskins had water in his eyes. The pennant fever does that sort of thing to ballplayers. Colston turned around and faced his locker while he fumbled to unbutton his shirt. This was a necessary maneuver to hide what was happening to his own eyes.



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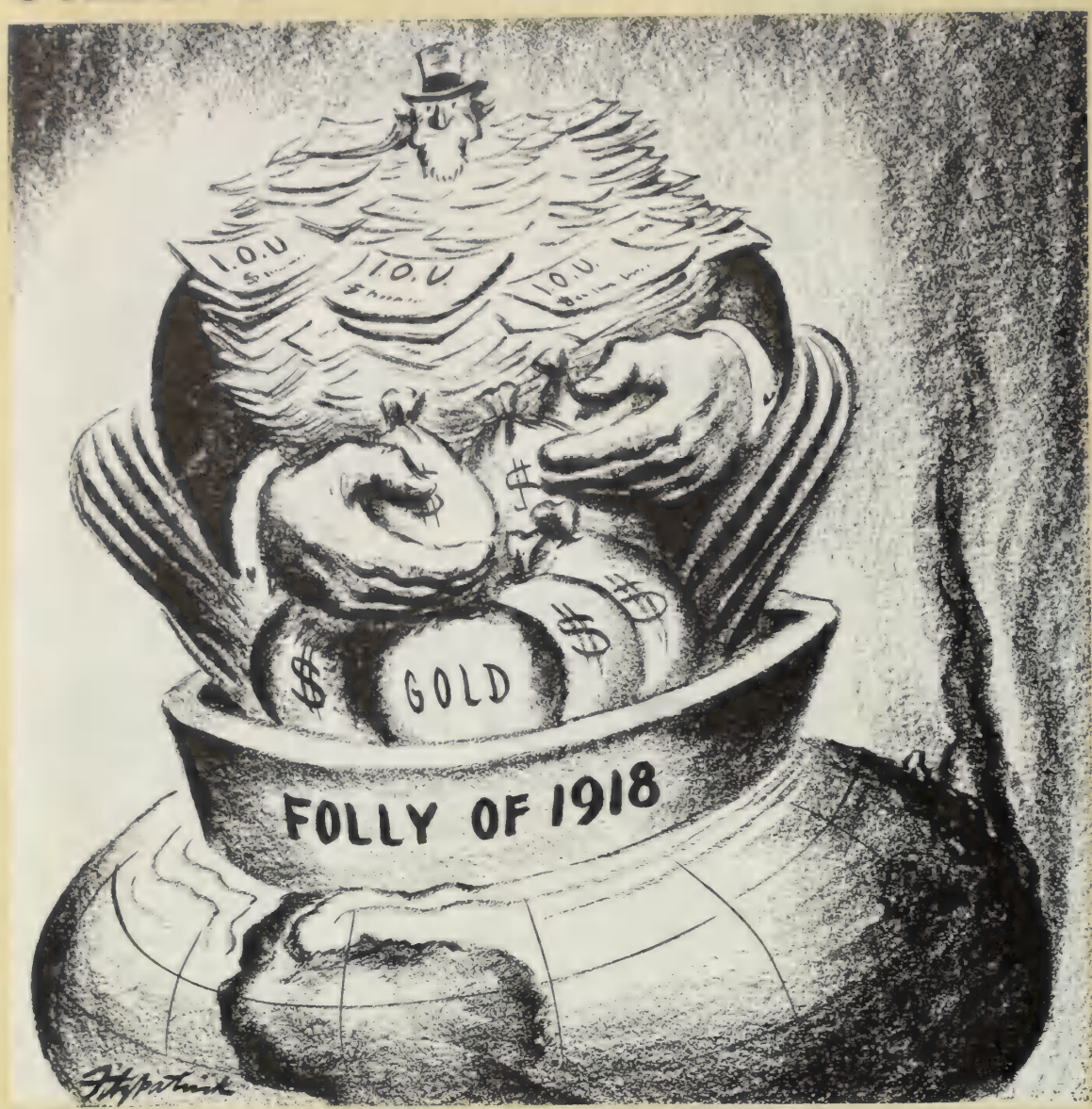


We can have another Midas misadventure by being hoggish with postwar wealth

# Banker for Britain

WE HEAR considerable muttering in assorted beards because Jesse Jones, as head of the Reconstruction Finance Corp., the other day extended a $425,000,000 loan to Britain and took as collateral the capital stock of 41 British-owned insurance companies in this country plus British-owned stocks and bonds in 121 American concerns.

The beards are being muttered in because the RFC so arranged the loan that the British pledgeors of these securities can buy them back out of the securities' earnings in about 15 years, barring accidents. The RFC as a last resort, of course, can take over the collateral, like any banker liquidating on a defaulted loan. But the object is, if at all possible, to preserve these securities as redeemable British property, instead of picking it up for Americans at distress prices as was done a while ago with the big American Viscose Corp., largest single British investment in the United States.

Those who object to this later, more lenient deal are chiefly super-duper-isolationists, self-styled shrewd Yankee horse traders, and so on.

We don't throw money to the four winds ourselves; but we do think Jones has the longer, broader vision in this phase of war economics.

When this cruel war is over, the world is most likely going to be a sadly poverty-stricken ball. Because of luck and geography, and not through any peculiar merit of our own, the United States is most likely going to be the least poverty-stricken large spot on the postwar map.

The same thing happened last time; so what did we do? We tried to hog all the wealth in sight.

We hoisted tariffs sky-high, to avoid taking anything but gold in payment for our exports. We tried to compound that scheme by farming out a lot of gold in foreign bonds, so that foreign customers would pay for our exports with our own gold. Eventually the inevitable happened. The whole structure cracked, and we had the panic, and then the long depression, and then this second war.

Must we go through all that again, with only minor variations? Or wouldn't it be wiser to recognize right now that we can't have the world with a fence around it even in case of a smashing Allied victory . . . that we can make ourselves the world's most hated nation by trying to overexploit luck and geography . . . that we can have another Midas misadventure by being hoggish with postwar wealth . . . and that we'll be smart to take steps right now to protect the solvency of probable big postwar customers of ours—while of course not tossing money or credits around foolishly?

We think this RFC deal with Britain was a prudent and farseeing step, and we're for it, and for a continuation of this policy on the part of this government.

# Two Years of Wa

UP TO now, this war has been packed with surprises than wa vious one.

It was going to be a glorified war a duel mainly between the Maginot the Westwall. Mussolini's mosquito planes were going to chase the Brit the Mediterranean. Britain was go soon after France went down. The were solemnly promised that neit nor the Ruhr could be bombed fro Russia eventually was coming in on man side.

Hitler would never be able to Yugoslavia. Norwegian sabotage wo the Germans' hearts in a few month would fight if Greece were invade chute troops were a joke. And so on.

For our part we quit prophesying and aren't taking it up again now. know what's going to happen.

We take considerable comfort, t this fact: that an enormous number Goebbels brags and predictions have come true. Hitler's far-flung actual are far outnumbered by the victories won with his mouth and mouthpiece

Britain's press services are gleeful these flops at intervals, and they're ge publicity in this country. We think t be percolating through Germany, too. the growing realization of the Fuehre fallibility must be doing serious thing man civilian if not military morale.

After two years of the war, we are n ever convinced that the star of freed brightest and best-loved star in the f of the modern mind; and that more p willing to fight and die for freedom th found or forced to fight for slavery. tarianism is slavery, and more peopl that truth, we believe, every day.

So, while it is futile to try to pre twistings and turnings this war will t here on, or the day on which it will think the overthrow of totalitarianis escapably in the cards somewhere.

# All Work, No Play

FROM a recent "Keep Up with the column in Collier's, by Freling Fos

A study of the past life of 700 schoolteach mitted to mental hospitals revealed that n 90% of them had never been interested in of recreation, such as movies, games, sport dancing or travel.

We've said most of this before, but i to say it too often in times like these: A most dangerous thing you can do to is to get so bound up in one job that y take time to relax in some different pas

Unless, of course, you're one of the fortunate few whose jobs afford them tion and ever-renewed interest as pay checks—in which case, congrat Otherwise, though, better get yourse kind of hobby—any kind. It may mea difference to you between remaining and going dotty; and heaven knows world can use all the rational people it c

# Collier's

SEPTEMBER 27, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

ALLIED PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT On The Struggle For Liberalism

ARIEL
National Field Trial Champion

## How to Train a Hunting Dog

Page 16

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*n leather-neck language*

# LISTERINE HAS LANDED

## and the situation is well in hand!"

***eated treatment attacks infection. 76% f test cases noted marked improvement symptoms. Easy, quick, delightful. No ess, o grease.***

TCHY CALP and inflammation, tell-tale fla. nd scales re plenty of trouble for anybody, even for a sky M ine who takes trouble as it comes!

These e symptoms that shouldn't be neglected, for ndruff often infectious. And these symptoms may an th *you* have the infectious type of dandruff . . . it mill s of germs are at work on your scalp.

Now, t sensible way to fight an infectious condition with a iseptic action which attacks large numbers the ge s that accompany the infection *and quickly* *le them*

When isterine Antiseptic is massaged onto your scalp, it's the finish of literally millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff! Even the strange and stubborn "bottle bacillus" is killed in vast numbers! This is the same "bottle bacillus"—Pityrosporum ovale—that many leading authorities brand as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Listerine gives scalp and hair a cool, invigorating antiseptic bath. Ugly, loosened dandruff scales begin to disappear. Itching and irritation are relieved. Your scalp feels better, your hair looks cleaner.

Scientific tests showed amazing results. In one series of clinical tests, under exacting conditions, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month.

In addition to this, men and women all over America have written enthusiastic letters, telling how delighted they are with the results of the Listerine Antiseptic home treatment.

If you have this troublesome scalp condition, don't delay treatment. Neglect may aggravate the symptoms. Start *today* with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Give Listerine a chance to do for you what it has done for so many others.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
*St. Louis, Missouri*

### THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

**WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.

## Listerine for infectious dandruff—*the tested treatment*

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SEPTEMBER 27, 1941


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COVER W. EUGENE SMITH


# ANY WEEK

ARIEL, the beautiful white and liver pointer on the cover of this week's Collier's, is undisputed top dog in any pointer company. He's the planned result of long, careful breeding, and the scion of 5 successive generations of champions. His sire was Air Pilot's Sam, his dam the equally great Lullaby, and in him are combined the four greatest pointer blood lines. To hunters Ariel is more than National Field Trial Champion. He is, in their words, "really something"; a handsome dog, a hunter's hunter, a classic stylist on point, an unexcelled courser with an incredible bird-sense.

**A full-color reproduction of the cover photograph of Ariel, suitable for framing, may be procured by sending 10¢ to Collier's Dog Editor.**

AND from a colored member of the Firemen's Association of the District of Columbia we bought a ticket to that organization's benefit show for the British Fire Fighters. Something in the fireman's manner disturbed us. There was no enthusiasm in his approach nor did he seem any too overjoyed by our purchase. "Thank you," said we. "Hope to see you there." "You will not," said he. "It's being held in Constitution Hall—the place they wouldn't let Marian Anderson sing. I'll be there when they invite her, too."

IT WAS during one of the political campaigns that we heard the late but still Honorable Magnus Johnson of Minnesota hold forth about "justice and decency." Mr. Johnson said that those two qualities might get a fellow elected once but that "I ain't ever seen it happen that it kept him elected." But Mr. Johnson was a bitter man. Younger and equipped with more modern ideas is another Magnus Johnson whose home is in Los Angeles, California, but who is now safe in the Army. We've just had a letter from him. We think it should have been addressed to the War Department. "These war games we have aren't what they ought to be," writes Mr. Johnson. "There are Americans on both sides and there's no incentive to put any punch in it. Nobody listens to me but I have an idea. Let Britain send us a couple divisions of German prisoners. Let them represent the army that's trying for some unknown reason to conquer Tennessee. Of course I don't know about arming them but anyway it would put some ginger into the maneuvers and give the Germans something useful to do."

AMONG others who read this magazine and remember every word is Lord Halifax, the British ambassador. Of course we took this for granted, not bothering to verify it. And now we don't have to seek proof. Mr. Bob Sibley of Boston, Massachusetts, has done it for us. Mr. Sibley sends us a clipping reporting his Lordship's speech to the Lockheed Airplane employees at Burbank, California, on July seventeenth. Lord Halifax told them what a R.A.F. pilot said to him after a flight in an American bomber over Nazified France. We quote his Lordship: " 'Hell," the pilot said to me, 'it (the machine) was shot to pieces. Pretty nearly everything was shot to pieces. . . . But the old kite brought us home 350 miles on one lung. . . .' " Mr. Sibley asks us to reread Quentin Reynolds' piece—Eagles Over England—in Collier's for January 25, 1941. And there we found what the pilot said, word for word, just as his Lordship told it—and as Mr. Reynolds did six months before.

AS YOU very well know we are not among those who look darkly into the future. Particularly about our new Army. Having been a peculiarly typical member of an American Army far worse in many respects than this one, we insist that we're something of an authority. That the current American land forces are improving rapidly, especially on the humor side, is easily demonstrable. Evidence piles up on this desk. For example, we've just received a letter from Mr. John Wallace of Houston, Texas. Recently Mr. Wallace's friend, Colonel John R. McQuigg, United States Army Engineers, was ordered to recruit a company or two of engineers in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Wallace, conducted by the colonel, had a look at the result a few days later. As they entered the recruiting depot a brand-new rookie came out. His hat was on the back of his head. His blouse was unbuttoned and flapping. A large cud of store-boughten tobacco ballooned the left side of his face. But he recognized the colonel's collar ornaments as those of an officer. Without losing a stride, he made a sweeping, spread-finger "9-to-3 salute," spat to windward and bellowed: "H'are ya, Cap?" The colonel rep salute perfectly, spat to roared back: "H'are ya then the colonel expla Wallace: "Far be it fro any thus-and-so, blue-h upstart of a rookie outd tary courtesy."

INCIDENTALLY, we a by the United States Ar their frequent protest tha purchasing human hair. peration, the General St that not only does it n lovely hair of devote women, blond, brunet o that it never has wan hasn't any ambitions eve We never said that it d weeks ago the newspa their readers that the blond hair in the manufa the Army communiqué instruments." Since the stuff have been offered womanhood, hundreds samples having acco thousands of letters the have received. The go pretty indignant too— demanding to know why discriminated against blondes and the blondes, refusals, writing to thei complaining that Colo has insulted them. They from the refusal that thinks their blondness investigator reports th more serious compli members of the Gene their subordinates arri strands of the samples clothing. It all adds to that the life of a soldier we shall exert our influ the women we know. P hairy ones.

WE HADN'T intended a martial air to this col didn't seem to be muc about it. Like Señor of Lima, Peru, we are t be helpful. Señor Soire lows: "When comes t you, Señor, that I am a false lie. I, the simp here ready to defend D some help."

SO LET'S be firm. . . .


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# WE HATE TO DISAGREE WITH MOTHER GOOSE

OUR "MOTHER GOOSE" BOOKS usually picture Old King Cole as a *fat* old soul.

Much as we hate to question these old favorites, it isn't very likely that anyone burdened with such excess poundage would actually live to be *old*.

Overweight and long life rarely go together.

A study of men accepted for life insurance recently revealed that those moderately overweight had a death rate 20% higher than men of average weight, and that the death rate of the obese was 70% higher. Circulatory and kidney diseases took a 60% higher toll from the overweight. Mortality from diabetes averaged 150% higher among the overweight.

After you are thirty, it becomes increasingly advisable to keep your weight down to norm, even to stay a little *underweight*. Overweight then tends to increase your susceptibility to many diseases, as well as to decrease your power to recover from illnesses.

By keeping your weight down, you can avoid the burden which obesity puts on your heart, kidneys, liver, and other organs.

Overweight is an insidious thing, usually creeping up on you by unnoticed ounces and inches. That is why it is so important to establish proper eating and exercising habits to control any such tendency. If you tend to put on weight, regular check-ups on your weight should be made as much a habit as bathing.

Your doctor is your best guide in helping you to establish sound weight control. He will determine what your weight should really be. He will explain the dangers of "overweight cures," of quick, drastic reducing methods—methods that frequently undermine health rather than improve it. And—unless some serious glandular or other condition requires special treatment—he will show you that in order to lose excess weight it is not necessary to go in for too strenuous exercises or too radical changes in your diet.

Metropolitan's free booklet, "Overweight and Underweight," gives a number of helpful low-calorie menus and offers many safe and sane suggestions to help you control your weight, subject to your doctor's approval.

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*An interesting 10-minute technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

THE BELL AIRACOBRA "Cannon on Wings"

CANNON belong in the AIR

Rolling along every highway comes the lightning "blitz" of the invader—with only one fear. His armor plated engines of destruction make their own steel graves when hit by anti-tank cannon. The accurately fired anti-tank shells of the Airacobra can halt the advance of large land units. Because the Bell Airacobra is the *only* single-engine fighter plane with a 37 mm. anti-tank cannon, it is an important addition to America's other splendid fighting forces. Important in modern warfare is *speed*. And, the Airacobra's cannon can be flown from one place to another more than a thousand miles away, in a matter of hours. The Airacobra is the product of Aviation's men who build with foresight. It is a dramatic promise of Bell Aircraft's leadership in the years ahead.

Making Aviation History

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

BELL AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

Bell Aircraft Ordnance Division BUFFALO AND NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

# WING TALK

**Don't be surprised to see soldiers on the airliners. M ay of them travel that way to save precious time on furlo hs**

THE question of space control on the airlines bobs up frequently these days. It already exists on Pan American Airways, because the State Department does not permit Americans to go flying off to belligerent areas without convincing proof that they have urgent business there. Too bad, if you just want to fly over to Lisbon to see how the old town looks these days.

The American defense effort being what it is now, our government people are relying more and more on the domestic airlines to get them to the industrial areas in a hurry and quite often they will turn up just before plane time with the plea that they just *have* to get out on that schedule. By and large the harassed air-traffic men have been able to meet the situation, first by scanning the list for other government passengers who might well go on a later trip. Then there are always the selectees, going on or returning from leave, to pick on. (You ask how $21-a-month selectees can ride the airlines? Some didn't always earn that much. A surprising number fly—can get home quicker and stay there longer.)

Failing to find any government passengers already booked, an appeal is made to the plain citizens who hold seats, or the passenger list is turned over to the government people to make their own deals.

In Washington, where much of the government air travel originates, and in a hurry, reservations are cleared through a government central bureau which certifies to the airlines the order of their importance. For the present the situation is satisfactorily under control. The plain, ordinary citizens can still get their seats, only they should call up a little sooner.

PEOPLE who crowd the great airline terminals to see the planes come in never fail to find a few airliners sitting around idle, in spite of the published acute shortage of transports. Some reasons why they are there: the trips terminate at that airport; inspections and repairs are needed; there are federal flight-time limitations o ngine pellers and planes and, ove pilots.

However, recognizing t con are getting no better as as pl numbers of new airliners e con there is a good deal o angar going on to utilize some these laying over to haul that c rflow sengers on another line. ne ex A line terminating a sche le at airport lays a DC-3 ove or six During that layover it uld m round trip on a relative short a route operated by anc er line probably could not be c e with table regularity becau of w need for adjustments i he sh availability of pilots, to ne bu reasons.

Yet both sides agree at, w rising demand for passe er see the decreasing supply airpl new viewpoint on dom ic air portation will need to reach

THERE is a new specie f air t hanging around airpo ticket ers now. In airline parla , he is as a "Go-Show." He's fello though told there's not a nance ting out on Trip 11, say e'll co to the airport anyway, st in reservation is canceled the la ment. And the person o did or didn't show up, is kn n as Show."

A CUSTOMER servic valing surpassing, that of e auto industry is offered civili plane by the C.A.A., further incre safety of private flying t wor this: Comes a telegram om W ton that a serious flutte ondit developed in the wing icture very type plane you ow The m cautions you against div or ope at speeds above a certai oint, e might lose it some day.

Naturally you accept advic though you have no re n to your plane. Then con the

(Continued on p e 75)

## SCIENTIFIC TESTS SHOW HOW

# AMAZING NEW LIQUID FOR BRUSHING TEETH AVOIDS THIS INJURY

## Millions Are Risking This Injury To Their Teeth—Be Safe! Brush Your Teeth The Liquid Way!

***New Liquid Dentifrice Cannot Injure Teeth —Contains Absolutely No Abrasives***

YES, literally millions of people are unknowingly causing serious damage to their teeth which Nature can never repair.

This injury is caused—not by the toothbrush itself—but by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives. Gradually, as the months go by, these abrasives cut cavities into the soft part of teeth along the gum line exposed by shrinking gums, where there is no hard, protective enamel.

In fact among people who brush their teeth regularly, a very large percentage of all cavities along the gum line that require filling are probably the result of this injury. This was shown by a clinical study published in a leading dental journal.

***Disclosed By Scientific Research***

These startling facts—long known to many dentists—are recently confirmed by scientific research. Eminent independent scientists made laboratory tooth-brushing tests with a number of dentifrices containing abrasives. They found cut cavities into the soft part of the teeth.

In the same manner, these scientists tested the new liquid dentifrice—Teel. In no case did Teel injure the teeth any way because Teel contains no abrasives of any kind.

***How Teel Reveals Beauty Of Your Smile***

*There's Beauty in Every Drop!*

Teel doesn't depend on abrasives for cleansing. Instead, it uses a newly-discovered patented cleansing agent that's almost magic-like in the way it helps reveal natural whiteness and beauty of your teeth. It isn't soap, yet multiplies into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth.

These active bubbles amazingly help to remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles, and the dulling surface film that hides natural brilliance of teeth. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

With your first Teel brushing, you'll know something wonderful and different has happened by the satin-smooth "feel" of your teeth—by the glorious freshness of your breath. Teel helps sweeten bad breath. It's easy to use and economical. Only a few drops are required for each brushing.

**Illustrating Injury When Soft Part of Tooth is Exposed. 8 Out of 10 Adults Examined Risk This Damage**

*Liquid Dentifrice—because it contains no abrasives—cannot do this to your teeth*

***Start This Safe Liquid Way Today***

Naturally, you want to save your precious teeth from the injury pictured above. If, however, you feel that your teeth need an abrasive scouring, at least occasionally, we suggest that you follow the special directions given on the Teel package.

So today adopt this safe liquid way of cleansing your teeth. Use Teel twice a day and enjoy its amazing benefits. Get Teel at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And be sure to see your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

**TO DENTISTS, DOCTORS, NURSES, AND TEACHERS:** A booklet for professional people which contains an authoritative report of the scientific research summarized above will be sent to you on request, free of charge. Send your name and address to Teel, Box 687, Dept. SC, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**NEW WONDER-LIQUID takes place of TOOTH PASTES and POWDERS**

*Contains Absolutely No Abrasives—Cleans Teeth Safely*

**CHANGE TO**

# Teel

**LIQUID DENTIFRICE**

The WALL $10.50

The TROOPER $11

FLORSHEIM

*Harvest Grain*

PRIZE TANNAGE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST LEATHER

As the largest user of quality calfskins, Florsheim gets first choice of the finest. One such is Florsheim Harvest Grain—a rich, mellow Autumn leather as masculine as a champion's hand-shake, yet as soft as a puppy's ear. Carefully grained and stained, Florsheim Harvest Grain is tops for good looks, comfort, and traditional Florsheim quality.

THE *Florsheim* SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

# KEEP UP WITH THE WO

## By Freling Foster

*One* of the most dangerous sports known is played by the nitrate workers of Chile. Timed by a referee with a stop watch, the contestants try to outdo one another at holding, for the longest time, a stick of dynamite with a lighted fuse.

*Tibet* has a family whose only son is Alake Jamv Japa, the saintly Grand Living Buddha and head of the monastery of Lhabrang Gomba, while the daughter is the notorious Ab See, chief of the Ngolots, the country's largest gang of bandits. —*By Beth Claypoole, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

*Glycerin* or glycerol, one of the alcohols, has a wide and odd variety of uses. It is employed to moisten tobacco, adulterate wine and lubricate gas meters and as an ingredient in baker's cake, toilet soap and dynamite. Glycerin is also used to discover tuberculosis germs by saturating a potato in which the suspect bacilli have been implanted.

*The* number of skins required to make a size-16 38-inch fur coat differs considerably. A beaver garment usually takes about ten, a Persian lamb eighteen, a raccoon twenty, a mink sixty-five, a chinchilla one hundred and thirty and a mole at least three hundred.

*Japan's* industries and commercial enterprises are probably more monopolized than those in any other country. One family controls fifteen per cent of them, three families twenty-five per cent, eight families fifty per cent and fifteen families seventy per cent.

*In* a recent test to determine how quickly night blindness, caused by a deficiency of vitamin A, could be cured, the subject was fed concentrated doses for forty-eight days until his eyesight was perfect. Then he was deprived of all foods containing it for twenty-five days, until he required fifty times as much light to see an object in the dark. A single dose of halibut-liver oil restored his vision completely in two and a half hours.

*An* endurance swimm between a sea lion and Kemmerich took place Berlin in 1908 as the bet. After both had b ming continuously for hours, the sea lion colla fatigue, but Kemmerich four more hours.

*Without* lease or co private landowners Texas and Louisiana ha United States governm than 30,000 square mile tary maneuvers, and now occupied by the T

*Studies* of the interac sense organs reveal that ception may be enhanc senses of touch, taste For instance, many pe better color vision while warm object in their ha eating a piece of hum while smelling some stub as bergamot oil.

*One* species of bog m num papillosum, will a than two hundred tim weight in water. Becau soft and highly absor plant is sometimes use of absorbent cotton f dressings.

*A* new synthetic che makes water and oil wetter and greatly enh cleansing and penetrati now being used in the ho as in many industries. quantity not only overco sistance of fabrics and o to wetting by water, b creases the permeating dyes, insecticides, tob and printing inks.

*Brazil* now prohibits t tion of magazines and in any language except its native tongue.

Five dollars will be paid for e or unusual fact accepted for Contributions must be accomp factory proof. Address Keep World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave City. This column is copyrighte The National Weekly. None o be reproduced without express the publisher

# What This Country Needs is More BICYCLES "BUILT FOR TWO"

ALL our hurly-burly let's not get too far away from the simple life — bicycles "built for two," wienie roasts, picnics, clam bakes, moonlight dances, family reunions. That's the life! And Goebel Beer fits in perfectly with every together.

The first time you taste Goebel you'll be as delighted as the fellow who found the famous moonlight diamond—well, that's putting it a little strong, perhaps, but you *will* be delighted. It's really amazing how this one brand of beer is sweeping the country. The increase in the number of people who have switched from their favorites to Michigan's National Beer is almost unbelievable, especially when you stop to think of the many other fine beers you can get. The secret? That's easy. It's T-A-S-T-E.

We honestly expect you will like Goebel better than any beer you ever tasted. Try it today!

**Great changes in popularity.** In 1940, only one other brewery in America gained as much as Goebel; and the Goebel gain for the last 19 months exceeds 76 million bottles.

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

# GOEBEL

## MICHIGAN'S *National* BEER

Drink Beer, The Beverage of Moderation

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Goebel Beer in regular 12-ounce bottles and cans and the original Bantam bottle

# These Modern Phonograph Inventio n are yours "Only in a PHILCO!

## Tilt-Front Cabinet

*No lid to lift* . . . no need to remove decorations, no awkward-looking, unhandy compartments. To play the phonograph you simply tilt the grille forward, place your records, and tilt it back again. Automatic light illuminates turntable. Simple . . . convenient . . . *only Philco has it!*

## "Music on a Beam of Light"

The first basic improvement in record reproduction since the phonograph was invented! Instead of the pointed steel needle, a rounded jewel that never needs changing floats over the record and *reflects* the music on a beam of light from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. This new principle releases new overtones of beauty long hidden in your records. Surface noise and record wear are reduced by 10 to 1. *Only Philco has it!*

## Stroboscop Pitch and Tempo Con ol

For the first time, Philco engineers have ap d the sensational Stroboscopic principle to e phonograph. Now you can hear your rec s with absolute fidelity of pitch, just as the ar s recorded them in the studio. And, with the Philco Automatic Record Changer, your v able records are *safe* . . . nothing to chip damage them. Operation is simpler, quicl gentler and more reliable. *Only Philco has*

**PHILCO 1012 PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH** with latest Philco phonograph inventions and Exclusive Philco FM System. Philco *Home Recording Unit* optional. *Yours on easiest terms.*

UNTIL you've heard your own records p yed o the new Philco Photo-Electric Rad Phon graph, you've really missed much of the e ymen they can give you.

Without the bother of changing needles . wit out the familiar needle scratch that l etofo almost drowned out the upper register o nusic tones . . . with absolute fidelity of pitch- ou fir a world of new pleasure in your recordir .

It's a fact that Philco's amazing M c on Beam of Light . . . Philco's Stroboscope ch ar Tempo control . . . Philco's convenient, fortle Tilt-Front cabinet have made the ordin radi phonograph old-fashioned and out-of-d . On in a Philco can you enjoy these up-to-t minu features . . . for *only Philco has them!*

And in the radio of this combination y get t glorious tone and thrilling performance at hav made Philco *America's Favorite Radio* for 1 traigl years . . . greater than ever for 1942, than to ne scientific achievements! In this, and o r 19 Philco models, the exclusive Philco F Syste brings you Frequency Modulation at a new w pric

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ould not have kept his
ad he not been propped
ther side by his devoted
ry escort. The general
ne agonized look up the
. No one was in sight

# e General led Again

lton Green

BY EARL BLOSSOM

**e Army knows how to ap-
iat its opportunities it will
on Joe Korvaski. Joe is
nl a sterling patriot but a
possessed of that most es-
ial soldierly qualities—
ngu r indifference to the
ity of higher authority**

KOVASKI dropped the handles his at tongs and ducked as the min ong sounded. The swinging e of ass bars and scrap rushed by ead nd missed him by scant a. B long practice had made Joe pert judging clearance as a truck ne tiating an underpass. He hten up again and reached for ngs.

's fir name was really Matéeusz, is lish for Matthew. But all in t mills and foundries of the indusial area of the Naugabury y ans r to the name of "Joe."

was helper in the casting shop Nau bury Brass Company. His as to elp dump the mix into the c fu ace, to "pull" the casting, hen clean and lamp-black the again the next pouring.

was ix feet two of blond and natul peasant. He worked eight a da and he made good money. orked ard and he drank hard. He dran on the job, especially on shift, ut not much—just enough rd of he spelter shakes—and to get a little high, perhaps, by the time he knocked off at midnight. Whisky is the accepted specific for spelter shakes, which comes from the zinc fumes of the brass mix; it's accepted by the workers at least, and winked at, perforce, by the foremen.

Dugan, the foreman, stopped by at Joe's elbow, inspected the stack of newly cast bars, and nodded.

"Okay, Joe." He started on down the line, stopped and came back. "What's this I hear, Joe, of you going in the Army? You ain't throwin' up a good job for twenty-one a month?"

Joe tossed back the damp blond mop of hair that overhung his forehead. He had heard nothing of his father and mother in Poland since the German drive. But he did not speak of that.

"This job ain't so hot," he said evasively. Joe was very blue-eyed and mild, unless he was aroused. Then he could be quite stubborn, although in a rather childlike and inconsequential way.

"You can't get in the Army," said Dugan. "They won't take you without no teeth."

"Maybe I ain't got none on top, but my lowers is swell," said Joe defensively. "They said to get me a 'upper denture' and come back again."

"You been examined already?" demanded the foreman.

"SURE. Passed everything else fine. The lady I uster work for, she's a friend of the general out in Camp Shepaug. *She's* fixin' it."

"What lady's that?" demanded Dugan skeptically.

"Mrs. Upton. I done her lawn and furnace more'n four years before I come here. She's richer'n hell."

"I'll say she is," said Dugan in another tone. "That dame and her family own more'n half of Naugabury Brass. She been askin' you to enlist?"

"I been askin' *her*," said Joe. "She got 'em to take me outa turn down at the draft office. She thinks an awful lot of me."

"How could she help it!" snapped Dugan, and turned away. Joe called after him:

"Say, Tom, I wanta lay off tomorrow. To go buy them teeth."

"Nuthin' doing, Joe. Next week maybe—when I get some guy to fill in for you." Dugan walked down the line.

Joe watched the retreating back of the foreman. About the corners of his blue and faintly Slavic eyes there gathered a network of tiny wrinkles. It could not be called a stubborn look. It was rather the uncomprehending petulance

**At that moment something hard was thrust into his hand from behind. "We found them in the juke box," whispered Lieutenant Wells**

of an infant whose bottle has been taken away from him.

The wail of the four-o'clock whistle came sounding from far off in the yards. Joe drew off his cotton gloves and pulled his sweat rag over his pale shock of hair. Then he walked out into the washroom and took a shower. He dressed, gulped down a big slug of rye from the bottle in his locker, and joined the line of men punching the time clock on their way out.

AT ABOUT the same time that Joe was taking his shower, Mrs. Okes Upton was on the telephone. Mrs. Upton was frequently on the telephone. In fact, without that instrument Mrs. Upton could scarcely have maintained her benevolent sway over the social and humanitarian activities of Naugabury. Mrs. Upton was a do-gooder of the *nth* power. She had a heart as big as the bosom behind which it was ensconced, and a bank account far bigger than either.

Mrs. Upton was on the telephone. At the other end of the line was a dentist's office. In the dentist's office were several rooms. In one of these rooms—in the chair of torture, with a towel hooked about his neck, sat Brig. General Martin Shapley, U. S. A., commandant of Camp Shepaug.

General Shapley was having a lower molar filled. In the matter of uppers, he was in much the same class as Joe Korvaski: they were being cleaned by an assistant while Dr. Sterns plugged the molar.

But at this moment the general was sitting up in the chair, holding the extension telephone which the dentist had handed him. Now ordinarily the general did not like to use a telephone, if he could bark at an adjutant or an aide to do it for him. And no man—not even a general with ribbons—may be counted a coward because he snatches a few minutes respite from the terrors of the drill.

"Hello?" said General Shapley, which is about as far as anyone ever got on the one-way street of Mrs. Upton's telephone talks. Her voice was already in full swing:

"—so I called your headquarters, General, and they told me where to reach you—and it's *so* fortunate, because *you* can explain to Dr. Sterns exactly what Joe needs—and if you just mention my name I'm *sure* he'll hurry things up—"

"Hurry *what* things up, madam?" demanded the general.

"NOW *please* don't be difficult, General. I told you *all* about it the other day—and you were *so* understanding and *so* kind—because Joe used to work for me, and I know *all* about him—and you agreed that it was that type of immigrant we should help—and if the melting pot is really to melt we must *all* get our shoulders behind the wheel in times like this and do our bit, don't you agree, General?"

"Of course, of course, Mrs. Upton. But this Joe—who is he? What am *I* supposed to do?"

"Get him in the Army, of course. I told you all about it, General. He used to be my gardener—"

"Your gardener! God bless my soul, madam! Do you realize how many thousands of men I have to look out for?"

"—and just a word from you, General, to the medical officers at the camp—especially about his false teeth—"

"False teeth!" exploded the general. "What do *I* know about false teeth?" This was, perhaps, undue modesty, since at that precise moment Miss Nergin entered the room and primly deposited the general's own uppers on the glass-topped table behind his chair. Mrs. Upton's voice was still droning on:

"—and I'm *sure* Dr. Sterns will cooperate—and then the draft board will pass him—Joe, I mean—and it's *so* fortunate you are in his office—I mean Dr. Sterns' office—because I left word for Joe to go *straight* there and to ask for you *personally*, General. And then you can explain it all to Dr. Sterns, and—"

"I—I can *what?*" bellowed the general. There was no answer: the line was dead. Mrs. Upton knew how to deliver the punch, and then step away from the counterattack.

Dr. Sterns impaled a pellet of copper amalgam on the point of his carrier and approached the chair.

"Open, please," he murmured. He was smiling with mild malice. "Trouble is, General, you military men can't take it. Now, if you'd been brought up in the same town with her, like we have, you'd know when you were licked."

"Nonsense! If that man comes up here—throw him out!"

Dr. Sterns rammed home the amalgam with a pleasant crunching sound. In the act of reaching for another pellet he looked over his shoulder. Six foot two of Joe Korvaski was blocking the doorway.

"I think I'll leave the throwing out to you, General," said Dr. Sterns softly. "You're the soldier."

Now, Joe had stopped off at the Silver Grille for a couple of s carrying it reasonably w was something in the ge smile that wreathed his b showed he meant all bus war.

"Are you Doc Sterns?" ably. "Mrs. Upton sent m to ask for General Shaple me some teeth."

Dr. Sterns selected a pl instrument tray and spo professional manner:

"Yes—Mrs. Upton tel young lady outside will g pointment. I can't see you at the earliest."

"Next week! But say *gotta* have 'em tomorrow they cost me?"

"Oh, around a hundre five," said the dentist off

"A hunnert an'—! I ai of that. Gee, what'll I d

"Oh, Miss Nergin!" c tist, nervously maintaini surgical preoccupation. looking frightened, app doorway, engagement pa

Joe lumbered into t slouched up alongside th

"Is this here the gene with mild curiosity. "I general close to before. he talk to me?"

But this was too mu Shapley, Brig. Gen. U. gurgling roar he swept h of dental debris and sat b

"Out of here, my man I'll throw you out."

Before the general's s the gentle blue eyes of Jo sheepishly.

"Okay," he said pacific mean nuthin'."

THE general settled ba again. Joe moved awa certainly around the roo frowned and picked up hi

"If you'll just speak w lady outside—"

"Okay—I'm goin'," s slouched around the roo things with curiosity. Fi sight of Miss Nergin. M retreated to the outer smiling and nodding en Nergin was very pretty magnificent teeth. Joe fo Dr. Sterns closed and lo

"She'll get him out al Polacks are good-natured when they're drunk. U point. But I've got to h General. You certainly down."

"It's the habit of comm general tersely. "A man —or he isn't."

"You said it, General.

The work went on in si ten minutes. At the end Sterns straightened up, d nisher in the tray, and tient a paper cup of luke

"That's all today, G Thursday at three."

The general rinsed his out his free hand in mute store teeth. The dentist

"Just one moment, G being polished."

He pressed the buzzer gin entered.

"The general's denture mured Dr. Sterns in t tone which dentists feel i in the delicate matter of

Miss Nergin turned topped table.

"I laid them right ther

Dr. Sterns wheeled ar a nervous look at the o positories—the swing-arr

*(Continued on p 30)*

# THE FIGHT GOES ON

## by Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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**The President explains the events that made necessary his participation in the 1938 primary campaign. This and the other articles in this series are from forthcoming volumes of his "Public Papers"**

## The Continuing Struggle for Liberalism

IT HAS frequently been said that eternal vigilance is necessary to preserve our liberties. It is equally true that eternal vigilance is necessary to keep democracies and their governments truly liberal. We in the United States have had firsthand experience with liberalism since the end of 1933, when, for the first time the full effects of our program of recovery began to be felt. For, as soon as the clear purpose of the new administration in 1933 had started the wheels of industry turning, there came the demand from some sources to stop all of the reforms, so that the things begin again to run on as they had done in the previous decade.

Of course, the people of the United States have always understood that the new administration never intended to be a mere rescue party—organized to save the economic system and turn it over to the powerful group which had formerly controlled it through their concentrated economic power. The aim in 1933 was determined not only to save the system but also to remove from it the abuses, and the widespread maladjustments which had brought it to the very brink of destruction. The government was determined that the system, thus preserved and reformed, should no longer be subject to control of the handful of men and corporations which had dominated it in the false boom days before 1929.

Carrying out that determination was to resist, from day to date, all the efforts of mighty forces—year by year. These forces had tremendous interests at stake—wealth, privilege, economic and political power. Although few in number, they had the resources which enabled them to make the most noise and to become the most vociferous in the country. Over the radio, through newspaper and outdoor advertising, by floods of telegrams and letters to the press, by the employment of professional lobbyists—all the many means of propaganda and public opinion which have been developed in recent years. In 1938 the efforts of this minority, consistent in opposition since 1933, rose to new heights. They failed stubbornly at the polls in 1936 to stop our program of reform. They had failed. They had tried to stop it in the courts, where they had been successful during 1935 and 1936. Here, too, they failed. Therefore, through the years of 1937 and 1938 their activities to impede progress and to bring about a repeal of emasculation of the New Deal measures of reform were redoubled.

There were several reasons for this particular effort this year. First, the Supreme Court although it had been finally successful in obtaining its objective, had been defeated in the Congress. The enemies of liberal government tried to make the loss of a single battle as a defeat of the entire progressive program of the administration. A "purge" was organized to try to make it appear that the representatives of the people in the Congress had, by failing to pass the Supreme Court bill, repudiated the principles and conduct of the New Deal.

Second, there had come a substantial business recession—commencing in the *(Continued on page 54)*

At Barnesville, Ga., during the 1938 primary campaign, the President has just finished the speech in which he assailed Gov. Eugene Talmadge and Senator Walter George as "foes of liberalism." Here he is greeted by Senator George, who said: "I want you to know that I accept the challenge"

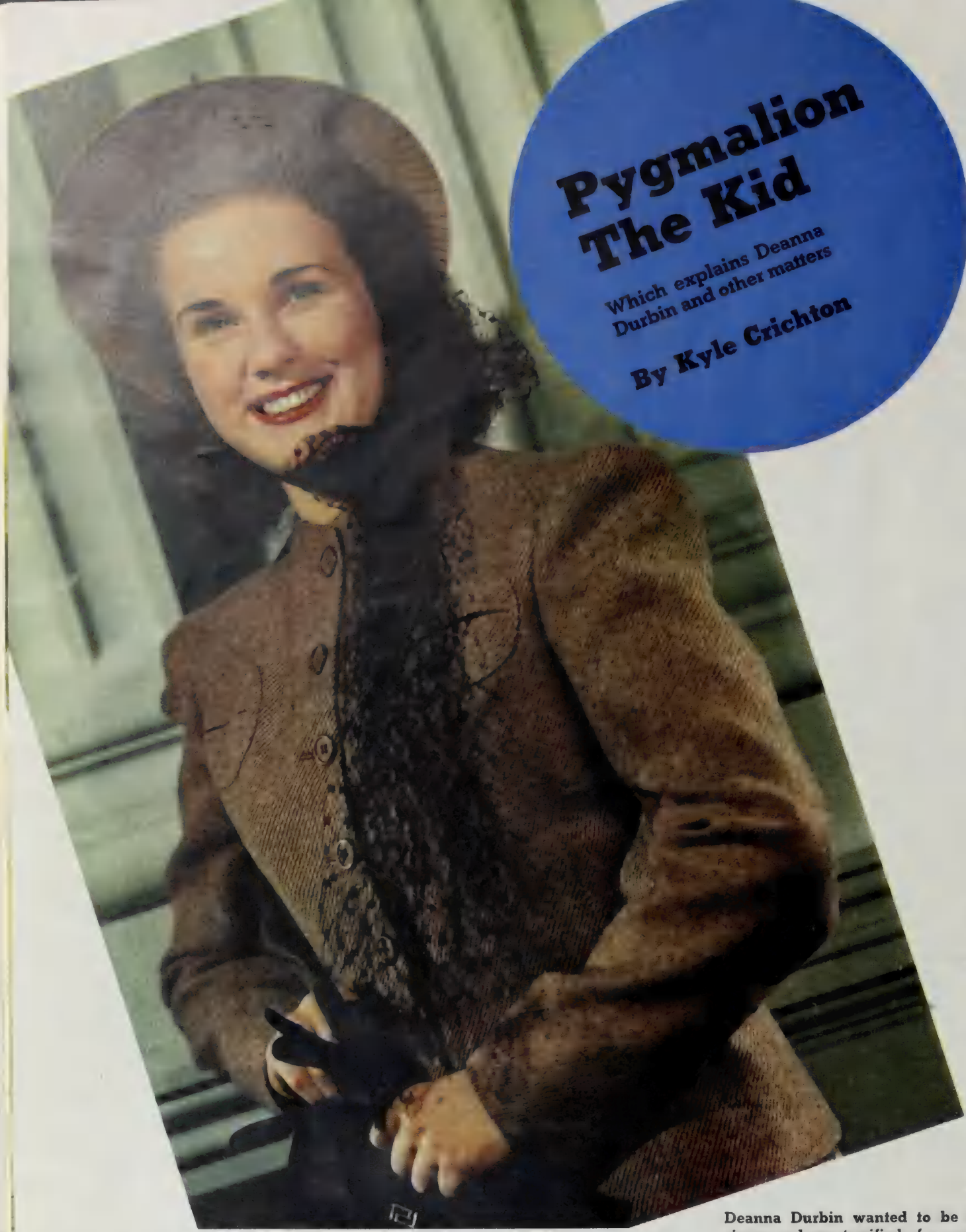
INTERNATIONAL
U.S.D.A.

In 1937, the President called for "regulation of crop production so as to furnish an ever-normal granary which would give the farmer a fair share of the normal income and assure the consumer of a steady supply of food"

# Pygmalion The Kid

## Which explains Deanna Durbin and other matters

**By Kyle Crichton**



**Deanna Durbin wanted to be a singer and was terrified of a camera. But she tried her best, which turned out to be wonderful**

LIKE many a film success this story starts at the end and works its way back and forth to a second conclusion. It begins in the black days when France had fallen, the English had managed to get the remnants of their army off the flats of Dunkirk, the great German air raids on London had just begun, and the fate of the empire hung in the balance. At that juncture the New York branch of the London Express received an urgent message from the home office. It was peremptory, frantic and to the point:

*"Rush one thousand words immediately Deanna Durbin romance."*

An enemy spy, smuggling this treasure out of the office files, would have been justified in advising his superiors to have no further fears about the resistance of such a trivial people. At the very least he might be excused for believing that Durbin must be an individual of transcendental importance to warrant such attention in wartime.

The truth about Deanna Durbin is that she never wanted to be a screen actress, was horrified at the notion of being made to act the fool before a camera—and will eventually give up the profession without the slightest twinge of regret. She has never been ambitious to be a film star, has no ambitions now to perpetuate her fame as an actress and would give up the whole business at the drop of a hat.

"One loud 'Boo!' and we lose her," says Henry Koster, her first director. "It has always been that way."

### Men Not at Work

The ironic part of the Durbin saga is that the girl who never cared about film success has been the lifesaver of one great company, Universal, and the creator of many other careers and fortunes. Most closely engaged in this strange enterprise have been Koster, the director, and Joe Pasternak, the producer of the Durbin pictures.

There is also one bad actor involved, a gentleman named Adolf Hitler, whose rise to power closed the American studios in Central Europe and forced Pasternak, who had been making films for Universal over there, to come home. With him on the journey was Henry Koster, his top director in the European branch. Koster had worked in every European country, had directed Isa Miranda in Italy and had made a series of successes in Budapest. When they arrived in Hollywood they went immediately to see old Carl Laemmle.

"He held out his horn at us so he could hear what we had to y," rep
Koster, "and then told to tak
couple of weeks and see th own be
starting to work."

Koster didn't speak a rd of E
lish and was glad enough the cha
to practice it before tryi to use
The only hitch was that n they
turned after two weeks hey fo
Laemmle gone. He had s l the
pany in the meantime.

"Then for two weeks body
around at all," says Koster "We
come down every morning o in
gate and wait. We had other
nobody took a chance at king
We might belong to the w g fa

When somebody did fir y sho
it was Charles Rogers, t new
On their first visit with hi they
shock.

"You haven't got a contr , bo
said. "Goodby."

"We have a cable fror Laemm
cried Pasternak, irately.

"Not legal," answered gers
"It is too!" yelled Pa rnak
when the smoke of the patte
cleared away Rogers had en re
to admitting that the deal od

So the studio gave then he
of a writer, told them the rouse
$110,000 to do a picture ar firmly
the door of the front office. hey
it just far enough to sh atm
retreating emigrees that hey
have twelve days to shoot e epa
not one minute more. Ban

### No Story and No ast

Koster started working w the w
and Pasternak bestirred h felt
players for the picture. the en
three weeks Koster had story
Pasternak had found no by to
cast. At this juncture th front
called them in to hear th plot
new picture. They had n lot

"Start thinking," said terms
they tramped up the walk the ad
istration. "We can use that ree
Girls we did in Germany it it
to be changed for this ntry
minute you get in, you st spie
German. I'll do the trans ng. I
try to say a word in Englis ll ba
one."

With Koster extempori and
ternak embellishing the ta in tra
tion, they not only conv ed th
shots they had a pictur but
them into upping the ant b $1
mere chicken feed for ever Holly
"B" picture. Then is n De
Durbin entered the pictur Roger
his associate, Bill. Koenig aid K
and Pasternak might as we ook a
tests they'd just borrowed om M
After running them of Paste
pointed at one of them an aid:

"We'll take that one."

"You will not," said Ko g. "T
Judy Garland and Metro signed
You'll take the other."

The other was Durbin it lo
hopeless. When she cam n wit
mother to talk to Koster was
worse. Deanna was thirte she
said a word; refused t talk
spoken to; refused to sm and
ously was scared stiff. Ko r asked
to go out of the room a a, ent
the door and sit down. nat w
be the start of a screen st. In
of that Deanna broke do and
to sob.

"I don't want to be an tress,
cried. "You're all torturi me."

As a singer she had no f s. Her
bition was to be a concert r and
it meant merely that she od in
of people and opened he mouth
felt at home. The sight of amera
so paralyzed her at M-( that
had suffered a form of she nock.

*(Continued on pa 68)*

# It Ain't No Sin

## By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

**Our favorite destroying angel sows a few whirlwinds in the Yankee Stadium and righteously reaps the harvest thereof**

FU E SMITH sat in a booth in ellow Front Cabaret and lub contentedly surveying emolished remnants of a expsive and succulent pig's

ck of the club a languid, colo d party took a drink from eside him on the piano, his garette off low C and tucked ween is lips. He hit a couple of chords, the drummer on atfo beside him sawed off ll ri and the saxophone gave a d sq al. The piano player boo- ogie nto Beat Me Daddy, Eight Bar, d the tiny floor of the Yel- ront mmediately seethed with

elia ogood sauntered purpose- away om the bar toward Refu- boot When she reached it she d int the empty seat opposite ashe er white teeth in greeting. , Bi Shot," she said.

ugee oked up. Arzelia Toogood chas sheathed in yellow satin matc t her last name, limpid eyes nd red lips. "How do," he

w's out us dancin' a dance?" a ask

Refugee Smith pulled his gaze up to Arzelia's face, and a tiny change in the sheen of his black face told of his blush. "Thank you, Miss—Miss . . ."

"Arzelia."

"Thank you, Arzelia, but de truthful fack is I don't reckon I could cut de mustard. Leastwise not like dat." Refugee nodded toward the floor, packed with expertly gyrating couples, who continued on and on, miraculously not maiming one another.

"Well," Arzelia said, hiding her surprise at Refugee's ready cordiality, "if'n you can fling your feets in time to the music I can follow you."

Refugee smiled reminiscently. "Was a time," he said, "I could do de Jump Jim Crow, and dey do say aroun' de river packets dat I was a natchal Natchez Shuffler."

Arzelia Toogood stood up and sent a rhythmic ripple down her yellow dress. "Come on, Big Shot," she said. "Ain't no shuffle I can't shuffle along with." Over Refugee's shoulder she winked briefly at a fat brown man standing at the bar.

When the music stopped and they were back in the booth, Arzelia said, "You kind of low-referenced yourself when you says you was a natural shuffler, Big Shot."

Refugee looked across the table, beaming. "You is mighty handy yourself," he said. He paused. "How come you calls me Big Shot?" he added. "My natchal name is Refugee."

"Why?" Arzelia said, still panting slightly from her recent exertions. "I knows your name is Refugee. Refugee Smith, the famous prize fighter. Everybody in Harlem knows you. But me, when a man is a big shot, I reckon he ought to be called Big Shot."

Refugee shuffled his large feet in embarrassment and his grin became even wider. The fat brown man at the bar finished his drink and walked out into the night.

"How's about buyin' me a drink?" Arzelia said, beckoning a passing waiter and ordering whisky and soda.

*(Continued on page 27)*

**Arzelia stood up and sent a rhythmic ripple down her dress. "Come on, Big Shot," she said. "Ain't no shuffle I can't shuffle along with"**

Typical dog trainer is Billy Gladwin, of Brewster, New York, here working with Leo Lion, a yellow Labrador retriever delivering a bird to hand

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEONARD MCCOMBE

# How to Train a Hunting Dog

**By Jim Marshall**

**You will need a small whistle, an abundance of patience and more savvy than the dog has. And months later, when you have a perfect dog to hunt with, you will find that the dog really trained you**

ACROSS the bright wooded hills Billy Gladwin moved smoothly, the dogs romping and ranging along, noses to grass. One was a yellow Labrador, the other a Chesapeake. Near a lush weed patch Billy called the dogs to heel. They came swiftly, marched soberly beside him and then, at a command, stood motionless. Gladwin took a dead duck from a sack, wadded it up and hurled it far into the weed patch. The dogs followed it with eyes and noses but made no move. You could see them tense, muscles quivering.

Softly, Billy called a dog by name. It was off instantly, bounding away. You caught flashes of gold through the long grass. Then, suddenly the dog was back, sitting at Billy's feet, the duck held gently in its month. The trainer took the duck, tossed it away again and called on the other retriever. . . .

All over America this early fall the same sort of thing was going on. Hundreds of bird-dog trainers were breaking in and educating scores of thousands of spaniels, retrievers, setters and pointers. Bird hunters themselves were training their own dogs. Today hunters already are banging away or getting ready to. In crowded Northeastern states where there are few wild game birds left; in the South and West and Northwest where game still is plentiful, dogs are being tuned up. And this year, as always, there are plenty of novice hunters taking the field in one of the country's most popular outdoor sports.

There are several ways to get a good hunting dog: You may breed, raise and train your own; you can buy them ready-made, with arm-long pedigrees, completely equipped to respond to voice, hand and whistle signals. Rich men and poor men do either, or both. Most hunters agree, however, that the safest way is to buy your dog from a reputable trainer who has the confidence of veteran hunters. Hunters are fanatics about dogs, and unless a trainer lives up to their near-perfectionism, he's a thumbs-down case. If a good trainer says a dog is so-and-so and will do this-and-such, it's a good bet he's right.

Buying puppies and training them, or having them trained, has an element of risk. It is sometimes done under the influence of the Little Woman, to whom some pup in a litter of setters or retrievers looks just too cute. With a good trainer, this will work out all right in four cases out of five. But not all puppies, however long their lineage, will make good hunting dogs—and you are always taking a chance that the just-too-cute one will turn out to be a rebel.

Having decided to get a bird dog, you have to decide what kind. There are three main breeds: Pointers, spaniels, retrievers. There are five or six principal varieties in each breed. The pointers—including setters—have English, Irish and Gordons, for example. There are cocker and springer spaniels, among others. In retrievers the Labradors and Chesapeakes are favorites. But anyway, you will have from fifteen to twenty varieties of dog from which to choose—and practically unlimited advice from all the other "guns" in your neighborhood.

### Your Own Dog is Best

The "best sort of dog" for any hunter depends on the type of country, the game, the climate—and the hunter. What other hunters around you have found satisfactory probably is the result of experience and may safely be taken as a guide. Of course, after you have chosen your dog, no matter what his breed or variety, you will maintain through hell and high water that he's the best there is. You wouldn't be much of a hunter if you didn't.

"There aren't any secrets to training or feeding bird dogs," says Billy Gladwin. "Dogs need rest, exercise and recreation, just as people do. Young dogs are like kids: When they're not being educated they should be given all the freedom possible, to keep them lively and interested in life."

Few persons who value their serenity will make positive statements about bird dogs. About as far as it's safe to go is to say a dog has four legs and sweats through its tongue—and even then some pundit will come back with proof that in southern India there's a dog with five legs that sweats through its ears and has feathers on its rump.

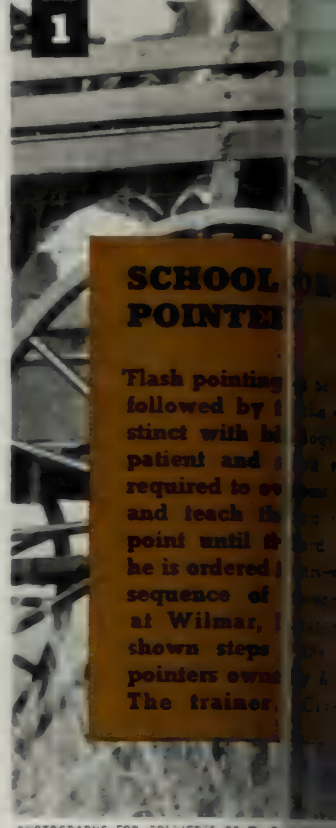
Almost every dog is a natural hunter of some kind, and dogs and men have hunted together for centuries. Different dogs fit into different conditions. For rugged country and big game you need big, rangy dogs with courage and endurance; for some kinds of bird shooting the shaggy, shortlegged spaniel is best. For wolves, bears, cougars and so forth you need high courage and vitality; although all hunting dogs must have heart and guts.

Let's say, for example, you're a duck shooter, and you decide a retriever is what you need. We'll go along with Billy Gladwin, a typical trainer, and see how it's done. Billy, a wiry little Welshman, runs the Star Lea Kennels near Brewster, in the hills north of New York City. He learned his profession the hard way, as most trainers do, in the hills around Llangollen—don't try to pronounce it—in North Wales. He trains from forty-five to fifty dogs a year, some for himself, some for city hunters.

Billy walks quietly into the big, airy kennels, where the dogs are housed in roomy, separate cages. They yelp and claw the netting as they hear his step, anxious to get out and go to work—or at least get out.

The trainer selects a Labrador and a Chesapeake and away they go over a hill and down to a near-by lake. The dogs are being trained to retrieve ducks. At the lake shore Billy takes his stand

*(Continued on page 60)*




PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. E.

**1** Three pointers, tense and eager for the hunt, are brought to the field in the dog wagon and unloaded by the helper

**2** Dogs have already been taught to "heel," or walk beside the hunter, through judicious use of leash and switch

**3** The first dog is "cut loose" and urged to run. This step is important in teaching him to range well ahead of hunter

**4** With dog on point, trainer is "steadying" him, talking to him, instilling confidence. Rope will check attempt to break

**5** While dog holds his point, trainer drops the rope and goes ahead to flush bird, meanwhile hand-signaling dog to stand

**6** Trainer flushes the bird, still steadying the dog with hand signal. Dog is beginning to get an idea of what is expected

**7** After a hard workout on a hot day, handler and helper cool off the overheated dog by moistening his skin with water

**8** Most important is the word of praise and the friendly pat after a lesson well-learned. Dogs learn to expect this reward

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Although you will never see the dogs above working together, each is an excellent specimen of its breed. In this group are, from left to right: first, Tops of Davellis and, second, Dalshangan, both Springer Spaniels; third, Betsy, an English Pointer. All three are owned by David Silberman. Fourth is E. C. Faulkner's English Setter, Buck. Fifth is Russel Wilcox's Yellow Labrador, Mac. Sixth, Little Hill Jason, a Golden Retriever owned by Mrs. Robert Pierie. Last, Glenairlie Rover, a Labrador Retriever owned by Frank M. Hogan

The Chesapeake Retriever in action. A good retriever will go half a mile for a bird, will mark where each one falls and bring them in one at a time, on command, carrying them with exquisite care. They rely on sight as well as smell. Dog at right is Philip Dater's Sea Captain

# GET 'EM!

Hounds are good trailers, having excellent close-to-the-ground noses. Their specialty is running rabbits, working individually. They can be taught to trail nearly any game. Basset below is Stanco Carlton, puppy is Stanco Little Bit. Both owned by Mrs. Lewis Thompson, Jr. of Red Bank, New Jersey

One of the most beautiful of the gun dogs is the Irish Setter, a vigorous, long-lived dog noted for his ability to work in rough cover. They are used to hunt any game birds. Irish Setters below are, left to right, Shaun McTybe, Elcova McTybe and Clodagh McTybe, owned by Edwin M. Berolzheimer of Tarrytown, N. Y.

The Beagle is the oldest sporting dog in existence. While he works in packs, of which there are at least 20 in the United States, many hunters work beagles individually on rabbits and foxes. They are noted for friendliness, and need little training. Puppy below is unnamed and is owned by Louis Batjer of New Brunswick, N. J.

Favorite of thousands of hunters is the English Setter, a strong, active dog, beautiful and intelligent. The English Setter is usually worked on birds, and his style is like that of the pointer. Many hunters prefer him to the pointer because of his friendliness and sociability. Setter below is Jim, owned by Ron Yocum of Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Foxhounds are trained to run in packs of 20 or more, although they are run individually in field trials and are worked singly in running foxes to th gun They are bred for keen scent and good voice. The Foxhounds in the photograph above are the Millbrook Hunt pack (New York), one of the best in t U. S

The Pointer, a businesslike, aggressive hunting machine, gets his name from his working style. He is also bred for field trials and bench shows. His job is to find and point birds for the hunter, and to retrieve them. Speed and bird sense make him a coast-to-coast favorite. Pointers below are Luminary and, foreground, Ariel, national field-trial champion. Both dogs are owned by A. G. C. Sage

The Cocker Spaniel is the smallest of the working dogs. He is ex cellent hunter, working well on land and taking readily to ater On finding game he sits, as in the photo below, until comma d retrieve after the shot. He is trustworthy, vivacious, friend an is thus equally popular as a hunting dog and a house pet. cke Spaniel below is Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Treetop Toreador of ald

# Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand
ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*y Thus Far:*

BO .ES, a young American naval flier, "pa d over" for promotion by a selec- boat Hurt and angry, he resigns his nissi buys a sixty-foot schooner—the lewo —and, with a one-man crew (Tom, red y), starts on a long, aimless cruise. Kin on, Jamaica, when he is almost less, meets a wealthy couple from New City Malcolm Kingman and his wife, —w engage him to take them to a small, of-the ay island known as "Mercator." . . . npar l by Bob, Mrs. Kingman goes to a shop hat is owned by a Japanese: Mr. . Th , in the ladies' dressing room, she upo and roughly handled by some of foto mployees. But, when Bob goes to scue d drives the toughs away, she re- to di ss the incident. Why? *Bob won-*

tain urke, an American naval officer, Bob a nteresting story: He has been or- to se ch for a crated airplane, left by a h ve (that had later gone down) at Carib an port. Attached to the plane is para —a small but extremely potent wa echanism, the only thing of its an ex ence. Burke, who has been in- d tha he Nazis are also looking for the need pilot. Will Bob take the job? he ha been a member of the board that lot mmended Bob for promotion. still er, turns the offer down. . . . mpa d by Mr. Kingman's valet, Os- Ne Yorkers come aboard the Thistle- and thin a short time the cruise is way. rom the start, Tom mistrusts the ans; suspects that they are planning der b and him! Bob is not worried; heles e wonders if Malcolm Kingman s wif re what they profess to be: rich ke n search of quiet and peace. re sa g, Mrs. Kingman had astounded he ha old him that she was not happy, d im red him to run away with her. comf ably ensconced on board the wood he tells Bob that she loves him; e wa him to be careful, rather more erely timates that he is in peril. . . . bent er a chart, shows Mr. Kingman isl ls, including Mercator. Mr. an is eply interested; he is especially ted i he harbors—their size and the ity an ocean liner entering them. swer is questions. And, for the first e beg to put things together.

## IV

E istlewood was moving roug ine weather, pushed on by brisk fair breeze so steady that ardly ad to trim a jib from one the ext.

the st day out Mr. Kingman ookin astern or going to the bow is gl ses, as though he expected som ing, but at the end of that e ga it up. And there was noth- rth w ching, except now and then of p poises breaking the water ving unison, or the flying fish arted ff the bow and whizzed in ight ne through the air and d int the sea again.

ey lo as if they had been wound h a k ," Mrs. Kingman said.

sea, b thought, was doing both nd Ms. Kingman good. Their had oked drawn and tired in on, b now the lines had gone f the . They shot at bottles mes took sun baths or dozed k an every evening they asked lles r dinner and bridge in the Som mes it seemed to him that were e himself, glad to forget ey w e or where they were go- r the did not talk about their ound y more than he did. They entire in the present, and even grew ellow and agreeable.

as M s. Kingman had said, Os- d the ost amazing way of mak- ngs. e had picked up all those kills ich you associate with an aman ho had been in sail. He d his tle ship with all her masts rds la flat and then he thrust it e ne of a bottle and pulled silk th ad and up came the masts ars wi all their standing rigging.

(Continued on page 44)

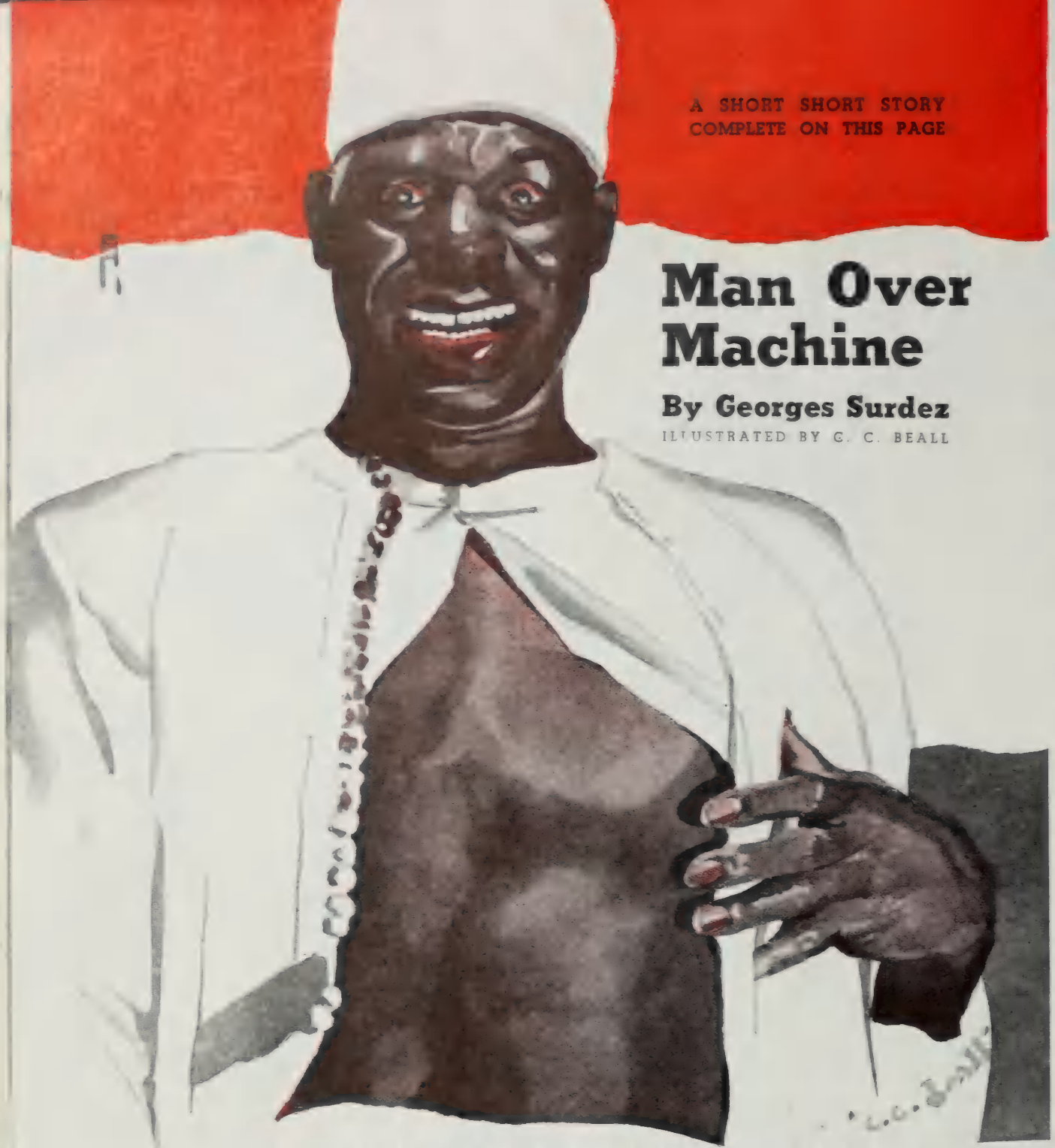
**an aw and yanked open the door. Mac!" she called. "Mac! s a b coming up behind us"**

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

# Man Over Machine

## By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. BEALL



**Holding his shirt open, grinning fearlessly, Mamadou said, "Cut deep!"**

HERR HAUPTMANN GREGOR VON DURRFORT was a perfect specimen of his breed—a queer blend of the athlete, soldier, scientist and gangster. His presence in French North Africa proved that he was not merely an excellent officer of artillery; all the members of the armistice commission were technical experts. Von Durrfort was also in the way of being a diplomat; he had been profuse with compliments and salutes.

Of course, there was something about him of a new owner inspecting his estates. Nevertheless, the half-dozen French officers gathered in the messroom of the post of Hajzer, Morocco, were sure that he had no desire to offend them deliberately. For their part, they had instructions from above to show the guest "all help and courtesies."

"Your army was very brave, as always," von Durrfort was saying now, "but it fought without conviction."

The Negro orderly refilled the German's glass for the fifth time. But von Durrfort was not drunk. His eyes shone, blue and clear.

"Your professional officers fought very well indeed. I tell you, we admired the high merit of your subalterns. What it must have been to bolster hysterical Moroccans or frightened Senegalese, we could well imagine."

"That talk not good."

It was the Negro orderly who had spoken. He stood over six feet, tremendous shoulders and chest swelling in his white mess jacket.

"Mamadou!" the French officer presiding called out sharply.

"*Mon capitaine?*" Mamadou came to attention.

"I've warned you before not to clown when there are guests. Pay attention to your duty."

"*Oui, mon capitaine.*" Mamadou sketched a salute. "But that gentleman, he talk bad about Senegal man. Me, Senegal man!" He showed superb white teeth in a wide grin. "See, me no mad. Me, very polite. Me just want to explain Senegal man to *Monsieur le Boche.*"

The French officer flushed. He knew how much the Germans detested that word *Boche.*

"Stop that inane talk! You're relieved; send someone here to replace you."

But von Durrfort blandly protested: "Forgive the poor fellow, Captain. After all, he can use only the words he knows." He smiled up at Mamadou. "All right now, explain Senegal man to me."

The French officers knew his real motive. It would make a splendid anecdote for his comrades: a Negro orderly not only interrupting a conversation among officers but apparently not very worried about the consequences.

"YOU may speak, Mamadou," the presiding captain said at last, with a glance in the direction of young Lieutenant Maurez.

"Good. I think first." Mamadou brooded, dark brows knitted. He faced the guest. "Senegal man, he very brave man. He not afraid be killed. German, he brave man, too. But not the same kind brave man."

"No?" said von Durrfort. "How is that?"

"Boche gentleman, he not afraid when he got tank, airplane, pistol, grenade man not afraid when he got noth knife he got. Boche, he afraid Senegal man, he laugh at big knife.

The German broke into a smile. very wrong there. Germans are no steel."

He smiled indulgently at the o lieving the episode over. But Mar stride as light as a cat's, had cros dresser, to return with a long, sh carving knife. He held it out to vor

Then, very slowly, he unfastene tons of his white jacket, opened h expose a black, flat, muscular abdo was a fine touch, young Maurez re white man would have bared his c Negro knew that the most dangerou the belly, where any cut can do ser

Holding his shirt open, grinning Mamadou said, "Cut deep!"

The German was startled. He the blade, at the exposed flesh. laughed and pushed the knife aside

"Cut!" Mamadou insisted. "No trouble. Only Mamadou get sick *Monsieur le Boche!*"

"Nonsense. I'm a civilized man fellow."

"With gun, airplane, tank, you Mamadou sure thing, you no worry in belly, he make bloody mess. Boc to see blood. Senegal man, he no see blood, lot of blood."

Von Durrfort shrugged, lifted his a sip. "I admit it. Naturally, I'm to cause a mess. But that doesn' are afraid of the steel."

"No?"

Mamadou picked up the knife. it solidly, not with the point droo the clenched fingers, but jutting u still grinned, but his beady eyes sparks of fire between the creased

"Stand up now, *Monsieur le* show me *your* belly."

The German stared at him as if In front of him stood Mamadou, a man with twelve inches of cold st ing from his fist.

A pulse became visible over vor collar. Perspiration streaked his ch ered and glistened at his chin. Negro's eyes held his.

Then at last his glance wavered His lips moved, but no words cam

"Stop clowning now, Mamadou siding officer said, his voice sudde the silence.

"*Oui, mon capitaine.*"

The orderly's face relaxed, he place the knife. He returned with liqueurs, poured new drinks. Jerk versation resumed. But someh and the other Frenchmen knew would be no more reference to th of France that evening.

SOME hours later Mamadou en tenant Maurez's quarters, his ing in a grin.

"Did I put it over, Lieutenant?

"You were superb! But howe come to think of it?"

"Well, I bet you I'd deflate him he mentioned Senegalese, it came flash. The pidgin French is a cinch I thought that 'Zulu killing lion' get him. But say, Lieutenant—exc you're going over the wall, aren't

Maurez nodded. "Three of us."

"Take me with you."

"But you're not a professional s should you want to?"

"Listen, Lieutenant. One thing t hate worse than the knife is ridic fellow ever finds out I never saw I was called to the army, that I'm a singer and artist's model back in have me shot. And, then, there's more than that."

"Yes?" Maurez said.

"I was born in France. I guess I ized it until I saw this guy. Peop are all over France now. I want Lieutenant—you understand. I more than just *pose* with a knife."

# 'urder in etrospect

## Agatha Christie

ATED BY MARIO COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

CAROLINE CRALE, mother of a five-year-old daughter (whose name is also Caroline) is arrested and charged with the murder of her husband, Amyas Crale, a well-known English artist. She is tried, found guilty and the court sentences her to penal servitude for life.

Her daughter is sent to Canada, where relatives change her name to Caroline ("Carla") Lemarchant. One year after the trial, her mother dies: she leaves a letter in which she swears that she is innocent—and which she wishes given to her daughter on her twenty-first birthday anniversary.

Sixteen years pass. "Carla Lemarchant"—engaged to a fine young man—reaches the age of twenty-one. She reads the letter, feels sure that her mother had told the truth. Then, going to London, she gets in touch with the world's most brilliant criminal investigator: Hercule Poirot.

She tells Poirot what she knows of the case; after which the little Belgian (in a decidedly skeptical frame of mind) sets to work. In the course of a series of interviews—with Sir Montague Depleach, who had been in charge of the defense; George Mayhew, son of the solicitor who had "briefed" Sir Montague; and one or two others—he learns these facts about the case:

The Crales had quarreled over a period of years. Then Elsa Greer, a beautiful twenty-year-old girl, had entered the picture. Crale had painted her portrait, and become infatuated with her. He had asked for a divorce, which his wife (deeply in love with him!) would not give him. A neighbor of the Crales—Meredith Blake—had had a bottle of coniine (a poison) in his home. He had missed some of it. Shortly after the murder—Crale had been poisoned with beer containing coniine—a bottle containing a small amount of the drug had been found *in Caroline Crale's room!*

The last of the persons whom Poirot visits is George Mayhew. Like all of the others, Mayhew feels sure that Mrs. Crale had been guilty, as charged. He suggests that the detective question Elsa Greer—now Lady Dittisham.

Then, as Poirot prepares to make his departure, "You might," Mayhew says, "have a word with Edmunds, our managing clerk. He was with the firm then and took a great interest in the case."

II

DM NDS was a man of slow speech. His ves gleamed with legal cautio He took his time in sizing up irot b ore he let himself be betrayed o spe n. He said, "Aye, I mind the le cd ." He added severely, "It s a d raceful business."

is sh wd eyes rested appraisingly Herc e Poirot. He said, "It's a g tim since to be raking things up in."

A co verdict is not always an ing."

dmun square head nodded slowly. not y that you weren't in the t of i here."

ercul Poirot went on: "Mrs. Crale a da hter."

Aye. I ind there was a child. Sent ad to elatives, was she not?"

That c ghter believes firmly in her her's nocence."

he bu y eyebrows of Mr. Edmunds . "Th 's the way of it, is it?"

oirot ked, "Is there anything you tell n to support that belief?"

dmun reflected. Then, slowly, he k his ead.

coulc ot conscientiously say there I ad ired Mrs. Crale. Whatever she w , she was a lady! Not like other. A hussy—no more, no less. l as br s! Jumped-up trash—that's t *she* as—and showed it! Mrs. e was uality."

But no the less a murderess?"

lmunc rowned. He said, with more taneit than he had yet shown, at's wh I used to ask myself, day day. itting there in the dock so and ntle. 'I'll not believe it,' I to sa o myself. But, if you take meani . Mr. Poirot, there wasn't hing e to believe. That hemlock t get to Mr. Crale's beer by ac- it. It as put there. And if Mrs. e didn put it there, who did?"

hat is he question," said Poirot. o did?

ain th e shrewd old eyes searched ace.

o that your idea?" said Mr. Ed- ds.

hat d you think yourself?"

ere w a pause before the other ered. hen he said, "There was ng tha ointed that way—nothing ."

irot sa "You were in court dur- he hea g of the case?"

very d ."

ou hea the witnesses give evi- ?"

did."

id any ng strike you about them abno ality, any insincerity?"

as on of them lying, do you ?" Ed nds said bluntly. "Had f them reason to wish Mr. Crale ? If yo ll excuse me, Mr. Poirot, a ver *melodramatic* idea."

least nsider it," Poirot urged.

watch the shrewd face, the ed-up, houghtful eyes. Slowly, tfully, munds shook his head.

hat Mis Greer," he said, "she was enoug *and* vindictive! I'd say verstep d the mark in a good deal id, but was Mr. Crale alive she

(Con ued on page 69)

He took the party into the laboratory and showed them around. He mentioned certain specific drugs—one of which was coniine

A Russian "partisan" serves as lookout on a hilltop in wooded country ideally suited for guerrilla operations

# Courage to Burn

**By Alice Leone Moats**

PHOTOS BY RADIO FROM MOSCOW

**Behind the Nazis' backs, out of the forests and hills, come the Russian partisan detachments—bands of determined men and women who know all about what happened to Napoleon. Here's the firsthand story of their fearless adventures**

**A Ukrainian collective farmer guards his commune's grain and cattle. His orders are to destroy them to prevent capture**

THE most exciting and colorful episodes of the Russo-German war have to do with the exploits of guerrilla bands operating behind the enemy lines in White Russia and the Ukraine. Thousands of these partisan units, as the Russians call them, harass the Nazis day and night in the occupied territory. As soon as it becomes clear that a village is about to be taken by the Germans, all able-bodied men and the strongest women prepare to leave. They burn the stores and crops and choke the wells of springs with dirt, destroy the machinery and set fire to the gasoline dumps, then take to the woods where they hide, waiting for a chance to strike at the enemy troops. They slip out to blow up bridges and attack munitions supply trains and make surprise raids on Nazi units, using weapons supplied by the Red army or confiscated from previous victims or sometimes merely pitchforks and axes.

The guerrillas are following the orders issued by Stalin in his speech broadcast early in July, when the nation was told it must do everything to make it difficult for the enemy to consolidate its position in the conquered areas and impossible to live off the land it had occupied. However, even if these orders had not been issued, partisans would have risen up, since guerrilla warfare is in keeping with the Russian tradition. What the guerrillas are doing today is exactly what their forefathers did against Napoleon in 1812 and what others did against the German army of occupation in 1918.

The Berlin radio has confirm stories of partisan activities b appeals in Russian to the peop the practice of wholesale bur struction and killing. Germa assure them again and again, tacked the Soviet Union only t people free. Aside from the fa radios which can pick up for tions have had to be turned i duration and therefore no one this propaganda, the broadca waste of breath because the love their land too much to b to give up any part of it to any The German High Commar bothered issuing pleas; it has reward of three thousand ruble one turning in a partisan and posed the death penalty for as concealing guerrillas.

From the story told by T. P. kov, commander of a partisa White Russia, who has just be a hero of the Soviet Union, it i to get a good picture of the Ro life led by the guerrillas. His organized during the first mon war and orginally consisted Komsomols (young Communis munists and peasants. It has s greatly increased in size. The the members did was to bre platoons and begin to study th technique of camouflage, targ ing, sapper work and the use graphical maps and compasses. last could not have been neces one of the great advantages by the guerrillas is their knowledge of the territory which they operate. In their ments they filled hundreds c with gasoline, which when se make nasty antitank weapons.

### Guerrillas—with Tan

The band set up camp in th part of the forest, with hea where arms, ammunition, the the wounded could be left wit guard. The three women usually stay there to look wounded, cook and do laur when needed they also pick and go out to fight with the r whole detachment never asse camp at the same time for fe traying their presence or of tacked and having everyone once. So far their efforts at ment have been effective, for mans have not been able to l camp. Caches for supplies h dug through the woods and of secret meeting places d which are never used twice i sion.

The peasants in the neighb lages provide the partisans and keep them informed of al moves. The band also keeps i with the regular Red Army un front and in the enemy's rear, eral times co-operated with th tacking Nazi troops. It is also equipped by the army, a gene tice which gives rise to a cry c from the Germans. "Who ever guerrillas with tanks?" they dignantly.

"Our first job," Bumazhkov s telling about his group, "was an enemy tank unit which w cross the river. For several managed to hold them on the bank, destroying fifteen tanks teen armored cars with our fla tles of gasoline. When the tan fire the crews would jump out was our chance to pick the me by one. They had to bring up ments before they could get a river," he added proudly.

Another time, after the Red

(Continued on page 7

# We bet you've never tried America's oldest mixed drink

IF YOU'VE NEVER TRIED a cold Toddy, maybe it's our fault.

You see, we've frequently described the virtues of the *hot* Toddy. But we've somehow overlooked telling you what a soul-satisfying drink its older brother—the *cold* Whiskey Toddy—can be!

In a way, though, you who are about to enjoy this grand drink for the very first time are especially fortunate . . .

For today there awaits you a very special whiskey . . . a superb Four Roses that endows a Toddy with almost breathtaking magnificence!

So, follow faithfully the simple directions given below and discover this time-honored drink for yourself!

**How to make a Four Roses cold Whiskey Toddy**

Into a large Toddy glass put a scant teaspoonful of sugar, one jigger of water, and a twist of lemon peel. Now pour in two brimming jiggers of Four Roses. Add a lump of ice, stir gently . . . and savor to the full the surpassing flavor, the mellow perfection, of this majestic drink . . . a drink with not a single frill to dim the luster of Four Roses' brilliance!

*FOUR ROSES*

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—86 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore*

# Mr. Casey waltzed... with a Strawberry Blonde!

**1. Mrs. Casey gets a whirl!** Mr. Casey gets up on his toes! And why? Because he's just seen an out-of-season vision of loveliness . . . a mouth-watering shortcake, crowned with luscious-looking strawberries, she made especially for him. You'd yip with joy, too. It's a strawberry shortcake made with Birds Eye Frosted Strawberries!

**2. And, madam,** these Birds Eye Strawberr[illegible] be delicious. They're pampered, petted, and f[illegible] all their lives. Specially selected plants . . . [illegible] growing soil . . . and then carefully supervise[illegible] under a warm summer sun, until . . .

**3. The miracle quick freezing** of Birds E[illegible] catches Mother Nature in mid-air! At the mor[illegible] those strawberries are in an aim-to-please [illegible] pluck the prettiest, wash their faces, slice 'em [illegible] 'em into the quick freezer. So when you go sh[illegible]

**4. Clean, perfect, garden-fresh** strawb[illegible] yours for the taking . . . regardless of seasons! [illegible] no culls, no leaves or stems . . . and Birds E[illegible] berries are cheaper than market berries 9 10 o[illegible] One box serves four generously. Serve them [illegible] cake, with ice cream, in tarts, or with cream. [illegible] vantage of the reduced price . . . for one wee[illegible]

## SPECIAL!
### ONE WEEK ONLY!
Sept. 22 to Sept. 27

**STRAWBERRIES**
[illegible] prepare desserts [illegible]

**HADDOCK FILLETS**

FEATURED—Sunliloos Green or Wax Beans. Applesauce. Cuts [illegible]

COMPARE! . . . All Birds Eye Frosted [illegible] foods . . . and always economical!

**MARK THIS WELL!** *Not* all quick-frozen foods are Birds Eye! So look for the Birds Eye on the store window and on the package. It *guarantees* over 60 top-quality Birds Eye Foods! THEY MUST SATISFY OR MONEY BACK!

**LOOK!** Now you can have the new 64-page Birds Eye Cook Book—with recipes galore—for only 10c. Ask your dealer for one or write Birds Eye Frosted Foods, Dept. Col. 937, Battle Creek, Mich.

**BIRDS EYE**
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## It Ain't No Sin

Continued from page 15

"I'd pleasured," Refugee said po-
ely. himme a bottle of strawberry
p." H added to the waiter.
"Ah, ou can't get sent on no soda
p." A elia teased. "Why'ncha have
ittle ort?"
"I dd t drink no whisky no more,"
efuge said. "I don't figure hit no
tchal n but I gotta keep in shape."
"Oh, es," Arzelia said as if sud-
nly r embering. "You're the fighter
at w saved and aims to get to be
preac r."
"Ise ved, all right," Refugee said.
e Lo sent Mr. Willie clean to de
nter de ole river to save me, an'
postl done what he says ever since
I ai lost a fight."
"Don what who said?"
"Mr. illie," Refugee said.
"Whc Mr. Willie?" Arzelia asked.
"Mr. illie Wurtzel," Refugee said.
ly m ager."
"You t a right smart store by Mr.
urtzel lon't you?" Arzelia said.
"I set heap," Refugee said simply.
"Well Arzelia said, "it ain't no sin."
The usic started and Refugee's
oulde twitched. Arzelia stood up.
et's u get in the groove," she said.

WILLI WURTZEL strolled out of
Lind restaurant, flicked a stray
gmen of smoked herring off his
hrly s tched multicolored vest and
the e off a long black cigar.
A lar well-dressed man standing
the c b contemplating his finger-
ils ha d him: "How, Willie? What
es?"
Willie walked over to the curb.
ello, l," he said. "Nothin' much.
w's t gs with you?"
"Okay How's the tarball?"
"All r t," Willie said casually. "I
t sign d him for an outdoor show
h Jim y Stiller."
"Stille a nice boy."
"What inda price you make me on
fight Willie asked.
"Dunn yet," Ed Delaney said. "But
make ou a price."
"Be S ler money around," Willie
d. "H s a Fancy Dan."
"I'll l you know," Ed said. "I'd
ess it'd naybe be eight and five and
e you choice."
"I'll ta two and a half G's of that
ht now Willie said.
Ed Del ey looked at him in mild and
rt sur se. "Why, Willie," he said.
ou kn I don't bet my money. I'm
commi ion man."
"Well, Willie said, "lemme know."
"That's my business," Ed Delaney
d, and ent back to the contempla-
n of h nails.
Willie alked on over to the corner
d disap eared into the subway kiosk,
ight ar ptown train. At 135th Street,
climb out and made his way to-
rd Se te "Slippery" Ellum's Eat-
r Fis and Chips Shoppe.
Inside, he sought out Slippery.
"Here's Refugee?" he asked.
Slipper Ellum looked up from his
sition the cash register, shook his
ad. "H ain't been in yet," he said.
en, lo ring his voice, he went on,
e was the Yellow Front last night
th Arz a Toogood."
"Sound like a candy bar," Willie
d. "W t is it?"
"It's a al."
"Gal?"
"Yes, s Mr. Willie, a gal. Infinite
nders' al."
"Sande the gambler?" Willie asked,
slight own appearing on his face.
he fell used to bank policy?"
"That's ight."

pleasured," Refugee said pompously. "Gimme a bottle of strawberry pop." He added to the waiter.

"You can't get sent on no soda pop," Arzelia teased. "Why'ncha have a sort?"

"I don't drink no whisky no more," he said. "I don't figure hit no sin but I gotta keep in shape."

"Yes," Arzelia said as if suddenly remembering. "You're the fighter who saved and aims to get to be champ."

"Yes, all right," Refugee said. "I done sent Mr. Willie clean to de ole river to save me, an' he done what he says ever since I done lost a fight."

"Don't what who said?"

"Mr. Willie," Refugee said.

"Who Mr. Willie?" Arzelia asked.

"Mr. Willie Wurtzel," Refugee said. "My manager."

"You got a right smart store by Mr. Wurtzel don't you?" Arzelia said.

"I set a heap," Refugee said simply.

"Well," Arzelia said, "it ain't no sin."

The music started and Refugee's feet twitched. Arzelia stood up. "Get in the groove," she said.

WILLIE WURTZEL strolled out of the restaurant, flicked a stray piece of smoked herring off his stretched multicolored vest and lighted off a long black cigar.

A large well-dressed man standing on the curb contemplating his fingernails hailed him: "How, Willie? What's new?"

Willie walked over to the curb. "Hello, Al," he said. "Nothin' much. How's things with you?"

"Okay. How's the tarball?"

"All right," Willie said casually. "I just signed him for an outdoor show with Jimmy Stiller."

"Stiller a nice boy."

"What kinda price you make me on the fight Willie asked.

"Dunno yet," Ed Delaney said. "But I'll make you a price."

"Be Sailor money around," Willie said. "He's a Fancy Dan."

"I'll let you know," Ed said. "I'd guess it'd maybe be eight and five and give you choice."

"I'll take two and a half G's of that right now Willie said.

Ed Delaney looked at him in mild and short surprise. "Why, Willie," he said. "You know I don't bet my money. I'm a commission man."

"Well," Willie said, "lemme know."

"That's my business," Ed Delaney said, and went back to the contemplation of his nails.

Willie walked on over to the corner and disappeared into the subway kiosk, right an ptown train. At 135th Street, he climbed out and made his way toward Seventh "Slippery" Ellum's Eat-or Fish and Chips Shoppe.

Inside, he sought out Slippery. "Where's Refugee?" he asked.

Slipper Ellum looked up from his position at the cash register, shook his head. "He ain't been in yet," he said. Then, lowering his voice, he went on, "He was in the Yellow Front last night with Arzelia Toogood."

"Sound like a candy bar," Willie said. "What is it?"

"It's a gal."

"Gal?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Willie, a gal. Infinite Sanders' gal."

"Sanders, the gambler?" Willie asked, a slight frown appearing on his face. "He fellow used to bank policy?"

"That's right."

The door opened and Refugee appeared. He was yawning hugely. Willie glanced at his watch. "Hello, boy," he said.

"How do, Mr. Willie," Refugee said. He turned to Slippery. "How's de ham an' eggs?"

"Give him lamb chops and spinach," Willie Wurtzel said.

"Us has got a fight?"

"Jimmy Stiller," Willie said. He paused impressively. "Outdoors."

"Hot diggety dog. Dat's de big money, ain't hit, Mr. Willie?"

"If it draws," Willie paused. "How you gettin' along with your readin'?"

"Pretty good," Refugee said. "I done tackled de Good Book."

"Where are you at?"

"I done made hit through Genesis an' I'm buckin' into Exodus."

"If you get time," Willie said pointedly, "skip over to Judges and read about Samson."

"De strong man?"

"He was stouter'n John Henry, till somethin' happened to him."

"What?" Refugee asked. "I disremember."

"He got to runnin' 'round with a gal. A wrong gal. Name of Delilah." Willie looked off out of the window. "Do three easy laps around the reservoir in the morning and be down to Stillman's at two o'clock."

"Yes, suh, Mr. Willie," Refugee said but he was looking at the floor.

A WEEK before the fight, Infinite Sanders, middle-aged, rotund and on the light tan side called on Arzelia Toogood in her apartment. He embraced her perfunctorily, lit a cigarette and dropped into his favorite chair. Bluntly, he asked: "How you doin'?"

"I ain't," Arzelia said sulkily.

"What's the matter? Don't he like you?"

"Oh, he likes me fine," Arzelia said. "He gimme that watch yonder on the bureau and he taken me to the picture show the last three Sattiday nights, and two Sundays he taken me to church," she added a shade unsteadily. "He likes me fine."

"Five'll get you eight if Stiller beats him," Infinite said. "We could win a wad of dough, did Smith lose."

"I don't know what to do," Arzelia said. "He got more will power'n a river-bottom mule."

"Lemme think," Infinite said, folding his soft brown hands across his paunch. "If we can't get him outta shape we gotta run another angle. You gonna see him this week?"

"We's goin' . . ." Arzelia hesitated a moment. "We is goin' to prayer meetin' Wednesday night."

"That's two nights before the fight," Infinite said. "You couldn't maybe have him come over here the night before the fight."

"I dunno," Arzelia said. "I reckon I could. Why-for?"

"He's *real* religious, ain't he?" Infinite went on.

"He's a good man," Arzelia said, frowning. "He's a four-square jigaboo."

"He read the Bible, don't he?" Infinite asked. "I guess a guy like that'd be a Bible reader, wouldn't he?"

"He ain't what you would call a strong reader," Arzelia admitted, "but he workin' on the Book. He whup off maybe a page a day, he say."

Infinite Sanders' shrewd brown face twisted into a smile. He got up, walked into the tiny kitchen, looked at the ceiling. "Your kitchen ceilin'," he said enigmatically, "it need paintin' right


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Davis

**The Lawyer:** Gentlemen of the Jury, there comes a time in every man's life when...

**The Lawyer:** How was I, sweetie?

**His Daughter:** Very logical, Dad. But where's that old fire—you know, that old zip, zest and zowie? You need more *pep appeal!* I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins.

**Daughter:** There, my learned Mr. Counsel for the Defense, is your first lesson in getting your vitamins. A dee-licious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant, and thus more needed, in ordinary diets.

**The Lawyer:** Hold on a minute! With all that vitamin talk, why didn't you tell me it tastes good too? Why this is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted!

**The Lawyer:** Gentlemen of the Jury, now that counsel for the defense has discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, before long things are going to be different around here.

**Daughter:** Well, where there's pep there's hope!

# Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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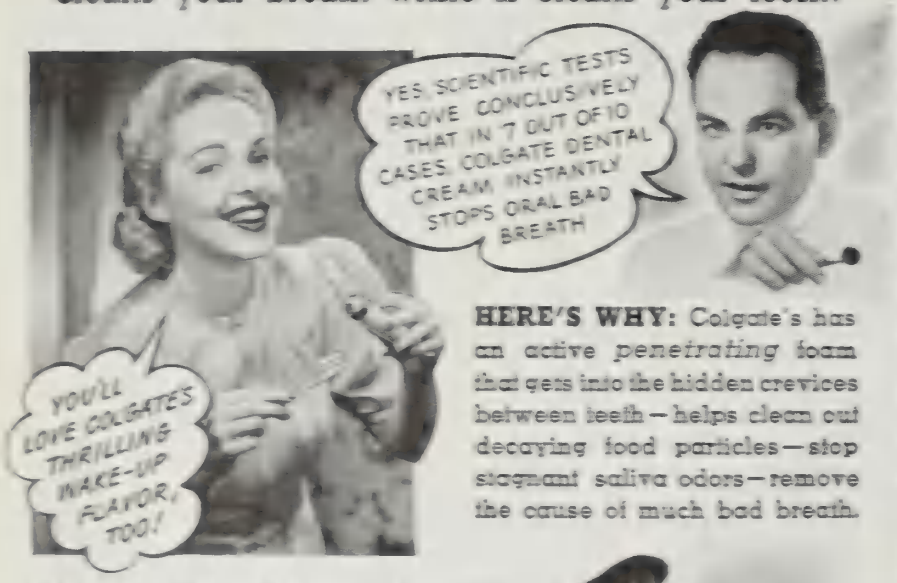
# Bad Breath almost cost Sue her job!

## Why Do YOU Risk It?

**Remember . . . bad breath is a snake-in-the-grass—it strikes without warning! That's why it pays to use Colgate Dental Cream — the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!**




**HERE'S WHY:** Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

**BESIDES,** Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently . . . makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!

bad. I 'spect that dumb jig would help you paint it did you ask him, wouldn't he?"

"I speck he would," Arzelia said.

"And he'd get thirsty paintin', don't you reckon?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay," Infinite said. "This here is the layout. And I don't want no slip-ups."

WILLIE WURTZEL walked down Broadway from Stillman's gym where he had watched Refugee's last limbering workout before the fight. He found Ed Delaney in Dempsey's.

Willie worked his way into the bar beside Ed, ordered a drink. "What's the price?" he asked. "Still eight to five?"

Ed Delaney didn't turn his head. "Nope," he said. "There's a big play on Stiller. I can lay you even money."

"I'll take three thousand," Willie Wurtzel said.

Ed Delaney pencilled a slip of paper briefly, pocketed Willie's six five-hundred-dollar bills. "You've made a wager," he said.

"Where's the play from, Ed?" Willie asked. "Stiller's a Brooklyn boy. Is it from over there?"

"Nope," said Ed Delaney, moodily contemplating his burnished nails. "Harlem."

"Harlem?"

Ed Delaney nodded, then asked: "What's the rush, Willie?"

"I just thought of somethin'," Willie Wurtzel replied over his shoulder.

WILLIE arrived at Slippery Ellum's Eatmor Fish and Chips Shoppe slightly breathless from his walk from the subway kiosk. "Where's Refugee?" he asked Slippery.

"He over to Arzelia's," Slippery said.

"He ain't been goin' out late at night with her, or drinkin' or nothin', has he?" Willie asked.

"Nope," Slippery said. "He been gettin' to bed early."

"Ain't really any my business," Willie said, worriedly. "If he keeps in shape I ain't got any right to tell him what he does. But there's somethin' mighty funny some place."

"What you gettin' at, Mr. Willie?" Slippery asked, worry creasing his chocolate brow. "I done bet a hunnerd dollars on Refugee."

"There's some smart money up here in Harlem thinks he's gonna lose," Willie said.

"Uhhhh, uh!"

"Yeah," Willie said. "I figure it must be Sanders."

"Ohhhh!"

"Refugee be here tonight?"

"He generally stops by for a minute."

"I'll wait if it's all right," Willie said.

"You can set over there in the first booth," Slippery said. "I'll get you a newspaper to read."

There are a lot of ways to put the fix in on a fight, Willie knew. Sitting waiting for his fighter, he sifted the several score he was intimately familiar with through his mind. He shook his head, lit a cigar. "I don't get it," he said half aloud.

Refugee came in at nine-thirty. "Gimme a glass of milk," he said gaily. "I gotta get to bed."

Slippery nodded his head, pouring the milk and Refugee turned. "How do, Mr. Willie? What you doin' way up here so late?"

"I wanted to talk to you a minute."

Refugee came over and sat down in the booth. "Yes, suh."

Willie fumbled for words. "Miss—er—Miss Toogood, Arizona . . ."

"Arzelia," Refugee corrected politely.

"Arzelia. She ain't . . . she ain't said anything about you helpin' her poor old mother or nothin' by losin' the fight, has she?"

"Naw, suh. She hope I win."

"You ain't gonna see her no[illegible] mean that is before the fight [illegible] night?"

"Naw indeedy. Mr. Willie [illegible] doin' just like you says." Pu[illegible] was, there was a slight chill [illegible] gee's voice. Willie Wurtzel [illegible] nuances of mood in his fighter, [illegible]

"Okay. Well, I don't want t[illegible] you none, boy. I just got to [illegible] about you. I was engaged to [illegible] ried up once myself. Her pa[illegible] the dowry with a rubber check. [illegible] sorry, don't want to bother [illegible] get along on home."

Refugee Smith didn't get up [illegible] he ran a black hand over [illegible] sighed, took off his green pors[illegible] and fanned himself with it.

Willie Wurtzel looked down [illegible] and his mouth flew open. [illegible] Smith's head was as bald as [illegible] ball, and his color was muddy. [illegible] What they done to you?"

Refugee raised an apologet[illegible] rubbed his head. "You mean [illegible] I was adabbin' a little paint on [illegible] kitchen ceilin' an she spilt son [illegible] hair. . . ."

Slippery Ellum from across [illegible] restaurant let out a wail: "S[illegible] shore him, Mr. Willie. She do [illegible] him!"

Willie Wurtzel tried to stop [illegible] but Slippery's eyes were on Ref[illegible] the words poured from his mou[illegible] you feels all right? You feels [illegible] got your full stren'th?"

"I feels a little tired," Ref[illegible] gan. He stopped.

Willie Wurtzel saw the whi[illegible] eyes as he rubbed his head a[illegible] prehension stole across his fa[illegible] slow and horrible shadow. "I [illegible] done outta my stren'th like [illegible] Refugee Smith said in a voi[illegible] with doleful conviction.

Willie Wurtzel's voice ros[illegible] near scream: "That's a lie!" He [illegible] Refugee's wrist, felt his puls[illegible] drink anything over there, b[illegible] you got done paintin'?"

"Nothin' but a glass of wate[illegible] gee Smith said. "An' now I fee[illegible] I couldn't whup Mr. Tom Th[illegible] a baseball bat."

"Listen to me," Willie said [illegible] voice was harsh. "It didn't d[illegible] to your strength to have tha[illegible] your hair. She give a pill in t[illegible] to make you feel weak for a lit[illegible] You'll be all right in a little w[illegible]

"Ise sorry, Mr. Willie," Ref[illegible] slowly. "But I am afeard you [illegible] took, 'cause I just natchally [illegible] stren'thed."

"And I," Willie Wurtzel m[illegible] told him to read about Sams[illegible]

WAITING for the bell, Wi[illegible] one final appeal. "The Do[illegible] that your hair didn't have nod[illegible] with it. And he told you that [illegible] thing you drunk has done wor[illegible] please, boy, get out there and [illegible] fight."

Refugee looked around at [illegible] ager. "You don't unnersten' M[illegible] he said. "I is . . ."

The bell sounded.

Refugee, the whites of his e[illegible] ing, went out slowly. Jimm[illegible] blond and wiry, moved in, sta[illegible] sharply on the nose, danced aw[illegible] gee followed him almost mee[illegible]

When the bell brought Refu[illegible] corner Willie was hissing in h[illegible] fore he was on the stool. "Bull [illegible] boy, work on his belly." B[illegible] Wurtzel's voice carried no mor[illegible] tion than Refugee's padded [illegible]

Refugee didn't answer.

Infinite Sanders twitched [illegible] on the radio, placed within e[illegible] of his favorite chair in Arzeli[illegible]

nt. ie announcer's staccato words re p sant in his ears: *Stiller stabs th 'h a right to the face. Stiller ks left twice to the head. The ored oy misses with a right. His t e is nearly closed. And there's bell at ends the seventh round.*

nfini Sanders looked over at Ar- a. "e's in the bag, baby," he said. iller' got the fight won by ■ mile." rzel didn't look at him. "Refugee ht k ck him out," she said in a faint ce. 'efugee might go for to knock ou'

Naw Infinite said. "Long as Smith ks ain't got no stren'th he ain't any He lit a cigarette and the intin of his eye where the smoke to gave him a faintly evil ex- sion. Your share of this'll be plenty itoes money."

rzeli ooked at the floor.

ILLI WURTZEL wasn't watching the f it. Down under the ring apron was mmaging frantically through uttle ack bag. "If it'll only work," outte d to himself. "If only it ain't its ength."

ong o, for a purpose somewhat al a completely nefarious Willie rtzel d bought a tube of stuff. On tube as written: Deado: an an- etic gent.

'illie urtzel found the tube, turned his e-hundred-fifty-dollar plush coat at he was afraid to leave he d sing room, and grabbing up eve, aced himself and tore it out ts ro . With a penknife he hastily hed l work. He climbed back into ring h the bell.

efuge came to his corner, slumped his ool. Willie Wurtzel disre- ed h fighter's puffed and bleeding , squ zed a generous portion of the fro the tube into his hand and r co of a cold sponge, rubbed it Ref ee's shining head. "Stall ugh s'n, boy," he pleaded. "An' ll different."

'hey n't get no diff'unt, Mr. Wil- Ref ee muttered brokenly, "till hair g ws out."

ick t this round," Willie begged. ain'gonna quit," Refugee said, he be me blind, but my haid done dea 'n a doorknob."

illie urtzel slipped the plush from ocket p Refugee's neck, anchored ith t swiftly pressed pieces of "I n't wonder," he said, and voice as dripping awe.

ow one, Mr. Willie?"

guess aybe," Willie Wurtzel said tens casualness, "it's because ve sp uted a head of hair."

efugee mith didn't move for an in- t. Th slowly, carefully, fearfully, one leather-clad hand moved toward his head. It stopped there for an instant, then descended in the lush cloth from Willie Wurtzel's plush coat. "Lord, Mr. Willie!" Refugee whispered, "You've give me back my stren'th!"

"Yeah, boy!"

"But Mr. Willie, he done won de fight. I can't stop him."

"Why not?" Willie's voice was hoarse and pleading.

"I can't see him."

Willie stopped the flow of blood above the right eye, moving with the speed and skill of a prestidigitator, grabbed his sterile razor blade. All the time he talked. He talked six thousand dollars ■ minute: "Refugee, boy. They done tricked you but 'member old Samson. He slew more of them Philistines when he's blind than any other time and he slew a herd of 'em. Well, I'm fixin' to fix you so you can see. I want you to go out there and tear this guy apart."

"Amen!" Refugee Smith said grimly.

Willie leaned down, slit the lump that kept Refugee's eye closed, and worked efficiently with, collodion and tape.

Refugee Smith came out fast in his old crouch. He had his chin tucked behind his shoulder and his hands cocked low. He bulled Jimmy Stiller to a corner, taking a couple of lefts, hooked his own left and right twice, crowding in, his head down, slugging.

Jimmy Stiller's mouth flew open with the second left and he fell, disjointedly, like ■ rag doll, forward slowly on his face.

Refugee Smith walked slowly to his own corner. His face, battered and bloody, was grave. He stood there, still, while the referee completed the count. Willie Wurtzel, in the ring with *ten*, reached up and tore the plush patch from his fighter's head and threw it down out of the ring.

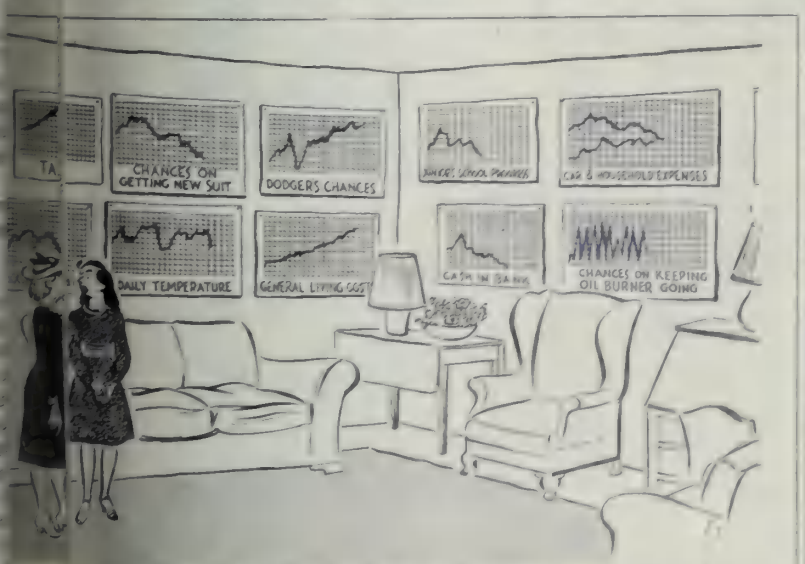
"Boy," he said, "believe me. They'll tell you I put somethin' on your head and you thought it was hair. But your strength came back to you, didn't it?"

Refugee rubbed his bald head. For a long time he stood there; but finally he grinned. "Mr. Willie, all at onct I felt surely full of them black corpuscles and maybe de Lord done growed me just ■ smidgin of hair to last me out one roun'."

Willie Wurtzel grinned back at his fighter, looked across the ring at the still inert form of Jimmy Stiller. "One rock was enough for David," he said, "and one round was enough for you."

"Yes, sir." Refugee said. "De Lord he do things different in de Yankee Stadium than he do 'em in Gaza but hit looks like hit work out to de same thing."

"Amen," said Willie Wurtzel.




"Sometimes I think it's an obsession rather than a hobby with him"

# STOP at the Auto-Lite Sign

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"Cool Shaves make my rough a SMOOTH FAIRWAY!"

● "Fellow golfers, trim your shaving handicap of stings and burns. No matter how rough your course, Ingram's quick-action lather makes you shave like a champion. Play your face in par, breeze home a cool and comfortable winner with cool, cool Ingram's.

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● "Ingram's gives you more than the clean and cool shave you have always hoped for and never quite achieved. No lotions necessary—no tonics needed with Ingram's. Each Ingram's shave feels like an invigorating facial. Get a tube or jar today! Concentrated for economy."

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

# The General Smiled Again

Continued from page 12

instrument cabinet. So did Miss Nergin. The general's hand was still outstretched behind his shoulder. He did not see the look of stark horror that had crept into Miss Nergin's beautiful eyes.

"You don't suppose—" she whispered—and her voice had the color of putty in it.

"He went out too quiet at that," groaned the dentist.

"What's that? What's that?" The general yanked the towel from his neck and swung to his feet. "My teeth, please, Doctor. . . ."

"They're—they're not here, General," said the dentist, bravely. "That drunken Polack must have . . ."

"Stolen my teeth?" roared the general. For an instant he stood stock-still. His trained mind was making an estimate of the situation. For an instant only he stood. In the next moment he had leaped through the door and was pelting down the stairway at a pace that was highly creditable to a man only two years short of retirement.

HE DASHED out into the street. His car stood at the curb. His aide saw him coming, jumped out and held the door.

"Stop him!" yelled the general.

"Yes, sir," snapped Lieutenant Wells, who had learned that an officer's first duty is to obey—even if you don't know what the order is.

"Did you see him?" gasped the general, climbing into the car. "Big yellow-haired Swede?"

"Yes, sir. Quarter hour ago. Looked half soused. Singing and laughing—big face and magnificent teeth!"

"*My* teeth!" howled the general. "Drive on, Mr. Wells. We'll catch him before he reaches Main Street." The aide slid the panel, and gave the order to the chauffeur-orderly; and they started.

But they did not catch Joe. After ten minutes of fruitless search they stopped at a drugstore and Lieutenant Wells went in to telephone.

He was gone the better part of twenty minutes. When he emerged from the drugstore, his face bore a look of qualified success. He leaned through the car window and spoke in a low voice:

"We're on his track, sir. His name is Joe Korvaski. He went straight from the dentist to the civilian draft office here in town. But he'd already left there when I got them on the wire. They—ah, they'd already passed him. 'One-B,' you know, sir—limited service. Said he had a satisfactory denture. . . ."

"Pathed him! Pathed my teeth, you mean! Couldn't those civilian blockheads *see* they weren't his teeth!"

"Well, sir—I imagine they were a bit perfunctory about it. Mrs. Upton is quite a local power, of course, and these draft boards have been given a good deal of discretion. Also, it would seem that this Joe used your name rather freely."

"My name!"

"Yes, sir. Said you wanted him to report at the camp hospital for examination tomorrow; said you were back of him in the whole business. . . ."

"Back of him! By the living—"

"Well, sir, of course, in a manner of speaking, you *are* back of him." The general glared. The lieutenant picked a slip of paper from his tunic. "I've got his home address and the places where he hangs out. How about notifying the police, sir?"

"Thertainly not," snapped the general. "Thertainly not! Be in all the papers. Make me a laughingthtock."

"We might send a detail of M.P.'s from the camp," hazarded Mr. Wells.

"Worth yet. Am I to use my own Gethtapo to get my own teeth?"

"Well, sir, then there's nothing for it but to track him down ourselves. We'll try the Silver Grille. They tell me that's the most likely place."

When they reached the Silver Grille, the lieutenant turned to his chief: "It wouldn't look too well for you, sir, in a place like this. Shall I go in first and try a little diplomacy?"

The general nodded and sank back in his corner. But as the aide was turning away he sat up suddenly. A look of gray terror had come on his face.

"Tomorrow! Say—I forgot tomorrow!"

"Yes, sir," nodded the lieutenant. "I'd been thinking of that. Divisional review at 2 P.M. You can't very well take the salute—er—I expect you could since it's not exactly a speaking part. But it might be a bit awkward."

"The Thecretary of War ith coming!" groaned the general. He turned an anguished eye on his aide. "Diplomacy be damned. Wellth! Go into that plath! Kill him. Knock hith teeth down hith—No—*no!* I don't mean that—"

"Leave it to me, General," said Mr. Wells soothingly. "Just keep a stiff upper lip while I'm gone, sir."

He turned and hurried into the Silver Grille.

General Shapley lay back with his eyes closed. His lips were shut in a sharp, hard line. Through the open windows of the car there came a cheerful, chirrupy sound. The general opened a lackluster eye to behold the portly façade of Mrs. Okes Upton.

"How *fortunate!*" chirruped Mrs. Upton. "How *wonderfully* fortunate. *Who* would have thought of running across you *here*—of all places! *Dear* General Shapley. You have been so co-operative. Did Joe find you at Dr. Sterns'?"

General Shapley shook his head, but did not speak.

"Why—what *is* the matter, General? Oh, of course! You've just been dentist. You *poor* dear. What di to you?"

"Toof out," mumbled the gene hind his hand. Since there wer sixteen out in the upper story this may be set down as one o masterly understatements of whi the military mind is capable.

"Toof out," mumbled the again. It seemed a good line to t

"Oh, you *poor* darling. Well, try to make you talk. I *know* h must be feeling. But I'll see you row at the review. I'm *sure* y feeling better by then. Rem General—you've promised to tal *all* the time, except when they'r ally saluting and everything. A it just *too* wonderful that the Se is to be there? Well, I must l ning along. Tra-la-la, General."

AS SHE turned away, Lie Wells emerged from the salo cast a nervous glance at Mrs. retreating back, and leaned in window.

"Did she—er—ah—?"

"Thee did *not!*" snapped the "Did you find him?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Thplendid, my boy! Thpl The general held out his hand. 'em over."

"I—er—I haven't got them y see, sir, when Joe saw *me*—I su was the uniform—he began c behind his hand. He must hav them out then. So I didn't actu them. But I'm positive he has th won't either admit or deny. He drunk, but he seems very shrew it will require diplomacy."

"You mean to thay he refu thurrender my—"

"Not in so many words, sir. It seems he wants to make a dicke

"Dicker!"

"Yes, sir. When he's in th

**". . . will Mother Cleaby find those precious papers, and wil Dr. Otis arrive in time to save Jane's baby? Frankly I don give a damn, folks—my number is up in the draft. WHEEEeee**

# ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!

**1.**

Eustace was an Ambitious Elephant who saved his Peanuts and spent his evenings studying Memory Courses.

Yet Eustace was no mere Stodgy Grind. At heart, he was a Romantic Soul.

**2.**

Maggie was a beautiful Circus Star who was bored with Pomp and Parades.

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When Eustace met Maggie it was Love at First Sight. They *Belonged* together—like Honey and Waffles.

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**4.** Calvert skillfully "marries" the right Combination of Whiskey Virtues to give its blending a Happy Ending in finer taste and flavor.

That's why CALVERT is America's favorite Luxury Whiskey!

MORAL:

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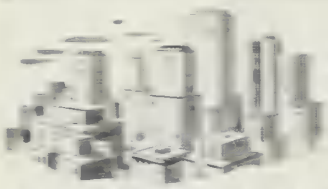
# . . . 34,000 DELCO BATTERY DEALERS



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PRODUCT OF
**Delco-Remy**

ge ack your teeth. He says Mrs. ton omised him."
The fernal thcoundrel! I'll—I'll—"
I'm lined to think we may have to e t, General," said the lieuten- "Korvaski holds the key to the— rev v, so to speak. We *could* rush th gh with a word from you to chie nedical officer, of course."
ene Shapley glared at his aide. I'm ly thinking of your career, " su ested Mr. Wells softly. The eral' lare faded to a troubled frown e th ght it over.
Perh th you're right, Mr. Wellth— hapt you're right. Very well. Go k an nake whatever arrangemenith neth hary."
Ther a bit of a hitch there, too, sir. —er- olds rather definite views ut d ocracy. Has the absurd idea t gen als are no different from any- y els Says after he's in the Army be *ur* turn, but until then he's g to eal man to man."
Very ell; very well. Go deal with "
Er— it's the hitch, sir. He refuses reat ith subordinates. He insists you ome in and talk things over have drink—!"
Me? rink with an enlithted man?"
He's t an enlisted man yet, sir. I— -had drink with him myself. Cou- of 'e in fact. Strict line of duty. de m see the whole situation very rly."

IE ge ral became lost in troubled ough The lieutenant leaned for- d an lowered his voice: "If your otiati s break down, sir, there is oth line of action that has oc- ed to e. This man is fairly drunk ady— He stopped, leaned still er, a spoke in a rapid whisper. gene l listened, and as he listened head me up to the alert.
Very od, Mr. Wells," he snapped. time e really did snap. "I accept dua plan of action. Diplomacy if th fails—all-out 'blitz'." Once n he as the decisive soldier. His conse usness fell away and his es" c e out like escaping steam. e th orderly supper money and e him port back here at the car in three hours. Let's go. Thank God, it's getting dark."

The lieutenant gave the orderly money and took the keys of the car. The man saluted and disappeared up the street. General Shapley and Lieutenant Wells, looking neither to right nor to left, marched smartly into the Silver Grille.

JOE KORVASKI was standing at one end of the bar. When he caught sight of the officers, he waved an arm and grinned: the gummy, unabashed grin of an amiable infant.

"We'll take a table in one of those booths, sir," said the lieutenant hastily. "If you'll sit down, I'll bring him over."

Joe came over, carrying a drink in one hand, and plunked himself down on the bench across the table from the general.

"Please' to meet yer," he held out a ham-sized hand. The general winced but came through.

"Now, my man—" began the general.

"Let's all have a drink," said Joe. "What'll it be?"

"I'll order, sir," said the lieutenant quickly, and beckoned to a waiter.

"Now, my man—this fool play must end. Hand over my—er—denture. And be quick about it."

"Who says I got 'em?" asked Joe, resentful of the tone.

"You have been seen with them actually in your"—the general gulped—"in your possession."

"I ain't got nothin' like the money that dentist said," mumbled Joe. "An' I just *gotta* get in the Army." And then, in an aggrieved tone, "An' whatcha want to bawl me out for up to the doc's, huh? Maybe I wouldn't've—"

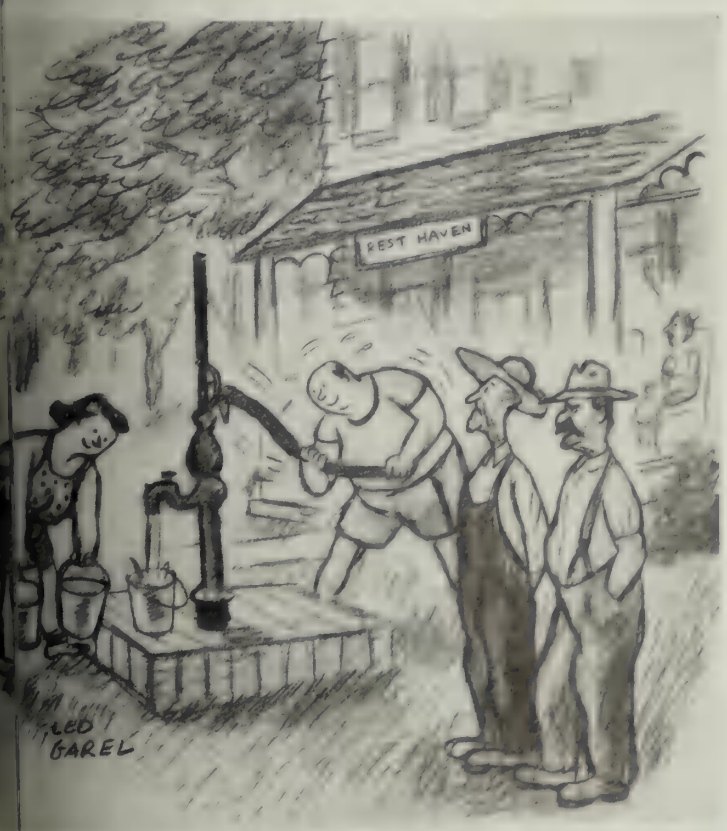
"Hah! You admit you stole them!"

"Admit nuthin'," said Joe stonily.

The general frowned.

"I don't wish to be forced to turn you over to the police—"

"*I'll* say you don't!" agreed Joe. Suddenly he started to giggle. The comic implications were beginning to strike him. "I'll say you don't, General. Le's have a drink." He was all good nature again. "I don't mind sayin' I could put you in the way of findin' them teeth —if you was to put me in the way of




**"I had to put the pump in for city boarders—they don't like the same water when it runs from the kitchen sink"**

# Field Day for Genius

*In the Summer of 1831, Cyrus McCormick demonstrated the practicability of his mechanical reaper by successfully cutting a six-acre field of oats.*

WITH the first mechanical reaper, inventive genius swept scythes, cradles and sickles into the discard. And technical advances and improvements since that first day have led steadily on to the Diesel engine-driven combines of the present.

Years ago, when Quaker State Motor Oil was first introduced, it was inventive genius applied to refining that supplied a new and better kind of lubrication. And since then, a steady advance in refining science has finally resulted in one of Quaker State's most important achievements . . . the New Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil.

Quaker State has discovered a new way to remove the unstable elements from motor oil. Stabilized Quaker State is a new kind of motor oil . . . an oil which resists oxidation even under extreme speeds and temperatures. Oil breakdowns, with their accompanying deposits of sludge and varnish, are today frankly as old fashioned as a scythe.

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Look for the green and white Quaker State sign and have your crankcase drained, cleansed and refilled with *Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil.* Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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MOTOR OIL

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BURLINGAME

"TAKE A LETTER TO G-E, MISS MILLER!"

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# G-E Fluorescent Lighting

"It's like moving our sales floors outdoors, the way G-E Fluorescent Lighting lights up our store. Customers tell us it is more inviting . . . they can see the merchandise faster and more clearly. Our salespeople like it because it makes the store more cheerful and more comfortable. Most important of all, our business has increased."

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"We have recently installed G-E Fluorescent Lighting and I can truthfully say it's "tops." Our customers buy quicker and they seem to enjoy spending more time in our store, which often develops into more sales."

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*J. W. Jenkins Drug Co., Youngstown, Ohio*

"We are very well pleased with our new G-E Fluorescent lighting in our offices where critical seeing tasks are performed, because its more than 50 footcandles of soft, well diffused light helps speed seeing and reduces eyestrain. The fluorescent lighting is cooler too."

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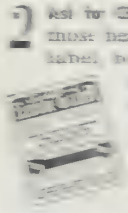
**To make sure of getting fluorescent lighting at its best,**

DO THESE 4 SIMPLE THINGS

1 **Get sound advice** . . . How much light does your business need? How should it be installed for best results? These questions can be answered by your G-E MAZDA lamp distributor or local electric service company.

2 **Ask for CERTIFIED fixtures** . . . such as those bearing the BLUE-O-LITE label, below, or the BLN label, and get fixtures and auxiliaries (ballasts and starters) that meet right specifications for high power factor, good light, balanced performance.



3 **Get the benefit** of wide choice of fixtures to suit your needs and your taste. General Electric does not make fixtures for MAZDA lamps, but cooperates with leading fixture manufacturers to assure fluorescent fitted to your needs.

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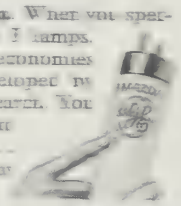

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G-E MAZDA F lamps can be purchased on regular G-E lamp contracts.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC


getting into the Army—see? Mrs. Upton—she says you kin do most anything you've a mind to—"

"I—hrumph—Mrs. Upton is a most estimable woman. Anything I can do with propriety— But why, may I ask, are you in such a hurry to get into the Army, Korvaski?"

"Jest an idea," said Joe dreamily. "Some of them Nazis need killin'—"

The general decided on a flanking movement. He leaned forward and tried to fix Joe's eye. This was a little difficult, since Joe's eyes were focused on his whisky glass with a look of dreamy introspection. "Korvaski," began the general ingratiatingly, "I'm going to speak to you man to man. Of course, the Nazis need killing. And you're just the type of man to do it—all except your teeth. Combat troops have to have proper teeth."

"You ain't got no teeth yourself," mumbled Joe.

The general drew a sharp breath. "That's different, Joe," he said with quiet earnestness. "I lost my teeth in the last war. In strict line of duty, you might say. I am glad—I am proud—to have given my teeth for my country. Besides, a general is different. A general doesn't need teeth—"

"You need 'em bad enough right now," observed Joe without looking up.

"When I entered the Army I had magnificent teeth," added the general a trifle more stuffy.

"That's just it," returned Joe brightly. "That's all *I* want 'em for. To get in wit'. I don't wanta eat no Germans; I wanta shoot 'em."

THE general decided to try the other flank:

"Korvaski, this war is going to be fought and won in the machine shops of America—not on the battlefields. The Army is no place for a man like you. You'd be wasted there. Your skill, your experience, your fortitude—are needed in the work which you are now engaged in. Besides, a man's a fool to throw over a good job for twenty-one a month. Believe me, Korvaski, I speak only for your own—"

"Me, I don't wanta eat 'em," Joe repeated, getting rather unsteadily to his feet. "I wanta shoot 'em. An' that's that."

He turned and lumbered over to the juke box in the corner and dropped in a coin. Through the room came swelling the strains of God Bless America. Joe stood by the juke box, swa[illegible] a beatific expression on his [illegible] ant face. Lieutenant Wells [illegible] ing him.

"I guess that's your answ[illegible] he said softly.

The general followed his [illegible] A baleful light came into [illegible]

"Yes, Mr. Wells. You m[illegible] need with your blitz."

Joe was on his way back [illegible] moving with exaggerated [illegible] not to miss a single note [illegible] box.

"It's beautiful," he whisp[illegible] you feel you'd orter stand [illegible] they play Star-Spangled [illegible] plain beautiful—ain't it, Ge[illegible]

IT WAS the better part [illegible] before they left the Slov[illegible] diers thought the general [illegible] were, and presumably [illegible] judge such things, they had underestimated Joe's capac[illegible] —and to hold it.

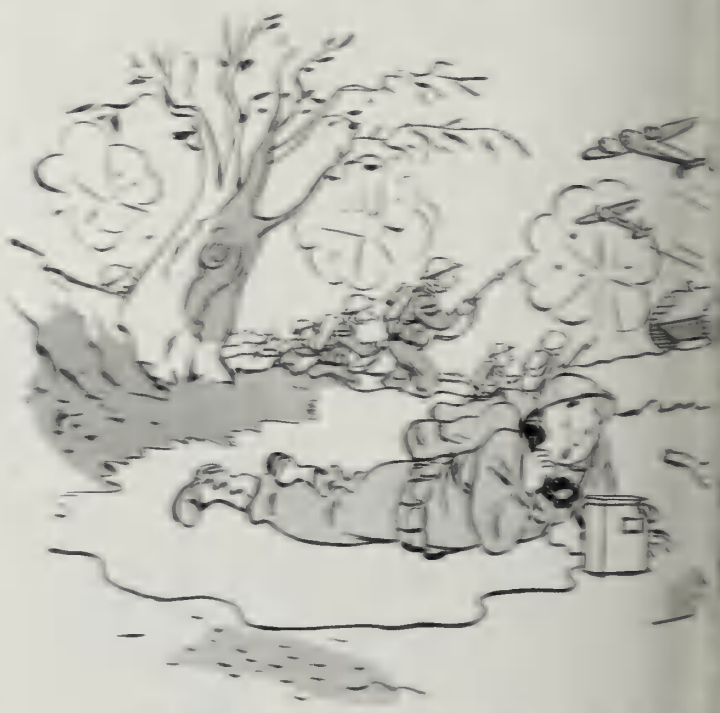
However, the end resu[illegible] peared satisfactory. For [illegible] from the doorway, flanked [illegible] officers, he looked about [illegible] man could be and yet keep [illegible] fact, he could not have [illegible] had he not been prompted [illegible] by his devoted military es[illegible]

The general's car wa[illegible] gave one agonized look up [illegible] street. No one in sight. T[illegible] breadth of the sidewalk [illegible] cent lurching rush, Joe w[illegible] into the rear seat, and [illegible] half on the floor. Ther[illegible] climbed in beside him, wi[illegible] tenant took the wheel, an[illegible] way.

The general pushed Jo[illegible] shoulders off the seat to [illegible] car, and used him as a fo[illegible] was he especially gentle a[illegible] tenant Wells looked over [illegible] and nodded approvingly.

"That's right, sir. Keep [illegible] sight. We'll be out of tow[illegible] now. Then we'll find a [illegible] Phew! I feel a bit light [illegible] you'll forgive my saying so[illegible]

"Don't mention it, Mr. [illegible] mention it. You've done [illegible] piece of work, and I'll [illegible] Hrumph! I don't mind se[illegible] bit more cheerful myself [illegible] work, Wells. Bit irregular [illegible] soundly conceived and [illegible] cuted. Nothing left now [illegible]



"Why, Marcia, how'd you ever get on this line?"

# Since Your Chevrolet Needs So Little Service

*make certain it gets the best by taking it to your Chevrolet dealer for periodical check-ups*

*Here's Why Chevrolet Dealers Can Give You*

"SERVICE THAT SATISFIES SERVICE THAT SAVES"

- Chevrolet-trained, thoroughly skilled mechanics.
- Chevrolet-approved tools—specialized repair equipment.
- Genuine Chevrolet parts.
- A nationwide dealer service organization.
- Lowest prices consistent with reliable work.

*WHERE FIEND MEETS FRIEND*

SUPER CHEVROLET SERVICE

Of all motor car owners, few, if any, experience so little need for major service on their cars as do the millions of folk who drive Chevrolets.

An occasional check-up . . . a periodical stop for lubrication . . . and their sturdy Chevrolets keep on turning up the miles with clock-like regularity.

For the word *Chevrolet*, as every motorist knows, is another word for *dependability*.

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And, what is equally important, *he feels a natural obligation to keep your car in the finest condition*, because he wants to hold your friendship and the friendship of all the people who have given Chevrolet such long-lasting leadership in motor car sales.

Please help your Chevrolet dealer to protect your investment in your car and his own investment in your good will by allowing him to give your Chevrolet the skilled, dependable service such a fine piece of mechanism deserves.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

# You'll like yeast this new way

**JOEY:** Your act is going over big. Been eating yeast again?
**JILL:** No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice. What a vitamin cocktail!

**JOEY:** Say, that's an idea! Didn't I read that YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX?
**JILL:** You sure did. Authorities agree that yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, *natural* sources of this wonder-working vitamin group. And if you aren't getting enough of these precious vitamins, try my vitamin cocktail. It's delicious!

**JOEY:** Good hunch. I used to eat yeast, and I felt like a million! But I never learned to like it.
**JILL:** Well, you'll like it now. Tastes like oven-fresh bread, in tomato juice. Twice a day, keep it up, and maybe you'll be louder and funnier than ever! The quicker you start, and the closer you stick with it, the better chance you have. Buy a week's supply. Get these vitamins this *natural* way. Get going!

**MASH** . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

**STIR** . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

**DRINK** your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

# Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

**Ladies: If you bake at home use this same Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast . . . the household favorite of four generations.**


up. Where's that lane of yours, my boy?"

"Right here, sir. I'm turning off the highway now. We'll douse the lights. I hope there's a flashlight in the car. Oh, yes, here we are. Now—sir—we'll pull him out on the road."

It was no easy job, with Joe's two hundred pounds of meat and muscle. But they yanked and hauled by the legs, and Joe finally came clear and lay prone, and as loosely inert as a stranded jellyfish. Mr. Wells poked him appraisingly with the toe of his boot.

"Out like a light! It was expensive, but I believe total anesthesia is best in these cases. If you'll hold the light, General, I'll go through his hip pockets first. Hum—nothing there, sir. Now we'll turn him over. 'Rolling him,' I believe the professionals call it."

They turned him over and the lieutenant went methodically from pocket to pocket. He found matches, chewing gum, cigarettes and a clasp knife. But no teeth. In one trousers pocket there were a couple of dollars in silver.

"Is that the last place?" demanded the general, almost beside himself again with anxiety. "We ought to keep the money. The blackguard never paid for a drink the whole evening."

"Remember your amateur status, General," said the lieutenant severely. "I've got two more pockets yet. They simply *must* be here. Unless the beggar hid 'em while I was out talking to you."

The two last pockets yielded nothing. Painstakingly—in mounting alarm—they went through Joe again. There were no teeth. Trembling with rage and disappointment, the general staggered to his feet. He raised his clenched fists and shook them at the blackness of the heavens. From his throat there came the sounds of a strong animal in agony.

"Ruined! Ruined!" he moaned. "The hound—the low, vile hound!" He ran toward the side of the road. "I'll kill him—I'll bash his head in!" His voice rose to a frenzy: "Give me a rock. No one will ever know—"

With one jump the lieutenant was beside him. Rank was forgotten. He shook his general as one would shake a hysterical woman.

"Remember your career, General!" he cried sternly. "Your country needs you!"

"It doesn't need him and me, too," gasped the general. "Gimme a rock!"

"Stop, sir!"

The general stopped. As suddenly as it had come upon him, the madness passed. Limply, shamedly, he suffered himself to be led to the car. Meekly he climbed in.

"Thank you, my boy," he whispered brokenly. "I—I don't know what came over me."

THE general wasn't much help in getting Joe back in the car. But it was finally accomplished. They drove back to Naugabury, for the most part in silence. After a time, the general spoke. His manner was chastened—almost deferential.

"I don't suppose there's anything more to be done," he ventured wearily.

"On the contrary, sir, I've just begun to fight," returned Mr. Wells, now definitely in charge of the situation. "If you'll permit me, sir, I have it all planned."

"Go ahead," said the general in a tone of deep melancholy. "What's your plan, Mr. Wells?"

"We take this man to his rooming house. You go back to your quarters. I shall stay with Joe and try to sober him up by morning. Then we will find your denture, and I'll bring him out to the camp hospital for his final examination. First thing in the morning, you get in touch with the camp medical officers and arrange things at that end. O the way, General—and this is portant: telephone Dr. Sterns set of uppers in a box, ready to for by me; any old set will d as they won't jangle around mouth—"

"Great Scott—how many se need to get into the Army?"

"*Your* set to get in, sir; a t set to fake with for a few days given up yours. While Dr. making him a set of his own. your promise to him, sir."

"So it was. So it was," a general. "You don't suppose persuade him to exchange whe the dentist's set—"

"And give up his hold on y him into the Army? Not a cha eral. Well, sir, here we are you'll give me a hand, we'll ge the house."

IT WAS noon by the clock ir way of the post hospital at C paug. Twelve o'clock noon, review less than two hours of Secretary of War due to arri moment in time for mess with manding general and his staff

But the commanding ge alone now in the hallway of hospital—without his staff, w adjutant, without his aides. where he could command a v main entrance, and also of t draftees in the examining roo ing. Sat alone, grim-lipped ar staring past the officers and so hurried in and out, and wl showed their amazement at plainable presence of the co officer.

For three hours the gener there. Every now and then he phoned to his office from the the corner. Every now and th less frequently, the adjutan ported back to him from his ters. But from his aide, I Wells, there had been no v the night before. And it was noon.

The bell rang in the booth. eral jumped for it. It was I Wells—at last. But his voice with defeat:

"Joe's drawn a blank, sir. member where he hid them. the Silver Grille now. Joe's p came only here. We're turnin upside down, garbage cans an there's still time. I have two r the incinerator in the back ya

The general hung up. His h so that he had difficulty in f hook. He staggered back int way, and sat down heavily. S the end! He sat watching apathetically. A quarter hour —then a half. Again the bell the booth. It was his own off

"General, the Secretary's arrived! What shall I say, sir

"Tell 'em I'm having a too grated the general.

"I've told them that alread

"Well—tell 'em I'm having again," snarled the general. anything. I'll be there just as He rang off.

Twenty minutes later his o again. This time the adjutan a little frightened:

"The Secretary presents h ments, General, and he's ve thetic about your tooth, and h over to the hospital himse you—"

The general smashed dov ceiver with an anguished dashed back into the hallway. over the door showed twelve

But now, from the doorw debouched the grinning, hulk Joe Korvaski—followed in t

Lieu nant Wells, unshaven, disheveled and ainly out of wind.

Jo saw the general, and grinned. Grin d his most disarming and re-pplei ent smile. And never, to Gen-eral hapley's fevered eyes, had his own eeth—though in another man's face- oomed so refulgent, so magnifi-cent, o altogether desirable.

Bu not by word or sign did the gen-eral tray the immensity of his relief. He b ted not an eye, nor a lip. With a oldi y flick of the thumb, he motioned owa the door of the examining room. Lieu ant Wells pushed Joe, and the gener pushed Lieutenant Wells.

THE eneral took his post by the door-wa again, where he could view the road. His heart was full of hope, what-ever e void in his mouth. The clock crept the hour. The seconds slowed to mi tes—the minutes to hours.

Th chief medical officer came out and l ted a cigarette.

"Th big Swede your aide is inter-ested, General," he remarked casu-ally, t watching the general covertly, 'they rushing him through. Ordinarily we're ot taking limited service 'One-B's.' t plenty of Class A to pick from. But L utenant Wells was insistent."

Ger al Shapley nodded without turnin his head.

"No ing in regulations to prevent your king him—is there?" he de-mand out of the corner of his mouth.

"No ir," said the man of medicine.

"Ve well," said the general shortly, and re med his vigil of the road.

Fro a distance there came a wailing of hor . The general caught sight of the fir of a long line of cars. The cav-alcade rew closer and loomed larger. t sw g into the driveway and creec d to a stop.

The eneral stared. He saw the Sec-etary War seated in the second car. Besi him sat Mrs. Okes Upton. She ought ght of the general in the door-way, a gaily waved her handkerchief. Dear eneral!" she called out.

The eneral made no answer. His yes h swung in staring horror at the occupa of the first car. The secret service nen dropped lightly from the unnin oard, and the general shrank back i his doorway—a sorely stricken man.

And t that blessed moment some-thing hrd and wet was thrust into his hand f n behind.

"We found them in the juke box!" whispered Lieutenant Wells.

General Shapley swung around and coughed mightily into his hand. And when he finally faced front he was a man again. A man among men—as he strode smartly down the steps, and saluted his Commander in Chief, the President of the United States.

"Thought we'd give you a little surprise, General," said the C. in C. holding out his hand and smiling his celebrated smile. "Get in here and we'll take you back."

The Secretary of War had alighted and moved around to the head car; he was whispering something in his chief's ear.

"Ah, yes, General," nodded the President, "the Secretary has just reminded me. We've been hearing pretty good reports of you down in Washington. I think you'll find your name in the next list, with 'Major' instead of 'Brigadier' before the 'General.' Let me be the first to congratulate you, sir. We like the way you've put your teeth into the job down here—and kept 'em there."

The general saluted smartly.

Then he smiled. The smile "that slayed them;" the smile that was famous from Puerto Rico to "the Point"—met, and challenged the smile that was celebrated from Washington to Winnipeg, from Peoria to Paris.

PRIVATE KORVASKI was lined up in the Q. M. section, drawing his kit. He pushed his pile of breeches and shoes and socks along the counter.

"Where do I get my gun?" he demanded.

The issue sergeant looked down at Korvaski's card and then gave a sour smile.

"What do *you* wanta gun for, buddy? Class 1B—Limited Service. They's a bunch of you guys headin' for Trinidad on the next transport."

"Trinidad?" asked Joe suspiciously. "Where's that?"

"On the equator some place. Cools off nights to a hunnert an' ten maybe. Buildin' airfields. They's a pick an' shovel waitin' for you in a swamp down there. You don't want no gun. All you get the next coupla years is twenty-one a month *an'* sunstroke. Move along. Next man."

Private Korvaski scratched his mop of blond hair thoughtfully and moved along.

# MISSING:

## WANTED

***in the ranks of smokers who have discovered this truly different, aromatic pipe mixture***

HERE'S a new taste thrill you may never have known existed! A pipe mixture that smokes clean—sweet—mild as a custom blend—and GENUINELY AROMATIC!

***It's BOND STREET—containing a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced mixture.***

Now—note this: Out of every thousand pipe smokers a high percentage won't smoke any other brand once they try it. So we know—among readers of this magazine—123,232 *still* have this exciting discovery to make!

Today—try BOND STREET *yourself!* Notice! It leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. Even the ladies like its delightful aroma. And observe—here's *one* pipe tobacco that doesn't lose its flavor!

*A Whiff to the Wives is Sufficient!*

**BOND STREET**
**PIPE TOBACCO**
**15¢** GENEROUS SIZE POCKET TIN

*A product of PHILIP MORRIS*

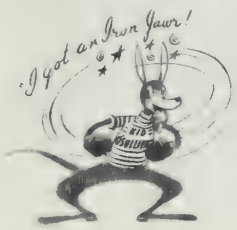
"Tough and Springy"

That's an O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEEL!

And This Is KID O'SULLIVAN—

"Tough and Springy" He's the symbol of

O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels




**Save Money**—O'Sullivan's heels are made to give you *longer wear*. They're TOUGHER! A sure way to save money is to—Insist on O'Sullivan's.

**Real Comfort**—O'Sullivan's heels are made of *live* rubber. They're SPRINGY. Get walking comfort you've never known before—Insist on O'Sullivan's.

**Your Shoe Repairman Is Your Friend**—He wants to see you a satisfied customer—that's why good shoe repairmen recommend O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels and Soles . . .

*Product of the O'Sullivan Rubber Company, Inc., Winchester, Virginia.*

O'Sullivan's

RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

First step at glider school is to assemble and take apart sailplanes. These Air Corps lieutenant-students are from Duncan and McClellan fields

Major Geo. K. Gearhar [illegible] chute before taking to [illegible] vanced students exp [illegible] stalls and spins, somet [illegible]

## ARMY GLIDER STUDENTS

At the Lewis School of Aeronautics near Lockport, Ill., [illegible] similar school in Elmira, N. Y., twelve Air Corps offi [illegible] Wright, Duncan and McClellan fields are learning t [illegible] and wherefores of soaring. Each officer flies at least [illegible] five hours during the three weeks' experimental co [illegible] idea being to acquaint at least a few Air Corps men [illegible] glider technique Germany found useful. What the U. [illegible] will do about gliders depends upon the reports of t [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE [illegible]

# OUR NEW ARMY

### WASHINGTON

4TH ARMY

REPORTERS covering the West's biggest war games emerged unscathed but with the suspicion that the whole business was polished off with a few wooden guns and an invading army no bigger than a squad. Reason for this impression was that the top hats decided to dispense with the North vs. South technique used in the California fray and combine the Third and Fourth Army Corps so that an entire Fourth Army organization could fight as a unit. It created only one difficulty: The merger practically eliminated an "enemy" force. Field umpires (Collier's, Aug. 30th) came to the rescue, as usual, by imagining that invading troops were crashing the West Coast. Brass hats were tipped off in advance and given a chance to do some homework on what they'd do to defend the invasion points. When they'd made up their minds their plans were declared unalterable, the comparatively small enemy force got into position and the boys went to bat.

Umpires ruled that each invading soldier was ten men and each yellow jeep was four tanks. Defenders growled about the odds, particularly [illegible] of an invading unit which [illegible] jeeps into three Army tr [illegible] them neatly through the de [illegible] and announced the presen [illegible] six tanks—count 'em. Th [illegible] said nuts, it couldn't be do [illegible] pile of plywood covered w [illegible] flag? Well, that's a road b [illegible]

Army officers defend the [illegible] weapons by pointing out th [illegible] fire only blanks in war gar [illegible] any old hunk of tree fills t [illegible] it comes to judging whethe [illegible] gun has been well hidde [illegible] sighted and properly place [illegible] even the Germans were u [illegible] weapons up to three years [illegible]

Newsmen were pretty p [illegible] the secrecy of the whole th [illegible] they missed what they th [illegible] be interesting news; and p [illegible] groused because most of [illegible] matter consisted of imit [illegible] ment. One of the reporter [illegible] to a colonel when a lieute [illegible] up and wrapped a strip of c [illegible] them. "Now," said he, " [illegible] in safety. You're in a bom [illegible] ter." Well, the maneuve [illegible] boys out in the open [illegible]

e the one above take the glider to eight thousand feet. Solo-
s, pilots consistently land in the sixty-foot circle shown
icult problem is getting used to sailplane's gliding angle

LEW Near-by Tacoma's
Har Cain is so young he's
for e draft, but right now
the esence of 50,000 troops
as excuse to try out a pet
e out ght closing of the city's
o rec ight houses. The order
rhap 150 girls unemployed,
state nemployment commis-
tly r d that it had no author-
ecide e difference between
illeg work, so the girls—
th s ak-easy waiters and
are e ible for compensation.
ain ha received plenty of op-
ince order went into effect
st, an has told all concerned
ants st six months in which
plan "If," he said, "outright
on do n't work within that
be co inced that prostitution
ry, an I'll lead the movement
t leg ed. In fact, I'll urge
to tal it over, so everything
the and up; and with the
ning e show, nobody will
reaso o suspect that the cops
g any aft. The mayor thinks
crooke cops on the force will
out o hat."
hutdo doesn't mean that
s tryin to drive soldiers away.
ain an five businessmen put
of th own dough, rounded
s muc gain, sponsored an in-
footb game, finally brought
up to $ 000 and built a service men's club uptown, under private ownership. To make sure the soldiers get there, officials arranged to make the club the bus terminus from Fort Lewis. Any soldier who wants to visit one of the tough spots below 13th Street at least has to hike some distance first. Nobody cares if the boys play blackjack upstairs, so long as they lose their shirts to fellow soldiers. Beer is served downstairs, and W.C.T.U. members from all over the state let the mayor know what they thought about that. "I told them two things," says Mayor Cain. "First, when we were trying to raise funds to make a recreation center, I didn't see any contributions from them. Second, if soldiers want beer they'll get it somewhere—and it's a better idea to give it to them in pleasant surroundings."

### OREGON

9TH ARMY CORPS

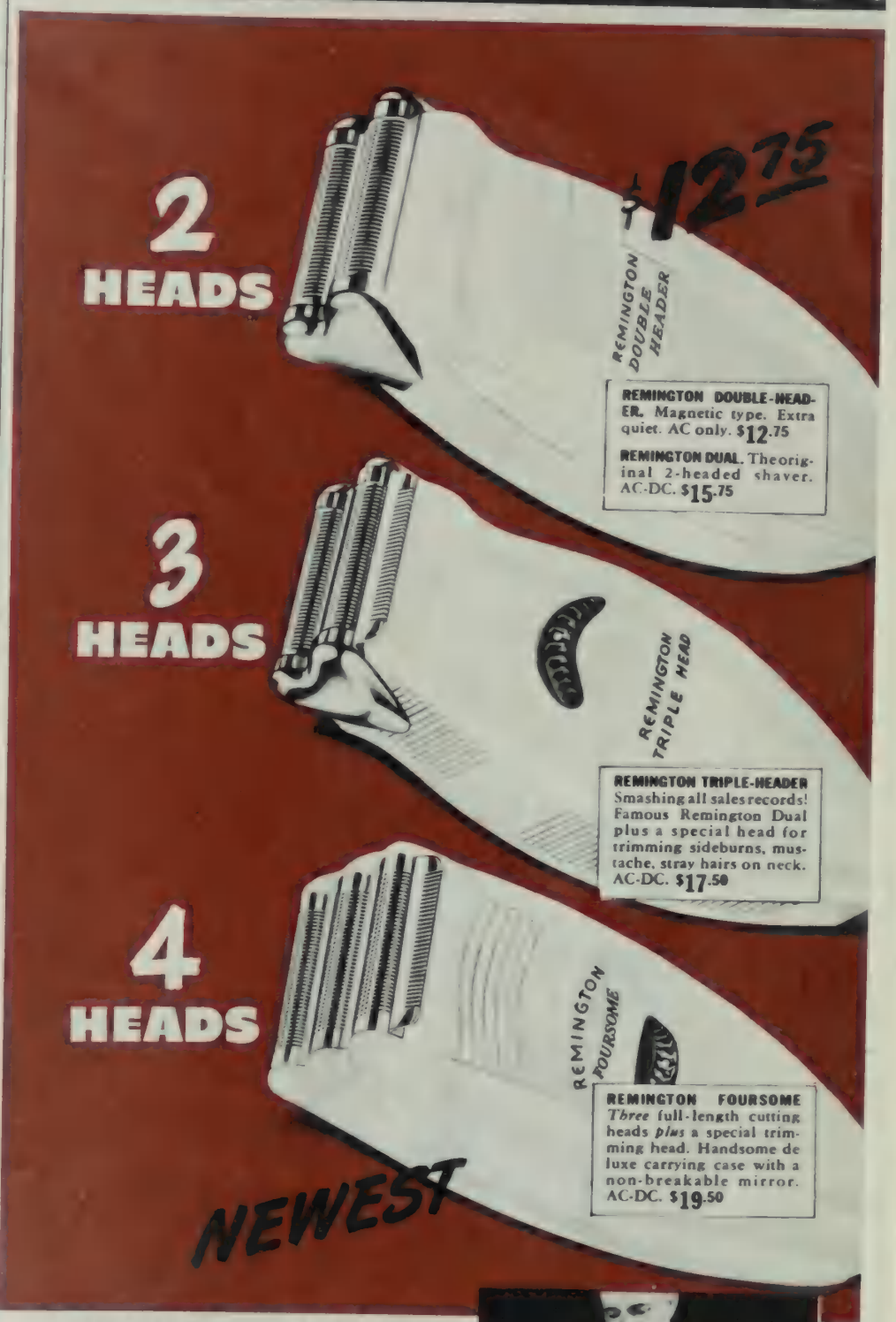
FORT STEVENS. Our item of July 5th relating the sad plight of the soldier who found himself in the guardhouse without reading matter now has a postscript. The first man, who had been supplied with magazines by the wife of a civilian engineer, left a note atop the garbage can saying he wouldn't need further reading matter, then wrote another note the following Monday morning saying he was back again. Remember? The latest news is

*(Continued on page 76)*




# HEAD-LINE NEWS

REMINGTON NOW OFFERS YOUR CHOICE OF MULTIPLE HEAD SHAVERS




WHEN IT COMES to shaving speed, *heads* win! That's why Remington shavers don't rely on just one head. They've got *two, three* and even *four* heads to give you the shave of your life. Ask your dealer to let you run one over your face just to get an idea of what Remington shaving really means. No more smart, no more burn, no more fuss-and-bother. Just a smooth, simple glide over your face and presto—you're shaved! *General Shaver Div. of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. Service stations at Remington Offices in more than 130 cities.*

**BARBER SHOP HARMONY.** Already more than 16,000 leading barbers—including the Terminal Barber Shops, largest chain in the world—are using and recommending Remington Electric Shavers. And if *anybody* knows a clean, close shave when he sees one—knows the kind of smooth, comfortable shaves men like—it's a barber!

**REMINGTON RAND**

FASTEST SHAVING, FASTEST SELLING ELECTRIC SHAVERS

# In the Public

# SERVICE

Since first we started in business, General Motors and a growing group of local businessmen have worked together.

We and these GM dealers were building a future – a new business based upon a new product.

It was and is a pioneering job, still far from finished, which has had its headaches along with its rewards.

And it occurs to us that in the part played by these local men who grew with us, there is an untold story, worth telling on our part and knowing on yours.

What is that story? One typical GM dealer among our 18,000 puts it this way:

"A man's car around here is not a luxury, it's a necessity. It's his livelihood – going to work, coming home. He counts on it – counts on us.

"Suppose a man's car doesn't work. We've got to know why, whether it's one of ours or one we didn't sell. So our boys go to the regular mechanics' school and study on the side.

"When these cars are turned in, we know them. We've taken care of them. Their whole life histories may be written in our service department record. The owner buys a new car; we go over the old one and resell it as a used car. To the person who buys it, why, it's as important to him as the new one is to its owner.

"Up here, it's not just the looks of a car that's important, or even the way it rides. It's the dealer's word, his assurance that the car he sells will take the buyer where he wants to go."

We think that's a pretty sound preachment on public service. Don't you? It reflects an attitude which makes General Motors dealers partners in progress with us, and with the communities in which they live.

EVER CAUGHT WITH

# SMOKER'S HACK?

READ what KOOL smokers told us in thousands of certified interviews. We asked: "Do KOOLS leave your throat feeling clearer ...make your mouth feel cooler?" An overwhelming majority of them—83.2%—answered "Yes."

That should be good news to smokers who suffer from a "smoke dry" throat! Try a pack of KOOLS and see. Your first puff proves that a blend of fine tobaccos *is* made better with a touch of menthol added. You'll soon be saying, like the others: "My throat feels clearer . . . my mouth cooler." Ask for KOOLS next time you buy cigarettes.

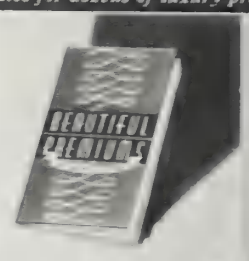
UNION MADE

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES

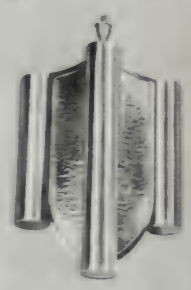
**VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK...TWO EXTRA IN CARTONS**

*Good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums like these*

Powerful Fog Light with GE Sealed Beam reflector and amber lamp. 350 coupons.

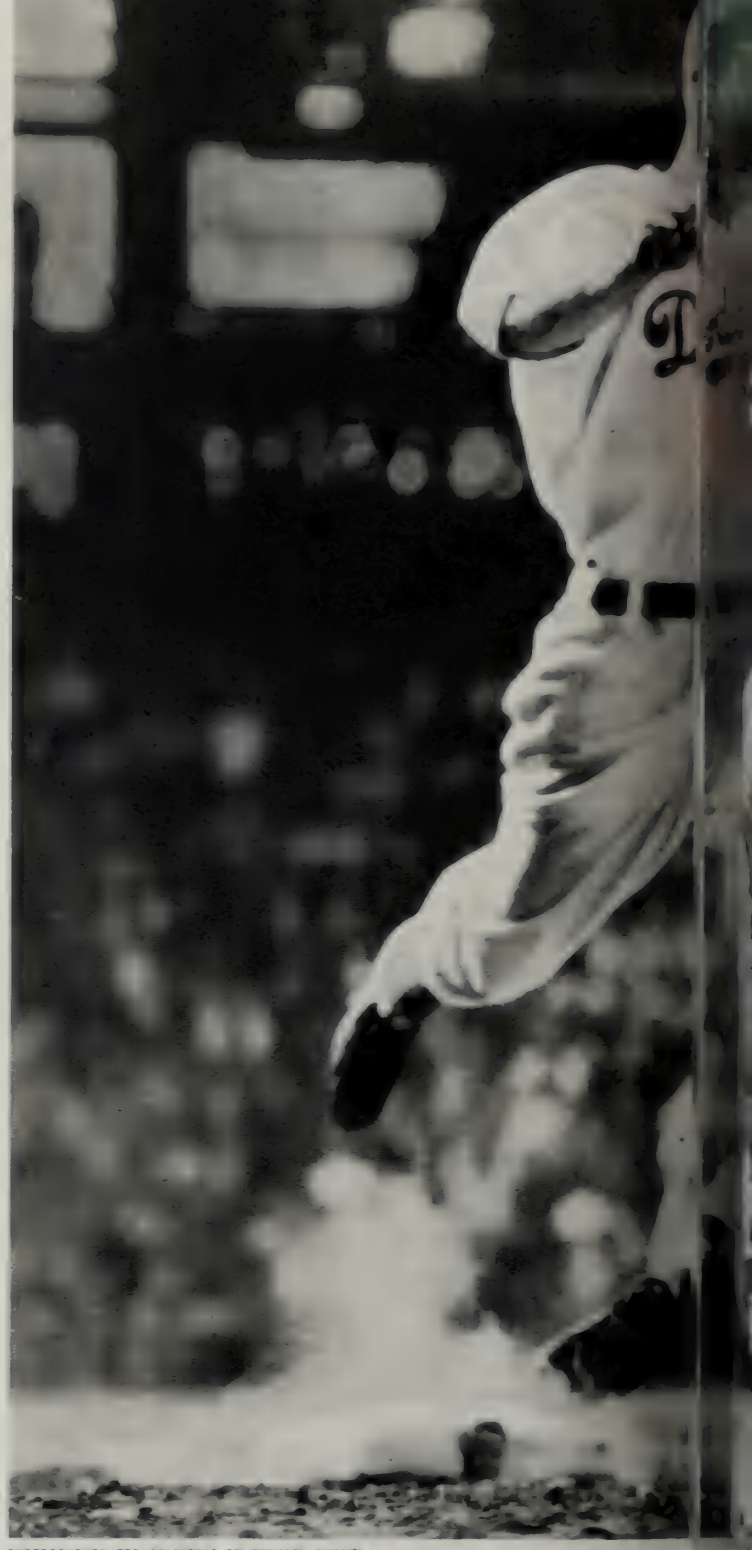



**FREE.** New 60-page catalog #19 illustrating the many B & W luxury premiums in full color. Write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



Melodious Door Chime. Clear double signal for front and rear doors. 475 coupons.

**B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY MICHAEL ANGUTI

AN UNKNOWN youngster, who looked like a truant from a high-school algebra class, strode into the Brooklyn Dodger baseball training camp at Clearwater, Florida, in the spring of 1939 and created more excitement than a squadron of Nazi bombers. The kid, it developed, wasn't even a Dodger. He was an untried chattel of Brooklyn's bush-league farm club at Elmira, New York. And he had hitch-hiked from his home in St. Louis.

One day in March, Leo Durocher, Dodger manager and shortstop, took a day off. The Dodgers were playing the St. Louis Cardinals at St. Petersburg that day, and Durocher told the youngster to play shortstop.

The kid, Pete Reiser by name, staged a most spectacular debut. In his first time at bat, with two men on base, he knocked the ball out of the park for a home run. This hit won the game, 6-4. In his next three trips to the plate, he walked and hit two singles.

Against Cincinnati the following day he hammered two homers and two singles in four times at bat. His batting streak went on. No big-league team, it seemed, could keep this unheralded brat from getting to first base, or farther.

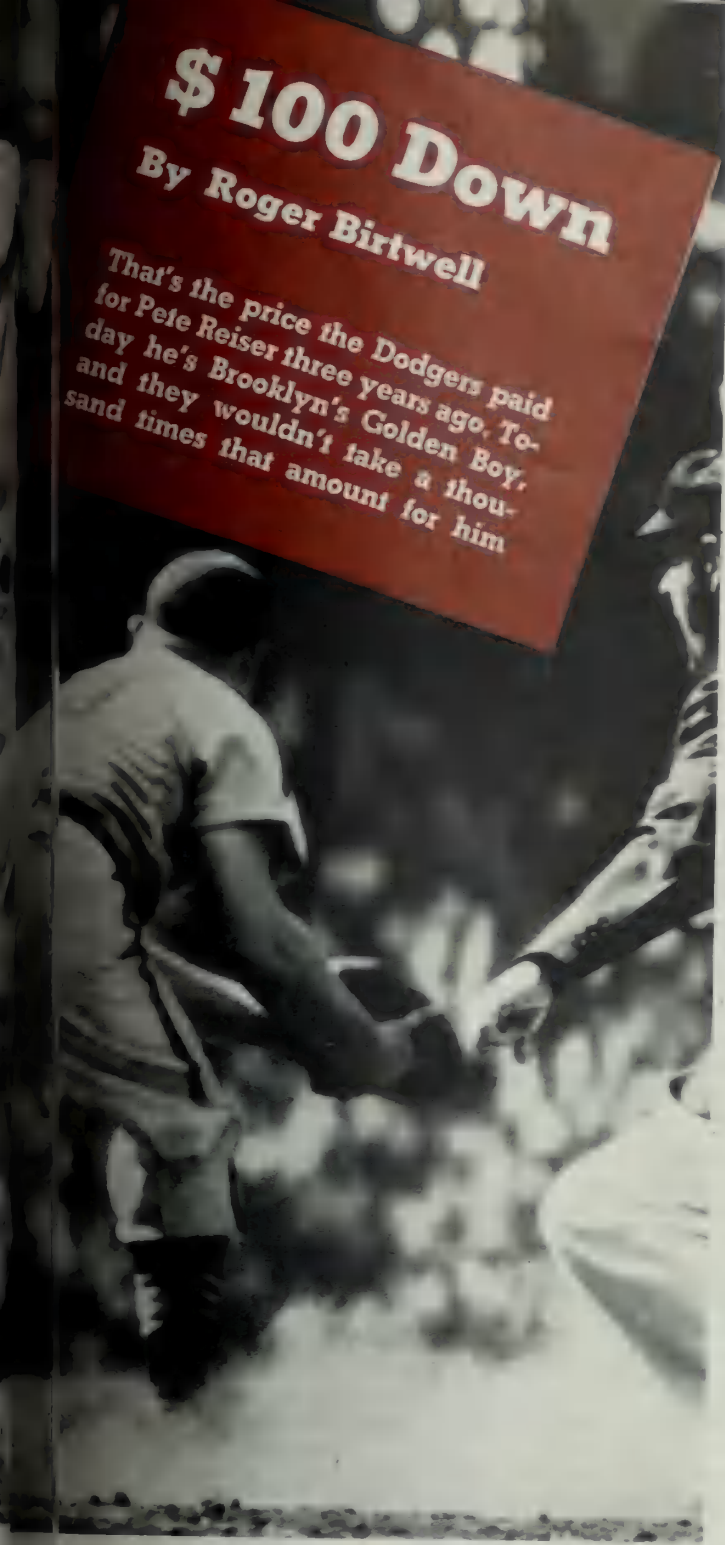
In five games against eight major-league pitchers, not once did he fail to reach first base. Then in the fifth game, in his third time at bat against famed Lefty Gomez of the Yankees, he finally was stopped. Gomez forc[illegible] out to right field. Neverth[illegible] scored two runs—one of th[illegible] ning run—in a 3-2 trium[illegible] World Champions. And [illegible] against the Yanks the follo[illegible]

He batted left-handed a[illegible] handed pitchers, and [illegible] against southpaws. He c[illegible] ball like a bullet, and h[illegible] the base lines had spectat[illegible]

An amazed Brooklyn [illegible] blinked its eyes and pinche[illegible] peered into his record. [illegible] passed his twentieth birth[illegible] not even gained a place [illegible] school team in St. Louis. [illegible] had found him stranded i[illegible] year before and had signe[illegible] of their farm clubs for the [illegible] of one hundred dollars.

You don't get great ball [illegible] hundred dollars, they reas[illegible] seen morning-glories bef[illegible] Dodgers—refusing to belie[illegible] —sent Pete back to the bus[illegible] He needed experience, the[illegible]

Had the Dodgers dug [illegible] into his record, they migh[illegible] sent him back. For Pete h[illegible] past almost as spectacular [illegible] ing future. As a twelve-yea[illegible] he had starred in football [illegible] of seventeen. He weighe[illegible] 160. Once, before a size [illegible] crowd, he had walked out



# $100 Down

## By Roger Birtwell

**That's the price the Dodgers paid for Pete Reiser three years ago. Today he's Brooklyn's Golden Boy, and they wouldn't take a thousand times that amount for him**

**Pete Reiser's speed on the base lines has made Dodger spectators popeyed. Also, he can throw a ball like a bullet and bat both right- and left-handed**

d ar with one pitched ball, junio ity championship of St.

as b n on St. Patrick's Day, the rth side of St. Louis, w blo s from the city's major- seba park. Pete, seventh of hildre of a warehouse fore- a pr ting company, took to idly a l early. His speed and ivene made him a halfback t foot ll when he was twelve l. M t of the players were r sev een.

lso sh e at soccer. He could eithe foot. When only in his he ayed two games with a pro ague.

e was passing up baseball. th gra , he caught for a team n-grad s. And in his spare used roam the sand lots of , offe g to catch without a

ete w t to watch a game in r Mu ipal League, composed from xteen to eighteen. The eman n one team failed to So P , although without a was al wed to play third. The n Pete team was thumped for in the st inning. Pete asked nce to itch, and got it. He the op sing team for the re- ght i ings, yielding only two trikin ut twelve batters. His team lost, 5-4, but Pete left the field with the managers of both teams pursuing him down the street and begging him to join their forces.

He joined the team that had given him his chance, and he caught for the rest of the season. He caught one no-hitter. His team gained the play-off series for the city junior championship. In the final game, Pete's team went into the last of the ninth inning leading, 5-3. But with the bases loaded, two out and 3 and 2 on the batter, Pete's pitcher walked off the mound. "My arm hurts," he said.

Pete took his place and cut loose with one pitch. It struck out the batter and won the game, series and championship.

At fourteen, he entered Beaumont High School in St. Louis to follow a commercial course. In the summer vacation after his freshman year Pete had a daily routine.

"All morning and early afternoon," Pete explains, "I'd play ball at the fairgrounds or Sherman Park. At 2:30 I'd

*(Continued on page 65)*


Good Judges of Gin will tell you...

# There's no Gin like Gordon's!

**THE CAUSE...**

**Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4.**

**THE RESULT...**

**Drinks Never Taste Thin with Gordon's Gin.**

• Because there's no gin like Gordon's, it naturally costs a little more—but you get the advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. That means richer flavor, velvety smoothness—drinks that never taste thin!

**Gordon's Gin**

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

Copr. 1941, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

For the way you write

# WE'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER!

31 point numbers, 31 point styles, that meet every writing task, every writing manner. Not just fine, medium, and broad. We call them "Renew-Points," for you simply screw a new point into the holder *yourself* after months or years of use, and get virtually a new pen. No delays for point repairs.

Solid Duracrome Renew-Points cost twenty-five cents. Others, rhodoned with smooth, long-wearing Osmiridium, cost fifty and seventy-five cents. A complete Esterbrook fountain pen in black or colors is a dollar (slightly more with Osmiridium Renew-Points). We've got your number . . . the right point for the way you write. Remember pencils to match your pen. The Esterbrook Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

Esterbrook
RENEW-POINT
FOUNTAIN PEN

CHOOSE YOUR NUMBER FROM THE POINT-CHART AT YOUR STATIONER'S OR PEN DEALER'S


## Mercator Island

Continued from page 22

That idea of Tom's about murder and sudden death often amused Bob Bolles. He even asked Tom about it the third night out when Tom awakened him for his trick at the wheel.

"Anybody tried to kill you yet?" Bob asked, as he pulled on his sweater.

"No, sir," Tom answered, "but what for Mr. Kingman keep looking all the time," Tom asked, "like he's afraid someone is after him?"

"Rubbish," Bob Bolles said.

"And wherefor," Tom asked, "should Mrs. Kingman be afraid of him?"

"Afraid of him?"

"Yes, sir," Tom said. "She makes eyes at him, afraid, when she talks to you, sir,"—but she never talked to Bob alone again until the last night out.

THE breeze seemed to be dying down that night, but they were making five knots when he had looked at the log. Standing alone in the cockpit, he kept turning his head so that the wind would strike his face. There was no doubt that the wind was dropping. By morning there might be a flat calm or a change of weather, but judging by the barometer and by his instinct he felt that the weather was going to hold. Nevertheless, the wind had shifted a point or two. He went forward and trimmed the jib and the mainsheet a trifle. When he came back a figure was standing near the wheel, and he saw that it was Mrs. Kingman.

"I shouldn't be up here," she said. "I can only stay a minute." Her words were quick and a little breathless. "He's asleep, but you can't be sure."

"Look here," Bob Bolles began. Nothing had seemed out of the ordinary for days until she appeared. "I've been hoping for a chance to talk to you. What's so mysterious now? What is it?"

"Don't," she said, "don't talk so loud. He's so—so jealous. He's a very queer man, very—but don't mind that. How far are we from land?"

"I don't know exactly," he told her. "There's always a certain element of gamble in trying to hit a little spot like Mercator on the nose. It's easier to navigate a plane than a small boat, I think." She did not answer and he went on: "If you want my guess, from the way the clouds looked at sunset and from the way the air feels, we should see something of the Winderly Group at dawn, probably the hill at Mercator."

"Then it's over," she said, "and we've hardly seen each other at all, have we?"

"Do you mind?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said, "I do. Do you?"

It wasn't right—talking to her so—and in the end it added up to nothing.

"Yes," he said, "I don't understand you, but I do. You're like—"

"Like what?" she asked.

"Like a frightened lady in the dark," he said. Her lips were half open and then she closed them and shook her head.

"You're wrong there," she said. "I'm never very much afraid. There was a moment in Kingston when I screamed, but never mind about that."

"I've got eyes, you know," Bob said. "There's Mr. Kingman."

"Are you jealous of him?" she asked him. "You don't have to be."

"I didn't mean that," Bob answered. "You're afraid of Mr. Kingman, aren't you?"

She gave him a strange, quick look and shook her head.

"Don't say that," she said. "I hate it. I'm not afraid for myself, only for you."

"Never mind about me," Bob answered. "I can look out for myself. I guess. If you're not afraid [illegible] don't trust him, do you? [illegible] a vacation on a boat, is it [illegible] fool. There's something [illegible]

"Yes," she said softly, "[illegible] thing else."

"Then you'd better tell [illegible] said. "I'd be glad to help [illegible]

He thought that she hesi[illegible] moment. She seemed to [illegible] his offer very carefully, [illegible] shook her head and smiled [illegible]

"No, my dear," she said, "[illegible] of it. It isn't your [illegible] started to speak, but she [illegible]

"No," she said, "don't [illegible] You must understand this. [illegible] No matter what happens, [illegible] You're not the kind. That's [illegible] you. It may be very dang[illegible] can't say too much. He—he [illegible] at anything. I wish you'd [illegible]

"Then you are afraid of [illegible] said. "Who is he? What is [illegible] here anyway?"

"Please don't ask," [illegible] quickly. "You mustn't as[illegible] I can tell you sometime, but [illegible] suppose I'm a fool. I want [illegible] you. I wish I didn't care." [illegible] but she went on before he [illegible]

"It's awful to be a wom[illegible] lonely—always lonely. [illegible] me before this is over, [illegible] please, don't do anything [illegible] understand. You're in Am[illegible] French. What'—she stopp[illegible] 'what are you looking at?"

"I can't make you out," [illegible] wish—" and then he glance[illegible] ruffled the back of his hair [illegible] eyes. "I wish I knew what [illegible] ing about."

"What are you looking at?"

"I thought I saw a light. [illegible] 'Yes, there it is.'

Her hand fell on his arm [illegible] it tight. "I don't see any[illegible] told him. "Where?"

It was away off in the da[illegible] bob up and disappear again [illegible] it distinctly a moment ate[illegible]

"It looks like the light [illegible] of a motor cruiser," he said [illegible] you suppose she's doing out [illegible] on our course. She's coming [illegible]

"Are you sure?" she asked [illegible]

"Reasonably sure," he [illegible] what's the matter now?"

Something was the matter [illegible] she ran away from him and [illegible] the cabin door.

"Mac," she called. "Mac [illegible] boat coming up behind us."

THERE was a scuffling [illegible] cabin and then Mr. Ki[illegible] running up the steps. "Oscar [illegible] 'come on, Oscar! You s[illegible] boat? Where is it, Son?"

"Look out," Bob said. "[illegible] into me like that."

But Oscar did not answ[illegible] Mr. Kingman were staring [illegible]

It was easier to see a[illegible] clearly a motor cruiser com[illegible] could see the light on the [illegible] green and red running light[illegible] man was standing motion[illegible] less.

"Look," he said, "it's [illegible] go down and fetch me Er[illegible] wait a minute. Go forward [illegible] our lights."

"Here," Bob Bolles said [illegible] Oscar can leave my lights [illegible]

It was just as though [illegible] spoken.

"Go ahead, Oscar," M[illegible] said, and Oscar jumped in [illegible] pit. Bob Bolles dropped t[illegible]

# EMOCRACY ASSIGNS A VITAL ROLE

## ratt & Whitney air-cooled engines

'o att & Whitney aircraft engines has been assigned a at sponsibility in the defense of democracy . . . . the wer g of *thousands and thousands* of American and British itar airplanes.

o g at is the demand, both here and abroad, for the power d pendability of these air-cooled engines that Ford, ck, Chevrolet and Jacobs have been enlisted to supple- nt Pratt & Whitney's own production.

Vhe these other manufacturers get into full swing, their trib tions will mean much, as shown by the last columns he hart. Meanwhile, the great Pratt & Whitney plant in t Hartford continues to carry the load, answering the call the e famous engines with a rising flood of production ch as already doubled and re-doubled, and is currently 00 ngines *ahead* of schedule.

## ED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

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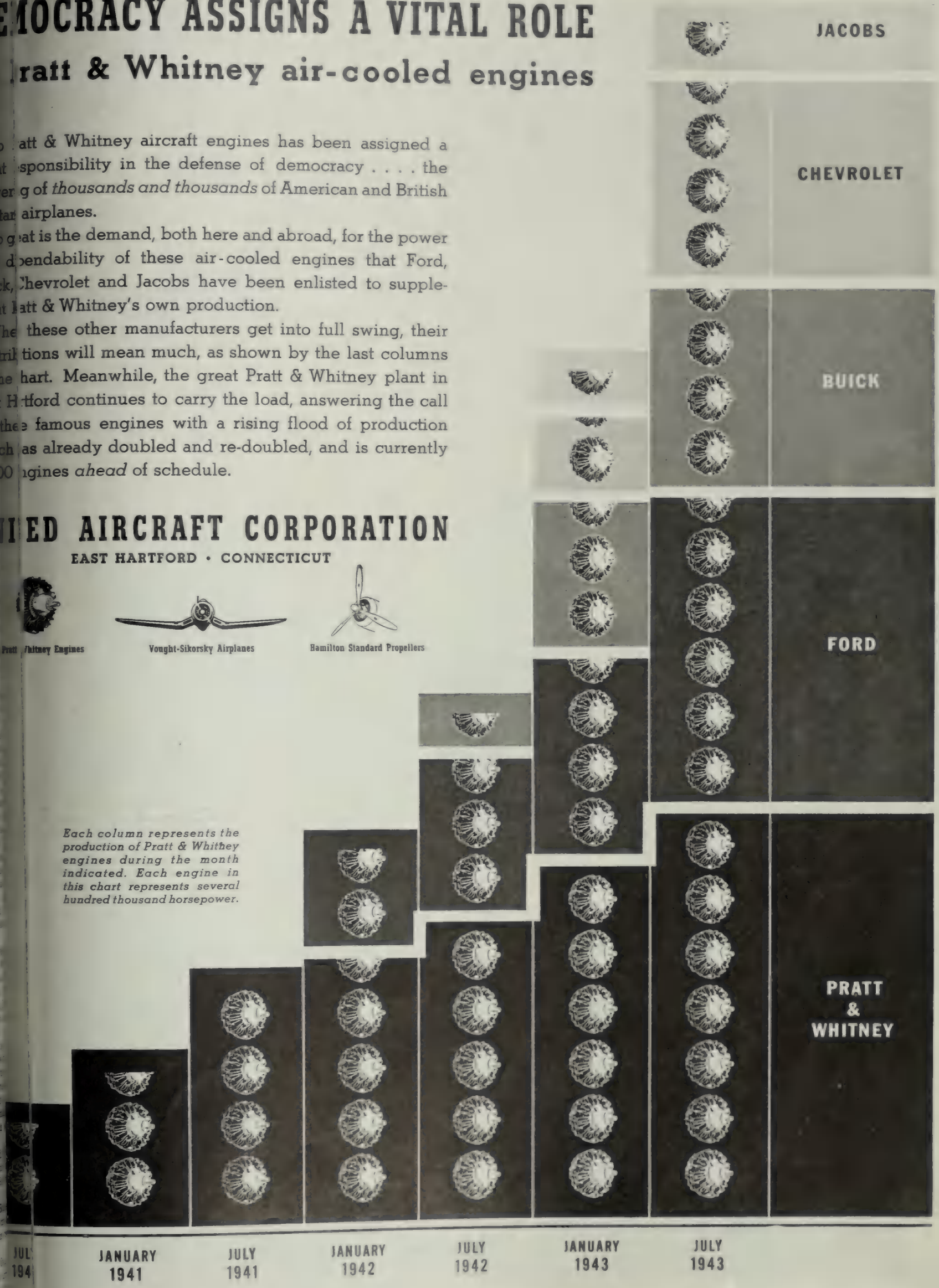
Pratt Whitney Engines — Vought-Sikorsky Airplanes — Hamilton Standard Propellers




*Each column represents the production of Pratt & Whitney engines during the month indicated. Each engine in this chart represents several hundred thousand horsepower.*

Constance Thompson, Stewardess of Sinclair-lubricated Chicago and Southern Air Lines is...

...finding out if she can pilot a plane. She's at the controls of the Sinclair Flight Trainer, which tests flying ability without leaving the ground. Sinclair, a leader in aircraft lubrication, sent this trainer on tour in the...

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...give your car the same protection that costly airplane engines get, ask your Sinclair Dealer for Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. It will save you money by reducing wear and making your car last longer. Try Sinclair Pennsylvania.


stepped in front of him. He was angry, perhaps unreasonably angry.

"You stay where you are," he said, and he saw Oscar, a vague, white shape, lunge toward him.

"All right," he heard Mr. Kingman say. "Go on, Oscar."

Oscar was close enough so that he could see him more clearly by then. Bob took a quick step backward, found his balance and drove his right fist with all his weight behind it straight to Oscar's face. He heard Oscar give a grunt and he knew that he had hurt him and he knew that it was better not to stop with that, now that he had started. He stepped in with his left, and then he sent in his right again, and he was lucky, because he must have caught Oscar on the jaw. Oscar sank down on his knees and put his hands in front of him, sprawling on all fours just above the hatch that housed the auxiliary engine. The Thistlewood had come into the wind and the boom bounced just above his head and the sails were making a roaring, snapping sound. Mr. Kingman was standing just in front of him. Mr. Kingman's voice was very steady. All the excitement seemed to have left it.

"You should not have done that," he said. "I think—"

"Mac," he heard Mrs. Kingman say sharply, "Mac! If we can see their lights they can see ours."

MR. KINGMAN turned his head slowly. "Helen," he said, "perhaps you'd better go into the cabin."

"No," she said, and her voice was quiet and very urgent: "Mac, stop that—and remember—*Suppose what we want isn't there.*"

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "oh, yes. Awfully sorry, Bob." His voice had changed suddenly. It was warm and friendly: "Of course you are quite right, Skipper." He leaned down and slapped Oscar hard on the back. "All right, Oscar. Forget it."

"I don't know what the devil's the matter with you," Bob said. "But this is my ship. See?" He had to speak loudly because of the slatting of the sails.

"Can you stop that noise, please?" Mr. Kingman said. "It's all right, Oscar. Go and fetch the Bren."

Bob took the wheel again. The sails filled. The Thistlewood was back on her course. Oscar was on his feet, shaking his head.

"Fetch it up here. You—do you hear me?" Mr. Kingman said, and Oscar moved toward the cabin.

"Do you think that boat's going to come aboard us?" Bob Bolles asked. "Is that your trouble, Kingman?"

He was over being angry. He could even feel the contagion of Mr. Kingman's excitement, now that the lights were coming nearer.

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "exactly that."

"Well, she isn't," Bob said. "She's half a mile to starboard of us and she's keeping on her course."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said. "Yes, I see," and he raised his voice: "Never mind, Oscar."

From the lights she was a big cabin cruiser and she passed them as though they were standing still. It was a long while before Mr. Kingman looked away from the lights.

"Well," he said, "she cannot be looking for us. What's she doing here, do you think, Bob? Is she on her way to Mercator?"

"No," Bob answered, and he meant it. "Nothing goes to Mercator. She'll be going south—Trinidad, perhaps."

Mr. Kingman stood silently thinking and no one said a word until he spoke again: "If she stops at Mercator, of course we shall see her in the harbor."

"That will be the only place for her," Bob said, "but nothing st cator."

"We must be ready," said, "just in case. Call m her lights again."

"Maybe it would be easi him, "if you'd tell me wha ble is—not that I give a da

Mr. Kingman laughed. seemed better, now that t gone.

"I don't wonder you as "not a bit. I'll tell you ho You don't mind my callin do you? I wish you'd call keep asking you."

"All right. Go ahead, Ma

"You certainly could ha Mr. Kingman said. "That sight!"

"Go ahead, Mac," Bob s

"All right," Mr. Kingman put it this way. It isn't rea that need bother you at all senting a—a shipping com was some freight left on those islands." Bob Bo hands grip the wheel more he did not speak.

"Let's let it go at that," said. "I guess you've been bit, haven't you, Bob?"

"Yes," Bob Bolles said.

"You're a very, very nic Kingman said. "How abou fore we turn in?"

A half-hour later Bob B the wheel and went quie climbed down the hatch an cover behind him, and ligh tern.

"Tom," he whispered, "I are my guns?"

Tom pulled himself out

"On the upper berth, sar "Under the blanket yonder.

Bob Bolles ripped the b from the upper berth. The ing beneath it—not his r shotgun, not his automatic

"What's the matter, sar?"

Bob Bolles' mouth felt flannel. A tingling sort of s up and down his spine.

"Shut up," Bob whisper to think."

IT WAS no longer a matter for everything in his mi gether—the first glimpse o mans, what Captain Bur him, even the way that M tripped and hesitated ove colloquialisms. He was as though he had read it on a in daylight that Kingman for the same thing that the S after. He was convinced Tom were in peril.

"Sar," Tom whispered.

"Shut up," Bob Bolles back.

He reached in his bunk book of the Thistlewood, fo and began printing very one of the back pages.

"Don't talk," he wrote. "W into harbor slip overboard the beach. Go hide in the b everyone is ashore and out o back and slip the cable. S gine and take her offshore there until you see a fire o That's all."

He tore the page from t handed it to Tom and watch it very slowly. Tom was a go knew that Tom would do it

"All right," he whispered ber," and he took the paper o hand and lighted a match to

"I'll take your watch. "That's all."

He had done the best h might not work, and again it went aft again and climbe cockpit and took the wheel.

s closed, but the Kingmans were ep. He could hear the low, in- murmur of their voices. Even the thickness of the cabin door ices sounded troubled. Prob- one on the Thistlewood would y more that night, and he was rised when Mr. Kingman came e cabin.

," he said. "Is that you, Bob? t your colored boy was taking

Bob said. "Tom's acting sort "

's the matter with him?" Mr. asked.

like the beginning of a game him and Mr. Kingman. They ow each other a good deal bet- e they each got through.

an't ever tell what's going to be er with a Negro," Bob said. y's just gotten moody and he ed. Never mind about it. It's be light soon. He'll be all

that's fine," Mr. Kingman said. n thinking, Bob, the best thing lo—"

olles did not answer. In the t from the binnacle he could ingman trying to read his face. you went forward after you drink what did you go to look Kingman asked.

lles hesitated, and then he told He was quite sure that Mr. had known what he had gone

n," he answered, "but I guess it wasn't there."

gman gave a short good-na- h.

ght you'd be looking for it. and I aren't going to need can get on hunky—hunky- ut guns."

t looking for any trouble," said.

you're not." Mr. Kingman's s warm and cordial: "And reason why there should be ourse, you know by this time iece of business to do on this

Bob said, "of course."

needn't make any difference Mr. Kingman said. "If I tell gitimate you'll believe me,

Bob answered, "that's all

en suppose," Mr. Kingman is voice was slow and careless, "we just go along the way we have been going, and suppose I give you five thousand dollars, so you won't talk afterward—one thousand now, four when we get to Kingston. How would you like that, Bob?"

"Fine," Bob Bolles said, "Mr. Kingman."

"Call me Mac," Mr. Kingman said. "I really wish you would. Here—" He pulled a billfold from his pocket. "Here you are. We don't need guns," and he laughed. "We're all clear now, aren't we, all hunky-dory?"

Bob took the bill and put it in his pocket. "That's mighty nice of you, Mac," he said. "Don't worry about it."

"I'm not," Mr. Kingman said, "not at all. We'll just be one big happy family, won't me, and we'll see land by morning, won't we?"

"Yes, Mac," Bob Bolles said.

"Call me when it's light, will you?" Mr. Kingman asked. "Good night."

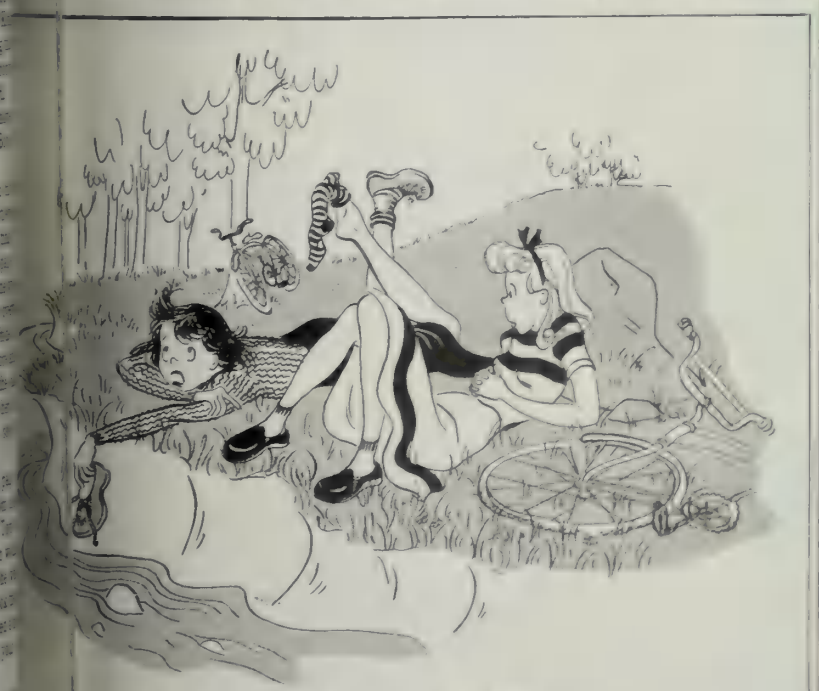
BOB BOLLES sat down on the transom beside the wheel. Now that Mr. Kingman had gone, he felt very much relieved. He was sure now that Mr. Kingman wanted things to be quiet and he was sure that Mr. Kingman did not know or guess how much he knew.

"Quite a boy," he whispered beneath his breath, "quite a boy."

Light had come quickly on that sea, so quickly that you could almost see it travel across the water. That morning was like the lifting of a curtain and the dawn was so clear and definite that the night seemed hardly possible. In the first gray of dawn Bob Bolles saw that there was land ahead, and the landfall gave him solid satisfaction.

First there had been clouds on the horizon and then a darker mass that was black and unsubstantial beneath the clouds. Then as the first shafts of sunlight came over the sea the dark land became faintly green, a small island floating in a misty haze, and the land rose sharply to a hill whose torn, serrated edges, even in the misty sky, showed its volcanic origin. It was like a thousand other islands in that sea, a half-forgotten place, over which the history of the Caribbean would have passed. There would have been the Carib Indians first, and then perhaps a stray Spaniard, and then the buccaneers. After that there would have been the English sugar planters and the slave gangs. He had nearly memorized its nautical description:

"Mercator Island, largest of the Win-



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*Below*, DUKE—another all-weather Walk-Over MUDHOUND. Antique brown Scotch grain. Springy crepe sole. Walk-Over prices $7.95 and up. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

derly Group, rough and hilly, four miles long and one mile wide, may be distinguished by large V-shaped cleft in long ridge on the center of the island. Volcanic, coral reefs two miles offshore. This island is now inhabited only by two or three Negro fishing families which move to other islands of the group. Harbor only for small vessels, eight feet mean low water. Anchorage in so-called Westerly Bay near remains of coral stone dock. Channel through reef very narrow."

Then there were the bearings, the cleft in the hill, a tall rock on the northwest and the roof of the old planter's house known as Westerly Hall. That was about the way the nautical description went.

"Tom," he called, "get the engine going." It would be safer to go in under power. Tom came aft very quickly and began to pull back the engine hatch and Bob Bolles asked him if he had everything clear. Tom nodded and started to speak.

"Don't talk," Bob said. "Here, take this," and he handed Tom the thousand-dollar bill. He had never realized before how fond he was of Tom and he was very anxious to have Tom entirely out of it.

"Lord almighty—" Tom began.

"Shut up," Bob said, "and remember."

Tom was down by the engine, turning over the flywheel when Bob knocked on the cabin door.

"Good morning, Mr. Kingman," he called. "We're about five miles off Mercator."

THEN a few minutes later everyone was up, and the sun rays broke out of the mist and everything seemed completely fresh and new. He could almost believe that the Kingmans had forgotten everything that had happened in the night. The thing to remember, Bob kept telling himself, was that Mr. Kingman had not the remotest idea of how much he knew or guessed. Mr. Kingman was dressed in a suit of brownish Nanking silk and he was wearing a khaki-colored pith helmet. He was holding an expensive pair of binoculars and he smiled at Bob and called good morning to him, and Mrs. Kingman smiled at him, too. In her slacks and gay shirt, her sunglasses and her beach hat, she still looked like a picture in a travel folder for a Caribbean cruise. Even Oscar appeared to have forgotten the trouble of the night before. Although one side of his face was swollen, he grinned at Bob Bolles and raised his finger to his forehead. The engine gave a cough and started.

"We'll go in under power," Bob said to Mr. Kingman. "If Oscar wouldn't mind he might help take in the sails. There's Westerly Bay opening up. That's where we're going."

All of Mr. Kingman's attention was given to examining the shore line.

"I see nothing in the bay," Mr. Kingman said, "except one small fishing boat pulled up on the beach. There can't be many people there."

"Why aren't more people living here?" Mrs. Kingman asked. "It's so green and such a lovely island."

"Twenty, sar," Bob heard Tom call from the bow. He looked carefully at the streaky water ahead and put the helm a little to starboard.

"I've read a little about the history of Mercator," Mr. Kingman said, "if you want to hear it."

"Why, yes," Mrs. Kingman said. "Tell us, Mac." And Mr. Kingman told them, while Bob Bolles watched the channel.

"This group, the Winderly Group," Mr. Kingman said, "used to be a stopping place for the buccaneers and pirates. It was very useful for them, because it was so remote, and then in about 1730 two English planters came here from Nevis. Nevis is quite a distance away. They could only rely on themselves for protection and they were burnt out twice by the French. They had to run up into the bush on the hill, but each time they came back, and finally, in about 1770, the island was owned by a planter named Swaith. He was a very able man and the story is that some member of the Swaith family who lives at Nevis now still owns the island—not that it does him any good. The story is that the family moved out for good fifty years ago. You see, there isn't much money in sugar now."

"Swaith," Mrs. Kingman said. "That's a funny name."

"And I guess Swaith was a funny man," Mr. Kingman said, "judging from that book of mine, but he knew how to run a little sugar island. He was rich and he got richer. The story is, when Mr. Swaith was doing well, that he had over a hundred Negro slaves. He brought artisans over from Nevis who built his house called Westerly Hall and a sugar mill and outbuildings. He cleared the level land by the foot of the hill. He built a dock and warehouses. He even had a small fort on the point. It was a self-contained community—one white planter's family and a lot of slaves."

"What happened to him?" Mrs. Kingman asked.

"It's only another story," Mr. Kingman answered, "of a plantation running down. He died and his son ran it. In 1800 there was an insurrection of the blacks. The Swaiths got away and for a while the island was a small black kingdom. Then there was some pestilence—the smallpox or the plague. Nearly the whole population died and most of those that were left went away. Since then no one has been near it much. The Negroes have never liked it. They've always been afraid of ghosts and now, I suppose, the jungle has come in, but if you look on the hill there you c building."

They were near enough by that everything was clear. I wild bit of land with a rich, hea of trees, and brownish cliffs nea ter and a white beach borderin with coconut palms near the wl There was a silver ribbon o falling over rocks near one e beach with rich ferns and growing near its edge, and p quarter of a mile from the sh the gray walls and the gaping of the ruins of a square sto and on a promontory near it y see the crumbling remains of peared to have been a tower.

"There's all that's left of said. "That must be the hall."

IT STOOD there in a tangle lonely and bleak and sad, a how the sight of it gave the wh and the quiet water a sinister, sort of silence. They were th reef and in the bay now. You the palm trees and the tops of white-limbed candlewoods w the breeze. You could hear t of the breakers on the reef a chugging of the engine.

"What was the tower for?" M man asked. "Why did they tower?"

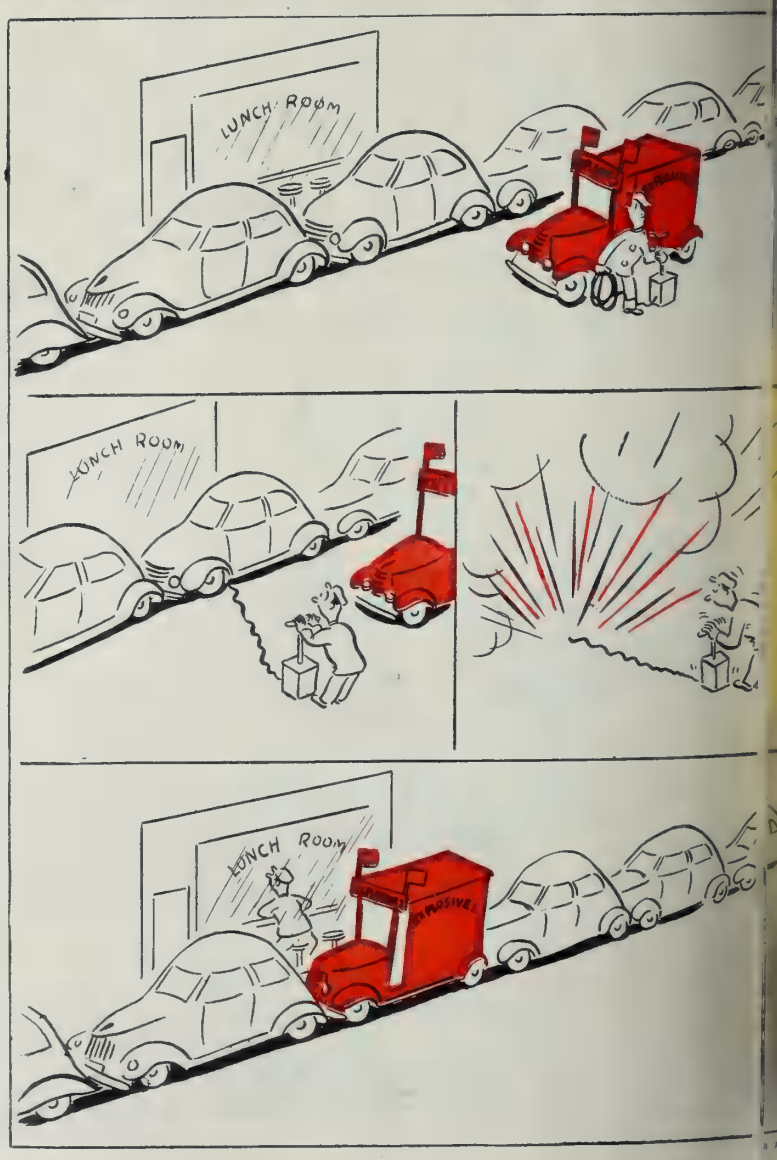
"It will be one of the old w Bob Bolles said, "for grinding t

He dropped the wheel and the engine. "Tom," he called go." There was no answer and his voice: "Tom, where the you?"

Mr. Kingman turned his h the shore. "He is not in the said.

Bob Bolles shut off the eng must be below," he said. him," and he ran toward the b

"Tom," he called, "Tom," bu



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BACK ON THE AIR OCTOBER 1 — Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in Fred Allen in the li Texaco Star Theatre Program every Wednesday night starting October 1 —

was gone. He let go the an- self and stood watching while d to the clean, sandy bottom. ooked down the forward hatch d Tom's name again.

"The y's gone," he said. "He must m ashore."

Mr. ngman's pale eyes met his. arching and expressionless. very funny," he said. "Does do that often?"

rse not," Bob answered. "He razy, but I'll get him back all

st why should he have done . Kingman said.

want to know the truth," Bob scared to death."

?" said Mr. Kingman. "Of

lles smiled. "He had some that it wasn't safe for him told me we'd get killed if we oard."

Mr. Kingman said, and he "Let's forget it then. But— e you don't feel that way,

Bolles found himself laugh- "I don't," he said. "Don't

-that's bully," Mr. Kingman 're just all one family going a good time. It's all hunky- get out the little boat. We'll food. We may want lunch let me have my rifle. There me—some monkeys in those

ulled the dinghy alongside steady while Mr. Kingman

elen a hand, Bob," he said. dear." Bob Bolles looked at s in the cockpit.

ave to make two trips," he Oscar take some of the dun- you. I'll wait till he comes . Kingman glanced at him ith his rifle cradled in the arm.

You come with us, Bob. make a second trip." Then an laughed as though he had something bizarre and very "We don't want you to get too, Bob, and take the boat would put us in a—a pickle, ?"

bed into the bow of the dinghy. Mr. Kingman possessed a peculiar sort of gaiety—a *joi de vivre*—that was friendly and appealing; and Bob could not help laughing too.

Oscar took the oars and the dinghy moved steadily toward the beach, propelled by Oscar's short, hard strokes.

"It looks very lonely," Bob heard Mr Kingman say. "I see no one."

It was true. The little half-moon of the beach gave an appearance of complete desertion. The waters of the bay were so still and clear that you could look down and see the fantastic growths of coral and the sea anemones waving their long fingers tirelessly and languidly. Little yellow fishes with black stripes and ruby-red fish were darting back and forth in the shadows of the coral.

"Oh," he heard Mrs. Kingman say, "it's like a glass-bottom boat!"

AHEAD of them the white strip of sand shimmered dazzlingly and behind the beach beneath the coconut palms was a dark green shady tangle of trees and shrubs and vines and it was all so quiet that you could hear the chatter of parrots in the trees. If the land by the beach had ever been cleared the jungle had crept back over it many years ago. If there had been a factory and warehouses from the old sugar days the walls would be half buried under vegetation. Bob Bolles could see some signs of vanished industry as they neared the beach, enough so that he could trace the plan of the old plantation days. Ahead of them was a crumbling pier of coral stone, reduced by the storms and neglect into a mass of rubble, with the end disappearing into the water. He glanced back to Mr. Kingman sitting in the stern.

"You'll scrape the bottom off if you land there," he said. "The beach is easier."

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "the beach is easier. I see that little fishing boat, but I see no one. It's lonely as—as hell."

Back from the pier, you could still see an open way through the trees that would have been a wagon road, winding up to the walls and gaping windows of the owner's house on rising ground, perhaps half a mile distant. On the beach near the pier was a small open boat canted on its side and farther back were two huts made of palm leaves.

"There must be people," Bob Bolles

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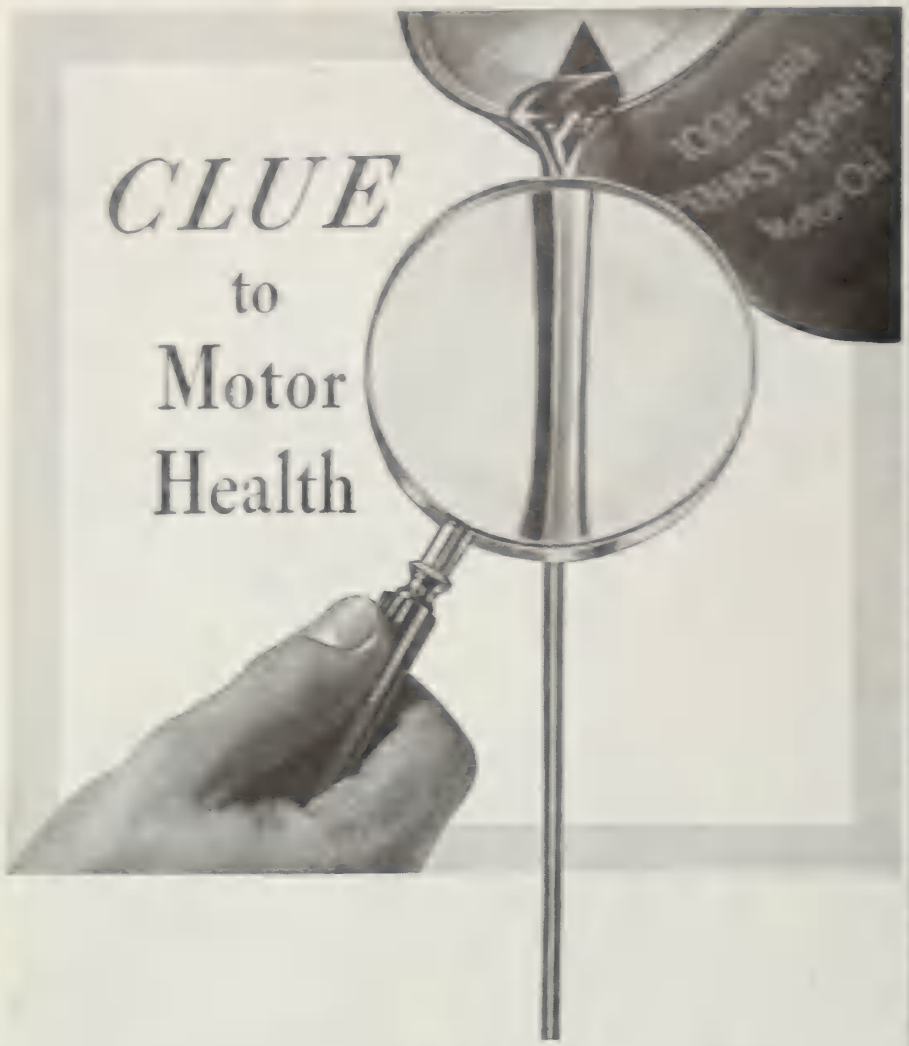

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heard Mrs. Kingman say. "Why don't they come to meet us?"

Bob turned his head again. Mr. and Mrs. Kingman were seated in the stern. Mr. Kingman held his rifle across his knees, his right hand over the trigger guard. He was looking very intently at the thatched huts and at the dark undergrowth beyond them.

"You can't tell how people will act—the natives here are all Negroes," Bob said. "They've run into the bush, hiding."

"Afraid, are they?" Kingman asked.

Bob Bolles shook his head. "Not afraid, just shy. They'll be watching us."

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman, "it is very lonely."

THE beach gave you exactly the feeling that comes with any abandoned place where life had once been rich and active. Bob Bolles began to wonder how much of the level upland had been under cultivation and where the warehouses would be and the stables and the mill and the overseer's house and the old slave quarters. They seemed to be all gone, except for that half-wrecked and lonely pier and for the crumbling tower of the windmill and the gaunt and stricken walls of the manor house, but at the same time there was an indefinable sense of where they were, the same sense you might have of a presence in a room when someone has just left it. The memory was still there, not unpleasant, of vanished people and vanished voices. It was as though time had stopped.

Oscar gave a last tug to the oars and the dinghy moved silently toward the beach. For a second before the bow grated on the soft coral sand Bob was keenly aware of the sweetish, musky smell of the tropical vegetation and of the land smells mixing with the soft breeze off the water. He could hear the notes of birds in the woods, harsh and discordant, and the slatting sound of the palms and the soft rustling of the candlewoods behind them. He could hear the sound of a small fresh-water stream pouring over the rocks. No one spoke. They must have all been listening and perhaps they had the same sense he had that everything was watching and waiting. Then there was a faint shock and a hissing sound as the bow of t struck the sand.

Bob stepped into the water a hold of the bow. Oscar splashe water, too, and, without speak of them pulled the dinghy t sand of the beach. Mr. King ing ahead of him at the s stepped out quickly, still cra rifle in the crook of his arm, t quick strides across the s stopped, looking at the trees minded Bob Bolles of a que waiting for the birds to rise, b stirred. Bob offered his han Kingman and she stepped ash

"Oh," she said, "what a be the little shells," and she kne look at them, dozens of sm cowrie shells with white spots dery snail shells and orange d

"Never mind them now, Mr. Kingman said. "It seem one's here. We have it to o

"Oh, people are here all r answered. "Look at the path the huts. There'll be at least lies living there."

"Well," said Mr. Kingman, and see," and he began walk the palm-leaf huts near the Mrs. Kingman followed him walked behind her and Oscar The huts were in a cleared sp the palms right on the edge road whose remains Bob B seen from the water, and beh smothered by vines, he coul ruins of a low coral stone bui roof had fallen in long ago a almost obliterated by vegetat

"One of the old warehou said, and then he pointed. fire burning. There was som this morning." Mr. Kingman it too—the smoldering rem cooking fire in a little circle in front of one of the huts.

"Hello," Mr. Kingman call was no answer. "Hello," he ca

There was no answer, but Mr. Kingman took a quick ste He was staring at the side wal the huts.

"By—by jove, Helen," he s at that, will you! *Look!*"

*(To be continued next w*

**"Aren't you feeling well, dear? You look a little pale around the fingers"**

*Trade-marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Copyright 1941, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

# A white collar girl discusses her boss

*n't qu understand my boss . . .*

e's ju as considerate as he can be—
s me unexpected day off now and
. . . d praises me to the skies when
're d ussing raises.

et it ver seems to have occurred to
how portant it is to let me choose
favor make of typewriter!

h, if 'd only let me! I'd choose a
l—a it would be so much to *his*
tantag for I'd turn out better work
r. Do ou know why?

irst o there's MAGIC* Margin, a
y of device for changing margins at
flick a finger. And no crawling into
mach , either!

ext, t carriage on a Royal doesn't
ter up nd down when you shift. No,
des sm ely along, because Royal has
*ment* Sft!

hen, t re's Touch Control*. It makes
Roya my *particular* Royal. For it
lates t touch to suit *me*. And speed?
al's g smooth, velvety speed—more
than l ever need.

nd th s why a Royal lets a white
r girl reeze through a good day's
k and me up smiling! But then, a
al also orks for the *company*.

For a Royal not only lasts longer, it needs fewer repairs and less service. Call it advanced engineering, if you want. *One* reason for it is that even inside parts are protected from dust and erasures. Say! . . . If the boss knew as much about Royals as *I* do, he'd have one on my desk tomorrow!

◆ ◆ ◆

***Mr. Executive,*** if you were to canvass the White Collar Girls in your own organization, the chances are you'd discover an overwhelming preference for Royal. For, in a recent survey, more than twice as many typists and secretaries expressed a preference for Royal as for any other make.

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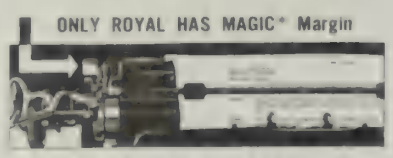
**World's Number 1**

**TYPEWRITER**

**SIX REASONS WHY TYPISTS PREFER ROYAL TWO-TO-ONE OVER ANY OTHER MAKE**

**ONLY ROYAL HAS MAGIC* Margin**



**MAGIC* Margin** – Just flick this handy lever to change and set margins *automatically*. No fussing with mechanism. Only Royal has it!

**Segment Shift** – The carriage doesn't clatter and pop up when you shift on a Royal! Less noise . . . less eyestrain.

**Touch Control*** – Do you tap, *peck*, or POUND when you type? A twirl of this dial adjusts key tension exactly to your individual touch. Only Royal has it!

**Accelerating Type Bars** – Royal's fast type-bar return naturally enables you to type faster.

**No Type-bar Blur!** Dancing type bars flash *unseen* on a Royal. This means less eyestrain, as does the "no glare" finish of the machine itself.

**Finger Flow Keyboard** – Only Royal has this scientifically planned keyboard, with "finger comfort" keys covered with glare-absorbing Lucite. Corner keys are platform-shaped for greater speed and ease.

# The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 13

fall of 1937, and continuing through the first half of 1938. These same minority groups sought at once to take advantage of it by blaming it exclusively on the attitude and legislation of the government, claiming that the administration was "strangling business" and "ruining confidence," and preventing "full recovery."

In 1932 the national income had fallen as low as $38,000,000,000 from a high in 1928 of over $80,000,000,000. Since 1932 and for each and every year thereafter, up to and including 1937, the national income had gradually risen until it reached the figure of $68,000,000,000.

This consistent and continuous recovery was stopped short in 1937 by several factors. First, the production and speculative buying of heavy and consumer goods had been increased by industry at such a rapid pace that it had completely outstripped the ability of the people of the country to buy such goods. The same thing happened in 1937 on a small scale that had happened in 1929 on a prodigious scale, namely, the purchasing power of the consumers of goods had been exceeded too quickly and too greatly by the amount of merchandise manufactured. The result was that large inventories of stocks had accumulated, which could not be sold.

In addition, the prices of merchandise had been forced up by business too drastically during the year 1937, in spite of all the efforts of the government to discourage such inordinate increases. The mounting prices, in turn, contributed to the inability to sell the goods manufactured, and helped to create a large excess of goods which could not be sold.

### The Government Miscalculates

At the same time, with the steady rise of business through 1936 and early 1937, the government had begun to cut down its own expenditures for relief and work relief. It did so with the reasonable expectation that private industry, with its increased markets and output, would take up some of the slack, and provide some of the employment which had previously been furnished by the government through public works projects. In this the government miscalculated.

It soon became obvious that 1937 was too early to begin to cut down drastically on the expenditure of public funds which had been furnishing the necessary purchasing power for those who could not otherwise get it. The government's expectations that industry would take up the process of giving employment were not fulfilled. Industry failed to supply jobs to replace those which had been lost by curtailment of federal work relief.

At the same time, it is also undoubtedly true that, in some quarters, labor had gone too far in its demands and in its conduct, especially with respect to sit-down strikes.

The explanation for the recession may, therefore, legitimately be placed at the door of all three—government, capital, and labor. It should be remembered that at no time did this recession ever reach alarming proportions. There was never any semblance of the panic or stagnation or hopelessness which had developed in 1932. Our government had been adequately prepared to deal with it—and did deal with it quickly and effectively. However, the recession, such as it was, was seized upon by the opponents of reform and liberal government as a great talking point from which to urge that, unless the whole business of reform and progress were stopped right away, the industrial system of America would collapse, and the government itself would become bankrupt.

All of the big guns and resources of pressure politics and modern propaganda were brought into play in late 1937 and 1938, to try to strike down liberalism in the Congress and in the executive branch of the government.

The policy of the federal government, however, continued to follow the only path of true recovery and the only assurance of preservation of our system of private profit and free enterprise—the continuance and strengthening of social reform and progressive legislation.

When I called the Congress into extraordinary session in 1937, I pointed this out; and I announced the determination of the federal government to proceed with its program on all fronts with full speed.

"Oh, we all carry them. They're to hang outside if we should spill anything!" ERNIE GARZA

Accordingly, I recommended the enactment of new farm legislation. I called for a comprehensive farm program—not only to replace the old measures which had been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, but one which could go forward. I called for legislation for soil conservation and for regulation of crop production so as to furnish an ever-normal granary which would give the farmer a fair share of the national income, and at the same time would also assure the consumer a steady supply of food and textile fiber at reasonable prices.

I also recommended to this extraordinary session of the Congress the enactment of legislation providing for minimum wages and maximum hours and the abolition of child labor in all interstate occupations. Only in this way could sweatshop conditions be eliminated and workers receive a reasonable purchasing power—to enable them to live with some degree of decency, and to provide a market for the products of the farms and factories of the nation.

And, in order to make government more efficient in planning and in executing its duties and responsibilities, I recommended a comprehensive plan of reorganization of the administrative branch of the federal government and a great expansion of the planning functions of government.

These recommendations were renewed by me when the Congress reassembled in regular session in January, 1938. In addition, I made other recommendations showing that the New Deal was determined not to stop in its tracks, but to press forward in its program of progress. I recommended, for example, that new tax legislation was necessary—first, to prevent continued tax evasion by some few individuals and corporations; and, second, to make sure that the principle of ability to pay was not violated by the tax structure.

I also called attention to some of the grave social abuses which had grown up in the use of capital—not all capital, but in a limited portion thereof. In other words, I made it clear that what I was attacking was not business in general or all business practices, but certain clearly wrongful business practices which were ruinous to the rest of the economic system of the country. I pointed out that, in addition to tax avoidance, these practices included: excessive capitalization, continued write-ups of investment values, security manipulations, collusive bidding and price rigging, high-pressure salesmanship which creates cycles of overproduction and recessions in production, the use of patent laws for monopolistic purposes, and unfair competition. I also called attention to the unfortunate practice of industry to move from one locality or region of the country to another—in an effort to find the cheapest possible wage scales, or in order to try to intimidate local and state governments from the passage of progressive legislation for the protection of labor.

Above all, I stressed the grave danger and serious problems which had arisen, and which always arise, out of t ing concentration of economic involving, as it did, the control b tively few men of other people's other people's labor, and other lives.

In a special message to the on April 29, 1938, I pointed out concentration was seriously i the economic effectiveness of enterprise as a way of provid ployment for labor and capit way of assuring a more equitab bution of income and earning the people of the nation as To meet this situation I recomm thorough study of the concent economic power in American and the effect of that concentrat the decline of competition. I s that this investigation should in examination of the existing p tem and price policies of indust termine their effect upon the level of trade, upon employme long-term profits and upon cons Such a survey, I pointed out, sh be confined to the traditional field, but should review critic social and economic effects of ta and other government policies.

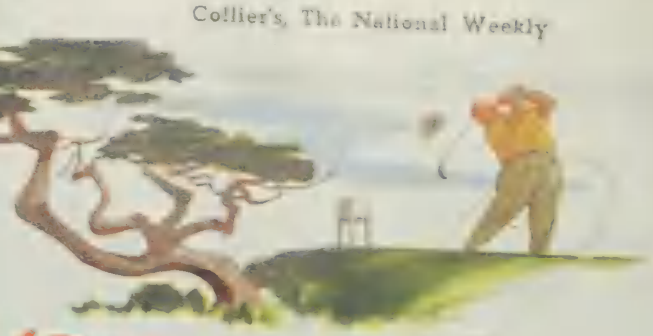
### A Blitzkrieg of Opposit

Much of the legislation which mended was passed during 19 example, a new farm progr adopted; legislation establishi mum wages and maximum h outlawing child labor was finall various tax reforms were adopt tional funds were provided construction of public works t employment; and a congressi administrative committee was study the whole subject of m and the concentration of power. Administrative reorg was delayed until 1939.

Many of the great measures in 1937 and 1938—farm legisl organization of government, wages and maximum hours, public works, monopoly con dicial reforms, water-power ment, low-cost housing—have become more or less accepted our economic life. It is a little therefore, to look back even a short period to 1938 and remem bitter and how difficult was th —in the Congress and out of gress—which was necessary to have some of these laws The opposition to them—chiefly same sources which had opp whole program of reform sin developed into "blitzkrieg" pr Misrepresentation as to mot falsehoods as to objectives an became common practice, esp the columns of some of the la papers.

In that struggle, a few D members of the House and Sen had been elected in 1936 and years on liberal platforms, and pledged themselves to support objectives and social measure ated in those platforms—had allied themselves with the of the program. I do not mea that these members had disag one or two or more items in the and had suggested other measu they thought more likely to c same results. Obviously, no f have been found in any res legislators who thought that t principles of the Democratic pl 1936 could be carried out by ot

# THE PRO TOOK A LESSON FROM ME!



**1. It looks like a bad round** for me. Right off the first tee I give my drive a terrific slice and—*wham*—it just misses the pro by an eyelash. To make matters worse, there isn't even time to yell "Fore!"

**2. "Think fast, Champ,"** chortles Bill, my companion, as the pro strides toward us. "That doesn't look like a *smile* he's wearing. Maybe you should suggest a round of TEN HIGH."..."Not a bad idea," I murmur.

**the p is no grouch.** He just points to my club s, "it of self-defense I better teach you how hat s lalah." I sign up for some lessons at once, d, "o that and I'll Double Your Enjoyment me the grandest whiskey you ever tasted."

**soothas me poking them** right down the . When I make good my promise about the TEN e lets t a long ah-h-h and says, "Wish I could a whiey like that every day." "Then take rom m," I tell him. "A quart of TEN HIGH costs e than hree golf balls." (He took the lesson.)

**5. Six months later** I won the club Consolation Tournament. Then it was *my* turn to celebrate with TEN HIGH.

**NOW, Double Your Enjoyment with TEN HIGH**

You wouldn't dream a whiskey so rich could be so light and smooth. No heaviness . . . no rough edges . . . because modern scientific control in the world's largest distillery makes this whiskey completely *delicious*.

That's why it is the favorite in so many homes and at so many bars. Ask for TEN HIGH today—and *Double Your Enjoyment*.

**TEN HIGH**

*Straight Bourbon Whiskey or Straight Rye Whiskey, 86 proof*

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d who proposed and fought for ıer measures. But that was not ıs happening. The blunt fact is :se men were deliberately re- g the very principles of progress ıey had espoused in order to be -and which were, in some cases, / reason that they had been

ıme quite obvious that this kind ıct was not only a renunciation ›rm pledges, but was actually ·ing the successful accomplish- the federal government's de- ion to preserve a liberal, ve administration.

rimary obligation and respon- for determining the general s and direction of any adminis- aturally lie with the President However, he can do little thout the co-operation of the . In this particular instance the jority of the Congress were of my own party. The num- emocrats in the Congress had ·eased during each and every onal election commencing with ey had each time been elected tform which expressly called doption of liberal legislation. ›ite of this, that type of legis- d begun to be repudiated by f them; so that if the process checked the whole liberal pro- ht eventually become jeopard-

·e it to be my sworn duty, as , to take all steps necessary to : continuance of liberalism in nment. I believe, at the same it is my duty as the head of :ratic party to see to it that my ains the truly liberal party in :al life of America.

had been many periods in history, unfortunately, when political party was no differ- he other major party—except me. In a system of party gov- ıch as ours, however, elections eaningless when the two major ties ıve no differences other than s. For such elections do not eople of the United States an ortu y to decide upon the type of ıt which they prefer for them- the next two or the next four , ae case may be. I do not mean ssar that expression of choice at hould concern itself with de- or ·h particular methods. But it ssen that the general trend and ctior of government should be left e dermination of a majority of the ple; d the only way that they can ·ess ·eir will is by voting for the lidat of the party which espouses par ular trend in government ·h th prefer.

### Liıral vs. Conservative

ener y speaking, in a representa- for of government there are ally o general schools of politi- beli—liberal and conservative. syst n of party responsibility in rica quires that one of its parties he l ral party and the other be cons vative party. This has been divis n by which the major parties Amer an history have identified nselv whenever crises have de- ped ich required definite choice recti . In Jefferson's day, in Jack- day and in Lincoln's and Theo- Roc velt's and Wilson's day one p en ged clearly as liberals, op- d to e other—the conservatives. e gr t difference which has char- rized is division has been that the al p y—no matter what its par- lar n e was at the time—believed e wis m and efficacy of the will of great ajority of the people, as dis- uishe rom the judgment of a small minority of either education or wealth. The liberal group has always believed that control by a few—political control or economic control—if exercised for a long period of time, would be destructive of a sound representative democracy. For this reason, for example, it has always advocated the extension of the right of suffrage to as many people as possible, trusting the combined judgment of all the people in political matters rather than the judgment of a small minority.

The other great difference between the two parties has been this: The liberal party is a party which believes that, as new conditions and problems arise beyond the power of men and women to meet as individuals, it becomes the duty of government itself to find new remedies with which to meet them. The liberal party insists that government has the definite duty to use all its power and resources to meet new social problems with new social controls —to insure to the average person the right to his own economic and political life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That theory of the role of government was expressed by Abraham Lincoln when he said, "The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do at all, or cannot do so well, for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities."

### The Conservative Viewpoint

The conservative party in government honestly and conscientiously believes the contrary. It believes that there is no necessity for the government to step in, even when new conditions and new problems arise. It believes that, in the long run, individual initiative and private philanthropy can take care of all situations. The test of allegiance to one or the other of these schools of political and economic thought cannot be based on a person's views with respect to one particular measure of policy or even several of them. The test is rather whether a person adheres to the broad general objectives of the particular party as expressed in its fundamental principles.

The clear and undisputed fact is that in these later years, at least since 1932, the Democratic party has been the liberal party, and the Republican party has been the conservative party.

There can, of course, be no quarrel by anybody with anyone who sincerely subscribes either to the principles of liberalism or conservatism. The quarrel in 1938 was with those who said they were liberals, but who, nevertheless, proceeded to stand in the way of all social progress by objecting to any measure to carry out liberal objectives. The usual procedure of this type of liberal is to say that he believes in the objective, but that he does not like the details of the particular method proposed to carry out the objective. He says, "*Yes*"—that he is in favor of the end; *but* he objects to the means—at the same time offering no alternative method, and seldom, if ever, raising a finger of his own to try to obtain the ultimate objective. I have frequently referred to this type as a "yes, but—" fellow.

The true liberal does not claim, of course, that the remedies with which he proposes to attain his objectives are perfect. But he is willing to start with something less than perfect in this imperfect world. The conservative, on the other hand, believes generally that all remedies proposed by the government itself are usually unnecessary, and that perfection can be obtained more readily and more quickly through private initiative.

It is a comparatively simple thing for a nation to determine, by its votes,


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DESIGNED for young Americans of '41 . . . hustling and on the go . . . conscious that minutes mean so much!

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whether it chooses the liberal or the conservative form of government. On the other hand, a nation can never intelligently determine its policy if it has to go through the confusion of voting for candidates who pretend to be one thing but who act the other.

I have always believed, and I have frequently stated, that my own party can succeed at the polls only so long as it continues to be the party of militant liberalism. I do not mean to imply that only enrolled Democrats are liberal voters, or even that all enrolled Democrats are liberal voters. I do not mean to imply, on the other hand, that only enrolled Republicans are conservative voters, or that all enrolled Republicans are conservative voters. There is a vast number of independent voters who are unwilling to become affiliated with either party, but whose social and political outlook is definitely liberal, and whose votes have been cast for liberal candidates. On the other hand, millions of enrolled Republican voters—affiliated under the conservative Republican leadership for one reason or another—have nevertheless consistently voted for the type of government and candidates who appear under the liberal banner.

But, as the head of the Democratic party, I think that it is nothing more nor less than political consistency for the candidates standing for election on the liberal program of my party to act like liberals after the election is over.

It was in that belief, and the complete realization of the fact that some Democratic candidates had acted in repudiation of progressive and liberal government, that I took an active part in some of the primary elections of 1938—in an effort to keep liberalism in the foreground in the councils of my own party, as well as in the legislative and executive branches of the government itself.

My participation in these primary campaigns was stubbornly referred to by those who were opposed to liberalism, as a 'purge.' The word became a slogan for those who tried to misrepresent my conduct to make it appear to be an effort to defeat certain senators and congressmen who had voted against one measure or another recommended by me—particularly those who had voted against the Supreme Court bill of 1937. Nothing could be further from the truth. I was not interested in personalities. Nor was I interested in particular measures—because most of the liberal measures I had recommended had already been passed. I was, however primarily interested in seeing to it that the Democratic party and the Republican party should not be merely Tweedledum and Tweedledee to each other. I was chiefly interested in continuing the Democratic party as the liberal, forward-looking, progressive party in the United States.

The primary campaigns in which I actively spoke consisted of [illegible] gressional campaign in my [illegible] state, one senatorial campaign [illegible] other home state of Georgia [illegible] Kentucky (where the choice was [illegible] ween a conservative and a [illegible] between two liberals, one of [illegible] the experienced Democratic [illegible] the Senate), and one senatorial [illegible] paign in the State of Maryland [illegible] was accompanied by the [illegible] the Democratic National C[illegible] It must be remembered, [illegible] some of these states, and in [illegible] states, a definite misuse was [illegible] of my name by one candidate [illegible] other, barely claiming that I [illegible] election. Under such circumstances [illegible] exercised my clear right to [illegible] the interest of truth.

In these primary campaigns [illegible] I made it clear that I was not [illegible] dictate to the people of any [illegible] how they should vote. What [illegible] ing to do was to impress upon [illegible] necessity of voting for liberal [illegible] tates—if they wanted a [illegible] of the liberal kind of government [illegible] they had had since 1933.

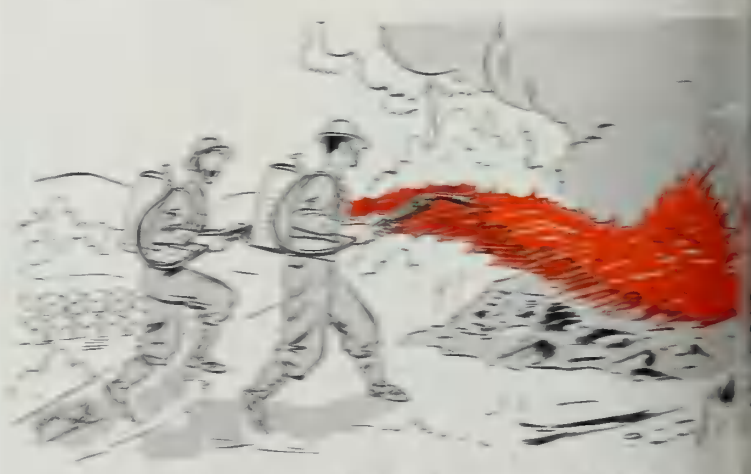
Looking back on the [illegible] of 1937 and 1938, there is much [illegible] tion in realizing that the American [illegible] ple, as a whole, were not [illegible] the bitter accusations and [illegible] tions of those who cried "[illegible] "imminent bankruptcy," or "[illegible] tion of business." The fervent [illegible] the people to continue the [illegible] program of progressive [illegible] clearly expressed at the pol[illegible] As was to be expected, after [illegible] and continued increase in [illegible] representation in the Congress [illegible] 1934, and 1936, the Democratic [illegible] fell off somewhat in 1938. [illegible] that, after the elections of [illegible] were 79 Democratic senators [illegible] Democratic congressmen, as [illegible] Republican senators and [illegible] can congressmen, shows that [illegible] of progressive government [illegible] definite approval with the [illegible] had met with their determination [illegible] it be continued.

The political struggle of 19[illegible] been a rout. Liberalism in [illegible] was still triumphant.

**The President's article [illegible] week tells why Con[illegible] failed to act in early 19[illegible] the approaching war.**

**WAR**
**. . . And Neutra[illegible]**

**IN NEXT WEEK'S COL[illegible]**



"Let's go over and give the sergeant a hot-foot!"

# Ever Hear of CLOPAY?

## A Company That Has Saved American Housewives 10 Million Dollars in the Past 10 Years

*Add to Your List of Famous American Industrial Names That of* CLOPAY *Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio*

### Has CLOPAY Done? Here is the Interesting Story:

#### HAT PRICE WINDOW SHADES?

***$1.00 to $3.00—or 10c?***

Not many years ago, you'll remember that when you wanted new window shades, you expected to pay from $1 to $3 each.

Even the cheapest cloth shades, known as "water colors," cost about 69c. As the name indicated, they were made with "water colors" and spotted at the beach or rain. So—$1 to $3 was the price usually paid for shades, expensive for a homeowner with 20 to 30 dollars and an income of less than $3,000 per year (which includes 91% of all American families).

#### A NEW WAY FOUND

In 1930, a Cincinnati man popped with a revolutionary idea. He found that a certain type of paper, made of tough, durable kraft fibres and colored with fine pigments, had the strength and tear-resistance to make a good window shade. But it was stiff; rattled and didn't smooth easily. So he worked out a process to give this material a "crepe" finish, making it flexible and cloth-like—yet retaining its strength. Now the material hung straight and rolled smoothly. (An U. S. patent was granted on this new process as applied to window shades.)

#### WHY THROW THE LAMP AWAY?

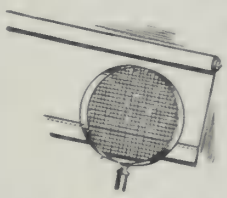
Then came another idea: Shades had always been sold only mounted on rollers. Why? Rollers would usually outlast 3 to 5 shades. You didn't throw a lamp away when the bulb burned out. There must be some way, he reasoned, to get the benefit of that usefulness in rollers after shades wore out.

So he attached to each shade a sturdy piece of gummed tape. The shade could be attached to the old roller in a jiffy, without tacks or tools—by any housewife. (Another U. S. patent granted.)

And the price? Here was the amazing thing: the shade could be made to retail for 10c—about one-tenth of the usual former price for a window shade.

The result was obvious: millions were sold—millions of smart American housewives got "ten shades for the price of one."

#### *LINTONE*—"LOOKS LIKE LINEN"



A few years later came the "Lintone" process. To both sides of this material was applied, by modern rotogravure process, a "linen" appearance that was amazingly realistic. In an actual test, when viewing this *"Lintone"* shade alongside a $1.50 "linen" shade, 3 out of 4 women could not tell which was which—or thought the *Lintone* shade was the more expensive! Yet this improved fibre shade could sell for only 15c. Result? More millions sold; more millions of dollars saved by housewives.

#### A DISCOVERY IN PAINT

This was good going, but it wasn't all. In 1934 came another improvement—a process for coating both sides of the fibre material with oil-paint. The result was a completely washable material, one which could be actually *scrubbed* with soap and water.

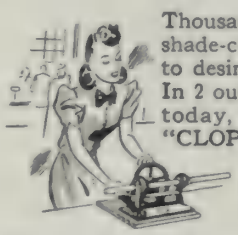
Price? Again an astonishing triumph of American manufacturing ingenuity. This shade could be retailed at 25c for full 36 inch by 6 foot size, ready to attach to roller. And here the *Lintone* process was cleverly applied under the oil-paint, so that the shade hanging at a window looked exactly as if thousands of fine threads were embedded in the material. (Another U. S. patent granted.)

#### THEN CAME THE "5 & 10"

Following this remarkable manufacturing development came a great improvement in distribution. How could these shades be most conveniently, most economically brought to the buyer? ANSWER: *Through the more than 10,000 conveniently located 5c and 10c stores, 5c to $1 stores and variety stores of the country.* There was a "5 & 10" in almost every city of 5,000 or more. In each large city there were a dozen or more.

And in these stores the housewife found no "sales-pressure," no complications. Just an ample supply of window shades, at 10c, 15c, 25c each, in all popular colors, ready to pick up and take home.

#### "CUT TO SIZE FREE"



Thousands of "5 and 10's" installed shade-cutting machines, to trim shades to desired widths—right on the spot. In 2 out of 3 of these 5c and 10c stores today, you will see signs reading "CLOPAY Shades Cut to Size FREE."

The collaboration of CLOPAY and the "5 and 10's" has brought the cost of good window shades down from $1-$3 to 10c-25c. It has saved at least $10,000,000 for housewives—and continues to save them millions more every year.

#### A GOOD NAME TO REMEMBER

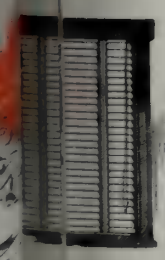
The name CLOPAY comes from CLOth and PAper—because in so many ways CLOPAY has made inexpensive paper do the work of expensive cloth.

CLOPAY stands for ingenuity, inventiveness, progress. It's a name that stands for money-saving. And it's a name that stands for quality, too—unlimited guarantee against defective merchandise has always been a part of CLOPAY's policy.

So, the next time you are numbering over the companies that have contributed to American progress—to better living at lower cost—remember CLOPAY, miracle workers in paper and fibre.

## CLOPAY CORPORATION

**WINDOW SHADES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT, BUT NOT THE ONLY CLOPAY PRODUCTS . . . HERE ARE A FEW OTHERS:**

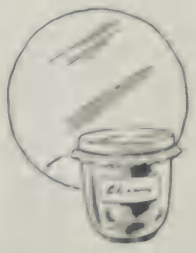


**CLOPAY VENETIAN BLINDS**

Another outstanding development in money saving: cost less than $2 for the average window. Slats of compressed fibre with washable baked-enamel finish. Easy to install.

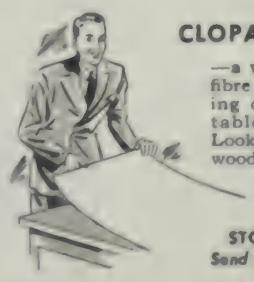
**CLOPAY GARMENT STORAGE BAGS**

—for protecting your out-of-use garments against moths and dirt. Sturdily built to CLOPAY standards. Yet cost only 15c, 25c, 29c each, depending on size and weight.



**CLOPAY JIFFY SEALS**

—an ingenious new way of sealing jam and jelly jars. Transparent cellulose seals that attach in a jiffy—eliminate messy hot wax, save time and work, cost less—25 seals for only 10c.



**CLOPAY'S COVERAY**

—a washable, paint-on-fibre material for covering counters, shelves, tables, etc. in stores. Looks like leather or fine wood. Costs less than half as much as material of the same appearance.

**STORE OPERATORS:** *Send for free swatch book.*

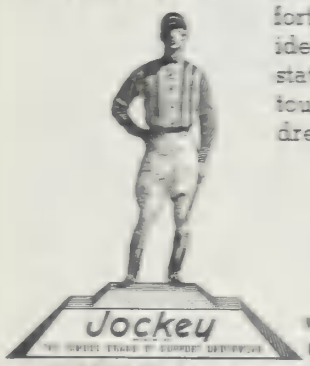
***You Would Like Free Color Swatches of Shades, or Other Information, Write CLOPAY, 1272 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio***

# Keep Fit THIS WINTER

Two-piece construction —85c each and up.

•

"Quality Corner"
Better stores offer Jockey in Rayon, mercerized cotton, linen and cotton, wool and cotton mixtures and the new super-textile, Coopreme. Shorts and Midways, 75c to $1.25; Longs, $1.25 to $3.00.




## It's good for you to get *Dog-tired* outdoors in Jockey Longs

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

How long is it since you spent a grand day, outdoors in the crisp air with a dog at your heels and a good companion at your side? Occasions like that and the physical well-being they bring are yours to take . . . if you dress for them. And that means, starting with Jockey Longs! For Jockey Longs form the foundation of all active men's winter wardrobes. Made by Coopers, they're buttonless, smooth, warm and snug but not bulky. Give complete freedom of action and incorporate Jockey's famous inverted *Y-front which makes for a perfect fit, mild support and a non-gap masculine opening. In all weights, Jockey Longs are styled for looks as well as comfort and action. At dealers everywhere who identify themselves by displaying the Jockey statue in their stores. Cost 85c and up. Contoured shirts to match, same prices. Also children's sizes down to four years. * —The Source of Support.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.

Left JOCKEY SHORT
For summer sports. 55c up

•

Right JOCKEY MIDWAY
Squirm-free comfort for ordinary wear; 55c up

Left JOCKEY BELLIN
A trim, youthful waistline for dress-up occasions. $1.25

•

Right JOCKEY OVER-KNEE
For scratchy tweeds. 85c up

# How to Train a Hunting Dog

Continued from page 16

in a wooden blind, with the Chessy beside him and the Labrador staked out a few feet away, trembling nervously to be at work.

A helper with a couple of dead ducks shoves off in a rowboat and paddles out a couple of hundred yards. He tosses a duck overboard. Back in the blind the Chessy's nose quivers, but he doesn't move. Then, as Billy calls the dog's name, the Chessy bounds out of the blind, heaves himself through the shallows and soon is swimming with steady strokes toward the duck. He catches the bird deftly and softly by the back and swims home, climbing the bank to the trainer. Here he sits until Gladwin takes the duck from his mouth.

### Patience Above All

"Training," says Billy. "You notice he gave me the duck first and then shook himself. All dog instinct is to shake first and let everything else go. You'd be surprised the amount of patience it takes to make a dog do something against his instinct."

The duck, incidentally, isn't hurt a bit, so soft is the Chessy's grip. That's training, too.

"Good dog'll go half a mile for a duck," explains Gladwin. "Furthermore, if you shoot down three, he'll mark where each floats and bring them in, one after another. That's pretty clever, especially on a rough lake where it's hard to see and the ducks drift fast. Partly eyesight and partly smell. And some sort of a memory test, too."

You can spoil a bird dog fairly easily, making him do tricks out of his routine, or tiring him by repetition of actions that don't make sense to him.

Training of pointers, setters and spaniels proceeds along much the same lines: First you show the dog what you want him to do; you couple this with a signal; and you insist patiently that at the signal the dog must obey. . . . But if you lose your temper, you might as well give up; you'll never well train a dog.

Many hunters, old trainers grin, never get the best out of a dog because they don't give the animal a chance to train *them*. This may sound goofy, but it seems to be true.

"Watch your dog while you're training and working him," is the advice, "and let him, by his reactions, instruct you in the best way to handle yourself to bring out the best in him. Some dogs are stubborn, some flighty-minded, some impetuous, some stolid and easygoing. Let your dog tell you what sort of person he is and learn to handle him accordingly. He can't change his nature any more than you can change yours. If you know your dog's character you'll be surprised how much more game you'll get—and how much less temper you'll lose."

First thing a novice hunter wants to know is: How much does it cost to get and train a dog? Well, some hunters go out with a mutt rescued for a license fee from the pound, a $10 gun and a pocketful of shells and bring home the limit. Others spend $500 or more on a pedigreed dog, intensively trained to show up well at bench shows and field trials; they board him out at a kennel fifty weeks a year to use him for two—and get maybe only a brace of birds.

As a rule, it's poor economy to buy a cheap dog—and in dogs, as in other things, you get what you pay for. A trained dog represents months of expert workmanship on the part of a trainer who has spent years in learni and you can't get all that fo A fair price for training a ranges from $100 to $150.

A good many shots train dogs. The trouble with educat in a home is that while you re make a bird dog out of him, wants him for a watchdog, Jur him for a companion and the b on him as an animated toy, especially a young one, is enough to be all things to a f the probability is he'll turn as a field dog.

After a dog is trained for th can be trained to live around but don't try to make an "a dog out of him while he's a p

But, if you are the boss of and can enforce a rule that handle the puppy, the first t is discard all the romantic an notions about the superinte dogs and their "uncanny inst should do this in fairness to th very often has little more s you have. If you expect mir failing to get them, punish th justly, you'll never make a go out of him.

Most trainers will tell you perience, that dogs are really bright; seldom think for them quire enormous tact and p train and even then are usuall perfect in performance. The whimsical, taciturn breed, us "Just like humans." This the a compliment—to humans.

There are a few major ar thousand minor rules to dog t professional can take a six m pup and make a good workir of him in half a year or eigh by patient day-by-day educ the average owner has neithe "savvy" enough to give.

### Doggy Kindergarte

However, if you want to puppy, the first thing you te his name. This means that several pups around, yours spond unless he hears his ov call.

The next thing taught usu word No and its meaning. to teach the pup that on he sound he must stop what t Since, in his working life, h pected to do a lot of "unnatur this lesson is important.

Later, the pup is taught t heel"—which is a misnomer. dog with his nose on his ma wouldn't be much help. Mo like their dogs to walk beside dog's nose near their knee, o opposite the gun. You teach with a lead and a switch, m lessons short, being firm ar never tiring the dog and rew for learning.

It may take you two mont worth it.

Having taught the dog its meaning of No, and how to w you, you have to teach it t stay stopped until you give t move. First, decide on one w Whoa or Hup!—and never make the dog stand or sit. P setters stand; spaniels sit. ( why; it's part of the ritual.) the dog in the position you w maintain and repeat the comm several times, handing out p or reward as necessary. Ther to go on to making the dog

le y walk away, until you give the d to ove. This is where you have ver ne "instinct," and where you bre a dog's spirit by harshness or atie e. It is a spot, too, where you t le the dog do a little master ning

lot sloppy affection can spoil a to Dogs, like people, respect ice a I prefer it to overaffection one ute d a bawling out the next. You e to each your dog that, while he t do what he's told, he'll never be d o for anything unreasonable or ishe for not doing something of h he incapable.

lost iners emphasize the need for og y r dog all the freedom it wants n ne working. This keeps up its ativ nd good spirits. A dog kept tant under discipline soon de- rate nto a dull sort of mechanical ct. the field, half a day is usually ight be enough for the average thd h many hunters work their ove me.

en p bird dogs for one of three oose For hunting, for field trials, benc shows. It's a pretty safe bet no d dog is going to be champion all ee. Dyed-in-the-wool bird ters r at bench hounds, which are to onform to certain physical dard -or peculiarities—and usu- aren vell adapted to the rough and ble field work.

### Gun ogs vs. Field Trial Dogs

fiel rials, the dogs are judged on —th ability to carry out orders tly a accurately. The backwoods aga chime in with the charge that tend to make automatons out of and stroys their initiative, which qu true, because initiative its in e judging. General opinion ng d-dog men is: "You can e a g d gun dog of a good field trial but can't win field trials with gun og."

e th sort of dog—far in the ma- y—is e gun dog. He isn't bred for , or ined like a circus pony. He's for ntelligence and endurance, rfuln and willingness; he's ed to se his head with a minimum recti , so that his individual per- lity i nchanged.

e hu n system of education may take fty mine-run kids, put them roug the same course of training trust luck. This horrifies a dog er, w knows that each dog is an idual problem, and has to be ed a trained individually to him mount to anything.

e ev thing else, dog training has ystem One of them, worked out ewco ers, is to make a list of the us th gs the dog is supposed to valk heel, range ahead to smell birds, ove to left or right, stand on int, retrieve one or more dead birds and deliver them properly.

When the list has been made, a specific sound or motion is settled on for each desired action—a word, a whistle blast, a wave of the hand. It is a good idea to avoid words that sound alike—No and Whoa, for example. The whistle used should always be of the same pitch, because there may be other hunters around and the dog is supposed to obey only one whistle. The hand motion should always be the same. And the fewer orders you have to give, the more easily they will be understood by your dog who, remember, has a mind not much better than yours.

One great essential for a successful bird dog, trainers say, is that he shall have confidence in his master. When a dog is ranging ahead of the gun, seeking birds, he knows more about what he is doing, usually, than the man back of him. If the gunner constantly tells the dog to go here or go there and no birds result, the dog inevitably gets the notion that the hunter doesn't know what it's all about—which is true. Thereafter, the dog will have no respect for the hunter's ability and, if he is a headstrong animal, will start to ignore orders and go about his business in his own way. This ends up by making the hunter mad and the dog a lawless rebel.

As a rule, the less a dog is ordered around—especially if the hunter isn't dead sure his judgment is better than the dog's—the better the hunting is likely to be. The average dog knows ten times as much about finding birds as the average novice hunter; overcontrol by the guntoter merely demonstrates his ignorance to the dog—and that's the end of a beautiful friendship.

There is some argument about it, as about everything in dogdom, but the consensus seems to be that a mother dog can't or won't train her pups to become hunting dogs, no matter how good she may be herself. Some romantics affect to believe she will, but trainers deny it, from experience. In fact, after she stops feeding him, a pup has no more interest in his mother than in any other bitch. To him she is a feeding station and protective device and nothing more.

Starting out with bird dogs, the average hunter runs into a flock of questions: Are males better than females? Is an Irish Setter better than a cocker spaniel? . . . And a thousand more. To most of these there is no positive answer—although you can get positive answers from any dog owner at the drop of a grouse.

This fall, dogs and men are roaming the hills in forty-eight states in search of everything from tiny grouse to big bears; they are matching their dogs against others in field trials and on the benches. The choice of a dog boils down to this: Any dog is a good hunting dog if he does what you want him to do, and does it cheerfully and well.

"Mine just gives me a long, reproachful look when I miss"

ROLAND COE


# DISCOVER HOW GAINES CAN CUT DOG FOOD BILLS AS MUCH AS 50%

## Test Gaines in your own home *Free!*

Compare Gaines with a moist dog food! ANY moist dog food!

You'll discover this: Gaines is a DRY food, 92% moisture-free. You pay for practically no moisture. This can mean savings as high as 50% to about 7 out of 10 dog owners.

And best of all, in addition to giving these happy dog owners the chance to save money, Gaines offers their dogs a mighty big bonus in health-values!

## Contains Vitamins

Gaines contains Vitamins A, $B_1$, $B_2$ (G), D, E, proteins, cereals, minerals. In fact it contains *everything* normal dogs are known to need to help them develop glossy coats, clear eyes, sound bones and plenty of pep!

And how dogs do go for Gaines! Little dogs—big dogs—bluebloods—"just plain dogs"—all like Gaines. They eat *millions* of pounds every year. Besides, scores of America's best-known breeders have been feeding Gaines every day for more than a decade!

In fact, for two long years Gaines was the mainstay of the diet of the U. S. Antarctic Expedition's dogs! And though these dogs were taken through the sweltering tropics, then put to work in the 60° below zero temperatures of Antarctica, they suffered no nutritional illnesses!

*OFFICIAL PHOTO U. S. ANTARCTIC SERVICE*—A dog team meets the Expedition's Supply Ship "U. S. S. Bear" as it arrives at West Base, Antarctica with the first mail of the year.

Back from Little America, the dogs of the U. S. Antarctic Expedition have been found to be in sound health and soon will be put to work in the U. S. Army. Gaines *continues* to be their food!

## Send For Free Sample

Discover—at our expense—what savings and other great benefits this *proved* dog food may bring you! Mail the coupon below and get liberal samples of Gaines, together with color-illustrated booklet. Better yet, try Gaines now without losing another minute! Just ask your nearest dealer for anywhere from a day's to many weeks' supply. You'll risk nothing. The Gaines he sells in 2- and 5-lb. sealed paper bags is backed by a money-back guarantee!

**MAIL THIS TODAY**

**GAINES FOOD CO., INC., Box C-9**
**Sherburne, N. Y.**

Please rush free samples of Gaines Dog Food, together with illustrated booklet, "Health for Your Dog." I have Puppies (No.) ..... Old Dogs (No.) .....

NAME .....

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CITY ..... STATE .....

*Canadian Representative*, **Wear Food Company**
**2114 Queen Street, East, Toronto, Canada**

# Open: Come in

## By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN DAUGHERTHER

**The pursuit and capture of a businessman. He was a long time learning about women**

EVERY year they met. The first couple of years Paul Willett, doubtful whether anyone could remember him from one convention to the next, would wait to be reintroduced. Seeing her, he would shy away, circulate among the groups of men, until he fixed himself to the group where her chief, Elwood Cross, held forth. Usually this would be at the bar. Willett would drink a beer; he had no moral objections to the hard stuff, just didn't care for it. Eventually, Miss Richey would come to consult Elwood Cross about something, and that was how Paul would get reintroduced.

"Why, yes, we met last year," she'd say. "Don't you remember?"

Paul's elfin face would color, and he would drag his eyes from her mouth, which held them as though he were a lip reader. "Of course, I remember. Miss Richey. I thought you wouldn't remember me."

After the third convention she eased his shyness by making a little joking ceremony of their reintroduction. As soon as she spotted Paul Willett, Miss Richey would take Elwood Cross by the arm and steer him to Paul and insist on being introduced.

Once, during the three-day meeting each year, Paul would take her to dinner. They would go to a restaurant outside the hotel, never seeking an especially tony or famous food place, but just somewhere with a booth or an uncrowded look. And they would talk entirely shop talk.

Paul would tell her about the new monotype he had installed, and how soon he would have it paid for. He

**Sybil laughed. "So man ers are still timid o said. He wondered if mean something more by**

would expertly appraise th catalogue on which, he mi certained from Elwood, sl some work, and insist that to give her greater opportu would discuss the various among the leading typog little cliques that formed organization, manipulatin and for control of the awards.

Paul Willett never had a licious to say about any possessed a peculiar gift for ple off, with a penetrating shrewd little smile that pr nobody's fool. There was timacy, in permitting hims erties of comment, with he she added to his observati when, as a child, he'd mak vous drawing of Auntie, a would add a comical cur people who understood eac share their little jokes. Pa Richey were friends, like th

AND yet it was a kind friendship. It was as carried a box between the it held something very nic pulled the string. But they in having it. And some y open, perhaps of itself.

Paul could not bring hi to Miss Richey of personal cause, first of all, he kne Everybody called her Mis she was such a young, hands but, of course, everybody Mrs. This, Paul was certai knew. What use would th cussing it? Only pain.

At his very first conven heard some of the men t her. It was in Philadelph and after the first evenin boys gathered at the end o Greg Guthrie of Chicago prize collection of stories t naturally the talk general women, who were not eas Philadelphia. Someone m about a honey available spot, alluding to Miss Ri stantly there was a drawin the older members, and a k erly correction—no monke in those quarters. Sybil's but—

"Tough," Tony Fortun City said, "a swell girl lik have the breaks she's had."

"It's always the best rotten breaks," philosoph Cross, her chief.

"She ought to get divo nato declared. "No sense ing her life over a bum lik

"Would you want your w

# ow to Pick Out a Hat . . . . . *By Bob ("Best-Dressed") Benchley**

s shape brings out the Benchley you all know...the man among y, affable...dominating his circle and his affairs...the captain of ter of his soul...Benchley, the successful, the envied, the admired!"

**2.** "Now here's a shape that brings out the old Benchley buccaneering blood ...the sportsman, the dare-devil...quick to resent a slur, or to compliment a pretty woman...Buck Benchley, and will he head them off at Eagle Pass!"

s shape emphasizes the Benchley nobody knows . . . scion of the Benchleys...cool, far-sighted...a man with a flair for figures and nbers...a man of integrity...definitely a high-class guy."

**4.** "I like all three shapes...but can't decide...don't want a hat anyway...just ...er...dropped in...*what*!!!...it's the same hat!...the Stetson 'Three-Way'...one hat with three shapes?...why, certainly, I'll take all three of it!"

d lo at this three-sided, Stetson-stamped box!...Why, the simon-pure, -blu Benchley, lover of the beautiful, would carry the hat and wear ...an by golly, as soon as I get out of sight of that hat store. I will!"


ANOTHER STETSON ORIGINAL

New Stetson design, specially constructed to look equally smart, no matter which of these three ways you choose to wear it:

**1** Snap Brim **2** Brim Down All Around **3** Brim Up All Around

STETSON

*"Three-Way"*

*$7.50*

OTHER STETSONS FROM $5. STETSON HATS ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA


* *Author and Star of the Current Series of Paramount Shorts*

# 1/ PRICE /2 SALE

*Limited time only!*

Bargain Combination Offer includes 79¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush and $1 size Wildroot-with-Oil or Wildroot Regular Formula (non-oily)...a $1.79 value. Both for 89¢! Genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush has gleaming *transparent* plastic back and handle. Famous 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil grooms the hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff. Get both brush and Wildroot from your drug store today at special 89¢ price! If dealer's stock is exhausted, send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, New York.

PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER


you if you hit the skids?" Cross asked.

"If I ever get that bad I hope she does!" Fortunato vowed.

As several of the group joined the argument, Paul put together Sybil Richey's story. She was supporting an afflicted husband. Alcoholic. Spent most of his life in sanitariums and hospitals.

"It's her own fault; what'd she want to tie up with a guy like that for?"

"Oh, she was just a kid. He's a nice guy, when he's sober. Comes from a good family, too."

"She must've run into him in his one sober minute in five years," Fortunato said.

So Paul never let the talk take a personal turn when he was with Miss Richey.

THE fourth year, the Typographers' convention was in Chicago, and that was the year Paul Willett won the gold medal in the advertising setup division, for his New England Industries series. So Paul asked Miss Richey if she would accompany him on a little celebration. Elwood Cross had brought his wife along; Paul invited them, too, so there couldn't be any talk about Sybil.

Upon inquiry, he heard that Colosimo's was not too fast a place, so that was where they went.

Sybil seemed a little surprised that the Crosses were coming. "I thought this was going to be our party, Paul," she twitted him.

This was the first time they danced together. Paul liked to dance. At home, in New Bedford, he often danced with his sisters, though both were now married: the youngest, this year. He danced with an individual, almost formal grace. Sybil seemed to understand his manner at once, though he could tell Mrs. Cross found his dancing dull.

That evening, Paul found it very difficult to talk with Sybil. He kept wanting to speak of other things than shop, and this prevented him from even talking shop, and silences fell between them. Once, while dancing, she remarked that the prize should bring him a great deal of business. Perhaps now, he could do things he had always wanted to do.

Yes, he said. First of all he would install the new type of lighting fixtures—the daylight kind. "I'd like you to see my place," he said.

"I'd love to," she responded.

He felt, perhaps, he could ask her to visit New Bedford. Instead, suddenly, after a long moment of silence, Paul blurted, "And how is your husband?"

He knew how her husband was. Paul Willett made it a point to inquire, circuitously, at each convention—before he saw her, if possible—about Miss Richey's husband. And this year there was news. Elwood Cross had remarked that Sybil's husband was being psychoanalyzed. It was a very costly business and Sybil was practically in rags. But things looked hopeful. The dipsomania spells were decidedly on the decrease. Richey hadn't been in a sanitarium for several months.

"My husband?" Sybil repeated. "Oh, he's going to be all right, I think. Analysis seems to be really helping him." She looked directly into his eyes, strangely, deeply, and smiled with one corner of her mouth.

BEFORE convention time, the following year, Paul heard the really big news. He was on the arrangements committee, with Elwood Cross, and had, in fact, helped Elwood get the convention for his home city, New Orleans. While corresponding with Cross on matters pertaining to the convention, Paul would naturally include his greetings to Miss Richey, and ask, how is she getting along?

"By the way, Sybil is getting divorced," Cross said in one of his letters about hotel prices. "Her husband got all cured and decided to divorce her, the first decent thing he's done in seven years. Now's your chance, old boy!"

Paul colored, reading that last remark. But then, he decided, his feelings could really not have been so apparent as all that. Elwood Cross probably cracked that same joke with everybody.

As usual, Paul made the convention his vacation, and made an automobile trip of the journey. Business had been excellent—all he could handle. He owned a new car. Though he figured three days for the drive, he found himself clipping off miles, far into the first night, because he felt lonesome, and excited. He was going to her city. He arrived a full day early.

Elwood and Sybil met him at the hotel, where they had already opened headquarters. By afternoon all the preconvention business was settled; there was nothing more to do. Elwood chased him out, with Sybil. "Show our friend here the Vieux Carre," he directed. "He's just a tourist."

They walked down an entire long street of curio shops. He rather liked the tumultuous heaps of relics of the past, offered for sale in the narrow, old-worldish shop windows. There was a frankness about the desire to attract tourists. He got a smile out of the little printed cards that hung on the doors. "Open: Come In," they said.

"That"—Sybil laughed—"is because so many Northerners are still timid of us." She gave him her wise, slantwise look. He wondered if she could mean something more by her remark. He hadn't brought up the matter of her divorce, for she didn't seem changed. Paul was surprised and yet kind of glad she hadn't put flags of freedom all over herself. He would wait for the right moment to tell her he was glad her long ordeal was over.

THEY had dinner at the Crosses'. When Elwood asked, "How's business?" Paul thought he saw an opportunity to test out a little plan he had been nurturing. A delicate way, he thought, to cope with a certain situation. So he replied that business was fine. In fact, he was thinking of enlarging. Bringing in another designer.

"Why, no!" Elwood Cross said at once. "You don't want to do that! Your whole business, Paul, is founded on the distinction of your typography. Soon as you start to expand you're just a factory, like the rest of us!"

"That's right!" Sybil concurred. Paul had his eyes fixed on her face, on her mouth, whose full contour never ceased to fascinate him. "Besides, Paul, even though business may have been good, it's not good enough to warrant another designer. People want you, Paul, not your shop. Put up your prices. That's the way to go. Instead of enlarging and cheapening."

He guessed she hadn't realized what he was driving at. Or if she had, this meant her answer was no.

"Go on, Sybil, show I spots," Mrs. Cross said, "We're getting old, we'r Paul around and show hi

The night spots, Pau right on the next street to But instead of a series c there was a series of bars

They had gone from b then to a place called I way down to the dark en to a slant-walled old hou fireplace in the center; t Lafitte's. Paul had des the traditional Sazaracs a effect was mounting to th he knew he would speak.

"I heard about your di suddenly. "I'm glad, ver

"So am I," she said.

"You're free now," he anything you like. To st

She nodded, smiling.

BUT now he was afraid long, bad experience o would be in no mood to th Like a man about to order but losing nerve and s usual pot roast, Paul Cross has a nice shop. I give you a chance to d your own. Too much pro

"Oh, I'm in my little gro her smile fading. "Perhap credit for more ambition have—about my work."

"No. You're good. I k Paul declared. "Listen, w about taking on anoth meant you. Come work You need a change of en

In the amber dim glo quite identify her smile. her head slowly. "Not i said.

It was nearly two o'cl emerged from Lafitte's. his car around the corner. "And you won't come to to work for me?" he aske finality. She shook her he ing at some tender joke s

Paul reached for the de as he turned it, he notice bled. He lit a match. A chipped around the lock.

"Oh!" Sybil was chagri have warned you. There vandals down here. It's Did they steal anything?"

"No, there was nothing look," he said, "I left i was unlocked all the th did this—why did he th break in, when it was Can you imagine anyone He could at least have t

"Why, yes," she said, a her face became somet She broke into warm, l "There are people like th on breaking the lock. Th the door is open. I know like that!" She was look eyes, mischievously. An knew what she meant.

Crooked Picture

## $100 Down

Continued from page 43

d f the big-league game. I was ■ nb of the Knothole Gang and 't ve to pay to get in. That is, pt Saturdays and Sundays. Those ■ I' play ball all day."

hat vas 1934, a one-year Golden of : Louis Baseball. Those were da of Frank Frisch and his Gas se ang. Durocher was great that r, N dwick forging his way to star- ■ a the Deans in their flashing ne.

nd it in the distant bleachers, a ll y clutched a lunch box and iel 's glove, and watched.

■ th spring of his sophomore year, inf ed throat kept Pete out of ol three weeks. He never went r e got a job. He was sixteen ■ worked for the printing firm er loyed his father. All day he ■ m es of paper labels and wired ■ is bundles. He worked a five- fo -hour week. Every Friday ga him sixteen dollars.

### e Play—One Contract

ifte months rolled by. In the mr f 1936, the Cardinals held try- in Public School Stadium at St. is. hey enticingly termed it a bal chool. Actually it was an ex- ely ief mass tryout of players.

dc know whether to go out for her catcher," Pete told his fa-

Bett go out for shortstop, then," his ather. Pete didn't quite see logi o this. But he had a lot of ■ in is father's judgment. So he t ou or shortstop.

a ar y of young men thronged the ium at Monday afternoon. There lo minutes of nervous waiting. ally ey got around to Pete. From up three shortstops, Pete stepped ■ on the infield dirt. Over by the bas ine stood veteran Card Scout les arrett, casually watching. Up he t ter's box was Scout Joe Sug- with bat in his hand. He pounded und to Pete's left.

te sbbed the ball and rifled it to bas

o y want to play pro baseball?" Card out asked.

te vndered if the man was kid- "Sre, I'd like to," he replied to ett. I'd love to," he muttered to elf.

rret eached in his pocket. "Here, this ontract. Take it home with and lk it over with your dad."

te wit home with his heart turn- artv els. "Let them come after Pe s father said that night. So wa he excitement in the Reiser hol that that was all he had a ce t ay. Then nothing happened ur nths.

rly e evening in January, Bar- ppe d at Pete's house. When he th gh the door, both Barrett Pete father let out yelps of sur- F they had played together y-nin years before in the old Trol- eag in St. Louis. Pete's father left pitch for Winnipeg in the hern eague. Barrett had gone e Sothern League. They had not each her since.

hey and talked for four hours," reca . "And they didn't pay any tion all to me."

elev n o'clock, Barrett got up. me te care of Pete," he said. ll lea him in your hands," Pete's r rep d.

Pete at seventeen, signed a pro ball ntract. It was to pay him $50 a month. His eighteenth birthday came in March. In April, the Cards sent him to their baseball camp at Springfield, Missouri.

He then played successively in New Iberia, Louisiana; Union Springs, Alabama; Albany, Georgia; Newport, Arkansas. Finally he was assigned to practice with the Cardinals for the rest of the season.

During games he sat on the bench, watching every move of Durocher, the regular shortstop.

Just after the season closed, Durocher was traded to Brooklyn. And wild dreams surged through the mind of the eighteen-year-old rookie.

But the Cards decided to shift their regular third baseman, Don Gutteridge, to shortstop. Pete was signed to their farm in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Pete never played shortstop for St. Louis—nor Cedar Rapids either. Judge Landis, baseball's one-man supreme court, found the Cards guilty of controlling two teams in the same minor league. So Landis slashed all bonds between the Cards and the players they had placed in the league. One of them was Pete.

Pete's dreams of becoming a Cardinal shortstop came to an abrupt end. He was stranded 1,500 miles from home with $2.70 in his pocket. He felt like swallowing a hooker of arsenic.

Then he recalled some recent advice by Barrett. "If anything goes wrong with the Cards," Barrett had said, "get in touch with Ted McGrew at Greensboro, North Carolina. Ted's ■ friend of mine. He's also a scout for the Dodgers."

Pete telephoned McGrew—collect—and received a hundred-dollar bonus for signing to play on a Dodger farm. There followed a prolonged trek around the Dodger farm circuit. It started in the Carolinas and wound up in Superior, Wisconsin. He landed there during a late April snowstorm. He played the rest of the season, stealing 32 bases, hitting 18 homers and batting over .300. They paid him a hundred a month.

### Reward: Back to Elmira

Then came the spring of '39 and with it the amazing hitting streak that gained Pete national renown. Pete grabbed more headlines than Winston Churchill. He showed big-leaguers the Baseball of Tomorrow. The Dodgers rewarded Pete by ordering him back to Elmira.

Pete squawked. Larry MacPhail, Dodger president, told him he'd play at Elmira or nowhere.

Pete had shown the world he was a star ballplayer. Yet he was being sent to ■ bush-league team that paid him less per year than his $16-a-week job packing labels.

Then the Fates drew back and socked him with everything but the center-field fence. Making a throw from deep shortstop one day, he heard a loud snap in his elbow. It was his right arm, his throwing arm, and it began to hurt. He kept on playing. At bat a couple of days later, he reached for a wide pitch and his elbow again emitted a sharp crackle.

He found he couldn't throw the ball at all. So they moved him to the outfield. Pete hauled down flies, then he'd girl-toss them to another player and they'd be relayed to the infield. At bat all he could do was poke at the ball, but he still got ■ lot of singles.

One night he was writing a letter. Suddenly his fingers clenched, and he couldn't straighten them. They stayed


# "BRIGHTEST IDEA IN HOLLYWOOD" says BARBARA STANWYCK

**BARBARA STANWYCK,** star of the Columbia Picture, **"YOU BELONG TO ME"** says: "CALOX TOOTH POWDER is a real beauty polish—that's why it's a smash hit in Hollywood."

**"BETWEEN** professional cleansings, a star has to rely on her dentifrice to keep her teeth as shining and bright as the camera requires. Calox does polish exquisitely—I think it's tops for daily care."

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**BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE**

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**1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS.** That's why Calox is a real *beauty* tooth powder . . . it promotes a brilliant gloss!

**2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH** because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

**3. FRESH-TASTING**—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love Calox.

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## FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

### It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream—not greasy or sticky.

**SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN**

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and oily sebum that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin.*

**ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY**

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

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We're so positive that *Glider* will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've ever used that we'll send you a generous tube **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** No stamps—no cartons—no dimes. Just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-16, Glastonbury, Conn. On this FREE trial test, we rest our case entirely. Don't delay—send in a penny post card today for your free tube of *Glider*. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

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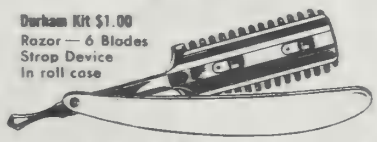

**DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.**
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that way for days. His arm pained so severely he went several nights without sleep.

In the dinky bedroom of his small-town hotel, Pete pondered his glimmering hopes. His baseball career apparently was ended.

Clyde Sukeforth, Elmira manager, entered the room. "I've just talked by long distance with MacPhail," Clyde said, "and he's arranged to have you go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore."

"Pieces of bone have been chipped off your elbow in three places," Dr. George Bennett told him at Baltimore. "One of them is wedged against a nerve. We'll have to operate."

The next three weeks he remained in the hospital, two of them flat on his back. Five weeks after the operation, he took his throwing arm out of the cast. The arm was shriveled. The cast had held his arm in front of his chest, and it took four days to straighten it.

Elmira was engaged in a close fight for the pennant. Pete knew the team needed him badly. So a few days later, he went to Sukeforth and offered to play.

"But you can't throw," Sukeforth declared.

"I'll throw left-handed," the kid replied.

"You can't bat," countered the manager.

"I'll do it with one hand," said Pete.

### The One-Armed Wonder

For the next few games, the Eastern League witnessed a rare exhibition of grit. Covering an outfield patrol for Elmira was a kid with his right elbow stuck out at right angles. His right forearm pointed back under his neck. When a fly ball was hit into his territory, Pete would gallop after it and catch it under his chin, pinning the ball to the glove with his free left hand.

Pete's throwing with his left hand amazed fans and players alike. Most persons can't throw a ball a hundred feet with their wrong arm. When he wasn't playing deep, Pete could peg the ball to the plate.

There's one thing the fans didn't know. Every time Pete caught a fly against that glove on his right hand, he thought his elbow would break. Also he batted practically one-handed. Hitting left-handed, he made all the swing with his left arm. He used the right only to steady it a trifle. Actually he was punching out one-base hits with one hand.

One night at Binghamton, a fat pitch came up to the plate. "That's a homer," said Pete to himself. He yielded to temptation, took a grip with both hands—and swung.

He got his hit—a line single to center. But his right arm dropped, helpless, to his side. From the forearm down, he had no control over it at all.

"That's the end of it," thought Pete. "I wonder what a one-armed guy can do for a living."

This time they sent him to Brooklyn. He saw the Dodger team physician, Dr. D. A. McAteer. "After your arm was taken out of the cast, how long did you wait before playing ball?" asked Dr. McAteer.

"Oh, a few days," said Pete.

"I should examine your brain—not your arm," declared the doctor.

Dr. McAteer told Pete his only possible chance lay in giving the arm complete rest. So Pete went home to St. Louis. Four months later, in November, the arm got a little better. Pete then gave it mild exercise. After a while, he got back his old job as a packer in the printing plant.

By February he could throw again. He went South, trained for a while with the Dodgers and then received two demotions. The first was to Montreal and the second, against Pete's violent protests, down to Elmira again.

Elmira was Pete's jinx town. On this visit, he feared, he might break his neck. Instead, he played half the season and batted .381.

One humid noontime in mid-July, Pete's team left Elmira by bus for Springfield, Massachusetts. The bus broke down and didn't get there until 2:30 A.M. At Springfield, Pete received orders to leave immediately for Brooklyn and report to the Dodgers in the morning.

No airplane or Pullman reservations could be had. So Pete sat up the rest of the night in a day coach. He reached New York at 8:30 A.M., after twenty and a half hours of traveling without a wink of sleep. Another long stretch in the subway and he was in Brooklyn. MacPhail signed him to a Dodger contract at a fat raise, and told him he'd play right field against Cincinnati that afternoon.

In baseball, condition is vital. Big-league teams order their players to bed by midnight. Yet here was a rookie about to play his first National League game with no sleep at all.

Pete, bleary-eyed, knew sleep had two strikes on him, and he was trying too hard. First time up, he grounded out. The next time at bat, he fouled out. The third time he grounded into a double play. Trying desperately to beat out the grounder, he severely pulled a leg muscle. He had to be taken out of the game.

After a few days, he was used as a pinch-hitter. Then he played a few complete games. But his hitting was pitiful. He went to bat thirteen times before he got his first hit in the National League.

Late in August, Harry Lavagetto, crack third baseman of the Dodgers, had appendicitis. The Dodgers had no one for the job. "Let me try it," volunteered Pete.

"Ever play it before?" asked the manager.

"No," answered Pete, "but I'd like a shot at it."

Throughout the final month of 1940, Pete played third base for the Dodgers—and starred. In late August, his batting average consisted of a decimal point and a flock of zeros. At the season's end, he was hitting .2 it that high, he must ha around .400 during Septemb

When the '41 training sea they shifted Pete to the out the start, he grabbed the l in batting. For a while he h the .400 mark. At times in t months, $100 Pete was m hundred points ahead of $13 wick. And as the months s the heat of late July, Pete w hitter of the league.

### Who's Bat-Shy?

On April 23d, Pete went to Ike Pearson of the Phillies. first pitch struck Pete on th of the head. Pete dropp ground as if he'd been pole-a carted him off on a stretche out for more than a week.

Many a player has been becoming bat-shy after a be has happened to players m than Pete. The next time Pearson, they got their answ Pearson—if not against othe the boy wonder might be ba bitter fury, Pete lashed i Pearson's pitches. Bat-shy, a home run.

Between his two meetings son, Pete got injured aga deep for a 400-foot smash Slaughter of the Cards, F high against Brooklyn's cent gate and made a miraculous catch.

In making the catch, he mid-air and crashed agains A piece of corrugated iron prising hole near the base c Off they carted him once m a few days he was patroll field again, plucking flies of

When National League picked the All-Star team American League at mid-s was selected. He became th All-Star player in National tory, even younger than Arl in '34.

As this is written, the Do ably could get $150,000 i market for Pete. Actually wouldn't take $200,000. Th return on an investment of to a jobless kid in a Flo three years ago.

"Junior, did you forget you have a night game to pitch"

# The Nation can't afford this *Empty* airplane seat!

reserved this seat on a plane.

n't on hand when the limousine left rport. He didn't cancel his reserva- failed to show up when the plane ng.

at the Airlines call a "no show."

rline, because he had made a reser- rotected" him until departure time. empty seat.

other people wanted that seat. Some ess men on urgent defense produc- ther was a technician rushing to a st in Alaska on an emergency job. a mother trying to reach her son's cross the country . . . before it was

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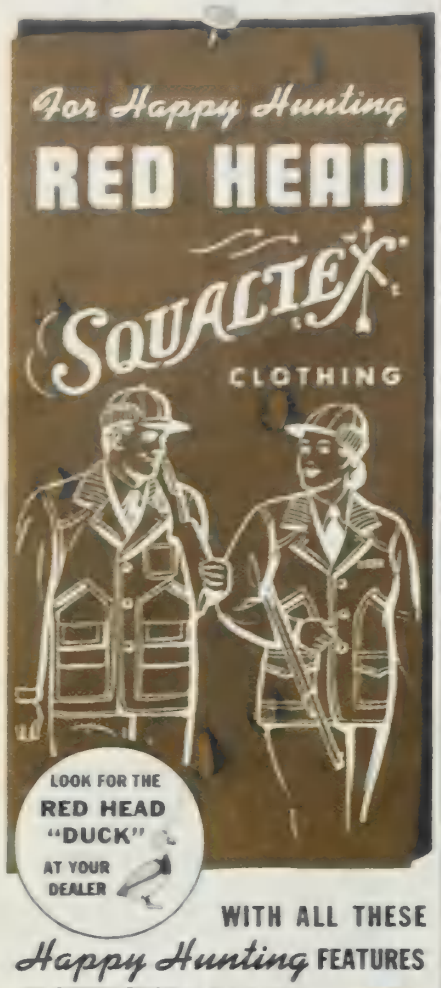


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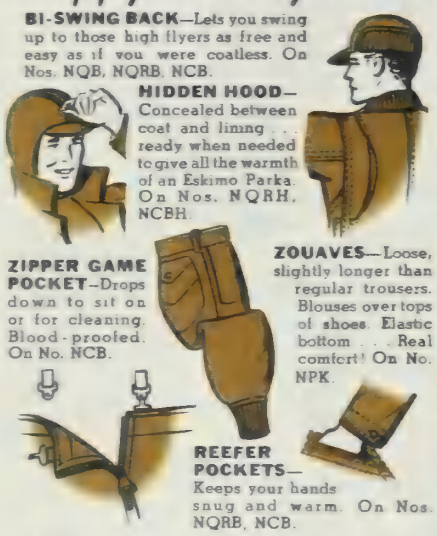

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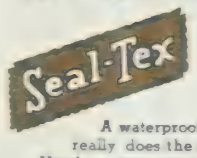


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# Pygmalion the Kid

Continued from page 14

little self-possession she had possessed abandoned her. That this is true can be shown by the fact that at about the same time she had appeared on the radio for several guest shots with Eddie Cantor and had acquitted herself well. Singing was decent; acting was a horror.

After Deanna's success in the films there was the usual discussion about who had discovered her, all of which is beside the point. That she could sing was always well known; that had been the reason for movie interest in her. What matters is that Koster and Pasternak rescued her for pictures. It was a monumental task and for a long time they didn't think it could be done. She didn't want to work in the films and fought against it.

Pasternak and Koster were really desperate. Shooting was about to start, there was no other young actress available who could also sing and it was either a case of using Durbin or surrendering. Koster begged Rogers for two extra weeks so he could work on Durbin. She couldn't walk, she couldn't talk, she had no faintest idea of acting. But she could sing and they needed that above everything.

### She Had to Be Convinced

He asked her to come to his house, just as a visitor. For five days he talked to her as a friend and made no mention of acting or a movie career. He told her about his life in Europe, made little jokes and read passages out of books.

"On the third day she smiled for the first time," says Koster. "You can't imagine what a triumph that was for us."

But she was still stubborn about acting. She wanted to be a singer and was terrified of a camera. The point is that she still doesn't want to act, has no love for it, wants babies and will some day stop at the end of a film and never return to the studio. But when they did convince her that only by her help could they do Three Smart Girls, she tried her best and that turned out to be wonderful. Even now she is extremely sensitive and has to be treated tenderly, but she was a smart girl, learned her lines quickly and developed a remarkable poise almost overnight.

"I don't believe there has ever been anything comparable to it in pictures," says Koster. "From being utterly hopeless she became one of the most accomplished actresses in Hollywood. And right to this minute, she doesn't care a thing about it."

Three Smart Girls was such a fantastic success that it saved Universal from dissolution. Bankruptcy was an easy thing and other companies were going through 77B with perfect aplomb, but in the case of Universal it was desperate; they either had to produce a success or fold. Durbin's triumph supplied that. The number of people kept at work because of that feat runs into the hundreds. Koster was immediately established and received the customary rewards. He had been getting $400 a week, an insulting salary for a director, and was boosted into respectability overnight.

As for Pasternak, he became one of the big figures in the industry. The Durbin pictures continued to be sensations and Pasternak entered other fields, bringing Marlene Dietrich back in roughhouse dramas after her star seemed to have set. According to Hollywood rumors, his move to M-G-M was brought about by a feeling at Universal that the Pasternak pictures were costing too much. This dispute between producers and financiers is always current, the producers wanting to do better pictures and the money men wanting returns rather than flattering reviews. Pasternak has been taken over at M-G-M with the thought that he will do for Catherine Grayson what he originally did for Deanna Durbin. Miss Grayson complicated matters at the outset by eloping and getting married, thus rather disillusioning the millions who thought of her as a promising infant, but the problem is being worked out and if the Pasternak touch isn't successful at a studio where cost is no object there will be surprise in the amazing colony.

For Koster the world-shaking Durbin episode had another meaning. He hates the star system and is frank in saying that a good director can make an actress out of any intelligent person. His work with Miss Durbin would seem to prove it. His hope is that some day he will be allowed to do a picture with people taken from the streets. No stars, no featured players, no skilled bit-players, no glamor girls, no sterling he-men. . . . Just the types one sees every day in the busses or subways. He is convinced that the camera can do things that would be impossible for even the most accomplished actor.

In one of his European pictures Koster had a scene where an old woman sits peeling potatoes. A neighbor rushes in to tell her that her son has been killed in battle. It was in the days of silent pictures and Koster could direct the scene as it progressed.

"Just keep on peeling," he cried to the old woman. "Now look up at me steadily and don't blink. Don't try to show any emotion!"

The camera got that and then focused on her hands.

"Keep peeling!" shouted Koster. "Now drop the knife!"

The knife dropped from the old woman's hands, and the camera focused to the knife lying on the floor. The critics raved over the scene.

"The greatest scene in years," they cried. "Who is that great actress?"

She was a cleaning woman who worked in the studio and it was her first appearance before a camera.

### Color to Heighten Effects

Koster also has revolutionary ideas on the use of color in pictures. Having studied the dramatic effects of color, he believes it is a mistake to make an all-technicolor film. He wants to do a movie in which color is used only at certain points to heighten the effect.

"Color has the same emotional impact as music," he explains. "Used sparingly and at a critical moment, it would have a shattering effect on an audience."

But Koster would not be thinking of color or camera angles or anything else in Hollywood if it had not been for Deanna Durbin. Pasternak, who had started as a waiter in a studio commissary, might have been back on his old job if that same awkward girl hadn't come into their lives.

"Bernard Shaw created the modern character of Pygmalion, the individual who is formed from nothing," says Koster, "and Deanna brought her to life."

So if you hear that Miss Durbin has retired from pictures, the grief will have to be all your own. It is hardly likely that she will share it.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Which means that some girls would rather be married.

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# Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 23

He was no use to her dead. ted Mrs. Crale hanged all right hat was because death had her man away from her. Like tigress she was! But, as I say, Mr. Crale alive she'd wanted. ip Blake, *he* was against Mrs. o. Prejudiced. Got his knife whenever he could. But I'd was honest according to his He'd been Mr. Crale's great His brother, Mr. Meredith bad witness he was—vague, g, never seemed sure of his

een many witnesses like that. though they're lying when all they're telling the truth. ant to say anything more than help, Mr. Meredith Blake Counsel got all the more out n that account. One of those lemen who get easily flustered. mess now, she stood up well Didn't waste words and an- at and to the point. You have told, listening to her, e she was on. Got all her wits , she had. The brisk kind." He "Knew a lot more than she on about the whole thing, I wonder."

should not wonder," said Her- ot.

ked sharply at the wrinkled, ce of Mr. Alfred Edmunds. It e bland and impassive. But oirot wondered if he had been d a hint.

LEB JOHNATHAN lived in Ess. After a courteous exchange Hercule Poirot received an almost royal in its character, d sleep. The old gentleman edly a character. After the in- young George Mayhew, Mr. was like a glass of his own rt.

his own methods of approach ct, and it was not until well midnight, when sipping a agrant old brandy, that Mr. really unbent. In Oriental had appreciated Hercule t's urteous refusal to rush him w. Now, in his own good time, lling to elaborate the theme Cle family:

n, of course, has known many s of the Crales. I knew ale and his father, Richard I can remember Enoch Crale dfather. Country squires, all hought more of horses than gs. They rode straight, liked d had no truck with ideas. usted ideas. But Richard e was cram full of ideas— ds than sense. She was po- musical—she played the harp, She enjoyed poor health and y picturesque on her sofa. admirer of Kingsley. That's alled her son Amyas. His ed at the name—but he gave

Crale profited by his mixed He got his artistic trend kly mother, and his driving ruthless egoism from his Al he Crales were egoists. They y chance saw any point of eir own."

with a delicate finger on the chair, the old man shot a ce at Poirot. "Correct me if , M. Poirot, but I think you ed in—character, shall we

me," Poirot replied, "is the terest of all my cases."

nceive of it. To get under the skin, as it were, of your criminal. How interesting! How absorbing! Our firm, of course, has never had a criminal practice. We should not have been competent to act for Mrs. Crale, even if taste had allowed. Mayhews, however, were a very adequate firm. They briefed Depleach—they didn't perhaps show much imagination there—still, he was very expensive, and, of course, exceedingly dramatic! What they hadn't the wits to see was that Caroline would never play up in the way he wanted her to. She wasn't a very dramatic woman."

"WHAT was she?" asked Poirot. "It is that that I am chiefly anxious to know."

"Yes, yes—of course. How did she come to do what she did? That is the really vital question. I knew her, you know, before she married. Caroline Spalding, she was. A turbulent, unhappy creature. Very alive. Her mother was left a widow early in life and Caroline was devoted to her mother. Then the mother married again—there was another child. Yes—yes, very sad, very painful. These young, ardent, adolescent jealousies."

"She was jealous?"

"Passionately so. There was a regrettable incident. Poor child, she blamed herself bitterly afterward. But you know, M. Poirot, these things happen. There is an inability to put on the brakes. It comes—it comes with maturity."

"But what really happened?" asked Poirot.

"She struck the child—the baby—flung a paperweight at her. The child lost the sight of one eye and was permanently disfigured."

Mr. Johnathan sighed. He said, "You can imagine the effect a simple question on that point had at the trial." He shook his head. "It gave the impression that Caroline Crale was a woman of ungovernable temper. That was not true. No, that was not true."

He paused and then resumed:

"Caroline Spalding came often to stay at Alderbury. She rode well, and was keen. Richard Crale was fond of her. She waited on Mrs. Crale and was deft and gentle—Mrs. Crale also liked her. The girl was not happy at home. She was happy at Alderbury. Diana Crale, Amyas' sister, and she were by way of being friends. Philip and Meredith Blake, boys from the adjoining estate, were frequently at Alderbury. Philip was always a nasty, money-grubbing little brute. I must confess I have always had a distaste for him. But I am told that he tells a very good story and that he has the reputation of being a stanch friend.

"Meredith was what my contemporaries used to call namby-pamby. Liked botany and butterflies and observing birds and beasts. Nature study, they call it nowadays. Ah, dear—all the young people were a disappointment to their parents. None of them ran true to type—huntin', shootin', fishin'. Meredith preferred watching birds and animals to shootin' or huntin' them. Philip definitely preferred town to country and went into the business of money-making. Diana married a fellow who wasn't a gentleman—one of the temporary officers in the war. And Amyas, strong, handsome, virile Amyas, blossomed into being a painter, of all things in the world. It's my opinion that Richard Crale died of the shock.

"And in due course Amyas married Caroline Spalding. They'd always fought and sparred, but it was a love match all right. They were both crazy

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about each other. And they continued to care. But Amyas was like all the Crales, a ruthless egoist. He loved Caroline but he never once considered her in any way. He did as he pleased. It's my opinion that he was as fond of her as he could be of anybody—but she came a long way behind his art. That came first. And I should say at no time did his art give place to a woman.

"He had affairs with women—they stimulated him—but he left them high and dry when he'd finished with them. He wasn't a sentimental man, nor a romantic one. And he wasn't entirely a sensualist, either. The only woman he cared a button for was his own wife. And because she knew that, she put up with a lot. He was a very fine painter, you know. She realized that, and respected it. He chased off on his amorous pursuits and came back again—usually with a picture to show for it.

"It might have gone on like that if it hadn't come to Elsa Greer. Elsa Greer—"

Mr. Johnathan shook his head.

Poirot said, "What of Elsa Greer?"

"She was, I believe, a crude young woman—with a crude outlook on life. Not, I think, an interesting character. *Rose-white youth, passionate, pale,* etc. Take that away and what remains? Only a somewhat mediocre young woman seeking for another life-sized hero to put on an empty pedestal."

Poirot said, "If Amyas Crale had not been a famous painter—"

Mr. Johnathan agreed quickly:

"Quite—quite. You have taken the point admirably. The Elsas of this world are hero worshipers. A man must have *done* something, must *be* somebody. . . . Caroline Crale, now, could have recognized quality in a bank clerk or an insurance agent! Caroline loved Amyas Crale the man, not Amyas Crale the painter. Caroline Crale was not crude—Elsa Greer was." He added, "But she was young and beautiful and to my mind infinitely pathetic."

EX-SUPERINTENDENT HALE pulled thoughtfully at his pipe. He said, "This is a funny fancy of yours, M. Poirot."

"It is, perhaps, a little unusual," Poirot agreed cautiously.

"You see," said Hale, "it's all such a long time ago."

Hercule Poirot foresaw that he was going to get a little tired of that particular phrase. He said mildly, "That adds to the difficulty, of course."

"Raking up the past," mused the other. "If there were an *object* in it, now . . ."

"There is an object."

"What is it?"

"One can enjoy the pursuit of truth for its own sake. I do. And you must not forget the young lady."

Hale nodded.

"Yes, I see *her* side of it. But—you'll excuse me, M. Poirot—you're an ingenious man. You could cook her up a tale."

Poirot replied, "You do not know the young lady."

"Oh, come now—a man of your experience!"

Poirot drew himself up. "I may be, *mon cher,* an artistic and competent liar—you seem to think so. But it is not my idea of ethical conduct. I have my standards."

"Sorry, M. Poirot. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. But it would be all in a good cause, so to speak."

"Oh, I wonder, would it really?"

Hale said slowly:

"It's tough luck on a happy, innocent girl who's just going to get married to find that her mother was a murderess. If I were you I'd go to her and say that, after all, suicide was what it was. Say the case was mishandled by Depleach. Say that there's no doubt in *your* mind that Crale killed himself."

"But there is every doubt in my mind! I do not believe for one minute that Crale killed himself. Do you consider it even reasonably possible yourself?"

Slowly Hale shook his head.

"You see? No, it is the truth I must have—not a plausible or not very plausible lie."

Hale turned and looked at Poirot. He said, "You talk about the *truth.* I'd like to make it plain to you that we think we *got* the truth in the Crale case."

"That pronouncement from you means a great deal," Poirot said quickly. "I know you for what you are—an honest and capable man. Now tell me this, was there no doubt at any time in your mind as to the guilt of Mrs. Crale?"

THE superintendent's answer came promptly: "No doubt at all, M. Poirot. The circumstances pointed to her straight away and every single fact that we uncovered supported that view."

"You can give me an outline of the evidence against her?"

"I can. When I received your letter I looked up the case." He picked up a small notebook. "I've jotted down all the salient facts here."

"Thank you, my friend. I am all eagerness to hear."

Hale cleared his throat. A slight official intonation made itself heard in his voice. He said:

"At two-forty-five on the afternoon of September 18th, Inspector Conway was rung up by Dr. Andrew Faussett. Dr. Faussett stated that Mr. Amyas Crale of Alderbury had died suddenly and that in consequence of the circumstances of that death and also of a statement made to him by a Mr. Blake, a guest staying in the house, he considered that it was a case for the police.

"Inspector Conway, in company with a sergeant and the police surgeon, came over to Alderbury straight away. Dr. Faussett was there and took him to where the body of Mr. Crale had not been disturbed.

"Mr. Crale had been painting in a small enclosed garden, known as the battery garden, from the fact that it overlooked the sea, and had some miniature cannon placed in embattlements. It was situated at about four minutes' walk from the house. Mr. Crale had not come up to the house for lunch, as he wanted to get certain effects of light on the stone—and the sun would have been wrong for this later. He had therefore remained alone in the battery garden painting. This was stated not to be an unusual occurrence. Mr. Crale took very little notice of mealtimes. Sometimes a sandwich would be sent down to him, but more often he preferred to remain undisturbed.

"The last people to see him alive were Miss Elsa Greer (staying in the house) and Mr. Meredith Blake (a near neighbor). These two went up together to the house and went with the rest of the household into lunch. After lunch, coffee was served on the terrace. Mrs. Crale finished drinking her coffee and then observed that she would 'go down and see how Amyas was getting on.' Miss Cecilia Williams, governess, got up and accompanied her. She was looking for a pull-over belonging to her pupil, Miss Angela Warren, sister of Mrs. Crale, which the latter had mislaid, and she thought it possible it might have been left down on the beach.

"These two started off together. The path led downward, through some woods until it emerged at the door leading into the battery garden. You could either go into the battery garden or you could continue on the same path which led down to the seashore.

"Miss Williams continued on down and Mrs. Crale went into the battery

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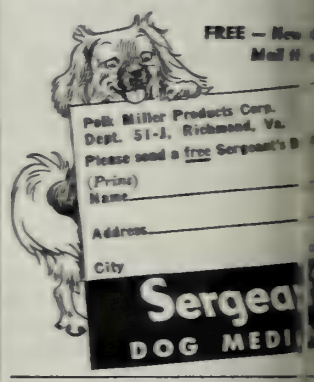


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most at once, however, Mrs. med and Miss Williams hur- Mr. Crale was reclining on he was dead.

Crale's urgent request Miss eft the battery garden and to the house to telephone . On her way, however, she eredith Blake and entrusted to him, herself returning to who she felt might be in neone. Dr. Faussett arrived e a quarter of an hour later. nce that Mr. Crale had been e time—he placed the prob- f death at between one and There was nothing to show aused death. There was no wound and Mr. Crale's at- perfectly natural one. Nev- r. Faussett, who was well with Mr. Crale's state of who knew positively that disease or weakness of any clined to take a grave view ion. It was at this point that Blake made a certain state- Faussett."

R HALE paused, drew a th and passed, as it were, Two:

ently Mr. Blake repeated nt to Inspector Conway. It effect: He had that morning elephone message from his Meredith Blake (who lived s Manor, a mile and a half Meredith Blake was an mist—or perhaps herbalist ribe it best. On entering y that morning, Mr. Mere- had been startled to note containing a distillation of ich had been quite full the was now nearly empty.

and alarmed by this fact he his brother to ask his ad- hat he should do about it. lake had urged his brother to Alderbury at once and talk the matter over. He ted part way to meet his they had come up to the er. They had come to no what course to adopt and matter in order to consult unch.

lt of further inquiries, In- ay ascertained the follow- the preceding afternoon, had walked over from Al- tea at Handcross Manor. Mr. and Mrs. Crale, Miss en, Miss Elsa Greer and Blake. During the time Mr. Meredith Blake had dissertation on his hobby n the party into his little d shown them around. In f this tour, he had men- n specific drugs—one of niine, the active principle d hemlock. He had ex- operties, had lamented the ad now disappeared from opoeia and boasted that n small doses of it to be us in whooping cough and er he had mentioned its ies and had actually read ome passage from a Greek bing its effects."

lent Hale paused, refilled passed on to Chapter

rere, the chief constable, nto my hands. The result y put the matter beyond niine, I understand, leaves ost-mortem appearances, rs knew what to look for amount of the drug was e doctor was of the opin- d been administered two s before death. In front on the table, there had been an empty glass and an empty beer bottle. The dregs of both were analyzed. There was no coniine in the bottle, but there was in the glass. I made inquiries and learned that, although a case of beer and glasses were kept in a small summerhouse in the battery garden in case Mr. Crale should feel thirsty when painting, on this particular morning Mrs. Crale had brought down from the house a bottle of freshly iced beer. Mr. Crale was busy painting when she arrived and Miss Greer was posing for him, sitting on one of the battlements.

"Mrs. Crale opened the beer, poured it out and put the glass into her husband's hand as he was standing before the easel. He tossed it off in one draught—a habit of his, I learned. Then he made a grimace, set down the glass on the table and said, 'Everything tastes foul to me today!' Miss Greer upon that laughed and said, 'Liver!' Mr. Crale said, 'Well, at any rate it was *cold*.' "

Hale paused.

"At what time did this take place?" Poirot asked.

"At about a quarter past eleven. Mr. Crale continued to paint. According to Miss Greer, he later complained of stiffness in the limbs and grumbled that he must have got a touch of rheumatism. But he was the type of man who hates to admit to illness of any kind and he undoubtedly tried not to admit that he was feeling ill. His irritable demand that he should be left alone and the others go up to lunch was quite characteristic of the man, I should say."

Poirot nodded.

Hale continued:

"So Crale was left alone in the battery garden. No doubt he dropped down on the seat and relaxed as soon as he was alone. Muscular paralysis would then set in. No help was at hand, and death supervened."

Again Poirot nodded.

Hale said:

"Well, I proceeded according to routine. There wasn't much difficulty in getting down to the facts. On the preceding day there had been a set-to between Mrs. Crale and Miss Greer. The latter had pretty insolently described some change in the arrangement of the furniture 'when I am living here.' Mrs. Crale took her up and said, 'What do you mean? When *you* are living here.' Miss Greer replied, 'Don't pretend you don't know what I mean, Caroline. You're just like an ostrich that buries its head in the sand. You know perfectly well that Amyas and I care for each other and are going to be married.' Mrs. Crale said, 'I know nothing of the kind.' Miss Greer then said, 'Well, you know it now.' Whereupon, it seems, Mrs. Crale turned to her husband, who had just come into the room, and said, 'Is it true, Amyas, that you are going to marry Elsa?' "

POIROT said with interest, "And what did Mr. Crale say to that?"

"Apparently he turned on Miss Greer and shouted at her, 'What the devil do you mean by blurting that out? Haven't you got the sense to hold your tongue?'

"Miss Greer said, 'I think Caroline ought to recognize the truth.'

"Mrs. Crale said to her husband, 'Is it true, Amyas?'

"He wouldn't look at her, it seems, turned his face away and mumbled something.

"She said, 'Speak out. I've got to know.' Whereupon he said, 'Oh, it's true enough—but I don't want to discuss it now.'

"Then he flounced out of the room again and Miss Greer said:

" 'You see!' and went on with something about its being no good for Mrs. Crale to adopt a dog-in-the-manger attitude about it. They must all behave


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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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Macmillan Petroleum Corporation

**YOU CAN WORK THIS TEST IN YOUR OWN MOTOR!**

As the carbon is loosened and floated away, RING-FREE will almost immediately start to turn black.

But with the *continued* use of RING-FREE, each drain of RING-FREE will be less discolored as the motor is gradually cleansed of carbon.

You are sure of *continued* victory over carbon only by the *continued* use of RING-FREE.

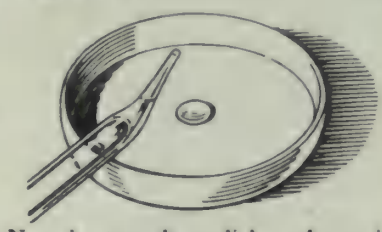
• • •

**Try it at OUR risk!** Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to remove carbon, cleanse your motor, save gasoline, reduce wear and repairs. It makes your motor run smoother, reduces friction by thorough lubrication and adds pep and zip. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

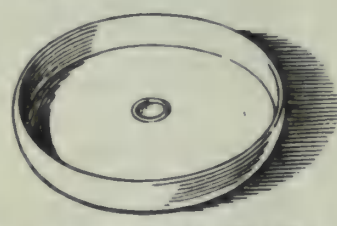
MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Heat an evaporating dish to engine temperature. Put 2 drops of a competitive oil in the hot dish.

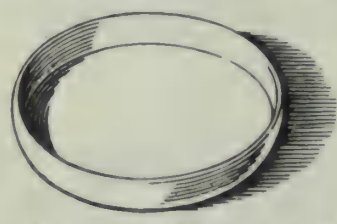
See how it cooks down to a hard black deposit of carbon. That's what happens in your pistons when this competitive oil gets hot.



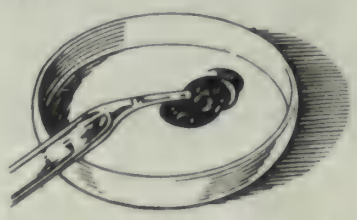
Now heat a clean dish and put in 2 drops of Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil.



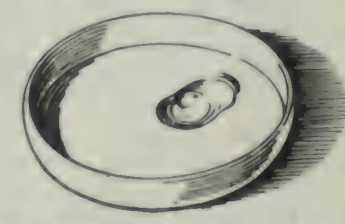
First, see how RING-FREE cooks down to a small brown spot, but—



—in a few seconds the spot completely disappears, leaving the dish clean and entirely free from CARBON.
AND—if that isn't proof enough—go back to the first dish where the competitive oil left that hard, black deposit of carbon.



Put 1 drop of RING-FREE on the carbon deposit.



As RING-FREE vaporizes, the carbon actually disappears!

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like rational people. She herself hoped that Caroline and Amyas would always remain good friends."

"And what did Mrs. Crale say to that?" asked Poirot curiously.

"According to the witnesses she laughed. She said, 'Over my dead body, Elsa.'

"She went to the door and Miss Greer called after her, 'What do you mean?'

"Mrs. Crale looked back and said, 'I'll kill Amyas before I give him up to you.'"

Hale paused.

"Pretty damning—eh?"

"Yes." Poirot seemed thoughtful. "Who overheard this scene?"

"Miss Williams was in the room, and Philip Blake. Very awkward for them."

"Their accounts of the scene agree?"

"Near enough—you never get two witnesses to remember a thing exactly alike. *You* know that as well as I do, M. Poirot."

Poirot nodded. He said thoughtfully, "Yes, it will be interesting to see—" He stopped with the sentence unfinished.

HALE went on: "I instituted a search of the house. In Mrs. Crale's bedroom I found in a bottom drawer, tucked away underneath some winter stockings, a small bottle labeled jasmine scent. It was empty. I fingerprinted it. The only prints on it were those of Mrs. Crale. On analysis it was found to contain faint traces of oil of jasmine and a strong solution of coniine.

"I cautioned Mrs. Crale and showed her the bottle. She replied readily. She had, she said, been in a very unhappy state of mind. After listening to Mr. Meredith Blake's description of the drug she had slipped back to the laboratory, had emptied out a bottle of jasmine scent which was in her bag and had filled the bottle up with coniine solution. I asked her why she had done this and she said, 'I don't want to speak of certain things more than I can help, but I had received a bad shock. My husband was proposing to leave me for another woman. If that was so, I didn't want to live. That is why I took it.'"

Hale paused.

Poirot said, "After all, it is likely enough."

"Perhaps, M. Poirot. But it doesn't square with what she was overheard to say. And then there was a further scene on the following morning. Mr. Philip Blake overheard a portion of it. Miss Greer overheard a different portion of it. It took place in the library between Mr. and Mrs. Crale. Mr. Blake was in the hall and caught a fragment or two. Miss Greer was sitting outside near the open library window and heard a good deal more."

"And what did they hear?"

"Mr. Blake heard Mrs. Crale say, 'You and your women. I'd like to kill you. Some day I will kill you.'"

"No mention of suicide?"

"Exactly. None at all. No words like 'If you do this thing, I'll kill myself.' Miss Greer's evidence was much the same. According to her, Mr. Crale said, 'Do try and be reasonable about this, Caroline. I'm fond of you and will always wish you well—you and the child. But I'm going to marry Elsa. We've always agreed to leave each other free.' Mrs. Crale answered to that, 'Very well, don't say I haven't warned you.' He said, 'What do you mean?' And she said, 'I mean that I love you and I'm not going to lose you. I'd rather kill you than let you go to that girl.'"

Poirot made a slight gesture. "It occurs to me," he murmured, "that Miss Greer was singularly unwise to raise this issue. Mrs. Crale could easily have refused her husband a divorce."

"We had some evidence bearing on that point," said Hale. "Mrs. Crale, it seems, confided partly in l Blake. He was an old friend. He was very di managed to get a word w about it. This, I may say preceding afternoon. Mr. strated delicately with hi how distressed he would b riage between Mr. and M to break up so disastrou stressed the point that M a very young girl and that serious thing to drag a through the divorce court. Crale replied, with a chu sort of brute he must have isn't Elsa's idea at all. S to appear. We shall fix it u way.'"

"Therefore," Poirot said imprudent of Miss Greer t out the way she did."

Superintendent Hale s know what women are! H one another's throats. It m a difficult situation anyho derstand Mr. Crale allow pen. According to Mr. M he wanted to finish his p that make sense to you?"

"Yes, my friend. I think

"It doesn't to me. The ing for trouble!"

"He was probably serio with his young woman for the way she did."

"Oh, he was. Meredith If he had to finish the pictu why he couldn't have take tographs and worked from a chap—does water colo he does that."

Poirot shook his head. understand Crale the artis realize, my friend, that ment, probably, his picture mattered to Crale. Howe wanted to marry the girl came first. That's why he through her visit without an open issue. The girl, of see it that way. With wo ways comes first."

"Don't I know it," said ent Hale with feeling.

"Men," continued Poir pecially artists, are differ

"Art!" said the superin scorn. "All this talk about have understood it and I You should have seen that was painting. All lopsided the girl look as though she ache and the battlements eyed. Unpleasant-looking thing. I couldn't get it ou for a long time after dreamed about it. And, affected my eyesight—I battlements and walls out of drawing. Yes, and

POIROT smiled. He s you do not know it, you tribute to the greatness Crale's art."

"Nonsense. Why can't something nice and cheer Why go out of your way ugliness?"

"Some of us, mon cher, curious places."

"The girl was a good-lo said Hale. "Lots of mak to no clothes on. It isn't these girls go about. And teen years ago, mind yo one wouldn't think anyth then—well, it shocked and one of those sports the neck—and not anot should say!"

"You seem to remembe very well," murmured P

Superintendent Hale just passing on the impr he said austerely.

"Q te—quite," said Poirot sooth-
gly He went on: "So it would seem
at e principal witnesses against
rs. ale were Philip Blake and Elsa
ee
Y Vehement, they were, both of
em But the governess was called by
p secution too, and what she said
rie more weight than the other two.
s on Mrs. Crale's side entirely,
s. Up in arms for her. But she
honest woman and gave her
de e truthfully, without trying to
nin e it in any way."
A Meredith Blake?"
H as very distressed by the whole
ng, oor gentleman. As well he might
E med himself for his drug brew-
— d the chief constable blamed
f it too. Coniine, I understand,
i Schedule I of the Poison Act.
w a friend of both parties, and it
hi very hard—besides being the
d country gentleman who shrinks
m toriety and being in the public
oth
m
"
II not Mrs. Crale's young sister
g evidence?"
No It wasn't necessary. She wasn't
re en Mrs. Crale threatened her
ba , and there was nothing she
ld ll us that we couldn't get from
ec else equally well. She saw
s. G le go to the refrigerator and get
ic beer out and, of course, the
ens could have subpoenaed her to
thi Mrs. Crale took it straight down
hou tampering with it in any way.
th point wasn't relevant because
ne claimed that the coniine was
he er bottle."
Ho did she manage to put it in the
s h those two looking on?"
We first of all, they weren't look-
on That is to say, Mr. Crale was
ntir —looking at his canvas and at
sit . And Miss Greer was posed,
ing ith her back almost to where
n. C le was standing, and her eyes
kin over Mr. Crale's shoulder."
oir nodded.
As ay, neither of the two was look-
ing at Mrs. Crale. She had the stuff in one of those pipette things—one used to fill fountain pens with them. We found it crushed to splinters on the path up to the house."

"You have an answer to everything," Poirot murmured.

"Well, come now, M. Poirot! Without prejudice. *She* threatens to kill him. *She* takes the stuff from the laboratory. The empty bottle is found in *her* room and *nobody has handled it but her*. She deliberately takes down iced beer to him—a funny thing, anyway, when you realize that they weren't on speaking terms—"

"A very curious thing. I had already remarked on it."

"Yes. Bit of a giveaway. *Why* was she so amiable all of a sudden? He complains of the taste of the stuff—and coniine *has* a nasty taste. She arranges to find the body and sends the other woman off to telephone. Why? So that she can wipe that bottle and glass and then press *his* fingers on it. After that she can pipe up and say that it was remorse and that he committed suicide. A likely story."

"It was certainly not very well imagined."

"No. If you ask me, she didn't take the trouble to *think*. She was so eaten up with hate and jealousy. All she thought of was doing him in. And then, when it's over, when she sees him there dead—well, *then*, I should say, she suddenly comes to herself and realizes that what she's done is murder—and that you get hanged for murder. And desperately she goes bald-headed for the only thing she can think of—which is suicide."

Poirot said, "It is very sound what you say there—yes. Her mind might work that way."

"In a way it was a premeditated crime and in a way it wasn't," said Superintendent Hale. "I don't believe she really thought it out, you know. Just went on with it blindly."

Poirot murmured, "I wonder . . ."

*(To be continued next week)*

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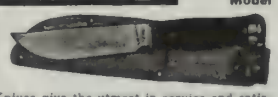

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## Courage to Burn

Continued from page 24

recaptured a certain zone, the band went behind the enemy lines, wrecking railroad tracks, blowing up four bridges and capturing ammunition supply trains on the way. They then attacked the enemy staff headquarters and seized important documents which they turned over to the Red Army. Once they got far back of the lines and had a dozen or so skirmishes with Nazis in which they destroyed eighteen tanks and captured fifty motorcycles and some ammunition for their own use.

Every day the newspapers publish new stories about partisan activities which make it clear that this time the Nazis have encountered a population that is not willing to accept defeat. In a village near Zhitomir when the Germans ordered the inhabitants to assemble in the square they gathered meekly enough, but while they were being inspected a peasant threw a hand grenade and killed one officer. He was shot on the spot, but that night a band of guerrillas attacked the village and took revenge by killing all the officers and twenty-seven soldiers.

### Axes Don't Make Noise

The Germans have been given orders to keep out of woods because that is where they most easily fall prey to the partisans. However, once in a while they have no choice but to go through the forest to reach an objective. Recently a column faced with that necessity was advancing and just as it reached the forest found it on fire. The column had to turn around and was met by a guerrilla band which had been lying in wait for just that to happen. The narrow road made it impossible to turn so many men quickly and they were trapped and slaughtered.

The partisans keep watch for tanks which have halted for refueling. In those cases they take a position several kilometers away to catch the gasoline supply as it is brought up. After that they take their time putting the immobilized tanks out of action. When they come upon an enemy detachment resting for the night they don't use guns for fear of waking all the men. Quickly and silently they put the guards out of the way with axes to finish off the rest with the same weapons.

Pieces of wood spiked with nails strewn along the roads are useful for blowing out tires and slowing up cars and trucks, which then make good stationary targets.

Even the old people and children left behind the villages present a menace. They not only keep the guerrillas informed of German troop movements and the locations of their depots but whenever possible they go in for sabotaging, burning and killing on their own. There was an old woman left in her house on a collective farm with two small grandchildren after her son, his wife and grown daughter had gone off to join the partisans. When a scouting party of Germans arrived in the village she hastily hid the children in the attic and was ready to receive the officers who had selected her house to spend the night. She cooked dinner for them and spread straw on the floors for beds. After the officers had gone to sleep she slipped the children out of the attic, told them to run and find their parents in the woods and went to work dipping handfuls of straw in kerosene, setting them afire and throwing them into the house. The soldiers on guard in the garden rushed up when they smelled smoke and tried to get in the house to save their officers. At that the old woman, leaping on a high pile of straw, poured a pail full of kerosene over the house, setting herself aflame at the same time. The place burned so fast no Germans got out alive.

I have found that same fighting spirit shown by everyone I talked with. A few days ago when I went to spend the night with friends in a house several miles out in the country I took a walk with my host. We came upon an old man in a white peasant blouse chopping wood. During our conversation with him I asked: "What would you do if the Germans got this far?" "This ax," he replied, "is good for other things besides chopping wood. I'd make good use of it while waiting for the Red Army to recapture this section."

Three factory workers with whom I had supper yesterday would not even admit the possibility of the Germans advancing much farther. "Don't you worry," they cried with one voice, "our army will stop the dirty bandits, but if worse comes to worst there are always plenty of us here to do it."

They were referring to the People's Army, which corresponds to the home guard, for which men, women and young boys have volunteered. They devote their free time to military training, learning to handle machine guns and shoot rifles, to become snipers and studying how to deal with bombs and fight poison gas. Every town and city in the Soviet Union has its People's Army. Even from as far east as Alma-Ata on the border of free China accounts come in of how workers, women and youths are training for every possible method of defense.

The oldest volunteer in the People's Army in Moscow is a man called Artiom who is sixty years old. His great-grandfather was famous during the war against Napoleon when he, also aged sixty, called the entire village of Bukhlova (ninety kilometers from Moscow) to arms against the French. He made a speech which is still remembered and which began: "Farmers, we will not sit by with folded hands at this moment. There can be no question of giving up everything to the enemy in the way of straw, hay and livestock." He went on to give his orders. The women and children were sent to the woods with provisions, all portable household effects, cattle, horses and chickens. Roosters, however, were killed first so their crowing would not give away the women's hiding place. Artiom led the men forth, armed with pitchforks and axes, to watch for small detachments of French troops and annihilate them. The present-day Artiom is a sharpshooter and machine gunner. When he volunteered for the People's Army he said: "I have strong hands and my feet are still up to carrying me on long marches. Just as Grandpappy licked the French I am going to help destroy Hitler's Nazi regiments."

### Fear is an Ally

The united-front will to win shown by the Russians has no doubt come as a great surprise to the Germans, who were counting on internal trouble to help them wage a particularly rapid blitzkrieg. The theory was that as soon as the invasion took place there would be panic among the population, followed by revolution.

I know this was the case, for although the Nazi attack caught the Soviet nation off base it did not come as a complete surprise to foreign diplomats stationed in Moscow. When I arrived—the mid-


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f May—rumors were already flying and fast and, I gathered, had ed some weeks before. They were d on such concrete bits of news as rrival of German troops in Finland the concentration of Nazi troops the Russian frontier.

me of the diplomats firmly be- d that the invasion would take ; others were sure the rumors had started by the Germans themselves the intention of frightening the t government into acceding to their itant demands. A few had it all d out that the Germans had ed some two hundred divisions in ast because they intended to in- England in the west. But nearly reed that if the Nazis did attack, war would be over quickly. The conservative estimated it would he Nazis a minimum of six weeks maximum of eight weeks to gain lete victory. These same people equally certain that transportation l come to a standstill, with con- nt famine, owing to the impossi- of distributing foodstuffs; that unications would be disrupted hat there would be mob violence.

### The Rumors That Failed

these factors were mentioned attempts were made to persuade leave. I was told there was food h in Moscow for only five days, here would be no sense in my g on anyway because I wouldn't le to send off cable stories and f I didn't leave immediately I be trapped with no way of get- ut of the country because the would long have ceased running. oreigner I would be certain to be m of mob violence. There is still of food in Moscow, for even n ration cards have been issued rtain staples it is still possible to y amount; the telegraph is work- d I know a woman who telephoned rad yesterday. Another friend has ed several calls from his wife in stok. The Trans-Siberian rail- still running; trains go to Alma- d to the Turkish frontier. There ign of antiforeign feeling; in fact ssians are more friendly and open oreigners than they have been in years.

se were ideas implanted by the ns. It was easy enough to trace ories because they were always by embassies and legations rep- ng nations more or less under omination. Aside from that I my- ad several conversations with ers of the German embassy who, never admitting there was any possibility of war between their country and the Soviet Union, did assert that if some imaginary strong army were to attack Russia it could conquer within two months and that the whole nation would come unstuck. The Germans are well behind schedule. There is no denying that they have been advancing steadily. As I write they are at Kingissep on the road to Leningrad and fighting in the direction of Odessa, but none of these objectives have been reached with the speed they expected. The three-week halt at Smolensk took the war right out of the blitz category.

That the Germans themselves are not entirely satisfied with their progress is shown in the Berlin broadcasts which announced that Budenny's army had been defeated, but the only trouble was that the Russians understood so little of the rules of warfare they kept on fighting.

The Germans are putting them in the same class with the British, who have won so many wars because of their irritating habit of never knowing when they were beaten.

The news in the last days has not been good, but the Russian morale shows no weakening. I was surprised at how little effect the announcement of the fall of Smolensk had on the population which continues to believe in ultimate victory. When Harry Hopkins (written up in the newspapers here as Garry Gopkins, owing to the vagaries of the Russian alphabet) was here he remarked how very much he had been impressed by the calm, confident attitude of the Soviet officials. There is still hope of a stabilized front, but in any event nobody doubts that even if the worst were to happen and the principal cities fell the fight would still be carried on. Vice Commissar for Foreign Affairs Lozovsky, who presides at Soviet information-bureau press conferences, has repeated again and again that loss of territory and cities is not as important as it seems. Russia has plenty of territory. The principal thing is to keep the Red Army from being encircled, and so far that has been achieved.

In the meantime, every day gained by the Russians is more than a day lost for the Germans. Seventy-five per cent of the bumper crop has already been brought in and each week more is harvested. The grain has been transported to depots and safe places. What can't be got out of the enemy's way will be burned. With the guerrillas doing such a good job of destroying and sabotaging in all occupied regions, it means that the Nazis cannot get hold of the raw materials and products that brought them into the Soviet Union.

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

the manufacturer. The restric- lifted. In less urgent matters, red mail notification goes out the C.A.A. In relatively minor a service bulletin is sent by the r, and the local C.A.A. inspector at you make the correction.

airplane-passenger public and airport-visiting public probably ver have any use for this infor- but it might clear up a little on when they learn that the ship o land had been instructed by the come in on runway No. 36. The with 36 runways hasn't been et, but there will be many air- n the country with such runway rs and also with such numbers 9, 18 and so on. It's a new C.A.A. and pilot-approved method of identifying them and the number represents the magnetic compass bearing of the runway. Hence Runway No. 36 means the pilot is to approach from the south and land in a northerly direction on the north-south runway, corresponding to his compass reading of 360 degrees. Runway No. 18 means he is to approach from the north and land on the north-south runway in a southerly direction, corresponding to the 180 degrees on his compass. If the runway happens to have a magnetic bearing of 137 degrees it will be numbered 14 under the system which uses the nearest even 10-degree division. The new Washington National Airport was the first to adopt this new runway number method.

F. R. N.

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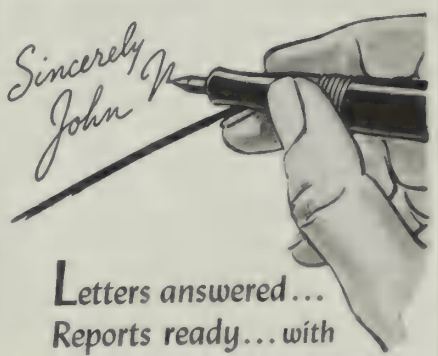

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# Our New Army

Continued from page 39

that the lady recently received still another note reading: "We could use some magazines. Could you accommodate us the way it said you would in Collier's? Signed, The Guardhouse Boys." The lady could—and did.

### CALIFORNIA

3D ARMY CORPS

CAMP HAAN, Riverside. The general idea seems to be to see how the other half lives. Nearly 100 antiaircraft gunners here spend their week ends taking flying lessons, at their own expense, over a near-by civilian airport. Says one: "Even if we don't end up with the better-paying jobs as flying cadets, it's great for the neck. Five days a week we get cricks from looking up at planes; the other two days we uncrick them by looking down from planes. And whenever I cut loose at a target with an antiaircraft gun I think: 'With what I know about flying I wouldn't—if that was me up there—be running the slightest risk of being caught in the barrage I'm sending up from down here, unless I didn't know that down here is a guy who knows as much about shooting as I do about flying.' See what I mean? Good training. Works both ways." Maybe it does.

INCIDENTALLY, the boys in the 78th Coast (antiaircraft) Artillery are wondering about that motto, Keep 'Em Flying, which the War Department has been plugging. The motto of the 78th is, We Sweep the Skies.

HAMILTON FIELD, San Rafael. For eight years now, Master Sgt. J. A. Kerr has been looking for something he hopes he'll never find. A moth. He's in charge of a specially designed refrigerator for the storage of fur jackets and trousers used in winter flying. In a vault kept at a temperature of ten degrees, moths can't take it. "I've done my best to find one," says the sergeant. "Had no luck, so far. Never expect to have any."

CAMP ROBERTS. They've organized a Keep 'Em Happy Club (Collier's, Aug. 23d) for the 20,000 guys at this replacement training center, but there's a bug in the machinery. Idea of the club, in case you've forgotten, is that a soldier sends his girl an application blank asking her to pledge she won't tell him about other dates at home, that she won't two-time him, etc. To arouse interest in the club, names of charter members and their soldier sponsors were published in the camp paper. Now some of the Keep 'Em, etc., organizers are gnashing their molars. Every guy in their battalion, they yell, is writing to their girls, trying to frame blind dates for the next week-end liberty days.

### WYOMING

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Cheyenne. Two colored selectees were about to clash in an elimination bout at this quartermaster replacement training center when a doubtful supporter of one hurled a threat. "You lose this fight, boy," he yapped, "and you be doin' K.P. so long you think you is a mess sergeant." The boy won.

### PUERTO RICO

BORINQUEN FIELD. There's talk going around here that it isn't the red dust that finally wears a man down; it's the cheap cigars he has to smoke every time one of his pals is promoted. To remedy this, squadron operations officers do all sorts of finagling to schedule cross-country flights to Havana, where stocks of aromatic combustibles may be purchased in anticipation of future promotions.

### LOUISIANA

5TH ARMY CORPS

CAMP POLK, Leesville. Some strategists in the Third Armored (Bayou Blitz) Division believe that faster vehicles would answer the need for more speed; others believe it's up to the men to get more out of the present machinery. In the latter group is Intelligence Officer Major John L. DeWitt, Jr., of the 40th Armored Regiment, who is instructor for the Reconnaissance School. One of the major's recent problems was a night scouting trip, in preparation for which the class went over the course in daylight. The first group covered the ground in about forty-five minutes; the last group never even finished. Came night and Major DeWitt offered two bottles of beer to each of the first twelve men to complete the jaunt. The result was about what you'd expect. The first group to finish covered the two-mile, swamp-dotted, stump-strewn layout in half the daylight time; and every man in the class was back at camp within an hour.

### FLORIDA

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. The thirty R.A.F. boys in training at the radio school here still can't get over all the food that comes their way. They're served cafeteria style and there's a sign with boxcar letters informing interested parties that they can have all the chow they want. The Britishers hadn't been at the station two days before one of them, finding two slices of butter on his tray, tried to return one of them "so some other chap wouldn't be deprived of his share." About a month ago hot tea replaced, for the R.A.F. lads, the customary American coffee and iced tea. The switch was made when Station Commandant Capt. Charles P. Mason got word that the R.A.F. students preferred the hot brew. It took several days to get things straight in the kitchen, though. The captain's verbal order went down the line until it reached the man in charge of the mess hall, who, perspiring freely in the summer heat, wanted to know who was trying to be funny.

### NORTH CAROLINA

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG. Personal Items: For some time now the dead-letter office here has held in its racks a letter addressed to a Colonel Dumb. To date the Army Directory Service has been unable to locate the colonel but suggestions as to his identity pour in daily from various buck privates . . . Second Lt. Robert Heine of the replacement center has been warned by his local draft board in Indiana that he'd better fill in and mail back his questionnaire . . . Pvt. Ivan Skinner, graduate of Harvard's Art School and a muralist of note, sat around the reception center for two weeks before somebody found out what he could do. Rushed to the camouflage school at Fort Belvoir, Va., for an extensive course, Pvt. Skinner was graduated in fifteen minutes . . . This post boasts a private who has met both Hit-


EX-LAX MOVIES

COLD LOGIC

JIM: Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

MARY: Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.

JIM: A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

MARY: You won't hate *this*, Jim. It's Ex-Lax! It tastes just like chocolate.

JIM: Boy, that Ex-Lax sure did the trick! It worked like a charm!

MARY: That's the nice thing about Ex-Lax. It gets results — without upsetting you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right.* Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

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Mussolini. He's Pvt. Vittorio a former second looie in the irt legions and interpreter for He wasn't impressed, he says.

rmy isn't too subtle about win- friends but it gets things done. stance, the housing situation the fort is pretty bad. We know who's first on the list for of- uarters in the Main Post but ave to wait three months, un- whole shebang moves out in the e. Realizing this, a lot of local s have been taking the market hey can get and the brass hats ot sore about the whole thing ointed a board of officers to w and then and hear statements operty owners in support of ntentions as to what is a reason- ital value. If the board con- e rental too high they declare erty "off limits" for all military l. The rents usually come

off limits" business sometimes k in another direction. The d clamped down on two road- spots within camp range, but ned the places, so the proprie- rely changed the names and operating full blast.

U'RE a hungry soldier at Fort and you hear you're going to ns again for chow. So what? nooch down to the Cooks and chool at the Main Post, where wonderful food is being cooked ed, ease into the chow hall, something about "looking for d Ludwig, who's a cook," and urself some fried chicken, or g. Better hurry—there are her guys there—and whatever sk for somebody besides Lud-

### MARYLAND

FORT GEO. G. MEADE. Lt. Douglas W. Finlayson of the 121st Engineers may not be a psychologist but he under- s the nostalgic yearnings of his for their kid brothers. What he did was visit a Baltimore institu- select an underprivileged boy honor guest of the 121st HQ Service Co. An Army truck picked them up in time for mess, after which they were taken on a tour of the post. The brother went for the idea and are hav- a similar guest each week.

EMBERS of the 104th Medical Regiment's band got set to play overture. Warrant Officer Warren Schafer gave the downbeat. The boys gave—and sounded like a German band with acute indigestion. Somebody with a Marx brothers mind had slipped two different editions of the score, in two different keys, among the music. Some fun, eh, kid?

### MASSACHUSETTS

1 FORT DEVENS, Ayer. For the sake of brevity, and other things we'll keep names out of this. Seems a guard was detailed to look after a prisoner who was working in the supply office. Pretty soon the sergeant of the guard, back at the hoosegow, got a phone call. The prisoner was on the wire. "Look, sergeant," said he, "will you send down another sentinel? The lug who has been guarding me has fallen asleep three times and I'll be damned if I'm going to spend all my time waking him up."

### GENERAL

"WHO," this department asked under date of Aug. 23d, "is the youngest first sergeant in the Army? Camp Langdon, N. H., claims Sgt. Paul Rutkovsky, aged twenty-one." It appears there are younger ones. All top kicks and all twenty years old are: Claude S. Sprowls, F Battery, 138th F. A., Camp Shelby, Miss.; Floyd C. Melby, H Battery, 217th C. A. (AA), Camp Haan, Cal.; Norman J. Furth, E Battery, 183d F. A., Ft. Francis E. Warren, Wyo.; H. K. Grizzle, 330th School Squadron, Luke Field, Ariz.; and probably many others who haven't been reported. Fort Bragg, N. C., has nineteen-year-old First Sergeant Leon H. Scott, Co. B, 96th Engineers; First Sergeant Charles Wagner, Co. H, 53d QM at Camp Stewart, Ga., hasn't seen twenty yet; and Top Kick Welton E. McGuire, 725th Ord. Co., Savannah Army Air Base, was eighteen last year when he got his stripes.

MISS JANE NASON writes from Fort Benning to tell us in a nice way that our "new term" for draftees reported August 23d is part of an old Army song composed during the Civil War and included in a book called Sergeant Eadie, written by her father, L. H. Nason, in 1928. The verse goes:

*They issue us soap and a wire brush*
*To scrub behind our ears.*
*We ain't gonna fight, by a hell of a sight,*
*We're the handcuff volunteers.*

THANKS, Miss Nason. We seem to be making a collection of Civil War jokes. G. W.

"I'm sorry, General, but I'm so used to driving a tank!" BO BROWN

# "Just between us Comptometer operators . . ."

"Just between us Comptometer-operating girls, I think we ought to do something about poor Sally. She's a nervous wreck!

"And, my dear, you can't blame her! She's continually being bawled out by the Big Shot for errors in figure work, and for not being able to work as fast as I do!
But, of course, Sally wouldn't dream of telling him the *truth* — that the only reason I get my work done faster and hardly *ever* show an error isn't so much to my credit as to the operating protection the Comptometer gives me!

"Well, if it happens again (and it will!), I'm going to tell him! I'm going to say, 'Look, T. J., it isn't fair to compare Sally's work with mine — not until you get *her* a Comptometer too! Because I *can't* make operating errors — the minute I fumble a key stroke, the Comptometer's exclusive Controlled-Key safeguard locks the keyboard! And in less than a second I've corrected the error and resumed the calculation!'

"I'll say, 'Another thing, T. J., it's lots easier for me to read answers correctly — because all zeros have been eliminated from my Model M Comptometer answer-dial unless they're actually part of the answer! Not to mention the no-glare windows on the dials! And the feather-light, mouse-quiet key stroke, and loads of other features that Sally's machine hasn't got!'

"I'll tell him, 'T. J., instead of blaming Sally for errors that the Controlled-Key would have prevented, or for being slow, why don't you just telephone the local Comptometer Co. man for a demonstration . . . or write to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.,★ 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.?' "

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# Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY — Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH — Managing Editor

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## VICTORY without Hate

SAY what you please about the Roosevelt-Churchill "eight points," we think they were conceived in the right and the sensible spirit.

We think this because Messrs. Churchill and Roosevelt seem to have grasped the biggest lesson of the previous war; namely, that hatred at the peace table can only breed more wars, and cannot lay the groundwork for a constructive, enduring peace. This lesson Roosevelt and Churchill evidently intend to apply if they dominate the peace conference following this war.

It can hardly be reiterated too often, we think, in these times when memories of the other war are dimmed by the glare and blare of this one, that it was implacable hate of Georges Clemenceau, and to somewhat lesser degree of David Lloyd George, that wrecked Woodrow Wilson's high-minded plans for genuine world reconstruction.

Hence the long occupation of the Rhineland, the inter-Allied blockade of Germany after the war, the astronomical reparations bill presented to Germany, and the other seeds of this war carefully planted by the treaty makers of Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon.

Winston Churchill opposed these revenges at the time. It has been his lifelong belief that you should fight like a wildcat while you are in a war, but should be decent and generous from the moment you win.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, whatever criticisms may justly be heaved at him, has most of the instincts of a gentleman. Further, he was a key man in the Wilson administration, and saw at firsthand how the European *revanche* clique frustrated Wilson's hopes.

These two men seem determined, this time, to write a peace without hate.

Prosecute the fight without faltering, certainly—draw the blockade cordon tighter and tighter; bomb German factories, rails, fortifications and harbors mercilessly, and if women and children happen to be hit remind Hitler of Coventry and inner London and go on bombing; pour in materials from the United States; fight the war of nerves by every discoverable device. Disarm Germany in event of Allied victory if that has to be done.

But as soon as peace is declared tart pu
on the good will and decency, anc ieanin
Open up German (and Italian an Japane
trade channels with the rest of the rld as
as may be. Fight the almost ine able p
war depression in the Axis countri as wel
in the Allied countries.

Maybe this is an impossible c am.
war may go on so long, and churn so m
hatreds, that the politicians wh write
peace will have to write hate and venge
it to save their political heads.

But there is at least one encou ging fa
There is as yet no vindictiveness Engle
after more than a year of the most ital mi
ies that country has endured sinc the B
Plague. The common people Engla
though deadly determined to win e war,
at this time also determined tha he pe
shall be a just and generous ace.
Churchill is with them in that dete inatio

If this attitude can be preser d for
duration throughout the Allied n ons, th
should be good hope for a good pe e, and
that will last a while.

## Dictators vs. Masons

EVERY time some new dictator blossoms into power, one of his first moves customarily is to declare war on the Masonic fraternity. Why? Is there some mystic magic about the Masons that makes them dangerous to a totalitarian society?

We're afraid there is. To a tyrant, the Masons are a very subversive bunch. So is any other fraternal order, Catholic or Protestant or nonsectarian. The Masons, being the biggest of such orders, are the most dangerous.

Their trouble is that they practice human brotherhood and democracy.

To so high an eminence (says an ancient Masonic charge) has its (Freemasonry's) credit been advanced that in every age monarchs themselves have been promoters of the art, have not thought it derogatory from their dignity to exchange the scepter for the trowel, have patronized our mysteries and joined in our assemblies.

A present-day All Highest could never do that. He must pretend to a wisdom and an infallibility such as even few medieval popes ever claimed. The Masonic ideal of mutual help among the members, too, flies in the face of the totalitarian state's assumption that it can take care of every phase of e y citize
life.

Plenty of Masons have their fa s. But
and large, the big totalitaria compl
against them and other fraternal ers is s
ply that they are decent, democra co-ope
tive people.

We have a notion that the Ma nic fra
nity, having outlasted all the sto since,
some accounts, ancient Egyptia imes,
outride this one. Meanwhile, h 's wish
the order well. This writer, in entally
neither a Mason nor trying to bec e one.

## How About the USO?

JONATHAN DANIELS, son of the eminent Josephus and himself a newspaperman of note, writes in a recent issue of the Nation that the USO (United Service Organizations) in some of the Army camps is showing the same symptoms as some of its member groups showed in France during the previous war.

Instead of trying to spend the American public's contribution of $10,000,000-plus to make life pleasanter for the soldiers, Mr. Daniels says, some of the USO components are going in for advertising themselves and pushing their own particular beliefs and ideals. Duplication of effort, too many jobs with too little work, attempts at proselyting—all these are charged by a reputable reporter on the basis of on-the-spot investigations that, he says, has ma

Hadn't these accusations bett be ar
preferably by Congress? The US basic
is indispensable. The USO wil e com
around next year to ask for more oney fr
all of us. All doubts about the US had be
be cleared up by that time, or its s nd app
will have tough going.